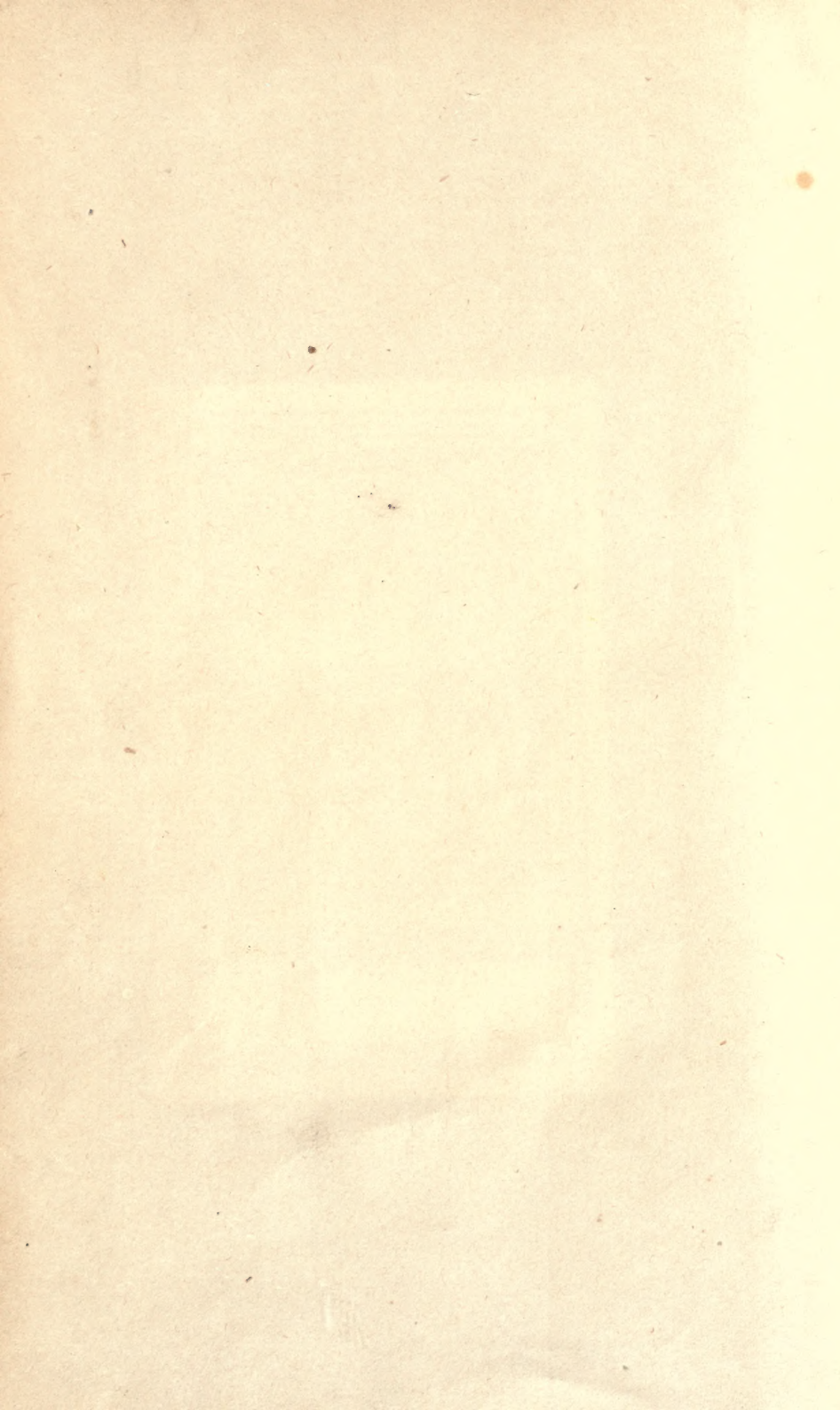


W. J. Lewis



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THE

(C. pp. 347-348)

GREAT REBELLION;

A HISTORY OF THE

Civil War in the United States.

BY J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,"
"SACRED MOUNTAINS," ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.



In Two Volumes:

Volume I.

Hartford, Conn.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

BRANCH OFFICE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

R. C. TREAT, CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

1866.

E468
.H4

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1866, BY
AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF CONNECTICUT.

47961



P R E F A C E .

THE earth has been cursed with civil wars from the earliest times in which we have records of the race. Though characterized by more or less ferocity, and assuming various shapes, they all may be divided into two general classes. Those that occur under a despotic form of government, spring from oppression which the people, no longer able to bear, venture all the terrible hazard of a revolution to throw off. Those that take place under a democratic form of government, are brought about by a few ambitious men, who seek by faction to obtain power. Those of the former class possess dignity and grandeur, from the fact that they are based on the great doctrine of human rights. Man asserting his inherent, God-given rights on the battle field against overwhelming odds, is a sublime spectacle.

The latter are based on falsehoods, and kept alive by deception. Such were the civil wars of the early republics.

In the time of Cromwell, both religious and civil liberty were the grand prizes of the struggle; and whether we look at Hampden, calmly suffering for the sake of liberty, or at Cromwell's Ironsides, sweeping like a thunder cloud to battle, with the fearful war cry "RELIGION" on their lips, our deep-

est sympathies and admiration are excited, and we forget the horrors of the carnage in the mighty stake at issue. So in the bloody revolution of France; though the views of the masses were vague, and their speech often incoherent, yet when we behold inscribed on their banner the great charter of human rights, and the head of a king thrown down as the gage of battle, we no longer see the crimson field with its "garments rolled in blood," we see only the divine image of human liberty hovering over 't.

Ours is of a mixed character, and hence in some respects unlike all others that have preceded it; but like all civil wars in republics, it sprung from a faction who sought only political power. Those make a great mistake who suppose it grew out of a desire merely to perpetuate slavery. Slavery was used as a means to an end—a bugbear to frighten the timid into obedience, and a rallying cry for the ignorant, deluded masses. The accursed lust of power lay at the bottom of it.

The entire north, including the Republican party, had repeatedly declared, in the most emphatic manner, that it had no intention to interfere with slavery in the states where it existed; for they had no right to do so under the Constitution. Its *perpetuity there was conceded*, until the states themselves should get rid of it. Hence, the southern conspirators had no fear on that point, but they knew they could not carry the people with them unless they convinced them that slavery was to be assailed in their very homes, to be followed by a servile insurrection. They desired, of course, to *extend* slavery, because in that way alone they

could extend their power. The perpetuity of slavery was a necessary consequence of all this; because the power they sought to obtain was founded on it—it was the chief cornerstone. Here is where the mistake is made in getting at the true cause of the rebellion.

The whole question may be stated thus: southern politicians saw in the rapid increase of the free states, both in number and population, and the deep hostility to the admission of any more slave states, that the power they had so long wielded in the Government would be broken.

The only course left them was to set up an independent government. Though they might be weak at first, slave states could be added, as circumstances should determine. To effect their purpose they would seize on the tariff or slavery, or any thing else that would unite the South. Calhoun tried the former and failed, they, the latter and succeeded. Thus it will be seen that the perpetuity and extension of slavery is a necessary *consequence* of the present rebellion, if successful; not its *first* cause,—just as free trade would have followed the attempt of Calhoun to take the South out of the Union, had it succeeded.

The *great, moving cause was the desire of power—slavery the platform* on which they worked their diabolical machinery.

This was unquestionably the view taken by our Government, and the cause of its extreme leniency at first, which so many condemned. It sought to disabuse the people of the idea that we meant to attack their peculiar institutions, and hoped they would see that they were being duped and

led into ruin by desperate, unscrupulous, ambitious men. So also did the mass of the northern people view it, and hence rushed to arms, feeling but little animosity, except towards the leaders. The "CONSTITUTION" was their rallying cry—the preservation of the Government the sublime motive that sent them to the field of carnage.

On the one hand the world saw men crowding to battle, pretending to fight for the very freedom which they were all the time in the full enjoyment of—on the other hand more than a million of citizens rising in arms, with no object beyond the desire to see their enemies secure in that very freedom.

The future historian will stand amazed at this strange spectacle. No wonder European nations are puzzled as they contemplate us from beyond the ocean. They can understand the struggle of a brave people to overthrow a government that robs them of liberty, but not one to destroy the very *charter* of human liberty.

True, there has become mixed up with the determination of the North to uphold the Constitution, a desire to strike a deadly blow at slavery. Forbidden by this very charter to touch it in the states where it existed, many believe the rebellion has cancelled all obligations growing out of the provisions it contained, and that in its wasting, bloody track, it will sweep that relic of barbarism from the bosom of the republic.

Clouds and darkness wrap the future, and we are safe only as we look up to the Throne that is founded in "Justice and Judgment."

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THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

PRIOR TO 1861.

CAUSES OF THE REBELLION—DANGER OF SECTIONAL PARTIES—HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN THE GOVERNMENT—CAUSES OF HOSTILITY BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH—MISSOURI COMPROMISE—HOSTILE LEGISLATION OF THE STATES—CONGRESS—THE WHIG AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES—NECESSITY OF A NEW PARTY IN THE PLACE OF THE WHIG—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—SOUTHERN CONSPIRATORS—THEIR PLAN—ELECTION OF LINCOLN—FIRST STEPS TOWARDS DISUNION.

THE Rebellion of 1861 stands out unique and extraordinary, in all the features that compose it. Whether viewed in its colossal proportions—suddenly summoning to the field nearly a million of men—or the purely imaginary evils that produced it, or the benign and equitable form of government sought to be overthrown, or the state of civilization and Christianity in which it occurred, or the totally visionary good it proposed to obtain, or the frightful, appalling evils which were sure to follow,—it forms one of the most extraordinary chapters in human history that the pen of the historian was ever called upon to record. States having a common interest and origin, baptized in the same patriotic blood, were arrayed against each other in deadly strife—families divided, parents against children, and brothers against brothers—churches with a common faith and communion split asunder, and ministers and people who had wept at the same altar, suddenly began to pray each for the other's discomfiture; and the happiest land the sun ever

shone upon became drenched in fraternal blood, and filled with sighs and lamentations; and posterity will ask for what? Volumes will unquestionably be written on the causes that led to these appalling evils, and the guilt be placed upon this or that class or section, according to the peculiar views or prejudices of the writer. The time has not yet come for the people to receive a just, dispassionate account of them. A generation, at least, must pass away, before this can be done. With the frightful catastrophe which has overtaken us, full in view, no section or party is willing to accept the responsibility of its existence. All know the *immediate* cause of it. The north and south were at length arrayed against each other in two great political parties on the question of slavery. The northern party triumphed, and though no illegal act was charged against it, and no pretense offered that it had not succeeded in a legitimate, constitutional way, the defeated southern party refused to accept the decision of the ballot box, and rushing into open revolt, proceeded to organize a government of its own. Unreasonable, unnatural, and criminal as this course appears, it was in perfect keeping with the history of former republics, and an event, which every one not blinded by fanaticism, or selfishness, or ignorance, or contempt of the past, could easily have foretold without any spirit of prophecy. It makes no difference what the cause may be, whether slavery, unequal legislation, or imaginary evils; whenever east and west, or north and south, shall now, or hereafter, stand arrayed against each other in hostile political parties, if the attitude is maintained, peaceful dissolution or civil war must follow. It was in view of this possible calamity, that Washington, in his farewell address, used the following language: "In contemplating the causes that may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground shall have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discrimi-

nations, *Northern* and *Southern*, Atlantic and Western, whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views."

This advice, it is the historian's imperative duty to impress on the public mind, let whatever party or section of the country be guilty of political factions, based on geographical lines. How much it may be the duty of one portion to suffer from the aggressions of another, before it ought to stand up in its own defense, is strictly another question—the great truth which should be engraven as with the point of a diamond on the public heart, is this: *whenever the position is taken, let it be assumed with the full understanding and consent, that it shall end in peaceful separation or open war.* Let the people never again be deluded by ignorant, selfish leaders, into the belief that it can be done without danger. Whenever the first step is taken towards the arraying of one section of this country against the other, in a political contest, let every one who engages in it, make up his mind to go to the bitter end, and not delude himself and others, by the contemptuous cry of "no danger." Boastful and proud as we as a people undoubtedly are, we shall always find in the end, that we form no exception to the history of nations. What has wrecked other republics, if persisted in, will assuredly wreck us. Our advanced civilization and Christianity, cannot avail us to escape their doom, except as they enable us to avoid their errors and crimes.

But though the time has not yet come for a calm and dispassionate discussion of all the causes that brought about this rebellion, certain historical events may be given as the foundation for our own judgment. This, too, is necessary to any right understanding of it. When we had achieved our independence of Great Britain, and our patriotic sires assembled to lay the foundation of the new government, they found themselves confronted with a glaring inconsistency, which

they could see no way to avoid incorporating into the very structure itself—viz., *slavery*. Right in the face of the declaration of independence, by which the rebellion had been justified, and on which the battle had been fought and won, they had to accept human slavery as one of the strange features of the new republic. To us it seems a singular providence that fastened this necessity upon them. They felt the embarrassment it produced, and feared the evils that would result from giving such an incongruous, demoralizing thing a place in the temple of liberty. They solaced themselves, however, with the hope that it would gradually disappear under the benign influence of free institutions, and the palpable advantages of free labor. Their anticipations were to a certain extent realized, and state after state released itself from the curse of slavery, until emancipation reached nearly to the parallel of thirty. Here its progress was arrested; though in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, influences were at work, which promised before long to place them beside the free states of the north. Bills were introduced into their legislatures, looking to gradual emancipation; and the subject was publicly and fully discussed within their borders till it looked, for a time, as though the problem of slavery was to have a peaceful and happy solution. Independent of moral considerations, on the score of economy alone, it was plain that these states should range themselves on the side of freedom. But just at this critical period, a few violent abolitionists commenced a fierce crusade against slavery and slaveholders. This alarmed the timid, lest emancipation should end in insurrection; and enraged others, who would not be driven by vituperation into any measure, until all thought of gradual emancipation was dropped. Added to this, the cultivation of cotton rapidly acquired prominence as a source of wealth, and the importation of slaves being prohibited, the value of those in the country

who were needed for its production, necessarily became very much enhanced. Thus the hope of the extinction of slavery, which most looked to at some future period, was gradually abandoned by the southern states, and it was accepted as a permanent institution. It then became necessary to defend and strengthen it. To do this, it must have its proportion of the new states that were constantly asking for admission; for the moral sense of the north was becoming more and more averse to a system fraught with every abomination that disgraced the darkest days of feudalism. Here was the starting point of the collision between the north and the south, which finally resulted in an appeal to arms. To let slavery extend itself, and move *pari passu* beside freedom in the enlargement of the Republic, was revolting to civilization and Christianity, as well as clearly contrary to the purpose and expectations of the framers of the constitution. Still, neither of the great political parties would incorporate this sentiment into their platforms, and the warfare between freedom and slavery assumed a desultory character; and various propositions and compromises were offered to get rid of the vexed question, till finally the "Missouri Compromise," fixing the southern boundary of that state as the line beyond which, southward, freedom should not go, and beyond which, northward, slavery should not be extended, seemed to make a final disposition of it; for no one proposed to interfere with slavery in the states where it existed. But the tide of emigration, rolling westward, peopling with marvellous rapidity our wild territory, soon revealed the startling fact, that in a short time the free states would greatly outnumber those in which slavery could be established.

The south, naturally became alarmed at the prospect of thus being put in a hopeless minority, and proportionably bitter in its feelings towards the north. The repeal of this compromise awakened a feeling of intense indignation

throughout the north, and had it been exclusively a southern measure, might have been attended by disastrous consequences. But being introduced by Mr. Douglas, a northern man, and voted for by many northern democrats, it could not wholly be charged on the south. In the mean time, the fertile plains of Kansas had attracted settlers into it, and it was seen that a new state, which lay mostly north of the line which the Missouri compromise prohibited to slavery, would soon ask to be admitted into the Union. Immediately there arose a fierce struggle between the north and south, respecting the future *status* of the state on the subject of slavery. It is now evident, that had it been let alone, the character of the emigrants would have settled it without bloodshed. But as it was, the young and struggling territory became the theater of a terrible strife, which shook the nation to its center.

It must not be forgotten, that during these years of increasing excitement and danger to the Republic, though the general government stood uncommitted to either section of the country, the states, north and south, in their sovereign capacity, legislated against each other, and intensified the bitter hatred, the end of which every patriotic statesman trembled to contemplate. Freedom was declared in some states to belong to every slave brought northward by his master, while fugitives, whose rendition was commanded by the Constitution, could, in many places, no longer be recovered with any certainty, or if so, at an expense that discouraged the attempt. On the other hand, pains and penalties were inflicted on "abolitionists," as all were termed who dared to express sentiments condemnatory of slavery, by the southern states, and men, and even women, were subjected to treatment that would disgrace barbarians. These acts, in turn exasperated the north, and the feeling of indignation was intensified still more, by lecturers, who carefully collated all

true and reported instances of cruelty to slaves, and retailed them to northern audiences. Thus the breach between the north and south gradually widened, till without some radical change, it became apparent that a separation, or an attempted separation was inevitable. Scenes were enacted in every Congress that did not tend to allay the excitement, and we gradually became more hostile in feeling and sentiment than any two entirely separate nations in the civilized world. In this state of the public mind, the whig party, which with the democratic, had by turns ruled the nation, fell into a hopeless minority. The United States bank, tariff, subtreasury, etc., which had furnished its platform, were finally disposed of. The American party completed its demoralization, and there was nothing left for it to rally on. In this emergency, some of its old leaders cast about for something on which to reorganize a new party, and seeing how deep and wide-spread was the anti-slavery sentiment of the north, determined to make it, in some form, its platform. This was the first great step towards placing the north and south face to face to each other in a struggle for the control of the government. In ordinary times, the advice of Washington, which the people had been taught to revere, and their common instincts, would have rendered this attempt powerless to do evil. But the outrages committed in Kansas on free citizens, by lawless ruffians, who proclaimed themselves champions of slavery, and the worse than brutal attack on Mr. Sumner, in his seat in the Senate, awakened such a feeling of indignation at the north, that it threatened for a time to overleap every obstacle, and, if need be, rush to arms to avenge the insults and wrongs heaped upon it.

The election, however, resulted in the defeat of the Republican party, and election of Mr. Buchanan, and all immediate danger of a disruption of the Union seemed to be over. It would have been, but for some few southern conspirators,



who for many years had plotted the overthrow of the government, and only waited a favorable opportunity to give success to their schemes. They had been able, under the excitement of the political canvass through which they had passed, so to educate and poison the public mind of a portion of the south, that they saw, with skillful management, they could make the future triumph of the republican party a pretext on which they could raise successfully the flag of secession; and from that moment their dark and hellish purpose was taken. The north little dreamed of this, and meditating no disloyalty against the government, did not imagine those political leaders, though bold and unscrupulous, would dare raise their parricidal hand against it.

Buchanan's administration, though characterized by imbecility, and a disregard of the grave responsibilities of his high position, was quietly acquiesced in, and the freedom of Kansas being secured, the public feeling of the north became more calm. At the next election, in 1860, though the republicans took the bold, unprecedented step of selecting both their candidates on the electoral ticket from the north, thus inevitably making a direct sectional issue, very little apprehension was excited. All our wide domain, except the territory of New Mexico, was disposed of, and that, as far as it could be, by any immediate action of the government; and there seemed nothing to contend for but political supremacy, for its own sake. The southern conspirators were perfectly aware of this, and knew that if the southern states went together in a solid body, they could carry enough northern ones to secure the election. The nomination of Douglas, they knew, and all knew, would be equivalent to his election. They were satisfied also, that under his administration they would suffer no invasion of their rights. But they had got beyond the desire to control the government—they determined to have an independent, southern one. To effect this,

they resolved to sow division in their own ranks, and thus secure the success of the republican party. They did so, and leaving the campaign to its inevitable result, spent their time and efforts in preparing for a revolution. Yancey and Davis were outwardly the leaders in this foul conspiracy, while Floyd and Thompson, members of Buchanan's cabinet, were secretly using their official positions as members of the government, and perjuring themselves in the presence of Heaven and the civilized world, to carry it on. The former, as Secretary of War, had, as far as lay in his power, so arranged the commands of the different forts, and distributed the army, and accumulated arms at the south, as to cripple the incoming administration, and render it powerless to assert the rights of the government.

The election of Mr. Lincoln took place early in November, and almost immediately the extreme south set in motion the already prepared scheme of dissolution. Though the falsehoods that had been freely circulated respecting the designs of the republicans—which they said were to emancipate the slaves and arm them against their masters,—and the triumph of a northern party, naturally excited indignation and alarm; yet, when the hour came for the final blow to be struck which should dismember this great Republic, even the hardened leaders trembled. Northern fanatics and southern conspirators had for years talked about disunion with a lightness that seemed close akin to madness, and laughed at the fears and warnings of statesmen, whom they stigmatized as "Union savers." Yet they hesitated when they stood on the brink of the yawning abyss, whose mysterious depths, notwithstanding their vaunted confidence, they feared to try. The people, especially, started back from so hazardous an experiment. In this crisis, the southern leaders tried in various ways to defend their own course, or to satisfy the people it was safe and right. To the timid they declared

that no war would follow the act of secession, for a large portion of the north, they alleged, sympathized with them, and denounced, as bitterly as they did, the sectional, aggressive action of the republicans, and would never permit them to hold their power by force of arms. This was unquestionably true at the time. To all they said that submission now was vassalage forever. Meanwhile the whole south was tossed on a sea of agitation, some wishing to delay final action till there could be a convention of all the southern states, so as to secure harmony, others declaring that delay would give the north time to organize and consolidate its power.

CHAPTER II.

DECEMBER, 1860—APRIL, 1861.

SOUTH CAROLINA TAKES THE LEAD—RECEPTION SOUTH OF ITS ACT OF SECESSION—ANDERSON IN FORT SUMTER—DISTRACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE NORTH DIVIDED—PROGRESS OF DISUNION SOUTH—SEIZURE OF NATIONAL PROPERTY—SCENES IN CONGRESS—RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE—RIGHT OF SECESSION—LINCOLN'S PASSAGE TO WASHINGTON AND INAUGURATION—HIS CABINET—VIRGINIA—SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS—FORT SUMTER—PREPARATIONS FOR ITS BOMBARDMENT.

SOUTH CAROLINA, with her accustomed arrogance and pride, cut the Gordian Knot, and in the latter part of December, declared herself a free and independent State. When the news was received at Mobile, a hundred guns were fired, and a military parade ordered in honor of the event. At New Orleans, the thunder of cannon, singing of the Marsellaise, and the unfurling of the Pelican flag, attested the excitement of the people; while secession flags were hoisted and meetings held over all the south. The State immediately took steps to get possession of the national forts in its borders.

In the mean time, Major Anderson, commander of the forts in the Charleston harbor, having but a handful of men under him, and seeing that fort Moultrie, in which the garrison was quartered could not resist an attack of land forces, quietly withdrew on the night of the 28th of December, and took possession of fort Sumter, situated on an island near by, and considered well nigh impregnable. Great fears before this had been entertained for his safety—some even doubting his loyalty, he being a Kentuckian. This masterly move electrified the nation, while its open confession that civil war was inevitable, created the most profound sensation throughout

the country. The south was loud in its denunciations of this act, declaring that he was guilty of inaugurating hostilities, while from the north, one shout of approval went up, showing the readiness of the people to sustain the government in defending its rights. John B. Floyd immediately resigned his position as Secretary of War, on the ground that the President had broken his promise, that no movement should be made in Charleston, while negotiations were pending for the adjustment of difficulties.

The South Carolina troops then took possession of the arsenal of the city, containing many stand of arms and a large quantity of military stores, while strong fortifications were ordered to be erected around fort Sumter.

The new year opened gloomy enough. Southern members of Congress had begun to resign their seats—the wildest excitement was sweeping the Gulf states, and before the rising storm, the general government seemed crumbling to atoms. Buchanan having surrounded himself with southern advisers, and lacking both the firmness and resolution necessary to a chief executive in such trying circumstances, vacillated, temporised and delayed—thus strengthening the confidence of the conspirators, and discouraging the loyal men of the north. Added to all this, the feeling of the north was divided. The exasperated feelings that had attended the campaign of the fall previous, had not yet subsided, and thousands were willing that an administration, which they asserted was coming into power on a sectional issue, and which had been pushed directly in the face of the very troubles which now threatened the Republic, should be hampered and if needs be, overthrown. All was confusion, doubt, and anger, and the nation reeled to and fro on the surging, conflicting elements of popular passion.

Between those at the north, anxious only for the preservation of party, and those reckless of consequences in their

fierce indignation against those who from mere political ambition they said had brought about this appalling state of things, and those who had foreseen and foretold all this, and now looked on in still despair, there seemed no hope for the Republic. South, also, there was almost equal distraction and division; for between the better class of people, still adhering to the old government, or at all events unwilling to hazard the experiment of inaugurating a new one, and those intent on dissolution, there seemed to be an irreconcilable antagonism. The southern leaders, alone, appeared calm and resolute, and pursued the course they had marked out with unfaltering determination.

In the mean time, troops were drilling in the various southern states, and state after state went out of the Union, and ranged itself under the leadership of South Carolina. The Governor of North Carolina, celebrated the incoming year by the seizure of fort Macon at Beaufort, the forts at Wilmington, and the United States arsenal at Fayetteville; and the Governor of Georgia by the seizure of fort Pulaski. Southern Commissioners were sent to Washington to consult with the government, and to the border states to secure their co-operation. The North Carolina troops took possession of forts Caswell and Johnson, and Secretary Thompson resigned his seat in the Cabinet. The Mississippi state convention passed the ordinance of secession, followed by Florida, and fort Barrancas, and the navy yard at Pensacola fell into the possession of the state troops. Louisiana soon followed, completing her ignominy by seizing the United States mint, and subtreasury at New Orleans, in which were a half a million of dollars. In the mean time, the steamer *Star of the West*, sent to reinforce fort Sumter, was fired into in the bay of Charleston, and was compelled to return amid the suppressed murmurs of the people. The Little Rock arsenal with its munitions of war was seized by the state troops of Arkansas, and by the latter

end of February, a Southern Confederacy was formed and a provisional government established at Montgomery, Alabama, at the head of which was placed Jefferson Davis as President. As the time drew near for the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and the assumption of the government by the republican party, the southern conspirators seemed to redouble their energy, for they knew that their career, which thus far had been smooth and unobstructed, would meet with a sudden check.

In the mean time, the appointment of Mr. Holt of Kentucky, as Secretary of War, and Mr. Dix of New York, of the Treasury, in the places of Thompson and Floyd, arrested the government in its downward rush, infused some little life, and seeming patriotism into Mr. Buchanan, and erected a sort of breakwater, to check the devastating flow of the waves of sedition. General Twiggs, commanding the department of Texas, was dismissed from the United States service, for having surrendered the military posts and other property under his charge to the state authorities, and the most peremptory orders were issued by Mr. Dix to national officers in the southern states.

The revolt of South Carolina, at the first, had awakened very different feelings in different classes at the north. The more thoughtful saw in it the beginning of evils, the end of which no man could foresee. Others, who had learned to despise this splenetic, captious, and disloyal state, only laughed at it, as an ebullition to be expected, and that would soon subside. But as the revolt rapidly spread, all saw that an abyss was opening under the nation, which would require the most consummate prudence to span.

It is necessary now to go back a little to the meeting of Congress in December. Most of the southern members took their seats as usual. It was evident, however, that they had done this, not to allay excitement, or adjust difficulties, or even to obtain redress of grievances; but to endeavor to influence

public opinion in their favor, alarm the government into submission, and render the final act of separation more imposing and formal. Specious arguments, heartless propositions, and threats were used by turns. Mason from Virginia, Slidell, and Benjamin from Louisiana, and Wigfall from Texas, were the leading spirits in the Senate. The former was haughty, malignant, and cautious. Slidell, artful and hypocritical, and Wigfall open, specious, and daring. The arguments used were various, and calculated to influence different classes, north and south. To day it was an appeal to the north to let the south go peaceably and without resistance. They said "you hate us and we hate you—our social systems are entirely opposite,—and can never harmonize. You declare that slavery is repugnant to free institutions, and a disgrace to the Republic—now as you cannot get rid of it, let us go by ourselves, and bear the obloquy alone. If we cannot live together peaceably, let us separate amicably, and form treaties of friendship like foreign nations. Why insist on a union that is only so in name?" etc. To-morrow, it was a long recapitulation of the wrongs heaped on the south by the north. "They had been assailed in every form, and the north was determined to deprive them of their share of the territory which had been won by common valor, or been paid for from the common fund. The rights guaranteed by a common Constitution, such as the return of fugitive slaves had been struck down, and a compact broken in any particular was abrogated all together. It was the height of injustice," they claimed, "to rob them of the protection guaranteed by that instrument, and yet demand of them continued allegiance to it." There was a semblance of truth in some of these allegations, and though laughed at and ridiculed in the excitement of a political campaign, now that the Union was confronted with serious danger, various plans for an adjustment of the difficulties, and to guarantee rights

in the future, were freely offered. At length, a committee of forty members of Congress, with Corwin of Ohio at its head, was appointed to report some basis of settlement. But a spirit of acrimony and hostility governed the majority of both parties, and it was soon apparent to a calm looker-on, that nothing would come of it. Besides, it was plain that the leading conspirators wished for no adjustment. Their complaints and harangues were designed solely to strengthen the opposition party at the north, and to draw the reluctant border states into their schemes. A convention of the states which was called to meet at Washington at this time, to take into consideration the causes of disagreement, proved equally powerless to effect any good.

Among the many propositions offered in Congress and out of it, which those making them hoped would prevent a collision of the states, there was one by Mr. Crittenden restoring the Missouri Compromise; another by Mr. Adams of Massachusetts—which placed in effect the vexed question of slavery out of the reach of the federal government. Mr. Seward, in the Senate, made a third, which was not very definite. These two latter gentlemen showed themselves to be not only patriots but statesmen; and could they have carried their party with them a very different result would have been reached. They might not have prevented the rebellion, but they would have arrested its headway and discomfited its leaders. But the statesmanship of both availed nothing against party clamor, and their lofty patriotism could not stem the tide of fierce indignation that had been aroused by the haughty, defiant tone of the south.

One other course only remained: to submit the whole question, in some form, to the people. Ours is a government of the people—on them fall the burdens and horrors of war, and on them directly should rest the sole responsibility of inaugurating it, especially if it be a civil one.

All efforts, however, proved abortive; and the ship of state, reeling on the turbulent waves of passion, drifted steadily towards the vortex of disunion.

The chief defense made by the south, was the right to secede from the confederation, which the several states reserved to themselves when they entered it, if at any time they thought fit to do so. A great deal of able yet useless argument was wasted on this question. It was denied on the part of the north, for they asserted that such a right made the Union a rope of sand, and the government guilty of providing for its own destruction. Besides, said they, Louisiana cost us \$15,000,000, Florida \$5,000,000, to say nothing of \$40,000,000 expended in driving the Indians from her swamps, and Texas directly and indirectly more than \$200,000,000, and to suppose that these states, as soon as they had pocketed the money of the government, could withdraw, and set up for themselves, was the climax of absurdity. More than this, to whom did the Mississippi river belong if it did not to the whole Union? The whole discussion, however, was a waste of breath, for the doctrine of secession as explained by the south was never acted upon by them. They advocated it to justify rebellion. The right of rebellion under unbearable oppression, can never be vitiated by former compacts, however strong, nor by favors how great soever they may have been. If the right of *secession be granted*, it can take place only in the form, and by the legal process that characterized the formation of the compact. The state wishing to withdraw, must present herself before the confederation, and proceed with the same formality and respectfulness she did when she entered it, and be bound by the same decision of the parties concerned. If her claim is refused she must acquiesce, no matter how great the wrong done her, or *then* fall back on the right of secession. This the south never proposed to do, and to say

that any state, when she entered the confederacy, reserved to herself the right whenever she saw fit, to rush to arms, seize the forts and soldiers, and post-offices, and mints, and ships of the United States, is a falsehood on the face of it, too gross to need a reply. And yet this is just what the southern states did. It is, therefore, as before remarked, a waste of breath to argue a question on which no action was ever taken—to discuss a right it was never proposed to claim. The south rushed into *rebellion*, and unless their act can be justified on the ground that they were grievously oppressed, and had exhausted every peaceable means to obtain redress, as we did previous to our revolt against the mother country, even, as we asserted “prostrating ourselves at the foot of the throne” in vain appeals, they stand convicted of a crime too heinous to be expressed in language, and which will grow blacker with the lapse of time till “the memory of the wicked shall rot.”

If the above succinct narrative of events be correct, it is easy to see that it will be vain for either the north or south to prove itself entirely guiltless before impartial history. The great moral difference between them is—the former was contending against a giant wrong, and the latter defending it—the former never contemplated lifting its hand against the government, while the latter deliberately precipitated us into all the horrors of civil war. The former were unwise in their action and reckless in the manner in which they carried out their political schemes—the latter were traitors in heart, conspirators while professing loyalty, and open rebels at last. This statement of course refers to the leaders. The majority of the southern people, were doubtless deceived, and believed they were in danger of subjugation, and all the horrors attending a sudden emancipation of the slaves.

To return to our summary of events, which brought us to the close of February, when a southern confederacy was formed, and the border states were vacillating between the

north and south, we come to the arrival of President Lincoln in Washington, February 23, to be inaugurated President of the United States.

When he left Springfield, Ill., the place of his residence, a large crowd assembled to witness his departure, and express their sympathy with him in the perilous duties before him. In a short speech, he expressed his thanks, and desired their prayers, to which their hearty response was, "we will pray for you." "The eyes of the Nation were turned towards him in his progress, and every word he uttered to the different assemblages on the way, was carefully noted down, and commented on. He spoke confidently and hopefully, saying all the disturbance visible was "only an artificial *excitement*." His utterances, though pleasing to many, gave rise to gloomy forebodings in the more thoughtful, who had been anxiously waiting for one to assume the reins of government, that had measured the length and breadth and depth and height of the gigantic rebellion, who would treat it as a terrible *reality*.

In the mean time rumors had been circulated that he would be assassinated on the way, or if he succeeded in reaching the Capital, an organized mob would prevent his inauguration and seize the city. General Scott, in command there, had been informed of the plans of the conspirators, and took measures to defeat them.

The President elect, however, had considered these rumors as exaggerations, and proceeded with his family without anticipating any trouble. But when he reached Philadelphia, he entered a different atmosphere, and began to awake as from a dream. His honest heart, incapable of guile, or even of conceiving such monstrous atrocity, was compelled at last to admit the terrible truth, that American citizens sought his life, for no other crime, than that of obeying the voice of the people, and assuming the office to which their

votes had elected him; and when he reached Harrisburg he left his family behind him, and anticipating the train which was to take him, proceeded in disguise by a special train to Washington. That a constitutionally-elected President of the United States, should be compelled to steal into the National Capital, like a criminal, in order to enter upon his office, smote every loyal citizen like a personal disgrace. Had it been fully believed beforehand, a half a million of men would have volunteered to escort him there.

The fourth of March, 1861, came without violence, and Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. His message was every where read with the deepest anxiety. Its moderate tone gratified reasonable men, though many felt the want of any stirring appeal to the patriotism of the people. Still, the closing paragraphs, "I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We *must* not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature," struck a chord of sympathy in every heart. Still, kind and appealing as these words were, it showed that he had not yet comprehended the full measure of human wickedness connected with the rebellion. This is perhaps not strange, for the same delusion seemed to rest on those who were to be his chief advisers. Mr. Seward as late as the latter part of December, had said that in "sixty days" we should have a "brighter and more cheerful atmosphere." Those who designed to inflict no wrong, and be guilty of no injustice, could not comprehend the existence of such madness and ferocity as seemed to characterize the southern disunionists.

Three days after, Peter G. T. Beauregard, late major in the engineer corps of the United States, was ordered by the southern confederacy, to take command of the forces in Charleston, destined to act against fort Sumter; and two weeks later the supplies were cut off from fort Pickens, Florida.

The President in forming his cabinet, seemed not to comprehend the extent of the danger that threatened the Republic. The selection of Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, was regarded as a wise measure. But Mr. Cameron's claims to the responsible position of Secretary of War were based principally on political considerations. Mr. Holt had manfully stood between the country and ruin, and was well qualified for the duties of that position. The President, in his trying situation, needed the sympathy of all parties, and should have disregarded the clamor that sought only party ends; and would have been justified in retaining Mr. Holt. The united patriotism of the north, and a change in the course of the administration, alone saved the country from the incalculable evils which would otherwise have resulted from a misconception of its true condition, and the distribution of political rewards.

In the mean time a state convention of Virginia had been called, to take into consideration the proper course for her to pursue in the pending crisis, and commissioners were appointed to confer with the President on his future policy. The southern confederacy had also sent commissioners to propose terms of adjustment, without resorting to war. To the former the President made a short reply, doing little more than reaffirming the policy he had proclaimed in his message. The latter he refused to receive in their alleged capacity as commissioners from an independent government, for it would be recognizing the southern confederacy of seven states.

The southern leaders had managed their cause with a great deal of adroitness. To the extreme south, they had spoken in glowing terms of the advantages of an independent confederacy. To Virginia they had described the evils she would suffer in case of a civil war, which was sure to follow should the general government attempt coercion of the revolted states, until she insisted, that the only condition on which she could stand by the Union was, that no coercion should be attempted. The conspirators knew this would never be granted. To Kentucky, they pointed to the rejected resolutions of Mr. Crittenden, looking to a peaceful solution of the difficulties. To Maryland—which more than any other state had cause to dread a civil war, should she join her fortunes with the south—the commissioners from Mississippi used the following mild language. “Secession is not intended to break up the present government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of breaking up or destroying the Union as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security for our rights; not by a convention of all the southern states, nor by congressional tricks, which have failed in times past and will fail again. But our plan is for the southern states to withdraw from the Union for the present, to allow amendments to the Constitution to be made, guaranteeing our just rights; and if the northern states will not make those amendments, by which these rights shall be secured to us, then we must secure them the best way we can. This question of slavery must be settled now or never,” etc. Nothing could have been more plausible or apparently just than this. It is not surprising that the people of Maryland were deceived by these representations, for many northern men were. The truth was, the southern disunionists did not wish war, and they did not believe it would happen. The state of their finances would not sanction it, to say

nothing of the dubious result of a collision with the colossal power of the north, backed by her navy. The surest way to prevent this, they believed, would be to make the contest appear equal as possible, by getting the entire south to act in unison. Then the north would shrink from the appalling evils of a civil war, and grant them their independence. To secure this, they were willing to stoop to any deception, and apparently consent to any measure the border states might propose. But events were rapidly hastening to a crisis. Major Anderson stubbornly refused to strike his flag to the southern confederacy. It is true, starvation would soon compel the humiliating act. But whether Davis, impelled by an insane spirit of revenge, or, foreseeing that war was inevitable, concluded it was best to precipitate it at once; or whether the blustering, arrogant spirit of South Carolina forced him to the measure, or whether he feared our fleet, which had arrived off the mouth of the harbor, might force a passage, we know not; he refused to wait the sure and speedy work of famine, and determined to open his guns upon it. Notwithstanding the state had openly revolted, Mr. Buchanan had allowed the most formidable works to be constructed around the fort, refusing to give his sanction to Major Anderson to prevent their completion. With his heavy artillery, he could easily have kept the surrounding shores clear, but not a shot was permitted to be fired. This brave commander, with his little garrison of seventy-five men, saw month after month the frowning batteries rise around him, preparatory to opening their concentrated fire upon him. The batteries lining the entrance to the harbor had long since cut him off from all hope of reinforcements and supplies by sea, while not a pound of food could reach him from the hostile shore. Without orders to abandon it, and without permission to stop the preparations going on for his overthrow, he had been compelled, day after day, and week after

week, to sit still, and watch the steadily rising fortifications destined to effect his humiliation. A more trying and cruel position a commander could not be placed in. At length the work of preparation was completed—the bomb-proof batteries at fort Moultrie and on Sullivan's Island ready, and the floating battery in its place, with their grim columbiads pointing on the devoted garrison—and with that patience and serene confidence springing from the consciousness of having discharged his duty, and a firm reliance on Heaven, which had characterized him throughout, he now waited the coming storm. To the summons of Beauregard to surrender, he returned the calm reply that neither his "sense of honor" nor "obligations to his government" would permit him to comply. Knowing that in a few days, famine would compel the surrender of the fort, Beauregard, under instructions from L. P. Walker, the rebel Secretary of War, proposed to refrain from bombarding it, if he would fix a day, when he would evacuate it. Bold and bad as he was, he hesitated to open a war which should drench the nation in blood. Anderson, looking over his scanty supply of provisions, replied that if no supplies reached him, or no orders to the contrary were received from his government by the fifteenth (his letter was dated April twelfth), he would then surrender the fort. Not liking the conditions attached to this promise, though it was difficult to see how the beleaguered little garrison could get either orders or provisions, Beauregard, the same day, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, sent word that in one hour he would "open the fire of his batteries on fort Sumter."

CHAPTER III.

· APRIL, 1861.

FIRST SHOT AT FORT SUMTER—ITS FEARFUL SIGNIFICANCE—THE BOMBARDMENT—SURRENDER OF—EXULTATION OF THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON—RECEPTION OF THE NEWS NORTH—UNION OF ALL PARTIES—PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT CALLING FOR SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TROOPS—RESPONSE OF THE NORTH—REPLY TO IT BY SOUTHERN GOVERNORS—ENTHUSIASM OF THE NORTH—DELUSION OF BOTH SECTIONS—DAVIS CALLS FOR SOUTHERN VOLUNTEERS AND FOR PRIVATEERS—VIRGINIA SECEDES—EMBARRASMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT—SURRENDER OF NORFOLK—SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY AND THE BURNING OF THE ARSENAL.

IT was fit that a deed so monstrous as the commencement of civil war should have been committed in darkness. Treason shuns the light of day, and even the conspirators, though steeped in crime, were in haste to begin their accursed work before the bright sun should rise to throw his light upon it.

As soon as Anderson received the message of Beauregard, he ordered the sentinels to be removed from the parapets of the fort, the posterns closed, and the flag that had been lowered with the coming on of night, flung to the breeze, and then sat down in the darkness to wait the coming shock. It was a mild spring night, and not a sound disturbed the quietness that reigned over the peaceful waters of the bay. Nature gave no sign of the dread event so near at hand, which should summon a million of men to arms, and send state dashing on state in fierce collision, drench the land in fraternal blood, and unsettle the civilized world. At half-past four o'clock, before the full dawn could reveal to them the flag under whose folds they had so long lived in peace and prosperity, the first shot was fired. The deep thunder

woke the morning echoes, and rolled away over the trembling waters of the bay. At that moment the great clock of destiny struck its warning note. No single cannon shot before, ever bore such destinies on its darkened flight. It shivered the mightiest republic the earth ever saw into atoms, arrested the onward march of civilization, and changed the history of man. A few moments of dead silence followed this first explosion, as if all nature paused at the awful deed—and then came the earthquake. From fort Moultrie, Point Pleasant, fort Johnston,—the floating battery—Cumming's point and Sullivan's island, the well trained batteries poured in their concentric fire, till sea and shore shook to the fierce reverberations. A line of volcanoes seemed suddenly to have opened in the sea, and the broad glare from the blazing guns, and bursting shells traversing the air in every direction and crossing in a fiery net work over the doomed fort, heralded in the day. Anderson and his little band sat quietly within their stronghold, listening unmoved to the wild hurricane without, till the sun had climbed the heavens. The ponderous balls of the enemy were knocking loudly for admittance without, but not a shot had been fired in return. At half-past six, the mere handful within sat quietly down to their breakfast, and finished their meal as leisurely as though preparing for a parade. They were then divided into three reliefs—the first under command of Captain Doubleday—and the men ordered to their places. Soon the order to fire was given, and the ominous silence that had so long reigned round that dark structure was broken, and a sheet of flame ran along its sides. Gun now answered gun in quick succession, and for the next four hours, the heavy, deafening explosions were like a continuous clap of thunder. Forty-seven mortars and large cannon directed their fire against the fort, and shot and shell beat upon it, and burst within and over it incessantly. The heavy explosions called

out the inhabitants of Charleston in crowds, and the house tops and shores were lined with excited spectators, gazing earnestly over the water, where the tossing clouds of smoke obscured the sky. Every portion of the fortress was searched by the enemy's fire, and loosened bricks and mortar were soon flying in every direction. It was impossible to serve the guns *en barbette*, and they were knocked to pieces one after another by the shot and shells that swept the crest of the ramparts. These were the only guns that could throw shells, and hence Anderson was able to reply to the enemy only with solid shot. These, in most cases, thundered harmlessly on the solid works of the enemy, or glanced from their iron sides. The barracks again and again caught fire, but each time were extinguished, chiefly through the energy and daring of Mr. Hart, a New York volunteer. The cartridges were soon exhausted, when the men made them of their shirt sleeves. Noon came, and the soldiers were served with their meagre dinner at the guns, snatching a hasty bite of the last of their hard biscuit and salt pork, and then calmly went to their work again. During this tremendous cannonading, Major Anderson and his officers coolly watched through their glasses the effect of the shot, and ever and anon turned their eyes anxiously towards the mouth of the harbor, where our succoring fleet lay, not daring to run the gauntlet of batteries that stretched between them and the fort. Thus the toilsome day wore away, and as darkness enveloped the scene, Anderson being no longer able to observe the effect of his shots, ordered the port holes to be closed, when the firing ceased and the men lay down to rest. The enemy, however, did not remit his attack, and all night long his ponderous shot kept smiting the solid walls of the fort, and his shells, whose course could be seen by their long trains of light, dropped incessantly around and within the silent structure. Early on Saturday morning,

the little garrison were again at work, and gun answered gun in quick response. The barracks for the fourth time took fire, but the attempts to put it out as before were soon found to be fruitless, for the hot shot of the enemy, dropping incessantly among the combustible materials, kept the flames alive, and in a short time the raging conflagration within became more terrible than the hurricane of shot without. The whole garrison was called from the guns to save the magazine, and barrels of powder were rolled through the smoke and embers to a place of safety. Ninety-six barrels had been thus removed when the heat became too great to continue the work, and it was abandoned, and the magazine locked to await its destiny. The fire now raged uncontrolled, and the smoke, driven downward by the wind, filled all the interior of the fort, so that the men could no longer see each other. Choked by the stifling air, they flung themselves on the ground, and throwing wet handkerchiefs and cloths over their mouths and eyes, lay and gasped for breath. The last biscuit had been eaten the day before—the walls were crumbling around them—the main gate had been burned down, leaving an open passage to an advancing force, and it was evident to all, that the contest was a hopeless one. Still Anderson stood unmoved amid the wreck, and refused to strike his colors. The cartridges were nearly exhausted—the magazine could not be reached for more powder, yet now and then a shot was fired to let the fleet outside and the enemy know they had not surrendered. To add to the horrors of their position, the shells and ammunition in the upper service magazine caught fire and exploded with a frightful crash, sending splintered beams and blazing fragments in every direction, and adding tenfold to the terror of the conflagration that was raging in every part of the inclosure. This went on hour after hour, the men compelled to work with wet cloths over their mouths. At length the

fire approached the men's quarters where the barrels of powder that had been taken from the magazine lay exposed. The soldiers rushed through the flames with wet blankets, and covered them over; but the heat soon became so intense, that it was feared they would take fire and blow up the fort, and they were rolled through the embrasures into the sea, till all but three were gone, which were piled over thickly with wet blankets. Only three cartridges were now left, and these were in the guns. At this crisis the flag-staff was shot away. The flag was brought in, after having been shot down, by Lieutenant Hall; but was afterwards (by order of Major Anderson) planted on the rampart by Lieutenants Snyder and Hart, who nailed it to the flag-staff, where it continued to wave defiantly. A few minutes after this occurred, a man was seen at an embrasure, with a white flag tied to his sword. It was Wigfall, late senator from Texas, who had come from fort Moultrie, and now desired admittance. Entering through into the casemate, he exclaimed in an excited manner, that he came from General Beauregard, that he saw the flag of the fort was down, adding, "let us stop this firing." "No sir," replied Lieutenant Davis, "the flag is not down, step out this way and you will see it waving from the ramparts." General Wigfall then asked that some one should hold his white flag outside the walls, "No sir," replied the gallant lieutenant, "we don't raise a white flag, if you want your batteries to stop, you must stop them yourself." Wigfall then held the flag out of the embrasure. As soon as he did so, Lieutenant Davis ordered a corporal to relieve him, as it was not the act of the fort, but of Wigfall. But the cannon balls continuing to strike around the corporal, he exclaimed with an oath, "I won't hold that flag, they don't respect it." Wigfall replied, "They fired at me three or four times, and I should think you ought to stand it once." He then placed the flag

outside of the embrasure and sought Major Anderson. Wigfall introduced himself by saying, "I am General Wigfall, and come from General Beauregard, who wishes to stop this." Anderson, whose usually quiet blood had in the terrific bombardment of these two days got fairly roused, rose on his toes, and as he came down with a sudden jar on his heels, replied, "*Well sir!*" "Major Anderson," said the former, "You have defended your flag nobly, sir—you have done all that is possible for men to do, and General Beauregard wishes to stop the fight. On what terms will you evacuate this fort?"

"General Beauregard is already acquainted with my only terms," was the calm reply.

"Do I understand," replied Wigfall, "that you will evacuate upon the terms proposed the other day?"

"Yes, sir," said the Major, "and on those conditions only."

"Very well," Wigfall replied, and retired.

A short time after, a deputation of four officers arrived, sent by General Beauregard, and asked for an interview with Major Anderson; when it turned out, that Wigfall had acted entirely on his own responsibility, and without even the knowledge of Beauregard. The latter seeing the fort on fire, they said, had sent them over to inquire if any assistance could be rendered. They were amazed when Anderson informed them that he had just agreed upon terms of capitulation with General Wigfall, acting under orders of General Beauregard. Seeing the state of things, Major Anderson remarked that it put him in a peculiar position, and the flag must be hoisted again. After some conversation, however, they requested him to put in writing what Wigfall had said to him, and they would lay it before General Beauregard. He did so, but before the statement reached the rebel general, he had sent the Adjutant-general, and members of his staff, to propose the same terms on which Major Anderson

had consented to go out, with the exception of being allowed to salute his flag. They asked him if he would not dispense with the salute. He replied "No,"—he would however leave the question open for conference. They returned with the reply, and shortly after an officer came over saying that the terms first proposed were accepted.

What motive had prompted General Wigfall to volunteer his services, and take upon himself the responsibility of negotiating for Beauregard, is not known. It is but charitable, however, to suppose that the feelings of a man had been aroused in him at sight of that burning fort, within which a mere handful of men had for thirty-four hours borne the concentrated fire of four powerful batteries, and which, though unable to return only an occasional shot, and wrapped in a fierce conflagration, still refused to yield. It was a sight to move the pity of any thing human.

Thus fell fort Sumter; and the opening act of the most fearful tragedy the world has ever seen, had closed. The people of Charleston seemed utterly oblivious of the true character and swift results of this first act of violence, and were wild with enthusiasm and joy. Beauregard was a hero—indeed all were heroes. They had succeeded in firing the train, and now danced in the flickering light it emitted, unconscious that the fitful blaze was on its way to a magazine, the explosion of which would shake the continent. The Roman Catholic bishop ordered a *Te Deum* to be chanted in honor of the victory, and the Episcopal bishop, though blind and feeble, declared that the resistance was obedience to God.

On Monday morning preparations for the evacuation commenced. But first, the only man killed during the terrible bombardment, a private by the name of Daniel Hough, who lost his life by the bursting of a cannon, was buried with military honors. When this was done, and the baggage all on board the transport, a portion of the little band who

stood under arms within the battered fort, were toled off as gunners, to fire the one hundred guns as a salute to the flag. At the fiftieth discharge a premature explosion killed one man, and wounded three more—one seriously. When the last gun was fired, the handful of heroes marched out, the band playing Yankee Doodle and Hail to the Chief. Vast crowds were collected in the vicinity to witness this last ceremony, little dreaming what it foreboded. That night the troops remained on board the Isabel, and the next morning were transferred to the Baltic, and started for New York.

Though South Carolina had long before declared herself out of the Union, both postal and telegraphic communication was kept up with Charleston, and never did the electric wires of the country quiver with news so pregnant with the fate of a great nation, as those which kept registering the progress of the bombardment. And when at last the news came that the stars and stripes had been lowered to the insolent, rebellious state, the nation was struck dumb with indignation and amazement. The first effect was stunning, paralyzing; and the north seemed to hold its breath in suspense. But it was the slow settling back of the billow, as it gathers to break in thunder on the shore. The north had hitherto been divided. The democrats, and those opposed to the republican party had sympathized with the south in their indignation at the triumph of a faction, whose battle cry had been hostility to an institution that was inwoven into the very structure of its society. Every where threats had been heard that if the republican party endeavored by any unconstitutional act to carry out its hostility to slavery, there would be an uprising at the north. So bitter was this feeling, that many rejoiced at the serious difficulties and embarrassments their sectional victory had involved them in. Indeed, it was clear to the careful observer, that if the south managed discreetly, the party would have more

trouble at the north than at the south. What course would this powerful opposition take now, was a question fraught with life and death to the administration. But there was no time given for arguments and appeals and attempts to conciliate. Political animosities vanished—party lines disappeared and all opposition went down like barriers of mist before the rising patriotism of the people. Though the democrats believed the spirit of the compact originally made between the north and south, had been broken by the formation and success of the republican party, and that its very existence was contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and a violation of good faith—though they felt it meditated a great wrong on the weaker portion of the republic, they suddenly forgot it all. The flag, our boast and pride, the emblem of our nationality and record of our glory, had been assailed by traitorous hands, and trailed in the dust at their bidding. All minor differences disappeared before this gigantic wrong; and from the Atlantic to the broad prairies of the west, there went up one loud cry for vengeance. The President, who with his administration had seemed to be laboring under a strange incredulity, seeing state after state throw off its allegiance, and forts and arsenals one after another seized by the rebels, with a calm composure, as though all those high-handed acts were mere parts of a stage play, and meant nothing more than the talk about secession and a bloody revolt, that had characterized the political campaign of the autumn previous—was at last aroused by the thunder of cannon at fort Sumter. The President at length saw that this was not merely an “artificial excitement;” and the “sixty days” which the Secretary of State prophesied were to bring a more “cheerful state of things,” had instead brought “bloody war.”

The very next day after fort Sumter had surrendered, the President issued a proclamation, calling for seventy-five

thousand volunteers, for three months, to protect the capital, and secure the property of the government seized by the rebels; and commanding all those in arms to return to their homes in twenty days. It also summoned congress to meet on the 4th of July. It was calm in its tone, and reserved in the claims put forth. It contained no appeal to the patriotism of the people, being almost exclusively confined to a statement of the rights of the general government over its own property, which it would be the duty of the army to take from the rebels after the safety of the Capital was secured. It was fortunate that the aroused people of the north needed no stimulus, and their instincts no instructions respecting the true issue that had been forced upon them. This proclamation, which could not have been more carefully worded, or have said less, was received throughout the south as a declaration of war. At the north, although it was a confession that civil war had commenced, it was received with one loud shout of approval, that showed that the Union was not to be destroyed without a struggle that should drench the land in blood. Enthusiastic meetings were held in every part of the north—the calls of the respective governors for troops were responded to with an ardor that showed that five times seventy-five thousand men could be had. At Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and almost every large place, money was raised for the volunteers and their families. Legislatures made large appropriations, and abundant means seemed at the disposal of the general government to put a speedy end to the rebellion.

The call on the slave states, still in the Union, for their proportion of the army of seventy-five thousand men, was received in a very different spirit. Governor Magoffin of Kentucky replied, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states."

Governor Letcher of Virginia—"the militia will not be furnished to the powers of Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view." Governor Ellis of North Carolina, in a more guarded tone, telegraphed to the President that he could not respond to the call, as he had doubts of his authority under the constitution to make it. Similar responses came from Tennessee, Arkansas, and other states. Maryland and Delaware were the only exceptions to a peremptory refusal. Governor Hicks of the former state, would raise troops only for the defence of Washington, and not for any other purpose. Little Delaware took her place without hesitation beside the loyal states. Throughout the north the love of the old flag suddenly became a passion, and the stars and stripes draped every street, and waved from every church spire. Patriotic songs were in every mouth, and the regiments gathering to their places of rendezvous, or streaming through the cities towards Washington, were greeted by shouting crowds; and the general feeling was like that which accompanies a triumphal march. Civil war was an evil we had never contemplated—besides, we had been taught so long to regard it as a political bugbear, a mere party menace, that we looked upon it with little or no alarm. More than this, the north had been told so long by unscrupulous politicians, that the south dare not fight, that at the first call to arms the slaves would rush into insurrection,—that it really believed at the first show of determination, the south would decline the contest. The people at the south had been beguiled in the same manner by their leaders—they had been assured over and over again, that the money loving north would never go to war with the source of their wealth—a race of shop keepers would never fight for a sentiment, and if they attempted it, would be crushed at the first onset by the chivalrous, warlike south. Thus the two sections were hurried, through ignorance and

blind presumption, towards all the untold horrors of civil war. It was plain to every one who had studied the history of nations carefully, that this blind confidence on both sides was doomed to a terrible disappointment.

The proclamation of the President was met on the part of Davis of the Southern Confederacy by one calling on the southern states for volunteers, and also for persons to take out letters of marque as privateers, to prey on the commerce of the north. The call for volunteers was responded to with the same alacrity as that of President Lincoln had been, and the same enthusiasm was exhibited. Like the north, they thought there might be some *conquering*, but there would be but little fighting. With many, however, especially the more religious class, a different feeling prevailed. They had been told, and they believed, that the seventy-five thousand men summoned to the field by Mr. Lincoln, were not designed for the defence of Washington, but to commence the work of emancipation by direct invasion of their soil, and hence rushed to arms under the full belief that they were called upon to defend their homes, and firesides, and all they held dear.

Immediately on the issue of the President's proclamation, Virginia, which had long been wavering, through her convention elected to determine the matter, declared herself out of the Union. It is more than probable that this was done by direct fraud—at least intimidation was used. Her best men, and among them John Minor Botts, fought against it to the last. It is difficult to say what motives prompted the leaders in this state to such a suicidal course. The western part was known to be loyal, and certainly a large minority of the eastern. Besides, in the issue of war, which ever side should succeed, *she* was certainly to constitute the chief battle ground, and must be ruined in the contest. It is probable, that proud from her traditions, and

overestimating her importance in the Union, she really believed, that by casting her lot in with the southern confederacy, she secured the co-operation of every southern state, and thus made the contest so even, that the north would not attempt coercion; while the magnitude of the rebellion would secure at once the recognition of foreign powers. Thus civil war would be prevented altogether.

The government, at this crisis, was surrounded with difficulties calculated to bewilder the strongest minds. Treason was on every side, and it knew not where to strike, nor had it the means to plant the blows it knew should be given. Every thing had been thrown into chaos, and in the whirlpool of conflicting elements, neither the President nor his Cabinet seemed to know what to do. It was a state of things never anticipated, and hence wholly unprovided for. Mr. Lincoln felt himself wholly at sea, while unfortunately the two Cabinet officers on whom the nation must chiefly rely had not been selected for their fitness to meet such a crisis. Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, soon proved this to the satisfaction of the country and the President. The Secretary of the Navy, though a man of probity and true patriotism, could not be expected from his limited experience in naval matters to give, at once, this arm of the government its full efficiency. At all events, he was much blamed for a heavy disaster following the fall of fort Sumter. The navy yard at Norfolk, was the largest, and the most important one in the country. To the rebels it was of vital importance, for notwithstanding the thefts of Floyd, while Secretary of War, the south was deficient in heavy cannon, and here were gathered a vast number, some of them of the largest caliber. Virginia had seceded, and her Governor had summoned the people to arms, and it was plain to the simplest mind, that the navy yard located on her soil would be the first object she would attempt to grasp, and yet sufficient precaution was

not taken to prevent the catastrophe. The Secretary of the Navy seemed to think its surrender a foregone conclusion, and intent only on saving the vessels there, ordered Commodore McCauley to remove them to a place of safety.

When he found it was not done he despatched Commodore Paulding to take his place. When the latter arrived he found that they were being destroyed, the Merrimac and other ships having already been scuttled. Seeing this would not prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, he applied the torch to them and to what other public property he could, and abandoned the place. The Cumberland, towed down by the tug Yankee, escaped only eventually to meet a worse fate than burning, from her former consort the Merrimac. The country enraged asked why the ships did not shell the batteries the enemy were erecting in the neighborhood, and the place itself, and leave them a heap of smoking ruins, and destroy the guns. Instead of this, we succeeded in scuttling and firing the Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Columbus, each seventy-four guns; the Merrimac and Columbia, forty-four; the Raritan, forty-five; the sloops-of-war Germantown and Plymouth, each twenty-two guns; the brig Dolphin, a powder boat, and the frigate United States, (in ordinary.) Of these, the Merrimac was to be heard from again. The value of the property was estimated at fifty millions of dollars. This, however, was a small matter compared to the advantage we gave the enemy by supplying him with hundreds of cannon.

Two days before, Lieutenant Jones, commanding the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, hearing that twenty-five hundred Virginians were advancing to seize it, set it on fire, destroying it with all its arms and munitions of war. Why these had not been removed, when it was only some thirty miles to a place of perfect safety, the public was not informed. But for the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Jones, the arms so

much needed by the rebels, would have fallen into their hands.

These apparently unnecessary disasters, produced an outburst of indignation from those who had been the warmest friends of the administration, and for a time shook seriously the confidence of the people. It is true, Gosport navy yard was surrendered five days after the proclamation of the President on the 15th of April, and Harper's Ferry on the 18th. Events were marching with fearful rapidity, the hands of the government were tied for the want of means to carry out its plans, and it knew not where to look for loyal men. But with six weeks (the time since the inauguration of the President) in which to gather its energies, it might have done something. The fault was, that those six weeks had been wasted in listening to the claims of politicians greedy of places. With the lightning rending the clouds that were rolling up the angry heavens, and the thunder breaking on every side, the administration calmly devoted itself to the filling of offices. All this time the rebels were at work.

CHAPTER IV.

APRIL, 1861.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE AND BASENESS OF CONTRACTORS—MARCH OF THE REGIMENTS—THE MASSACHUSETTS SIXTH ATTACKED IN BALTIMORE—DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH NEW YORK—ENTHUSIASM SOUTH—FEARS OF THE PEOPLE AND MAYOR OF BALTIMORE—COLLISION PREVENTED BY THE TROOPS GOING BY WAY OF ANNAPOLIS—THEIR ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON—DEFECTION IN THE ARMY AND NAVY—ROBERT E. LEE—EFFECT OF THE STATES' RIGHTS DOCTRINE—GREAT UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK—ITS RECEPTION SOUTH—PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT INCREASING THE STANDING ARMY—TENNESSEE JOINS THE SOUTH—ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT—SUSPENSION OF THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS—MISTAKE IN NOT CALLING CONGRESS TOGETHER SOONER.

WHILE indecision was thus characterizing the government at Washington, patriotism and a stern determination to settle the quarrel by the bayonet, were rousing the people of the north, and it was soon evident that a power was gathering that the government must control and let loose on the rebellion, or it would go down before it. To a thoughtful man, this indecision of the administration on the one hand, and this tremendous energy and purpose of the people on the other, were calculated to awaken serious alarm.

The people had forgotten politics, and were fully aroused to the danger of the country. The regiments kept pouring in, but, relying on the government to provide for their wants, were ill supplied with the things necessary to their comfort and efficiency. Seeing this state of things, a Union Defence Committee was formed in New York to supply the troops with necessary means. But politicians, greedy of gain, soon assumed control of its affairs in order to fill their own pockets. General Wool, who came to New York to direct matters, attempted to put a stop to the wasteful extravagance, but

through the efforts of these same politicians, who had an influence with the government at Washington, was sent home to Troy in disgrace. Contractors all over the country took advantage of the general enthusiasm to rob the public treasury, and unmolested by the Secretary of War, experienced no difficulty in amassing wealth out of the public necessities. The people had no eyes for these gigantic swindling operations—they saw only their country's flag in danger, and were pressing to its defense. From east to west arose the murmur of gathering hosts. Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, and the far west moved simultaneously. The Massachusetts Sixth led the van, and four days after the President's proclamation was issued were entering Baltimore. Threats had been uttered that northern troops should not be allowed to pass through the city to the Capital, which was now threatened on every side. Patrols were kept up night and day over the long bridge—cannon commanded its passage—the government, under the veteran and patriot Scott, was securing itself as best it could with its limited means, anxiously looking northward for the troops hastening to its defense. The Massachusetts Sixth, occupying eleven cars, reached Baltimore on the 19th of April, and proceeded quietly through the streets, drawn by horses, to the depot on the farther side. As they advanced, the crowd, which had been collected, steadily increased, so that the horses could hardly effect a passage through it. Soon shouts and yells, mingled with threats, arose on every side, followed by stones, brick-bats, and other missiles, which rained in a perfect shower on the cars, smashing the windows and wounding the soldiers within. The latter, however, made no resistance, but kept quietly on their way, and nine of the cars reached the depot in safety, and started for Washington. The two remaining cars, carrying about one hundred, were thus cut off from the main

body, and hemmed in by some eight thousand infuriated men. At this moment news came that the Pennsylvania volunteers had arrived, and were about to follow the Massachusetts regiment. This increased the excitement, and the Massachusetts troops, finding the cars could not go on, came out, and forming in a solid square, with fixed bayonets, and at the double-quick, began to advance—the Mayor of Baltimore, who had in vain endeavored to keep the peace—at their head. This was the signal for a storm of brick-bats, stones, and clubs, varied with an occasional shot from a revolver or musket. The soldiers suffered severely, but bore the indignity and violence with a forbearance that was wonderful. The firing increasing in severity, and one after another of the soldiers falling wounded, and two being killed, their companions became exasperated, and leveled their muskets at the crowd. No order was given to fire, nor was there any platoon firing—the shots that were delivered were scattering, being fired by a few whose forbearance was not equal to such a trial—and thus, struggling through the crowd, they at length reached the depot with two killed and eight wounded, and embarked for Washington. Seven of the rioters were killed, and several wounded. No other but New England troops (with loaded muskets in their hands) would have borne that attack with such moderation. The commanding officer would have been perfectly justified in ordering a general volley into the crowd, and then a charge of bayonet, which would have left the streets of Baltimore slippery with the blood of its lawless citizens. The news of this murderous outrage filled the north with boundless rage, and the universal cry was, to lay the city in ashes, if necessary, to secure a safe transit for our troops. The mob immediately took possession of Baltimore, and the President was notified by the Mayor and Governor that no more troops would be allowed to pass through the city. But the stop-

page of the direct route to the Capital was not to be entertained for a moment. If troops could reach the seat of government in no other way, they must do it over heaps of dead and smouldering ruins. The news reached New York just before the Seventh Regiment—the favorite regiment of the city, composed of some of the most intelligent and wealthy young men of the metropolis, and perfect in its appointments and drill—set out. This superb body of men heard it, and took forty-eight rounds of cartridge to clear a passage for themselves. Other regiments followed, and a bloody fight was expected in Baltimore.

Massachusetts, in six days, responded to the President's proclamation with five full regiments of infantry, a battalion of rifles, and a fine corps of flying artillery. The south was equally alert in answering the call of Davis for volunteers, and even Alabama, in the same short space of time, had five thousand ready to march for the seat of war. The same enthusiasm attended the passage of troops from both sections of the country. Crowds were gathered to witness their departure and herald their progress through the various towns. Flags were presented, patriotic speeches delivered, and shouts and words of greeting, and waving of handkerchiefs, and flaunting of streamers, made their march one great ovation. To a spectator, these hostile forces appeared as if they were gathering to some grand and peaceful review, instead of, being citizens of the same republic, hastening to imbrue their hands in each other's blood.

In the mean time, all eyes at the north were turned towards Baltimore, in expectation of a bloody battle in its streets. A delegation from the young men's "Christian Association" of the city waited on the President, and Governor Hicks presented a communication, asking that the troops might not pass through Maryland, and for a cessation of hostilities till a reference of the national dispute could be

made to Lord Lyons, the British Minister to the United States, at Washington. The President, through the Secretary of State, replied that our troubles could not be referred to a foreign arbitrament, and that the Commander-in-Chief had decided that the troops must come through to Washington—there was no alternative.

The dreaded collision was prevented by the troops stopping at Havre de Grace, and taking steamers for Annapolis. General B. F. Butler had taken his regiment by this route, and there the New York Seventh joined it, and were placed under the command of that officer. We had the Naval Academy here, and the old frigate *Constitution*, with cadets aboard, was attached to it. This the rebels had planned to seize, but were prevented by the prompt action of Butler. This officer then seized the railroad leading to Washington—relaid the track that had been torn up—took possession of the hights around Annapolis, and hurried on the troops to the menaced Capital. Marching through the darkness along the uneven track, expecting every moment to be greeted with hostile volleys from the woods that lined the deep cuts in the way, the New York Seventh, tired and worn out, at length reached Washington, and marched up Pennsylvania avenue to the President's mansion. Shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs greeted them, and the hearts of the loyal men of the city were relieved of the heavy fears that had oppressed them. A feeble effort was made by Governor Hicks to prevent troops from crossing the state by this route, but a passage had been cleared, and it was resolved that nothing should close it. Regiment after regiment was now hurried forward, and though much privation and suffering were endured, owing to the want of proper preparations, which there had been no time to make, yet no murmuring was heard. Both chambers of Congress, all the public squares, and even the President's house, were filled with

troops, till Washington looked like a besieged city. Arms were stacked in the Rotunda of the Capitol, fire Zouaves lounged in the cushioned seats of members of Congress, and the building itself was turned into a fortification. General Scott, though past his three-score-and-ten, seemed endowed with the energy of youth, and immediately set on foot measures for the security of the national Capital. The nation breathed free again, for the seat of government was safe. The south had threatened to seize it, and its possession by them, it was felt, would be an advantage at the outset not easily overcome. Had Virginia been the first, instead of among the last to have joined the southern confederacy, it would easily have fallen into their hands. A few heavy guns, planted on Arlington Heights, would have rendered it untenable.

Now commenced defections in the army and navy, and it was impossible to tell whom to trust. A large portion of the officers in both branches of service were natives of the south. Since the war with Mexico, resignations of officers of the army belonging to the north, in order to accept more lucrative civil positions, had been numerous, while those from the south had retained their places. Colonel Robert E. Lee, connected with the family of Washington, and a great favorite of Scott's, and who stood high in the public estimation, hesitated long before he cast his lot in with the rebels. As he sat on his piazza at Arlington House, and gazed off on the Capital, he shed bitter tears while he revolved the painful question in his mind whether he should stand by the Union or go with his native state, but finally felt it his duty to cast his fortunes in with the latter. In this crisis of our affairs, we first felt the full evils of the states' right doctrine, so long and so ably advocated by Calhoun. We saw, too, one of the inherent weaknesses of our form of government. There ever will be more or less of a conflict between state sovereignty

and the confederated government. A man who holds a double allegiance—one to his state, and another to the United States—will not always fix the exact line where fealty to one ends, and loyalty to the other begins to be paramount. We at the north did not allow enough for this in our charity, and never have since. To strike at one's own mother, and join those who are to invade his native soil, and help slay his own kindred and neighbors, requires a higher patriotism and loftier sense of duty than belongs to most men. Hence, those at the south who stood the test of this terrible ordeal, and remained faithful to the national flag throughout, deserve greater honor than the most successful warrior of the north. The spoiling of our goods, the entreaties and taunts of kindred and friends, imprisonment, and even death, are easier to be borne than to come as an enemy into the home of our childhood.

While matters were assuming such a warlike aspect around Washington, the entire north became a great camp, and the sound of arms, and the strains of military bands, drowned the hum of industry, and occupied the thoughts of young and old. Patriotic sermons were preached, prayers were offered, and voluntary contributions made, and war became the theme of every tongue. The great north-west was stirred like a hive, and her hardy sons gathered in uncounted thousands to the defense of the national flag. A similar military frenzy swept the south, and the two sections that had so long been members of the same government, now seemed impelled by a burning desire to close in mortal conflict. Hitherto, New York city, the stronghold of democracy, and the emporium of the country, had not spoken. Her trade with the south had been one of her chief sources of wealth. She had also millions at stake, in the shape of debts, owed by merchants and planters there. She had never been accused of fanaticism, and no sickly sentimentality or mock philanthropy

characterized those who controlled her world-wide commerce. The President had issued a proclamation on the 19th of the month, blockading all the southern ports, and denouncing as pirates the privateers commissioned by Jefferson Davis. The commerce of New York must stop, her southern debts remain unpaid, and her wharves and storehouses stand idle, in order that a political faction might carry out its mad and unconstitutional schemes, was the language of the south. Would she submit to such a state of things, was a question everywhere asked, and the universal response was "no!" The truth of this was soon to be tested, for a Union meeting was called to be held in Union Square on the 20th April. This meeting was one of the largest ever assembled on this continent. Leading men from every part of the country, democrats, republicans, and whigs joined hearts and voices, and from the uncounted thousands that were gathered but one cry went up, "*down with the rebellion!*" New York had at last spoken, and with bankruptcy staring her in the face, declared she would stand or fall with the government. The news of this meeting was received with astonishment at the south. At New Orleans such a state of public excitement was created that the police had to be called out to keep down the mob. The last hope of the rebels of sympathy from the north had failed them. The latter was a unit, no division weakened its force, and the dread issue which the south had provoked, she now saw was to be settled by the comparative strength of the two sections. As a last resort she turned to Europe, and despatched Messrs. Mann and Yancey to obtain a recognition of their government, and to get the blockade broken by promising free trade and an ample supply of cotton. The conspirators, instead of flinching at the dread prospect that opened before them, grew bolder. Though Missouri was divided, Kentucky neutral, and the western part of Virginia in open revolt against their

assumed government, they boldly pressed the issue of combat. United States vessels were seized in southern ports—the *Star of the West* captured at Galveston, and turned into a southern national vessel—forts in Arkansas and Texas were seized, and arsenals and troops captured, and northern property confiscated as recklessly as though no day of reckoning was at hand.

On the 3d of May, the President issued an important proclamation, portions of which caused a good deal of discussion at the north. He called for forty-two thousand and thirty-four volunteers to serve for three years or the war, and directed the increase of the regular army by the addition of eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, and the enlistment of eighteen thousand seamen for not less than one nor more than three years in the navy. It was asked where the President obtained the power to increase the regular army without the sanction of Congress which could not meet for two months to come. If he could increase it by ten thousand men, why not by a hundred thousand; and if it could be called together two months before the meeting of Congress, why not for a year. It was undoubtedly an extraordinary stretch of executive authority considering the well known repugnance of the people to a large standing army. But in the appalling evils that threatened the government, and in the anxiety to save the country at any and all hazards, the remonstrances uttered against the measure by a portion of the northern press were little heeded, or drowned in the one cry for self-preservation.

The south openly proclaimed its determination to have Washington, and the two armies were rapidly coming face to face on the Potomac. At the West the neutral position of Kentucky, which had resolved to side with neither party, but present herself as a barrier to prevent the collision of armies along the Mississippi, alarmed the government, and troops

were concentrated at Cairo, which in turn was looked upon by the traitorous governor of that state, McGoffin, as a menace. In the mean time, Tennessee had entered into a league with the southern confederacy, which, in a few days (May 11th), ended in her formally joining it. Affairs gradually assumed definite form. The only three forts of importance in the slave states which at present we could reach, Mc Henry at Baltimore, Monroe in Virginia, and Pickens at Pensacola, had been reinforced, and the number of states we must meet in open rebellion pretty nearly ascertained. Maryland had reconsidered her action, and under the leadership of her loyal governor, decided to remain in the Union. Missouri, it was evident, must be the scene of fierce internal strife. Her governor, Jackson, was a traitor, and a great portion of the southern and western parts of the state for secession, while St. Louis stood loyal. Kentucky was still firm in her determination to stand neutral, though the government well knew that every effort would be made through her governor and the late Vice President, Breckenridge, and other leaders to take her over to the south. Against these were the noble Romans, Crittenden, Holt, and others, and the powerful influence of the Louisville Journal, edited by Prentice. It was not difficult, therefore, to measure somewhat the magnitude of the coming contest. Some reliance was placed on the portions of North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, bordering on the Alleghany Mountains, for their inhabitants had shown from the outset an invincible repugnance to leaving the Union. Still, for the present, until victory was thoroughly inaugurated, they would practically have to be left out of the calculation.

Secretary Seward had previously instructed our foreign ministers who had been hurried abroad to see to our interests in foreign courts, that the United States would permit no interference whatever in our domestic troubles. It was

especially important that France and England should not be induced by the representations of southern commissioners to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Attention was then turned to clearing all departments at home of secret traitors. This latter was no easy task, for they swarmed in every public office at Washington, and were busily at work in every important city at the north. The telegraph was suddenly seized to find evidence of treason. Numerous arrests followed, and some thus seized took advantage of the writ of habeas corpus to get released. The President felt it necessary in self-protection to suspend this writ, which caused a great deal of angry discussion at the north, for the power of doing so had always been supposed to lodge in Congress alone, and was never before assumed by the chief executive. The right to exercise it admitted the most serious doubts. It was one that the King of England dare not assert. Congress under the Constitution, rules the republic, and the President, with the exception of a few reserved rights, designed mostly to act as a check on unconstitutional legislation, is but its minister to carry out its will; and no anticipation of evil can justify an unnecessary assumption of its appropriate powers. If the President had assembled Congress sooner he would have been spared many executive acts that furnish at least bad precedents for the future. The people, however, submitted, for in the present imminent danger they refused to consider remote evils.

CHAPTER V.

MAY—JUNE, 1861.

PUBLIC EXPECTATION—POSITION OF THE FORCES IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON—APPOINTMENT OF GENERALS—OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA—MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—EFFECT ON THE NORTH—FIGHT AT BIG BETHEL—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE RESPECTING IT—CAPTAIN LYON AT ST. LOUIS—REFUSES TO OBEY THE PUBLIC COMMISSIONERS OF THE CITY—TAKES THE ENTIRE FORCE OF GOVERNOR JACKSON AND GENERAL PRICE, PRISONERS—HIS TROOPS MOBBED—PURSUES JACKSON—FIGHT AT BOONEVILLE—GENERAL HARNEY—HIS VACILLATING COURSE—MC CLELLAN MADE MAJOR-GENERAL AND SENT TO WESTERN VIRGINIA—HIS PAST CAREER—HARPER'S FERRY EVACUATED—CONCENTRATION OF THE REBELS AT MANASSAS JUNCTION—FIGHT AT PHILLIPPI—KELLY WOUNDED—SCHENCK SURPRISED NEAR VIENNA—THE QUESTION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES—CAPTURE OF THE FIRST REBEL PRIVATEER SAVANNAH—THE PRIVATEER SUMTER AT SEA.

THE uncertainty and chaos into which civil war always throws a country, especially one with a democratic form of government, occasioned at this time but little concern with the great body of the people; for they confidently believed the great battle to be close at hand which should at once settle the controversy and restore the supremacy of the federal power.

Hence all eyes were turned to the Potomac, for it was evident that the first serious collision must take place in front of Washington. From the Chesapeake to Edward's Ferry, twenty-five or thirty miles above the Capital, the southern confederacy was resolved to defend the "sacred soil of Virginia," as it was called, from invasion. In the mean time, the appointment of brigadier and major-generals became an every day occurrence, and although it was not governed by political considerations alone, these controlled it far too much at first.

It soon became apparent that Alexandria, a few miles from Washington, must be occupied, in order to secure the safety of the Capital. So on the 24th of May, a little after noon, General Mansfield, with the seventh New York regiment, left their camp at Washington, and proceeded to the Alexandria bridge. Another force, at the same time, passed the Chain bridge, a few miles above Washington, and took possession of the Loudon and Hampshire railroad, capturing two trains and several hundred passengers. Other regiments took part in this general movement into Virginia, making in all some thirteen thousand men. Several companies, among them three of the fire Zouaves of New York, proceeded in steamers direct to Alexandria. About five o'clock in the afternoon Colonel Ellsworth, the Zouave commander, landed in good order, and marched forward in double-quick, driving the rebels before him. One company was immediately detailed to destroy the railroad track leading to Richmond, while Colonel Ellsworth with the remainder proceeded to the telegraph office to cut the wires. On his way through the street, he caught sight of a large secession flag flying from the top of the Marshall House kept by a person named Jackson. He immediately turned and entered the hall, and meeting a man asked, "Who put that flag up?" The man answered, "I don't know, I am a boarder here." The colonel then with a lieutenant, the chaplain, and four privates, proceeded to the top of the house and cut down the flag. As they were coming down stairs, preceded by private Brownell, they met the man they had just before accosted, standing in the hall with a double-barreled gun in his hand. Instantly leveling it, he fired. Both barrels were discharged at once, lodging their contents in the body of Colonel Ellsworth. He was at the time rolling up the flag. Suddenly falling forward on his face, with the exclamation, "My God!" he instantly expired. Private Brownell, quickly leveling his musket, sent

a bullet crashing through the skull of the murderer. In about ten minutes a company arrived, and making a litter of their muskets carried their dead commander aboard the boat.

The death of this gallant young officer produced the profoundest sensation throughout the north. It was the first great sacrifice on the altar of freedom, and his remains were escorted with great honor to his friends in the state of New York.

Skirmishing between pickets, and collisions between small bodies of troops, in which the Unionists were almost invariably successful, kept the public feeling at fever heat, and inspired the north with unbounded confidence in its power to crush out the rebellion in a very short time. The first serious affair occurred at Big Bethel, near Fortress Monroe. In the early part of June, a few regiments under the command of General Pierce were sent by General Butler to occupy Newport News. From thence they proceeded to Little Bethel which they occupied, and then pushed on to Big Bethel. Here they were met by the enemy entrenched behind works, and after a short action driven back with a loss in killed and wounded of some forty men. The whole affair was badly managed—the regiments through mistake firing into each other—and had the enemy shown any energy the whole command would have been cut up. Lieutenant Greble of the regular service, and Major Winthrop, volunteer, and aid to General Butler, were among the killed. This disaster awoke a storm of indignation at the north. Defeat was a contingency never anticipated, and the most unsparing denunciations were visited on the heads of the supposed offenders. The newspapers now began to assume the control of military matters, and it was evident that the unreasonable demands of the public would ere long force the government into worse blunders.

In the mean time, Captain Lyon of the regular army, in

command of the arsenal in St. Louis, began to develop those military qualities which promised to make him one of the most prominent supporters of the government. In May, he refused to obey the order of the police commissioners of St. Louis to remove all the United States troops outside the grounds. Governor Jackson, with General Price, took the field against him, and established a camp at Jackson, near the city. Lyon, by a sudden movement, succeeded in surrounding it, and taking the whole force, six hundred and thirty-nine, prisoners. A great mob followed the troops back to the camp, saluting them with yells and volleys of stones. One company, receiving orders to fire, poured a volley into the crowd, killing twenty, and wounding many more, which created the most intense excitement. Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, Lyon dealt his blows right and left with a vigor that showed he was determined to make short work with the rebels. Governor Jackson having taken position at Jefferson city, he moved against him there. The latter fled, burning and destroying bridges, railroads, and telegraphs in his retreat. Reaching Booneville, forty miles distant, and one of the strongest secession towns in the state, he made a stand, throwing up earthworks. Pushing on after him, Lyon landed four miles below the town, and after crossing several bluffs commenced ascending a slope a half a mile long, on the top of which the enemy were posted in a strong position.

FIGHT AT BOONEVILLE.

Arriving within easy range, Captain Totten threw some nine-pounder shells into their ranks, while the infantry obliqued to the right and left, and commenced a deadly fire of musketry. The enemy, after a brisk but short fire, left the lane in which they were posted, and clambering over a fence into a wheat field, again formed in line of battle,

and advanced some twenty steps towards the Unionists. The battle now fairly commenced, but Lyon, though he had some two thousand troops with him, owing to the nature of the ground, could not bring more than five hundred into action. He led the advancing column in person, cheering on the men. In twenty minutes the battle was over, and the enemy, flying in every direction, hastened in their retreat by the cannon balls that went ploughing through their disordered ranks.

A large quantity of stores fell into our hands with two secession flags. Leaving a small force in charge of the camp, Lyon pushed on to Booneville, and when near the town was met by a deputation of citizens bearing a flag of truce. The Union inhabitants received him with every demonstration of joy, and soon the Stars and Stripes waved above the place. Here he issued a proclamation, calling on the rebels to lay down their arms, and threatening with punishment those who refused.

General Harney was at this time commander in the Department of the West, as it was termed, and though his loyalty had been called in question, no evidence had been produced against him. It was evident, however, whether from aversion to shedding the blood of citizens, or from want of sympathy with the administration, he could not be relied upon in the prosecution of prompt and decided measures. Perhaps, however, at this time he was quite up to the administration. It did not seem so much averse to have others act with energy, as it was disinclined to assume responsibility of doing anything which would produce bloodshed.

After an attack of the mob on the Home Guards at St. Louis in May, in which several were killed, Harney issued a proclamation rather deprecatory than authoritative. So in an agreement he afterwards made with General Price, the rebel Governor's right hand man, he showed a willingness to temporize with the rebels, which Lyon, with his greater sagacity,



and clearer ideas of the rights and powers of the general government, saw was foolish and suicidal.

MCCLELLAN ASSUMES COMMAND IN VIRGINIA.

Western Virginia, having taken a decided stand for the Union, asked for assistance in men and arms to drive the rebels over the mountains. George B. McClellan, appointed by the President as major-general, was ordered to take charge of this department. Educated at West Point, he saw active service in Mexico, and afterwards, with two others, was sent by the government to the Crimea to witness the grand military operations going on there between Russia and the combined forces of England and France. Returning from this mission, he resigned his position in the army to accept the more lucrative one of President of a western railroad. At the breaking out of the rebellion his services were sought for, and he was the first to receive the appointment of major-general in the regular army, thus ranking next to General Scott, for General Wool was only major-general by brevet. Just before starting for Virginia, in the latter part of May, he issued an address to his soldiers full of spirit and patriotism, and another to the people of Virginia. His presence there, and the occupation of Virginia by our troops in front of Washington, stung the pride of the south, and roused the secessionists to the highest pitch of indignation. The northern hordes had dared to pollute with hostile feet southern soil, and the cry rung over the slave states to rise and hurl back the daring invaders. The Potomac, from just below Alexandria, nearly to Fortress Monroe, began to be lined with their batteries, while from little above Washington, the river, for most of the way, also served as a dividing line between the hostile forces. The movements of our troops, however, rendered the occupation of Harper's Ferry which

the rebels had held since Lieutenant Jones set fire to the public works there untenable, and they evacuated it. Their main force was rapidly concentrating at Manassas Junction, a strong natural position, about thirty miles southward from Washington. Skirmishing between the pickets along the lines was now incessant, relieved occasionally by more or less important engagements between large bodies of troops.

FIGHT AT PHILLIPPI.

One of the most important of these engagements occurred on the first of June at Phillippi between a force of the enemy, variously estimated at fifteen hundred and two thousand under Colonel Porterfield, and four regiments of Union troops in two divisions commanded by Colonels Lander and Kelly. The two latter left Grafton at ten o'clock at night on the second of June, and proceeding by railroad to within twenty-five miles of Phillippi, disembarked their troops in a terrible storm of rain. The columns were formed in total darkness, and set forward rapidly. In dead silence they pushed on through the storm, but the darkness and mud so impeded their progress that they did not arrive before Phillippi till near light. The attack was to be in two divisions, Colonel Kelly making a circuit so as to take them in rear, while Colonel Lander should move on them in front. The hour fixed for the attack was four o'clock in the morning, but Colonel Kelly was unable to be at the designated place at that hour. Colonel Lander's command, in the mean time, stood and waited in the darkness for the order to advance, till daylight revealed them to the enemy. The Colonel, then, seeing the enemy's camp in commotion, and fearing they were about to escape by flight, ordered his artillery, situated on the brow of a hill, to open upon them. At that moment the column of Colonel Kelly came in sight across the river below the

camp, and hearing the heavy boom of Lander's guns, rushed forward with a shout. The rebels hearing the rapid roll of drums in front and rear, and catching sight of the gleaming bayonets, turned and fled in confusion. Kelly broke with a shout into the town only to find it emptied of the enemy. Passing along, he suddenly fell from his horse, shot by some one concealed behind a fence or in a house. He was struck full in the breast, and was supposed at first to be mortally wounded. Wagons loaded with munitions of war, forage, officer's blankets, and baggage were abandoned by the enemy in their precipitate flight, and fell into our hands.

Another small affair occurred in the latter part of this month, which provoked a great deal of comment at the north. General Schenck of Ohio was sent with six hundred and sixty-eight men to take possession of Vienna, a small village in front of our lines on the Potomac. Leaving companies stationed at different points along the way, he proceeded with four companies in the cars to within a quarter of a mile of the place, when he run right into masked batteies placed near the road. The balls went crashing through the cars, when the engine was suddenly stopped, the men hurried out, and ordered to fall back along the road. The enemy, instead of following up his success, and completing the destruction of the detachment, thinking a larger force close at hand, also retreated. Our loss, in killed, wounded, and missing, was twenty-one. This marching on the enemy in a railroad train, without any scouts being sent in advance to reconnoiter, was looked upon as a most extraordinary mode of proceeding, and received the severest condemnation. It was, however, strictly in keeping with the unreasonable, headlong spirit of the north, that seemed to think our brave troops had only to take the first train, and rush unchecked over the south.

Thus the month of June wore slowly away, without any

thing decisive being done, and serving only to reveal the chaos and embarrassments in which the country was struggling. Fugitive slaves escaping to our army now began to present a problem difficult of solution. What should be done with them, was a question pressed on the government from every side.

General Butler, who had been placed in command in Maryland, had, for the time being, disposed of it by calling them "contraband of war;" and they afterwards took the name of "contrabands,"—a species of property not before recognized in international law. But it was becoming apparent that the question was too complicated to admit of a solution in this way.

The close of the month was signalized by the capture of the schooner Savannah, the first rebel privateer that had ventured out upon the ocean.

All eyes were now turned towards the approaching session of Congress. Its presence was required to sanction some of the acts of the President, which, though deemed necessary by all, were felt by the best men of the country to need the authority of Congress. Many, however, who were familiar with Congressional history, and remembered how it had always, from the Revolution down, made politics paramount to success in the field, trembled with anxiety. While the members were slowly gathering to the Capital, on the first of July, the commercial men of the north were startled with the report that the first formidable privateer, the steamer Sumter, had escaped the blockade at New Orleans, and was off on her mission of destruction on the deep. Whether she would waylay our richly freighted steamers from California, or sweep down on our unprotected commerce on the Atlantic, no one could tell; and in the uncertainty attached to her career, her power to work mischief became greatly magnified in the public imagination.

CHAPTER VI.

JUNE, 1861.

MC CLELLAN TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—ADVANCES ON THE ENEMY—BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN—GALLANT ACTION OF ROSECRANZ—OF LANDER—DEFEAT OF PEGRAM AND CAPTURE OF HIS FORCES—PURSUIT OF GARNETT—ACTION OF CARRICK'S FORD—A TERRIBLE MARCH—DEATH OF GARNETT AND DEFEAT OF HIS FORCES—COX ON THE KANHAWA—ACTION OF BARBOURSVILLE—RETREAT OF WISE—CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—SIGEL IN MISSOURI—BATTLE OF CARTHAGE—HIS ADMIRABLE RETREAT—STATE OF KENTUCKY—UNIONISM IN EASTERN TENNESSEE.

WHILE Congress was thus consulting on the proper way to conduct the war, and a portion of the Northern press was furnishing General Scott and the administration with gratuitous counsel respecting their duty, General McClellan, who had taken command in person in Western Virginia, was showing what a competent military leader, conducting war on strictly strategic principles, could accomplish. On the 22d of June, Pierpont, who had been elected provisional governor of Virginia by the loyal inhabitants west of the Blue Ridge, issued his proclamation, calling together the new constitutional legislature of the state. On the 23d, General McClellan issued *his* proclamation, stating the course he should pursue towards those who were loyal, and those found with arms in their hands against the general government. Immediately after, he began his series of movements, which met with no successful resistance till he had finished the work assigned him. With a definite object in view, he pushed straight forward, deterred neither by mountains, streams, almost impassable roads, nor the enemy, till he accomplished what he set out to perform.

After various successful skirmishes, he came in presence of the enemy under Colonel Pegram, formerly an officer in the United States army, strongly posted on Rich mountain. The force of the latter numbered some four thousand men, and stood drawn up in order of battle at the foot of the mountain. He had rolled down trees from the sides, and lapped them together, filling in with earth and stones, behind which he had placed his army. McClellan, after reconnoitering the position, sent General Rosecranz with some Indiana regiments and one Ohio regiment, together with a body of Cincinnati cavalry, to get in their rear. Taking a hasty breakfast, they started about daylight, and entering the woods, preceded by a guide, pushed resolutely forward towards the top of the mountain, where the rebels had an entrenchment directly in rear of their main army. There had been a cold mountain rain, and the bushes were dripping wet, which soon drenched the soldiers to their skins. But keeping their ammunition dry, they pushed on in dead silence through the tangled laurel bushes, and over the rocks, still toiling upward—the daring, chivalrous Lander keeping close to the guide—till after a march of five miles amid unparalleled hardships, they arrived at noon, at the top of the mountain. McClellan intended to keep the enemy in profound ignorance of the movement, but a diagram of the route, which had been sent after the column with dispatches, was captured by them and thus revealed the whole strategem. Pegram immediately dispatched twenty-five hundred men and three pieces of artillery to the top of the mountain to resist the advance of Rosecranz. Arriving there before him, they greeted his arrival with a sudden discharge of cannon. The day had been overcast, and now the long threatening clouds began to descend in torrents on the weary column. Rosecranz had no cannon with him, for it was impossible to drag guns up the rough

and tangled path the troops were compelled to cut for themselves. This unexpected resistance arrested the progress of the column. Halting in its place, it stood still for half an hour in the pouring rain, while the necessary reconnoissances were made. The bushes were so thick that the opposing forces could not be seen, and the whereabouts of the enemy was known only by the dull explosions of cannon in front, whose shot crashed through the tree tops above them, scattering the shattered limbs on every side. Colonel Lander immediately took twenty sharp shooters and hurrying forward, posted them behind some rocks, and began to pick off the gunners. But as fast as they fell others took their places, when Lander endeavored to make his little handful charge the guns. The attempt, however, was too desperate, and they refused to obey. He then coolly seated himself on the rocks in open view of the rebel artillery, to show them there was no danger. They still hesitating to follow him, he called to the chaplain to come up and sit by his side, that the men might see how harmless the enemy's fire was. But the latter not deeming this extraordinary movement to be a part of his duties, declined the invitation, and the gallant colonel was compelled to abandon his desperate purpose. In the mean time, an Indiana regiment came up, and the order to "fix bayonets" ran along the undaunted line. The rattle of the iron sounded ominously in the pelt-ing storm. The next moment an Ohio regiment, posted on a rising piece of ground, poured in a volley, and then the Indianians with a loud and ringing cheer sprang forward. The enemy, panic stricken, broke and fled with the exception of a single man, who stood to his gun till he was shot down by a revolver. Rending the air with their loud hurrahs, the victorious troops now pressed forward, driving the enemy back full three hundred yards, when the bugle sounded a recall. They then halted and formed in line of

battle, to receive the force of Pegram at the foot of the hill, which they supposed would immediately advance to meet them. But dismayed at this sudden apparition in their rear, the latter broke for the woods, and fled in every direction. McClellan, in the meantime, was cutting a road through the woods towards the entrenchments at the foot of the hill. The heavy firing came down to him from the top of the mountain, and ignorant of the result of the contest there, he kept pushing on through the driving storm, till he came to the enemy's works. Cautiously advancing against them, he found them to his surprise, deserted. Guns, tents, horses, baggage, every thing had been abandoned in their wild flight.

Many prisoners were taken, while the mountain was strewn with the dead and wounded—one hundred and fifty being buried on the field. Pegram, with about six hundred followers, after wandering about in the woods, and finding no way of escape, surrendered prisoners of war. General Garnett, stationed a few miles distant, near Beverly, with six thousand men, hearing of Pegram's defeat, commenced a hurried retreat through the mountains. General Morris took possession of his camp on Laurel Hill, on the 12th,—next day at eleven o'clock five regiments of Ohio and Indiana troops started in pursuit. The rebels had taken a by-road directly over the mountains, pushing straight for Cheat river. Our column pushed on that afternoon and encamped about two miles south of Leedsville. The next morning, at two o'clock, the loud reveille called up the weary soldiers, who snatching a hasty breakfast started after the fugitives. The rain soon began to fall in torrents, turning the roads into a bed of mortar, and making the wild and desolate scene still more forbidding. They wanted no guide to direct the course which the enemy had taken, for the trampled mud, the abandoned tents, trunks, haversacks, and blankets, strew-

ing the road marked plainly enough the route they had taken. Trees had been felled across the road to obstruct our passage, which the axe men ahead were compelled to clear away; and hour after hour, the only sounds that smote the ear, were the rapid blows of the axe, as though the stern occupation of the soldier had given place to that of the peaceful wood-chopper. Over creeks and rocks, across hills and through dense forests, the rebels took their course, hoping to elude pursuit—but like the western hunter on the track of his game, these western soldiers, pressed steadily after. Across swollen streams, up muddy heights, adown which the kneaded mire flowed like thick tar, they kept on, only halting long enough in the storm to snatch a bite of biscuit. At last they emerged from Laurel mountain, and came out on Cheat river, at Kahler's ford. It was now noon, and after a halt, the tired troops were glad to dash into the stream, to wash off the mud of the mountains, which plastered them to their waistbands. As they emerged from the ford, they caught sight of the rear of the fleeing rebels, and at the second ford below, found them drawn up in line of battle. But the first cannon shot set them in motion again, and throwing away their remaining baggage, even their canteens, they streamed in disorder forward. Again being pushed so close that their baggage train was in danger of falling into our hands, they a second time drew up in line of battle, and seemed determined to dispute our passage. But as soon as the baggage got under way, they resumed their retreat,—the shouts of the teamsters, as they flogged the tired animals, rising in discordant sounds above the tree tops. It was a wild chase, through a wild country. Three miles farther on, they came to "Carrick's ford," where the mountains receding away from the river, left an open space which had been turned into a farm. The bank of the stream here was fringed with laurel bushes, and a fence, while a

bluff, farther back, completely commanded the approach. On this, Garnett had placed his artillery, while the infantry was drawn up behind the laurel bushes and fence. It was a capital position, and no one knew it better than Garnett. With good troops under him he could hardly have been driven from it. The teams had been left standing in the stream, whether on purpose to draw our soldiers under fire, or from inability to proceed, was not known, and apparently as little heeded. The skirmishers dashed fearlessly up to the bank, when the teamsters called out, "Don't shoot, we are going to surrender." The captain then called out, "Colonel, they are going to surrender." Colonel Stedman then ordered his regiment forward at the double quick, but as it came up shoulder to shoulder, Garnett shouted, "*Fire!*" The bank of the stream was instantly a long line of flame. The fearless fourteenth Ohio, though taken by surprise, never flinched, and halting only long enough to deliver one volley, sprang forward. At this moment the artillery on the bluff opened, and had it been well directed would have shattered that regiment to atoms. But the shot flew just over their heads. Milroy's regiment then came up and delivered an oblique fire. In the mean time, Colonel Dumont, with six companies, was ordered to cross the stream some three hundred yards farther up, and ascending the hill take the enemy in rear. Before his difficult mission was fulfilled, the order was countermanded, and he was directed to proceed down the ford with his command, and charge them in front, on the road. Wheeling, he took the middle of the stream, wading down, often waist deep, through the fire, till he reached the position assigned him. Seeing his advance, the enemy broke, and crossing a wheat field, pushed for another ford, a quarter of a mile below. Reaching it, they dashed through the stream without stopping to defend the passage, and continued their flight.

Garnett, incensed at their dastardly conduct, strove in vain to rally them. The last to cross the stream, he dismounted, and stood waving his handkerchief, and shouting to them to halt, when Major Gordon, of the United States army, came up, and seeing the enemy huddled together in the road on the opposite side shouted to the advance of Dumont's command which was already coming down on a run. The next instant a bullet pierced the brave but erring rebel commander, and throwing up his hands he fell dead where he stood. Not an officer was near him; all had ingloriously fled, leaving him alone, save a young and delicate boy from Georgia, who nobly refusing to desert him, fell dead by his side.

The pursuit was kept up for two miles farther, when our troops gave out from exhaustion, and bivouacked for the night. The scattered dead and wounded were picked up, the latter tenderly cared for, and the former consigned to their hastily dug graves. But none was handled more gently than that gallant boy, who had fallen beside his General. Those fierce soldiers laid him in a grave by himself, and placed a board at his head, on which they wrote, "name unknown,—a brave fellow who shared his General's fate, and fell fighting by his side while his companions had fled." General Garnett, while an officer in the United States army, had won distinction in the Mexican war. Our loss was slight. All told, in both engagements, it would not reach sixty, while that of the enemy in killed alone was nearly two hundred, besides a thousand captured.

This forced march of over thirty miles, in less than twenty-four hours, through rain and mud, and over mountains, rocks and streams, the troops almost without food, some tasting nothing for thirty-six hours, speaks volumes for the volunteer forces under General McClellan. Veteran regulars could not have done better.

The whole rebel army in Western Virginia was estimated to be ten thousand strong. A portion of these were at the south, on the Kanhawa river, under General Wise. General Cox, from Ohio, was opposed to him, and at the time these victories were being achieved in the northern part of the state, was gradually pushing this terrible, erratic fire eater of Virginia before him. The same day on which McClellan had dated his despatches to the government, this general put his force in motion to attack the enemy, which had taken position at Barboursville. At midnight, a portion of Colonel Woodruff's command was roused from their slumbers, and under Lieutenant-Colonel Neff, with one day's rations in their haversacks, started off, a union man from Barboursville being their guide. The plan was to attack at daylight. But the dead silence that reigned along their march rendered the commander suspicious that all was not right, and he made frequent halts in order to send out scouts. This delayed the march so that he did not arrive before the place till the sun was two hours high. The enemy had been apprised of their approach, and when the little band came in view of the place, the sight that met their astonished gaze would have appalled less gallant hearts. On the brow of a hill, just beyond Guyandotte river, which was spanned by a single bridge, the rebels were drawn up in line of battle—their bayonets gleaming in the early sunlight—while around them, on every side, stretched a vast level plain. Near the base of the hill was a large body of cavalry, that immediately began to fall back right and left, in order to take our column in flank and rear, after it had crossed the bridge. Though fearfully outnumbered, the fearless column never faltered, but pushed straight for the bridge. The moment the head entered it, the rebels poured in a destructive volley. Receiving it without flinching, the little band with a loud cheer dashed on a run across

it. But when nearly over, they were brought to a sudden halt by a chasm made by the upturned planks, which had been carried away. The mule of the guide went through before he could be brought to a halt, and the rider saved himself only by clinging to the timbers. The rebels, seeing the column thus suddenly arrested, rent the air with cheers and yells. Maddened by these shouts of triumph and loud taunts, our soldiers dashed forward, each for himself; and some crawling along on the string pieces, and some swinging along the rafters, they at length cleared the gap, though in utter confusion. The rebels, before they had time to form, charged on their flank. But the blood of the men was now fairly up, and without waiting to re-form, they sent up a shout, and clambering up the hill, holding on to roots and bushes, charged like madmen on the solid line. Appalled at the desperate daring, the rebels fired one volley, and then turned and fled like a herd of frightened deer down the hill in rear. The victorious troops sent a few flying shots after them, and then, with streaming banners and victorious strains of martial music, turned and marched through the town. It was nobly, gallantly done. Following up his success, Cox overtook Wise at Gauley bridge, who retreated without risking a battle. Thus in a little over a month, Western Virginia was cleared of the rebels.

McClellan's short but brilliant campaign, had electrified the north, and all eyes were turned to him as the man on whom the mantle of Scott would ultimately fall. The old veteran and hero was too far advanced in years to take the field in person, while his physical infirmities rendered him unequal to the tremendous responsibilities connected with the conduct of so vast a war.

While these stirring events were occurring in Western Virginia, and the army along the Potomac was quietly gathering its energies for a great battle, Missouri was rent by the ravages

of civil war. Side by side with Lyon, another officer was rapidly acquiring a national reputation. Colonel Sigel had seen service in Europe, and being placed in command of a German regiment, took the field in Missouri, early in summer and arrived at Springfield on the 23d of June. Hearing that Jackson was making his way southward to form a junction with General Price, who was encamped in Neosho, the county seat of Newton county, he determined to attack the latter before the rebel governor could come up. Reaching Neosho on the 1st of July, he entered it without opposition, Price having retreated. The next day he learned that Price, Rains and Jackson had succeeded in uniting their forces about eight miles north of Carthage. He immediately informed General Sweeney, who was at Springfield of the fact, and received orders in return to proceed at once and attack his camp. Accordingly on the 4th of July, with about twelve hundred men, he took up his line of march, and on the morning of the 6th came upon the enemy in great force, encamped in the open prairie, most of them mounted. Though plainly outnumbered, he moved his column, which looked a mere speck on the wide prairie, steadily forward, till he came within eight hundred yards of the rebel camp. He then halted, and unlimbering his artillery which was composed of six six, and two twelve pounders, opened fire. On the right and left, the white puffs of smoke shot out over the prairie, followed by the deep reverberations of the guns, rolling away over the vast expanse. The rebels, who occupied a slight swell on the plain, replied, and for a time a brisk artillery fire was kept up, while not a tree or a shrub or hill obstructed the view or sheltered the combatants. The rebel practice was miserable, their balls and shells going over the heads of Sigel's command, and exploding in the prairie. On the other hand their guns were being dismounted one after another, when at two o'clock, their

cavalry moved off to the right and left, with the intention of outflanking Sigel, and cutting off his baggage train, which had been left three miles in the rear. The latter penetrating at once the design of the movement, ordered two six pounders to the rear, and changing front, commenced falling back in a steady orderly manner, keeping up a continuous fire as he moved. Not a sound was heard through the quiet, determined ranks, except the occasional orders of the officers, as the line of glittering steel moved swiftly over the prairie, while the clouds of calvary hovered darkly on either side, afraid to venture within range of the death dealing guns. At length he reached his baggage wagons, fifty in number toiling slowly forward. These were at once formed into a solid square, and surrounded by the artillery and infantry, moved slowly back till they approached Dry Fork Creek, where the road passed between two bluffs. On the opposite side of this stream, the cavalry, failing to cut off the baggage train, were drawn up to stop the retreat. But along that road, which led to Carthage, it was absolutely necessary Colonel Sigel should pass, for to fall back to the open prairie, would leave him to be surrounded by a vastly superior force, while to remain where he was, would expose him to a similar danger. He immediately dispatched two cannon to the right, and two to the left, followed by a part of his force, as though he intended to cut a road for himself at these points at all hazards. The enemy, seeing these movements, immediately left the road in which they stood massed, and moved to the right and left to prevent it. Sigel allowed them to approach within a few hundred yards, when suddenly unlimbering his guns, he poured in a terrific cross fire, and at the same time gave the orders to the main army to double-quick. The column started off on a sharp trot, and with loud cheers cleared the bridge, while the enemy's cavalry rent by shrapnell and canister, scattered in every direction.

Horses with empty saddles went neighing and galloping madly over the plain, and the whole body fled in the wildest confusion. Several prisoners were taken, who stated that the rebel force was five thousand five hundred strong. Colonel Sigel now moved rapidly forward towards Carthage, occasionally saluting squads of the enemy that kept hovering along his flank with his artillery. But on reaching the town he found it to his surprise in the hands of the enemy, and a secession flag waving from the top of the court house. This the exasperated soldiers soon shot down. Sigel seeing himself thus outnumbered and his ammunition giving out, determined at all hazards to effect a junction with the balance of the southwestern army, concentrated at Mount Vernon and Springfield. To effect this he saw it was necessary to reach Sarcoxie, some eight miles from Carthage. The road to this place, led through a dense forest, which if he could gain, would protect him from the enemy's cavalry. Aware of this, the rebels had taken possession of the road leading to it, and prepared to dispute his passage. The infantry now for the first time on both sides, came into close conflict and the action became at once fierce and bloody. Though the rebels outnumbered Sigel's force almost five to one, their short guns, and old fashioned muskets, were no match for the Mínié rifles of the latter, and they fell by scores before the murderous vollies that were poured into their ranks. For two hours, from quarter past six to half past eight, the battle raged without a moment's intermission. The sun sank on the strife, twilight came and went, and darkness finally settled over the woods, but still the struggle did not cease. Sigel's progress, however, could be detected by his advancing line of fire and at last the enemy retreated. Our troops had now been marching and fighting for ten hours under a hot July sun, but Sigel fearing to endanger his command by halting long in the presence of so superior a force,

kept on in the darkness, reaching Sarcxie in the morning, from whence he leisurely continued his retreat to Mount Vernon.

Sigel had handled his little force throughout the trying circumstances with which he had been surrounded, with consummate skill and shown himself an able tactician, as well as a cool and resolute commander. His entire loss in killed and wounded was only forty-four, while that of the enemy was supposed to be between three and four hundred.

While these events were occurring in Missouri and western Virginia, the Union men in Kentucky were making desperate efforts to keep the state out of the hands of the secessionists. Success, however, seemed doubtful. Breckenridge was very popular with the young men of the state, and he and others were equally determined that the powerful aid of Kentucky should be secured for the southern confederacy. East Tennessee stood loyal to the Union, and was struggling manfully to keep at least that part of the state true to the old flag. Her devotion to the Union was admirable and cost her afterwards untold suffering.

CHAPTER VII.

JULY, 1861.

MEETING OF CONGRESS—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—CHIEF COMMANDERS ON BOTH SIDES AT THIS TIME—THE "ON TO RICHMOND" CRY—THE QUESTION OF FUNDS—LACK OF STATESMEN IN CONGRESS—THE RADICAL ELEMENT—INCREASING THE NAVY—AN ONWARD MOVEMENT RESOLVED UPON—REASONS FOR IT—JOHNSON AND PATTERSON—MCDOWELL TO COMMAND THE ARMY—THE DEPARTURE FOR MANASSAS—SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF—ARTILLERY FIGHT AT BLACKBURN'S FORD—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY FROM CENTREVILLE—PLAN OF THE BATTLE—HUNTER AND HEINTZLEMAN—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—THE DEFEAT—THE ROUT—DANGER OF THE CAPITAL—EFFECT OF THE NEWS IN THE NORTH—CAUSES AND LESSON OF THE OVERTHROW—SURRENDER OF FORT FILLMORE IN NEW MEXICO.

ON the 4th of July, Congress, in pursuance of the President's proclamation, assembled in the Capitol, and elected Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, speaker. The President's message to which the country looked with a good deal of solicitude, did not meet the public expectation. It consisted chiefly of a detailed history of the secession movement, and an argument to prove that the doctrine of state rights, on which it was founded, was unsound and ruinous. But this had been fully discussed and disposed of long ago. The country demanded energetic action. The long-abused and forbearing north had finally got thoroughly roused. It had done with argument the moment it had drawn the sword, and was impatient of any appeal except the trumpet call to battle. It was providential that the President took a calmer survey of affairs. The excited state of public feeling needed the restraining power of his well balanced mind to prevent rash measures which might cripple our resources and endanger our ultimate success. With all his conservatism he could not wholly save us from disaster, by which we learned more, perhaps too great, caution.

At this time the chief divisions of the army along our line of defense under Scott, were commanded as follows: General Butler at Fortress Monroe, General Banks at Annapolis, McDowell in front of Washington, Patterson near Harper's Ferry, McClellan in Western Virginia, Anderson, the hero of fort Sumter, in Kentucky, and Harney in Missouri. On the rebel side Beauregard was at Manassas, J. E. Johnston opposed to Patterson up the Potomac. Bishop Polk of Louisiana, made major-general, on the Mississippi, Sidney A. Johnson, a traitor from the United States army in California, in the south-west, and Price in Missouri. Davis had called out man for man to offset the army of the north, and everything was supposed to turn on the result of the first meeting of these two mighty armies. In the far west, among the Indians bordering on Kansas under our protection, and in the barren regions of New Mexico, the rebels were hard at work stirring up treason, and assailing the weak detachments of the army stationed on our outposts. In the south, fort Pickens, the only stronghold we still held on the gulf, was menaced.

It was soon apparent that politicians in congress, pushed forward by reckless partisan newspapers, were bent on a sudden advance of the army on the Potomac. Some of the most influential of these kept flying at the head of their columns, “ON TO RICHMOND.” The military sagacity of Scott was ridiculed as “old fogysm,” his cautious, wise policy pronounced to be the result of disinclination to invade his native state, and the elaborate fortifications he was erecting across the Potomac laughed at as evidences of imbecile old age. In short, military science and experience were derided, and the organization and proper preparation of an army for an arduous campaign in the ordinary way stigmatized as a proceeding of the “circumlocution office.” The southerners were dastards, the north invincible, and hence these elaborate preparations and delays totally uncalled

for. We had the power, and all that was necessary to assure success was to let it loose. Never before in the history of the world did popular passion at the beginning of a fearful mighty war, so overslaugh military science. Out of this state the nation must be extricated, by reason and moderation, or startled from it by a thunder clap of misfortune that would make every heart stand still with terror.

The probable *cost* of the war had hardly yet received the attention of the people. We had been so accustomed to believe our wealth and resources absolutely exhaustless, that *money*, the first thing that should have been thought of, was apparently the last. Funds for immediate use were of course wanted. The President, in his message, had called for \$400,000,000. But Congress, taking a more moderate view of the public exigencies, proposed a loan bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow \$250,000,000 on the faith of the United States—the revenue of the government being pledged to the payment of the interest. This gave to the small opposition in the house an excellent opportunity to make an onslaught upon the administration, and a spirited debate ensued in which Vallandigham of Ohio led off against the measure. It passed, however, July 11th, by an overwhelming vote. The fact that Congress thought this sum would be sufficient, and that the necessary expenses could be met without resorting to extraordinary taxation, shows how destitute of well read statesmen that body was. Such men as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others, who illustrated the Congress that carried us through the war of 1812, were wanting, and thoughtful men, in this most trying period of our existence, looked anxiously around for the leading, controlling mind, which could embrace the full measure of our wants and our dangers. A portion of the more ultra republicans seemed to see in this appalling crisis of the country only an excellent opportunity to push their measures for the

abolition of slavery. The loyal members from the border states became alarmed at this, and evinced great uneasiness. Western Virginia, having formed a provisional government, with Pierpont as governor, sent members of Congress to Washington. Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, having offered a resolution to repeal the fugitive slave law, these were instructed by the Legislature in session at Wheeling, the improvised capital, to vote against it, while at the same time they were directed to vote for money and men to carry on the war. The Senate seemed to have a more correct view of the magnitude of the struggle on which we had entered, and passed a bill authorizing the employment of five hundred thousand volunteers, and voting for an appropriation of half a million of dollars. The southern congress, thinking the north was playing simply a game of brag, responded with a similar call for men and money. Thus, whether the movers in the matter comprehended it or not, the war was assuming proportions so vast that the mind shrunk aghast at the contemplation. Acts were also passed sanctioning the blockade proclaimed by the President, and providing for the collection of the revenues of the seceding states. In the mean time, news having reached the country that the privateer Sumter was burning our ships on the high seas, a bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to purchase or contract for such vessels, and to make such increase in the naval force, as he might deem necessary to suppress privateering, and enforce the blockade, and appropriated \$3,000,000 for the purpose. Having done what it thought its duty in the present emergency, it was anxious to see the army begin its work. Scott, whose far reaching sagacity saw that the public expectation of a great and decisive battle which should end the rebellion was doomed to disappointment, and that an immediate advance on the enemy even if victorious could not be followed up to any decisive result, scarcely knew what

course to adopt. In the first place, the troops assembled before Washington were mostly enlisted for three months, and if they were disbanded without being allowed to strike a blow the public would be disheartened, and future enlistments might be rendered difficult. Besides the public expected something of this vast army—it could not see why, if the war was ever to begin, it should not commence at once while the Capital was threatened. Our troops were certainly as brave, numerous, and better armed than the enemy. It could not see the vast difference between raw and unskilled troops moving to *attack* a foe in a strong position of his own choosing, and one standing on the defensive behind its intrenchments. Congress was pressed by politicians, the President and Cabinet by Congress, and Scott by both, till finally a forward movement was determined upon. But difficulties, which none but a military commander could see, lay in the way. Regiments already formed and equipped could with our railroad facilities be transferred with comparative ease to the Capital, but provisions, the means of transportation, and all the appliances and accessories necessary to the movement of a great army, were not so easily improvised. Still after full deliberation it was resolved to force a battle. The enemy at Manassas was supposed to be in immense force, yet no one for a moment dreamed of a defeat.

Beauregard commanded at this point, while J. E. Johnston, at the head of some thirty thousand men, was in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. General Patterson, who had commanded a division of volunteers in the Mexican war, was assigned to the troops which had been concentrating at Hagerstown and Williamsport, to operate against him, and on the second of July crossed the Potomac driving the rebels before him. In a skirmish near Haynesville, the army had behaved well, and much was expected of him. He was, however, bordering on his three-score-and-ten, and not being distin-

guished in his best days for energy, could not be expected in his old age to exhibit much of this quality, so necessary to the vigorous prosecution of a campaign. In the approaching advance of the army he was charged with the responsible duty of taking care of Johnston—to hold him where he was, and thus prevent him from reinforcing Beauregard, or if he attempted to retreat to compel a battle.

To Colonel McDowell, of the regular army, who had the reputation of being a brave and skillful officer, was assigned the command of the division which was to move against Beauregard. He had been consulted as to the number of troops he should need, and allowed all that he asked for. In fixing the force, however, he expressly stated that he did not embrace in his calculation the army under Johnston. He promised success only on the condition that the government should take care of him.

Everything being in readiness, the army over forty thousand strong, took up its march on the 17th of July in five divisions—the first commanded by General Tyler of the Connecticut militia, the second by Colonel Hunter, the third by Colonel Heintzelman of the regular army, the fourth by General Runyon, and the fifth by Colonel Miles. The news of this imposing array having taken up its line of march for Manassas, as it traveled over the electric wires, created the most unbounded enthusiasm throughout the north. No gloomy forebodings dashed the general joy, no doubts clouded the belief that traitors were about to receive their just punishment. Visitors at Washington, and members of Congress, and members of the press, besieged the administration for permission to accompany the army; and men on horseback, in carriages, and in four horse omnibuses brought up the rear, or obstructed the march of the victorious troops. They went forth as to a great Derby day. To the spectator it looked like a splendid military picnic about to come off

among the wooded fields of Virginia. In gay spirits, the air resounding with the stirring airs of the regimental bands, the July sun flashing on the long lines of gleaming bayonets, the army moved rapidly over the country. Driving the enemy's pickets before it, the main column entered Fairfax, and encamped for the night. The troops let loose from their long confinement plundered everything they could lay their hands on, and the spirit of frolic ran riot in the camp.

As General Tyler approached Centreville, he was directed by McDowell to establish himself there, and carefully observe all the approaches to it. Instead of doing this, he pushed on to Bull Run, and observing the enemy's batteries on the farther bank opened fire on them. An extraordinary artillery duel followed which lasted for some time with but little effect on either side, and which resulted in Tyler withdrawing his batteries. This action, brought on so suddenly, was wholly unexpected to McDowell, and done without his orders, and hence was the cause of much comment and angry discussion afterwards. Only one thing need be said of it, however, the enemy's line of battle lay along this stream, and no action was proper till the advancing army was in position, and a concerted attack could be made. No reconnoissance had been made, and such a movement ran the hazard of bringing on a general engagement while the bulk of the army was on the march, and wholly ignorant of what was going on.

The next day, Friday, a wide reconnoissance was made of the enemy's position with a view to turning his flanks; for a straightforward movement on his strongly posted batteries was too desperate an undertaking to be thought of except everything else should fail. From Centreville three roads branch off like the three spokes of a wheel toward Bull Run, and McDowell determined to make the attack in three columns. Bull Run is a sluggish stream running from north-west to south-east, and crossed by numerous fords. Behind it the

ground rises into elevations, while the shores are heavily wooded. Along these the enemy had posted himself—his line extending for nearly eight miles. To the east on our left was Blackburn ford, where Tyler's artillery action took place. The strength of the enemy there was found too great to permit a movement on that flank, and so McDowell determined to turn his extreme left by a ford which was so far to the west that the enemy, not dreaming of an attack in that quarter, had left it undefended. This task was assigned to Hunter's division. Heintzelman was to move against the strongly defended ford next below this, and the moment Hunter's division came down on the other side of the stream, driving the enemy before him, cross over and join him, when they together would keep down the stream. Tyler was to move along the Warrentown road that crossed Bull Run just west of Centreville, and occupy the enemy at Stone bridge, while this flank movement was being carried out. McDowell, fearing that while this was going on, the enemy at Blackburn ford, on his extreme left, might attempt a similar movement on him, concentrated a heavy force there to keep him in check, and make him think that the main attack was to be made in that direction. The fifth division, under Miles, was stationed on the Centreville ridge as the reserve. The plan seemed an admirable one, and gave every promise of success.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Saturday at four o'clock in the morning, the order to march was given. It was a warm moonlight night, and the army presented a magnificent spectacle as it began to move off through the green fields and overhanging woods. The fires by which the host had cooked its midnight meal—the last to many a poor soldier—dotted the hill-sides and hazy valleys as far as the eye could reach. Long lines of steel, flashing in the moonbeams—extended rows of army wagons with their

white tops—the dark looking ambulances—winding columns of cavalry now bursting into view, and now lost in deep shadows—combined to form a scene of thrilling interest. Not a drum or bugle cheered the march—a deep silence, broken only by the heavy rumbling of artillery carriages, or the muffled tread of the advancing host, rested on forest and valley. The divisions, separating like the rays of a fan, moved off to their respective positions. Hunter and Heintzelman took the same road until they came to the turn off to the ford where the latter was to be dropped. Hunter then kept on alone. It was evident that the battle was to be lost or won by these two divisions, fourteen thousand strong. The rest of the army was only to keep the enemy in front occupied till they were seen coming down the opposite bank, then the general advance was to take place, for the battle was assuredly won. The Sabbath morning broke warm and pleasant, and at six o'clock Tyler was in front of the enemy's centre, and soon a thirty pound rifled Parrott gun—the signal agreed on by which he was to announce he was in position—awoke the morning echoes, and the shell bursting in mid air announced to the enemy that the decisive hour had come. The duty assigned him was to threaten the bridge which here crossed the stream till the appearance of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions on the other side coming down the stream, when he was to move across to their support. He had reached his position at half-past five, and hence had ample time to survey that of the enemy on the farther side. The latter was posted on heights that rose in regular slopes from the shore, broken into knolls and terraces, crowned here and there by earthworks. The woods that interfered with his cannon ranges had all been cut away, and his guns had a clean sweep of every approach. On our side the descent was more gradual, and covered with a dense forest. A lookout was stationed in a tree that overlooked the surrounding country, from which

he could observe the progress of the flanking columns under Hunter and Heintzelman. Hour after hour this division stood thus on the ridge that overlooked Bull Run and the bridge, doing nothing except now and then sending a shell from its thirty-two pound Parrott gun at bodies of infantry and cavalry that far inland could be detected moving in the direction of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions.

Colonel Richardson, with his brigade (detached for the time-being from the fifth division in reserve under Miles) took the position at Blackburn ford, still farther down the stream, to threaten a passage there. While Tyler was to wait the appearance of Hunter and Heintzelman across the stream before commencing his attack, Richardson, below him, was to wait the thunder of Tyler's artillery as the signal for him to move on the ford. It will thus be seen that but one division (Tyler's) and one brigade (Richardson's) were on the stream, while the two divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman were to open the battle—the other two being out of the fight—Miles in reserve at Centreville, and Runyon's protecting the communications with Vienna. The whole interest, therefore, centred on the two former divisions, and from little after sunrise every eye was strained in the direction they were expected to appear, and every ear open to hear the thunder of their artillery. These two columns, as before remarked, moved steadily along the same road, on their unknown journey up the stream and back of it, until they came to the place designated for Heintzelman to turn off to the left to the ford where he was to cross. But the road laid down on the map, and which he was to take was found to have no existence in fact, and so he kept on after Hunter; and about eleven o'clock came to Sudley's Springs ford, where the latter had just crossed with the exception of one brigade which was then entering the water. It was ten miles from Centreville to this place and the soldiers before reaching it

had become much exhausted. The enemy had got information of this movement, and from high points of observation large masses of troops could be seen moving rapidly towards the threatened point. The roar of artillery soon announced that Hunter was engaged with the enemy. Heintzleman immediately pushed forward his division, but finding it slow work to get it over in a body, he ordered the regiments to break off and cross separately. The men, however, suffering from thirst, stopped to drink and fill their canteens which delayed the march. McDowell, having stationed himself where he could the most quickly receive reports from the different divisions, had at length flung himself on the ground to get a little rest, as he was suffering from illness. At half-past ten a courier dashed up to him, and announced that Hunter was across Bull Run. He immediately sprang to the saddle, and galloped off to accompany the column on which the fate of the day depended. The brave Porter, the gallant Burnside, and the chivalrous Sprague were in the advance of Hunter, driving the enemy steadily before them. Soon Heintzleman appeared also on their left, and the amazed enemy saw their position turned. The advancing columns were at last seen from the lookouts at Tyler's position, and huge columns of smoke rising in the summer air and waving to and fro in the sunlight showed where the encountering hosts were struggling for victory. Then all along that sluggish stream, for five miles in extent, the artillery opened, and the columns were put in motion. Tyler's left wing swept forward, the famous Irish regiment, sixteen hundred strong, leading the van. With the quick-step at first, then the double-quick, they, with shouts that shook the field, flung themselves forward, skirting with their glittering steel the edge of the forest. Coats, haversacks, everything that could impede their progress were cast loose. Meagher galloped at their head, and shouting, "come on, boys; you have got

your chance at last," led them fiercely on the foe. The Seventy-ninth Highlanders, the Thirteenth New York, and First Wisconsin, followed. It was now high noon, and the battle began to rage with terrible fury. Hunter had been wounded, but his and Heintzelman's divisions kept on their terrible way, steadily pushing the enemy before them. Rickett's battery, after losing nearly every man at the guns, fell into the hands of the enemy. Out of the woods volumes of smoke writhed fiercely upwards, telling where bodies of infantry struggled for the mastery—regiments on the double-quick streamed across the open meadows, and the next moment, like two thunder clouds charged with lightning, burst in flame on each other, while the incessant roar of cannon shook the earth. The surrounding inhabitants grew pale with affright, and the deafening reverberations rolled sullenly away, till they broke with a muffled sound over Fairfax and Alexandria, and even Washington itself, blanching the cheeks of listeners, and filling their hearts with vague fears. Those stationed near Tyler's position listened with intense eagerness to Hunter's and Heintzelman's charges in the northern woods, and ever and anon cheers were heard mingling with the roar of artillery. Some regiments flinched through want of proper officers, and Rickett's battery was lost by the cowardly flight of the fire Zouaves who had boasted of the deeds they would perform beforehand. Others came gallantly into the fight for a while, but soon broke and fled in dismay, a few stood firm until all was lost. The Second Minnesota, ordered to the extreme right, moved for a mile across the field of battle at the quick and double-quick, and drew up within close pistol shot of a superior foe. Heintzelman was everywhere present—now in talking distance of the foe, and now dashing amid the wavering battalions to steady them. Where such men as he, and Porter, and Burnside, and Sprague led, there could not but be deeds of heroism,

and where such batteries as Griffin's, and Rickett's, and the Rhode Island, were directed by their respective commanders, the harvest of death was reaped fast. By little after noon these two flanking divisions had worked their desperate way down the farther banks of Bull Run until they were opposite Tyler's position at the Stone bridge. The enemy hurried up regiment after regiment to arrest the reversed tide of battle, but all in vain. Tyler, sending forward reinforcements across the stream, brought help to the exhausted, thirsty troops which had been marching and fighting ever since two o'clock in the morning of this hot July day. Sherman and Keyes led their brigades gallantly forward, and by two o'clock the battle was to human view won. Many of the enemy were already in full flight—the whole army borne back a mile and a half—and Beauregard was preparing to retreat to his lines at Manassas Junction, when clouds of dust, rising in the distance, told him that reinforcements were hurrying to his relief. As Blucher stole away from Grouchy at Wavres, to decide the fate of the battle of Waterloo, so had Johnston beguiled Patterson, and pushing his troops forward by railroad, had now come to make a Waterloo defeat to the Federal arms. Hunter and Heintzelman, after their long march and long fight without rest or food, and part of the time without water, now found a fresh enemy approaching on their right flank, and partly in their rear. It matters not whether this was the cause of the panic that followed or not, it made the loss of the battle certain. Ten thousand fresh troops thrown suddenly on these two divisions, that had been marching and fighting without any respite for thirteen hours, could have but one result. It must be remembered that those thirteen hours told heavier on our raw troops, fresh from the counting house and workshops, than twenty-four would have done on old soldiers. An orderly retreat might have been effected but for the panic, nothing more. The brave

and dauntless Heintzelman galloped among the broken ranks in vain. Porter, Burnside, and others were helpless in the loosened, reflux flood. Griffin, raging like a young lion at, as he believed, the useless loss of his guns, turned savagely back, powerless to stay the reverse tide of battle. The gallant young governor of Rhode Island, seeing that all was lost, spiked, with his own hands, the guns of his regiment before he fled. McDowell, hearing heavy cannonading down by Blackburn ford, and fearing his left flank would be turned, which would secure the total annihilation of his force, galloped thither, and drew up the reserve under Miles to arrest the progress of the enemy. The spectacle now in the center was painful in the extreme—hosts of Federal troops—some detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout, were fleeing along the road and through the fields on either side. Army wagons, sutlers' teams, and private carriages, choked the passage, tumbling against each other amid clouds of dust. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the battle, were smashed like glass, and the occupants lost sight of in the *debris*. Horses flying wildly from the battle-field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, swelling the tumult, while wounded men, lying along the banks, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses to be lifted behind. Then the artillery such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overturning everything in its passage. The regular cavalry joined in the melee, adding to the accumulated terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. The trains from Hunter's division soon came rushing in from a branch road, and from every side fresh torrents swelled the confused and onrolling tide. The wounded were left to the tender mercies of the victors, and the roads and fields, along which, on this early Sabbath morning such a confident imposing array had passed, were black with terrified fugitives, and cumbered with abandoned cannon,

wagons, arms, and accoutrements. It was a wild flight. The calm presence of the reserve under Blenker, drawn up in line of battle at Centreville, checked the hitherto uncontrollable terror, but not sufficient to allow McDowell to make a stand there, and the turbulent stream rolled on towards Washington. As night deepened the rain came down in torrents, drenching the living and dead alike. All night long the weary, straggling army, toiled on, and at morning began to pour in tumultuous masses over Long bridge, carrying consternation to the Capital. Some regiments, however, preserved their order, and marched into Washington with ranks unbroken.

The news of this terrible disaster travelling over the electric wires, made every cheek turn pale, and sent a shudder throughout the north. Not only was a great battle lost, but "the Capital is lost," trembled on every tongue. On the heels of such a routed host, a mere section of the rebel army could enter Washington. But it did not follow up its success. Whether the severe beating it had received up to the last moment, or ignorance of the extent of the panic, or fear of losing all it had gained by pressing forward in the darkness on unknown dangers, restrained it—at all events it attempted no pursuit, and the discomfited army had nothing but its own terrors, the darkness, storm, and hunger, and weariness to contend with.

The battlefield presented a sickening appearance—the dead and wounded were everywhere, and citizens of a common country, of the same lineage—the blooming youth and the gray-haired man lay, side by side, sprinkled with each other's blood. The pitiless rain came down upon the sufferers whose low moans loaded the midnight air.

Our loss in killed, and wounded, and missing, amounted to nearly two thousand, of which one thousand four hundred and twenty-three were taken prisoners. Among the killed were Colonel Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War

and Colonel Slocum of Rhode Island, whose bodies were left on the battle field. Among the prisoners taken, were Colonel Corcoran of New York city, and Mr. Ely, member of Congress from Rochester. Beside other trophies which the enemy secured, were twenty-three cannon of various sizes, four thousand muskets, artillery wagons, ammunition, and a large quantity of equipments and stores. Of our whole army, not twenty thousand had been in the fight, while the number of the rebels actually engaged at first was probably not much greater. We had the largest force in the field previous to Johnston's arrival, when they *both* together outnumbered and outflanked us.

The north, though at first stunned by the defeat, showed no discouragement. The press, however, was filled with clamors against this and that person, or set of persons, who had been instrumental in bringing it upon us. Less, however, than might have been expected was visited on McDowell. There seemed to be an instinctive consciousness that he had been ruined by either the inefficiency, or cowardice, or treachery of Patterson;—and the latter for some time after would scarcely have been safe in any northern city. Others turned their wrath on the papers and the party whose cry "On to Richmond" had filled the land for weeks. General Scott, it was declared, had been forced to consent to a movement which his judgment disapproved; and fierce denunciations were hurled at the heads of those who had attempted to control the military authorities. The administration came in for its share of abuse, and the want of confidence everywhere felt in its ability to conduct us safely through the war, threatened for a while to produce a greater calamity than the defeat itself. But as the smoke of the conflict cleared away, it became easier to fix the blame. It was evident, notwithstanding the many criticisms to the contrary, that McDowell had planned and conducted the battle

wisely. The charge of overtaking the men was, perhaps, true, but it is not shown how it could have been prevented. That the troops were not provided with sufficient food, was owing to the negligence of the subordinate officers, and still more to the carelessness of the men who, not believing that the task of whipping the rebels was to be a serious one, did not prepare for their work, as older soldiers would have done. Many regiments were not properly officered, no doubt, but that was an evil that could not have been avoided. McDowell thought if he could have been supplied with the means of transportation, so as to have started earlier, as he designed to do, defeat might have been prevented, notwithstanding the other difficulties he had to contend with. But the enemy were thoroughly acquainted with his movements; and it is more than probable, if it had been necessary for Johnston to be at Manassas earlier, he would have been there. But it is unquestionably true that Patterson's failure to take care of Johnston, made defeat certain, whether Beauregard, as he intended to do, had attacked McDowell, or waited as he did to receive him in position. To the believer in an over-ruling Providence, there will appear reasons for this defeat that are not laid down in military books.

To say nothing of the utter ruin that would assuredly have overtaken an army of that size and composition, had it succeeded then, and attempted to march on Richmond—as it must have done under the pressure of public opinion, and of the consequent greater peril to our cause, or of other results that would have happened—that defeat was necessary to crush out the rash, headlong, and too confident spirit with which we had entered on our task. Scarcely any price was too great to pay to secure such a result. Its permanent establishment over the government would have driven us into such desperate straits that no avenue of escape would have been left us but by the way of military despotism. The

struggle on which we had entered, was too mighty ; the war before us of too vast proportions to be disposed of without the most careful and ample preparations. A battle was well enough to punish the audacity of the rebels, and secure the Capital, but the blind confidence and arrogant boastfulness that demanded it, would not have been content with such a result. It had become a condition of our success that the public press and politicians should cease to direct the management of the war, and that it should fall into the legitimate and proper hands. This the defeat at Bull Run secured at least for a time. The nation took the attitude of calm reflection, and began to measure somewhat the mighty task before it. It unquestionably hurt us abroad, but that could not be helped.

The huge blunder of taking three month's men now became apparent. It was seen that a grand army, in all its appointments and preparatory drill, must be had before any important movement could be made. We found that there was a great difference between offensive and defensive war. The latter can be carried on in a country difficult of access, without much previous drill ; the former never. The New England farmers fought like veterans behind their temporary breastworks on Bunker Hill, but had affairs been reversed, and they been called to mount the naked slope, in face of a murderous fire, as were the British regulars, they never would have moved with unbroken ranks for the last and third time as the latter did into the face of death. Here was the cause of our error—we forgot that we were to wage an *offensive* war—carry intrenchments, and storm strong positions held by our own flesh and blood.

On the top of this disaster came the news that on the twenty-fifth of this month Major Lynde surrendered Fort Fillmore in New Mexico, with seven hundred men, to a body of Texans without firing a shot, and under circumstances that left no doubt of premeditated treason.

CHAPTER VIII.

JULY—AUGUST, 1861.

**STATE OF THE ARMY AFTER BULL RUN—ITS DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE FIELD—
A NEW ARMY TO BE RAISED—GREATNESS OF THE TASK—MC CLELLAN SUM-
MONED TO THE CAPITAL TO TAKE CHIEF COMMAND—BANKS AND FREMONT—
THE LATTER SENT TO ST. LOUIS—THE ENEMY'S OUTPOSTS IN SIGHT OF THE
CAPITAL—RISING OF THE NORTH—LYON ADVANCES ON MCCULLOCH—KEN-
TUCKY VOTES TO REMAIN IN THE UNION—FREEMONT IN ST. LOUIS—BATTLE OF
WILSON'S CREEK AND DEATH OF LYON—RETREAT OF THE UNION ARMY—PUB-
LIC FEELING ON THE DEATH OF LYON—DIABOLICAL SPIRIT OF THE SOUTHERN
CLERGY.**

THE forces of a great nation were probably never in a more chaotic state than ours, immediately after the battle of Bull Run. The time of many of the soldiers was out just before it occurred; and Patterson explained his tardy action in regard to Johnston on the ground that some of his regiments refused to fight because the term of their enlistment had expired. McDowell, in his official report, said, that in a few days he would have been compelled to discharge ten thousand men, and that on the very eve of the battle, the fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers and the battery of the New York eighth militia refused to remain a day longer. All appeals to their patriotism were in vain,—they insisted on their discharge that night; and the “next morning when the army moved forward into battle, these troops moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy’s cannon.” If such disinclination to serve was exhibited on the eve of a battle, in which it was confidently believed we should be victorious, it is easy to imagine what would be the feeling of the troops after an overwhelming defeat. The chaos which a totally demoralized army presents, though

originally composed of the best materials, is a lamentable sight; but that of one made up of such newly-created soldiers as these, was a fearful spectacle. The consciousness that their time of service was nearly expired, took away all sense of responsibility. There were, of course, some noble exceptions, but the mass of these seventy-five thousand men became a disorganized mob. It was to disappear from sight, and a new army to be raised in its place, equipped, drilled, and prepared for the field. The task before the government was herculean; and even Napoleon would have stood aghast at it. To raise and fit, in three months, for the field an army of half a million of men, without, at least, the skeleton of a veteran army on which to build as a base, was a work of frightful magnitude. It was evident that Scott's age and infirmities rendered him unequal to it. A younger man, in the prime of life, with a constitution of iron and a will to match, was needed. It was fortunate for the nation that the young general who had won such renown in western Virginia was the first full major-general in the regular army after Scott, and hence must, from seniority of rank, occupy his place. It was still more fortunate that to his natural executive ability and military experience he had added a knowledge obtained in the Crimea, in the war between Russia, France, and England.

McClellan was summoned at once to the Capital, where he arrived on the 26th of July. In the mean time, General Banks was transferred to the command of Patterson's division, on the upper Potomac. About this time, also, Fremont, the second major-general, who had returned from Europe in June with arms for the government, had been appointed over the western department, including Illinois and all the states west of the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains, departed for St. Louis, to take command. Of these three appointments, the first two were unanimously applauded, while by

a portion of the people the latter was looked upon as a mere political act, which would result badly. One thing, at least, may be said of it; that it was putting an untried man in a place where there was already one who had shown his admirable fitness for it. Had Lyon been put in command, at least of Missouri, we might have been saved many defeats and losses. Innumerable and hazardous experiments in the way of appointments were unavoidable in the sudden and gigantic civil war into which we had been precipitated; it was therefore a very unwise act to make any unnecessary ones.

McClellan immediately entered on his work like one who fully understood the difficulties before him. Washington, at the time, presented a deplorable spectacle. Its bar-rooms and grogeries were filled with drinking officers and soldiers, and the idea of military subordination seemed not to have entered the minds of either. In the mean time, the exultant enemy had pushed forward his outposts, till his flag flaunted defiantly within sight of the Capital. Thanks to the soldierly foresight of Scott, the works across the Potomac, which had called forth the sneers of men of the "On to Richmond" school, saved us from the danger of a direct attack. He threatened, however, to pass the Potomac some twenty-five miles above and below, and precipitate Maryland, never too loyal, and now ready for hostile action, into revolution. This had to be guarded against, while the collection, equipment, and organization of the vast army summoned to the field was going on.

The response of the north to the call made upon it for soldiers was without a parallel in the history of the world, and it was soon evident that more troops would be in the field than the act of Congress authorized. Camps of instruction were formed in various sections—regiments were collected and drilled in almost every Congressional district—

camp dotted the peaceful farms on every side—flags waved from almost every public and private building, and the drum beat from the rugged coasts of Maine to the far off shores of the Pacific. The north was rising in its majesty; and no one doubted, if the government was equal to the emergency, but that the disaster of Bull Run would soon be avenged, and the tide of success, which had from the first set against us, be reversed.

While McClellan was at work at the Capital, trying to restore order out of chaos, the fighting still went on in Missouri; and Cox and Rosecranz kept the field in western Virginia. In Missouri an important step was taken for the Union, in the election, by the state convention, of Hamilton R. Gamble as Provisional Governor, in place of Jackson, who had joined the secessionists.

In the mean while, General Lyon was so occupied with the enemy that he seemed unaware of the various internal and external changes affecting the state. On the 2d of August, the day before Fremont reached Cairo, he advanced on a portion of McCulloch's army at Dug Springs, and offered battle. The enemy, however, retired, after receiving a stunning blow from a small body of cavalry that charged them with reckless daring.

It was a hot August day, and the troops suffered intolerably from thirst. The next morning the column moved on. Twenty-six miles beyond Springfield, finding himself short of provisions, his men exhausted, sick and sore, and his communication with Springfield threatened, Lyon resolved to retrace his steps to that place.

Kentucky, in the mean time, had held her election, and decided by an emphatic vote to stay in the Union. The announcement of the fact in the Capitol by Mr. Wickliffe, member of Congress from that state, was received with the wildest enthusiasm. In our darkest days, that gallant state had cast her

lot in with the free states, which was far more important to our success west than the winning of a great battle. At the very time this loyal son of Kentucky was proclaiming this cheering fact, John C. Breckenridge was being serenaded in Baltimore, on account of his secession views. On the same day General McGruder, in command of the rebel forces at Hampton, near fortress Monroe, either in a drunken frenzy, or fearing an assault, marched out of the town, and then deliberately applied the torch, burning it to the ground.

In the mean time, Fremont had arrived in St. Louis, and entered, it was said, with vigor on the difficult task assigned him. Whether his subsequent actions deserved condemnation or not, it is certain that the difficulties of his position were but little understood by the public.

On no other major-general, except, perhaps, McClellan, had fallen such a load as suddenly fell on him. Unaccustomed to a large command, without time to acquaint himself with the wants of his extensive department,—with an army to create,—and a system to settle, he was thrown at once into the midst of battling armies, where the odds were against him. And yet, the very guns he needed were not within his department, even the harnesses for his teams not ready. Every thing was in chaos around him, while Pillow, with a large army, was reported to be at New Madrid, ready to march on St. Louis; and McCulloch and Price threatened with a vastly superior force to overwhelm Lyon at Springfield. Fremont may not have been the man for such an emergency, and it would have been difficult to find one that was. He must have been capable of impossibilities. He had hardly time to look around him before the battle of Wilson's Creek rendered still more complicated the bewildering state of things into which he had been thrown. On the 10th of August, Lyon, then at Springfield, heard that McCulloch and Price, outnumbering his force four to one, were only some

ten or twelve miles distant, advancing full upon him. His need for reinforcements was most urgent, yet he was told they could not be furnished him. What should he do? Strict military rules demanded a retreat; but then the Unionists at Springfield and the surrounding region would be abandoned to the tender mercies of the rebels, from whom they had just been delivered, and a moral defeat sustained, full of peril to the Union cause in the state. In this painful dilemma, he resolved, like a true hero and patriot, to make one desperate effort to arrest the progress of the enemy, and if he could not save Springfield, at least give Fremont time to rally his forces at St. Louis before crushed by the double armies approaching him from the west and south.

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

So on the 9th, he determined on the following morning to march forth in two columns, and at daylight fall like a thunderbolt on the enemy, and by a sacrifice as great as it was noble, stop him in his victorious career. At five o'clock in the evening, the little army set forth on its perilous undertaking, and marching all night, long before the first gray streak of dawn appeared in the east, approached the camp of the enemy. Here the column halted, to wait for daylight. Sigel was directed to make a detour around the right of the enemy, and fall on his rear, while Lyon moved straight on his position.

Driving in the enemy's pickets, Lyon ascended a ridge, and there in the valley before him, glittering in the early sunlight, lay more than a thousand tents, dotting the green fields, and sprinkled among the thickets and surrounding forests. The rebels had been apprised of his approach, and stood in battle array, ready to receive him. Less dauntless soldiers would have been appalled at the overwhelming force

that stood massed below, but the men of Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, surveyed the work before them with undismayed hearts. It was then that the batteries of Totten and Dubois, by the skillful manner in which they were worked, showed that they could supply the lack of numbers. The enemy came resolutely on, and halting three ranks deep—the first lying down, the second kneeling, and the third standing—poured in a continuous and murderous fire on our thin line. Totten's battery coming into action by sections, and by single piece, as the wooded heights would permit, hurled its shells and canister, tearing with frightful effect through the rebel ranks. The firing was incessant and awful; the opposing lines often coming within a few yards of each other, before delivering their volleys, while their shouts and yells rose over the deafening roar of the guns. For a half an hour the conflict was deadly, and the contending lines swayed to and fro like two fierce opposing tides meeting in mid ocean, but each surged back only to leap to its place again. General Lyon, seeing the troops on the left of Totten's battery in disorder, led his horse along the line to rally them when the dapple gray fell dead by his side, and two balls struck him, one in his leg and the other on his head. He then walked slowly a few paces to the rear saying, "I fear the day is lost." The next moment, however, he mounted another horse, and swinging his hat over his head, and shouting to the troops to follow him, dashed where death was mowing down the brave fastest. The enemy, in the mean time, had massed a large force in a corn field on our left, and for a short time it seemed as if that wing must be overpowered. But at this critical juncture, Dubois' battery came into position, and sent such a shower of shells into their ranks that the enemy withdrew. There was now a short lull in the contest in this portion of the field, but on the right, where the gallant first Missouri stood, the battle raged fiercer than ever. Though contest-

ing every foot of ground like veterans, they were gradually being forced back by overwhelming numbers. An officer, dashing up to Lyon, reported the perilous state of things when he immediately ordered up the second Kansas and the brave Iowas, to their support. Coming into position, they lay down close to the brow of the hill, and waited the approach of the enemy as they came on in imposing, overwhelming force. Not a word was spoken as they lay with their eyes along their Minie muskets, till the foe, firing as they came, arrived within forty feet, when a sheet of fire ran along the ridge, and the crash of a simultaneous volley rolled along the astonished ranks. As the smoke lifted, a disordered host was seen staggering reluctantly back. Lyon now ordered them to charge bayonets. One of the regiments had lost its colonel, and called for a leader, saying they would follow him to the death. "I will lead you," exclaimed Lyon, "Come on, my brave men!" and placed himself in front of the Iowas, while the one-armed Sweeney rode to the head of the Kansas regiment. On came the enemy, pouring in a destructive volley as they advanced, and the brave Lyon fell dead from his steed—one of the bravest, noblest, purest patriots, that ever gave his life in a holy cause. But these gallant regiments stood rooted to the field, and the enemy finally withdrew from the fire they could not make head against; and there was a lull in the contest, while each commenced carrying their wounded to the rear.

The command now devolved on Major Sturgis, who began to rally his disordered line. Affairs were looking gloomy enough; for twenty thousand men still stood in battle array in front, while that brave little army, though standing undaunted amid its own dead, had not tasted water since five o'clock the day before, and if it should retreat could expect none till it reached Springfield, twelve miles distant. To go forward was impossible. Not a word had been heard from

Sigel, and it was evident the enemy was not alarmed for its rear. What had become of him? asked the anxious commander of himself. He stood, and listened anxiously to catch the first thunder of his cannon beyond the heights. Could he hear it, the order "forward" would break from his lips, and the loud roll of his battered drums send his exhausted army once more on the overpowering foe. But it did not come—an ominous silence rested on the field where he should have been. Had he retreated? then it was plain he must retreat also; but *could* he retreat? Tossed in painful doubt, he summoned his remaining officers to consultation. They met, but their deliberations were brought to a hasty close by the sudden appearance of a heavy column in the direction where in the morning they had heard, as they supposed, the roar of Sigel's guns. Was he coming? trembled on every tongue. Yes, they carried the American flag, and deliverance had arrived at last. On they came in easy range down the opposing slope, until close upon our lines, when they suddenly opened a terrible fire of shrapnell and canister, and unfurled the rebel flag to the breeze. Totten's battery in the center was the prize they were making for. As soon as the deception was discovered, this gallant commander opened a terrific fire upon them. But they kept steadily on till they came within twenty feet of the muzzles of his guns, and the smoke of the contending lines blending together, rolled upward in one fierce column. Supports were ordered up at the double-quick, and coming into line with loud shouts, stood firm as iron. Not a regiment flinched or wavered. A solid adamant wall they stood, against which the advancing tide broke in vain. A few companies of the first Missouri, first Kansas, and first Iowa, were quickly brought up from the rear, and hurled like a loosened rock on the right flank of the enemy. Before the determined onset, the rebel ranks disappeared like mist. Totten's battery, supported by Steele's

little battalion, a moment before seemed scarcely worth an effort, so enveloped was it in the enemy's fire.

But now the tide was changed, and the right flank pouring in a destructive fire, rendered the overthrow complete; and the disappointed enemy retired from the field. The fight had now lasted for six hours, and the ammunition being well nigh exhausted, there was no alternative left but to retreat, and Sturgis taking advantage of this last repulse, reluctantly gave the order to do so.

At this critical moment, an officer from Sigel's column arrived breathless in the lines, saying that Sigel was routed, his artillery captured, and he himself killed or a prisoner. This was appalling news to the exhausted little army, and it moved rapidly off the field, carrying its wounded with it, to the open prairie, two miles distant, where it made a short halt, and then took up its march for Springfield. Fortunately, the enemy did not molest it—his punishment had been too severe to admit of pursuit. On reaching Little York road, it met the principal portion of Sigel's command, with one piece of artillery. This officer had proceeded on the route marked out for him, and striking the Fayetteville road, came to a place known as Sharps farm. Here meeting soldiers as if in retreat, he supposed Lyon had been successful, and was following up the enemy. He therefore formed his command across the road to receive the fugitives. In the mean time, the skirmishers which had been sent out, returned and reported Lyon coming up the road. Soon, heavy columns appeared in sight, and orders were given to the different regiments and the artillery not to fire, as they were our own troops; and flags were waved to show they were friends. Suddenly the approaching forces opened a destructive fire, and the cry "They (meaning Lyon's troops) are firing on us" spread like wild-fire through the ranks. The artillerymen believing it was a horrible mistake could

with difficulty be made to return the fire, while the infantry would not level their pieces till it was too late. The enemy came within ten paces of the muzzles of the guns and killed the horses. A panic followed—the men broke ranks and scattered in every direction. There was no fighting—nothing but a wild, disordered flight. Sigel lost five of his guns, and nine hundred in killed, wounded, and missing, out of the two regiments he commanded. (With the residue he made the best of his way towards Springfield.

Our total loss was reported to be one thousand two hundred and thirty-five, though it was probably much larger. The rebels reported about the same loss. We lost the battle, but the nation claimed a victory. Five thousand had met twenty thousand, and after six hours' fighting retired leisurely from the field, having disabled their antagonist so that he could not pursue them. Undoubtedly, so far as the fighting was concerned, the triumph was ours, but in the fall of Lyon we lost more than a battle or an army.

The defeated army fearing for its communications did not tarry long at Springfield, but fell back to Rolla. This left a great portion of Missouri in the hands of the rebels. Small bodies, however, kept the field, and incessant skirmishes and combats,—the alternate occupation of remote towns by the loyalists and rebels,—the destruction of rail roads and bridges,—the firing of houses and barns,—the scattering of families and desolation of neighborhoods—made the state a scene of devastation and blood, and carried the mind back to the days of barbarism.

The news of the death of the gallant Lyon was received with the profoundest grief by the nation. His energy, heroism, purity of character, and lofty patriotism, had endeared him to the people; and his glorious past was regarded as the mere promise of what he would become. In their sorrow and indignation at his fall, they sought for

some one on whom to lay the blame. Fremont being chief of the department was held responsible and sternly arraigned at the bar of public opinion. But it must be remembered that the battle took place only a week after he reached St. Louis, and before he had time to take in fully the real wants and difficulties of his position. Wholly unprepared for active operations, he saw General Pillow just south of him at New Madrid, threatening St. Louis, and he might well hesitate on a sudden movement of forces that might leave that city at the mercy of the enemy.

The spirit of Pandemonium seemed now to be let loose all over the south, invading even the pulpit, and sending the ministers of God not only to the battle field, but on expeditions of plunder and rapine. It was to be expected that the churches south would sympathize with the rebellion, but the world stood aghast at the diabolical spirit that took possession of many of those who had been known as messengers of peace. The spectacle of ministers and members of the same church, each invoking the aid of the God of battles ere they rushed on each other in deadly collision, was sad and appalling enough without this frenzied hate and exhibition of the worst passions of our nature.

CHAPTER IX.

AUGUST, 1861.

ACTION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT—ARRESTS—CONFISCATION—REFUSES TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS—RETALIATION BY DAVIS—MC CLELLAN QUELLS A MUTINY IN THE SEVENTY-NINTH N. Y. REGIMENT—SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS—WRECK OF THE JEFF. DAVIS—SURPRISE OF TYLER AT SUMMERVILLE—WOOL SENT TO FORTRESS MONROE—FOOTE ORDERED WEST TO TAKE CHARGE OF GUN BOATS—NAVAL ATTACK ON CAPE HATTERAS—ERROR OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—PROCLAMATION OF FREMONT—EFFECT OF—PRESIDENT REQUIRES HIM TO MODIFY IT—THE REBELS OCCUPY COLUMBUS AND HICKMAN—STATE OF AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF CARNIFEX FERRY AND RETREAT OF FLOYD.

ALL this while the government seemed hardly to understand its position, and was slowly, painfully, feeling its way to firm footing and a clear field of action. For a long time after many of the states went out of the Union, it kept the mails running regularly for their benefit, and treason was hardly regarded as a crime. It could not bring itself to contemplate the terrible fact that we were entering on one of the most fearful wars that ever cursed the world. But now everything was changed. Congress had appointed a committee to clear the public offices from traitors—men in every part of the north found themselves suddenly arrested, and without the form of a trial hurried off to prison. No writ of habeas corpus could release them. The bayonet was stronger than the order of the court. Men began to look aghast, and spoke of the star chamber and *lettres de cachet* of France. The government had suddenly aroused to its danger, and its action now had the effect to destroy that sense of security in the plotters against the government which its former leniency had caused to exist. Secret informers lurked everywhere,

and traitors suddenly felt themselves enveloped in mysterious danger. Newspapers were stopped, and an era of despotic power seemed about to be inaugurated. To all these measures the people submitted quietly, feeling that self-preservation was the first law of nations, as well as of nature. Confiscation of rebel property was proclaimed, and the government seemed determined to strike wherever there was a prospect of planting a successful blow. Peace meetings had been called after the battle of Bull Run, and leading papers and men in Congress proposed terms of accommodation. These were now no more heard of. About this time a serious difficulty arose respecting the treatment of prisoners. Our government endeavored to carry out the theory that the southern confederacy, being nothing more than an organized rebellion, it could not be recognized so far as to treat with it for exchange of prisoners. To do so would be a concession that far outweighed in importance the fate of our brave officers and soldiers in the rebel hands. This question now became still more embarrassed, as the south had resolved to treat our men precisely as we treated the crew of the privateer Savannah, whom we had incarcerated as pirates, and threatened to hang as such. Davis imprisoned man for man, and declared he would *hang* man for man. Our indignation had been aroused because England had recognized the rebels as belligerents, and the government endeavored to avoid doing anything which might be construed into a similar recognition. While it professed to act on this hypothesis, it treated rebel officers taken in battle with more courtesy than is usually extended to prisoners of war. It conformed to every other rule of war except that of exchange of prisoners. This course was looked upon by a portion of the people as unreasonable, while all lamented the sufferings and dreary imprisonment it entailed on our soldiers captured by the enemy.

In the mean time, McClellan went steadily on with his

herculean task. The way he disposed of a mutiny in the seventy-ninth New York regiment the middle of this month, gave the country and the army a hint that set both thinking. He drew up infantry and cavalry around them, and planting loaded cannon in their front, gave them their choice, submission, obedience, or the fire of a battery within pistol shot. Volunteers, men who, of their own free will, had gone to the field for the defense of their country, did not believe he dare resort to such extreme measures. The lesson was a wholesome one, and saved much future trouble.

The reports that from time to time through the summer reached the country of the capture of American merchantmen by the southern privateers, caused much excitement and alarm, especially in New York city. The utmost efforts of our cruisers failed to capture them. The Sumter and Jeff. Davis were commanded by bold, skillful sailors, and moved from point to point with astonishing celerity. At last the Jeff. Davis met her fate on the Florida coast, on which she was driven in a storm, and became a total wreck.

A fight at Summerville, Western Virginia, where Colonel Tyler with his regiment was surprised and surrounded while at breakfast, and had to cut their way out with the loss of two hundred men, and some fierce combats in northern Missouri, between the Union citizens and rebel forces, were all the movements in the field in the interior that marked the closing days of August. The veteran Wool, who had been kept from active service by some political management, and was at last ordered to the field only on the peremptory demand of Governor Morgan, took command of fortress Monroe, and the country felt assured that that department, at least, would be well taken care of. Captain Foote also was ordered to the command of the naval forces on the western rivers. A large fleet of gun boats was under contract, and when they were finished it was believed that he, with such

commanders as Porter, son of the hero of the Essex, and others, would soon clear the Mississippi to New Orleans.

FIGHT AT CAPE HATTERAS.

In the mean time, a naval and military expedition, under the command of Commodore Stringham and General Butler, sailed from Hampton Roads (August 26th) to attack the rebel fortifications on Cape Hatteras. The inlet here had long been a lurking place for privateers, and a highway for small craft carrying contraband goods to the enemy. The naval force consisted of the flag-ship Minnesota and four other national vessels, beside transports; and the land force of about nine hundred men. Arriving off Hatteras, an attempt was made to land the troops, but on account of the heavy surf, only three hundred and fifteen could be got ashore, with a twelve-pound rifle gun, and a twelve-pound howitzer. Two forts had been erected here—Henry and Hatteras—manned by some six hundred men, commanded by Captain Barron, recently of the United States navy. The latter was immediately evacuated, and the guns spiked. Night coming on, and the wind rising, the vessels had to secure an offing, thus leaving the little band on shore to its fate. A part encamped in the works, and the rest bivouac-ed on the open beach. The next morning the vessels moved up in front of the remaining fort, and opened fire; and soon the shells were bursting in and around the doomed fortification. Being some two miles off, the shot of the enemy could not reach them; and the rebels seeing their helpless condition, at eleven o'clock hauled down their flag, when Barron came aboard the flag-ship and surrendered his entire command. Twenty-five pieces of artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of ordnance stores, provisions, etc., fell into our hands. The victors immediately returned

with their trophies to receive the ovation of the people. The loud laudation of this enterprise, as well as the importance given to every skirmish which was magnified into a battle, showed how keenly the north felt the defeat at Bull Run. Indeed, our successes were so few that we needed to magnify them to keep up any courage.

If the expedition had been properly fitted out, so that after the forts were captured it could have kept on into Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, and made a descent on the unprotected coast of North Carolina, great results might have followed. But the vessels drew too much water to allow them to go over the bar,—besides the orders of the Secretary of the Navy were to return immediately after the one object was effected.

The last of August was signalized by a proclamation of Fremont, declaring martial law in Missouri, and that under the decree of confiscation the slaves were free. It caused great excitement in Kentucky and throughout the country; for it was looked upon as the entering wedge to general emancipation. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the President to disavow it, for fears were entertained that it would utterly destroy the Union cause in the border states. There was probably some truth in this, at any rate the President directed Fremont to modify his proclamation. Perhaps it was good policy to do so under the existing circumstances, but the latter must have been puzzled to know what the government meant by its confiscation scheme, unless it designed to embrace *all* the property of rebels, and it would be difficult to see what it could do with confiscated slaves but to give them their freedom.

Events were slowly dragging the most important elements of the struggle into the valley of the Mississippi; and Kentucky evidently would soon become important battle ground. Governor Magoffin had addressed a letter to the President,

requesting him to withdraw Federal troops from the boundaries of the state. This he declined to do, and soon after, in the early part of September, General Polk issued a proclamation, in which, after stating that the presence of Federal troops opposite Columbus threatened the occupation of that important place, he declared he should at once take possession of it, and did. The southern confederacy had made up its mind to hold Kentucky in spite of its Union vote. Of course Columbus and Hickman could not be held alone, flanked as they were by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. The possession of a position on the Mississippi necessitated the occupation of other points inland,—in fact, of a line of intrenched camps reaching to the Alleghanies.

In Western Virginia the success that had marked the career of McClellan still continued to follow his lieutenants in the field. Rosecranz was a worthy successor to him in that department. The rebels, though driven out of the valley, had not abandoned the design of getting possession of it, and a new army, under the notorious Floyd, was sent thither. He took position at Carnifex ferry, on the Gauley river, and there strongly intrenched himself. Rosecranz immediately moved towards his stronghold to give him battle. For more than a week he led his column through the broken country, and along the difficult roads of the mountain region. Now following the bed of the torrent, and now climbing by a tortuous road, a rugged hight, dragging their heavy cannon after them, the dauntless soldiers toiled uncomplainingly forward, and at last reached the highest mountain summit, from which east and west, spread a glorious panorama—the successive ridges of the forest-clad mountains rolling away in green billows, till they lost themselves in the dim horizon. Winding down the mountain they encountered a body of cavalry which they dispersed. Night came on as they reached the valley, and lighting their bivouac fires, which shed a feeble light in

the dense fog that had settled over them, they lay down in the green meadows with the mountains standing like grim sentinels around them. The drum and bugle echoing through the solitude, roused them up before the light, and at dawn the column was winding its way towards Summerville. Soon firing ahead put them to the double-quick, and breaking into the town along the single street that traversed it, they saw the rebels fleeing along the hill-sides beyond. Halting here to question the inhabitants respecting the roads, and examine the official map of the country, found in the clerk's office, Rosecranz again took up his line of march, and entering the hills, pressed forwards towards the enemy's intrenchments. They soon came upon his pickets, and the irregular firing of the advance skirmishers commenced.

BATTLE OF CARNIFEX FERRY.

Rosecranz knew he was in presence of the main body of the enemy, but of his position or the character of his defences he was totally ignorant. In this dilemma, General Benham asked permission to take his brigade forward to feel the enemy. Rosecranz consented that he should make a bold reconnoissance, nothing more. The brigade started forward, and Rosecranz rode to the top of the hill with his staff to get, if possible, a better observation of the condition of things. He stood here a moment, while the artillery was laboring up the hill, when suddenly a deep, prolonged roar of musketry burst from the woods directly in front where the first brigade was moving. The terrible suspicion flashed over him that it had been led into ambush, and would be inevitably cut up, but the next moment the swift, deliberate volleys of our men assured him it was not so, and that they were calmly facing the enemy. Soon the artillery opened, making stern music there among the mountain crags. Rosecranz now ordered

up the twelfth Ohio under Colonel Lowe. Charging along at the double-quick, the regiment saluted the general as they rose the crest of the hill, with thundering cheers, and then plunged forward into the thicket out of which the incessant volleys rang. Howitzers and field-pieces toiled heavily after, followed by the teams straining up the steep acclivity, and it seemed, for a time, as if a desperate battle was to be fought there with an unseen foe, and on an unknown field. Hastily protecting his rear, Rosecranz put spurs to his horse, and dashed to the front amid a shower of balls. Crossing the woods he came to a clearing in which were the enemy's works. At this critical moment word came to McCook's German brigade, that had not yet been in the fight, that they were to move forward, and storm the intrenchments. This was just what the gallant colonel wanted, and rejoiced at the tidings, he dashed along his lines, shouting in trumpet tones to his brave troops what they were to do. Wild, tumultuous cheers greeted the announcement, and waving swords, clashing muskets, and hats thrown into the air, made it a scene of thrilling excitement. The drums beat, and gaily as to a banquet, the steady column moved forward. But orders at this juncture were received from Rosecranz, forbidding the assault. A part of the regiment had charged almost up to the enemy's work on the extreme left, and had to be recalled by the bugle. Night was coming on, and the commander did not deem it prudent to make the attempt in the darkness. Besides if it were successful it might be at a great expense of life which the morning light would prevent. The battle had raged for four hours, and now in the darkness the troops were ordered to fall back on the lines. They lay on their arms all night, and a part of them within two or three hundred yards of the fort. When the morning dawned, it was discovered that the enemy had fled. Floyd, finding himself so furiously assailed in front and flank, deemed it prudent to

decamp, and leaving large quantities of ammunition, stores, etc., hastily crossed the Gauley river, and destroyed the ferry-boat, so that pursuit was impossible. Our loss was some hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Among the former was Colonel Lowe of the twelfth Ohio, who fell at the head of his regiment.

CHAPTER X.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

FALL OF LEXINGTON—FREMONT BLAMED FOR IT—CHARGES AGAINST HIM—
ATTITUDE OF KENTUCKY—ITS LEGISLATURE ORDERS THE REBEL FORCES TO
LEAVE THE STATE—MAGOFFIN—GENERAL LEE SENT TO WESTERN VIRGINIA—
FIGHT AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN PASS—DEFEAT OF LEE AT ELK WATER—DEATH
OF JOHN WASHINGTON—POSITION OF THE ARMIES ON THE POTOMAC—OC-
CUPATION OF MUNSON'S HILL—OBSERVANCE OF THE NATIONAL FAST.

SOON after this brilliant exploit, the national heart was saddened by the news of the fall of Lexington, Missouri, and the capture of Colonel Mulligan (who held the place), with his entire command. On the first of the month, Colonel Mulligan, in his intrenched camp at Jefferson City, received orders to proceed with his Irish brigade to Lexington, a hundred and sixty miles up the river, and reinforce the few troops already there. He reached the place on the ninth, swelling the force to about three thousand five hundred men. He had, however, been there only three days at work, when the driving in of his pickets announced the near approach of the enemy. After the battle of Wilson's Creek, Price chased Lane and Montgomery from the state, and then turned his steps towards Warrenburg, where, he heard, there was a Federal force. The latter fled at his approach, and he continued his march to Lexington, with an army variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand men.

Midway between the towns of old and new Lexington,—situated about a mile apart,—Mulligan took his position, and commenced throwing up a breast-work ten feet high, surrounded by a broad ditch, but had time only partially to complete it when the arrival of the enemy compelled him to suspend operations. A large, brick building used as a col-

lege stood within the fortifications, and was occupied as headquarters. The river was about half a mile distant.

An attack was made on the twelfth, led by General Rains in person, with a battery of nine pieces of artillery; but was repulsed with heavy loss. The assault was directed against an angle of the works poorest defended; and the fierce, determined manner in which it was resisted, showed Price that it would not be prudent, even with his overwhelming numbers, to attempt to carry the place by storm; and he commenced on Friday morning a new system of approaches. Bales of hemp from the surrounding region were carted in, and after being thoroughly saturated with water, to prevent them from being set on fire with red hot shot, were rolled forward as breast-works to protect the batteries. Mulligan, in the mean time, burned a portion of the old town, to prevent the enemy from taking shelter there, and sat down to wait for reinforcements. On the tenth, he had sent a lieutenant with a squad of twelve men on a steamer to Jefferson City, a hundred and sixty miles distant, for more troops; but they had not proceeded far before they were captured. He then dispatched other messengers by different routes, to avoid a failure. The rebels expected that aid would be sent him, and threw out columns in different directions to intercept it. On Wednesday, they planted four batteries, numbering in all thirteen pieces, and opened a terrible fire on the beleaguered little garrison, while their sharp shooters from every rock, tree, fence, and house, within range, rained an incessant shower of balls upon them. If a single head appeared above the works, it became the target of a hundred rifles. Mulligan had but six small pieces of artillery, with which to reply to this overwhelming fire, but they were worked with great gallantry. A large, brick house stood towards the river, to which Mulligan had nearly extended his line of earthworks. This, during the day the rebels got

possession of, and from the windows, doorways, and behind the chimneys to which they had clambered—some even sheltering themselves in the cistern—kept up a galling fire on the garrison. Determined to bear the annoyance no longer, Mulligan ordered a platoon to clear it, which they did in a twinkling, at the point of the bayonet. Night at length came and put an end to the combat. The next morning Price retired some distance with his main army, to wait the arrival of his ammunition. Day after day now wore away with no fighting except between detached parties. On the 18th, his ammunition having arrived, Price moved back in front of the works, preparatory to his final attack. With a strong force he occupied the brick house near the works, seized the boats in the river to prevent the escape of the garrison, stormed and took possession of some bluffs that overlooked the position, and began to fortify them. The fighting now was incessant. The bright moonlight nights brought no cessation to the combat, and the besieged being cut off from the river, began to suffer dreadfully from want of water. The large number of horses and mules within the inclosure, also grew frantic with thirst and threatened to break away from their fastenings, and spread terror through the camps. From the heights that the enemy held in spite of all the efforts made to dislodge them, they on the twentieth began to roll slowly downward a breastwork of hemp bales. From this last device of the rebels there was no escape, and Mulligan looked with alarm on the steadily approaching rampart, along the crest of which ran an incessant sheet of flame. Sally after sally was made, and deeds of desperate valor were done, and partial successes gained; but it was evident that the doom of the garrison was sealed. They were driven back to their inner defenses, while the home guard retired entirely, refusing to fight any more. No water was to be had, and the agony of thirst was becoming stronger than the

fear of death. The wreck and ruin that surrounded them was rendered still more appalling by the putrifying carcasses of hundreds of horses that had fallen before the fire of the enemy, and now filled the air with an insufferable stench. For more than a week they had borne up against overwhelming numbers, looking anxiously for the aid for which they had long ago sent. Every morning Mulligan bent his ear to catch the sound of distant cannonading, telling him that help was at hand; and every night he turned his eye anxiously towards the silent river to catch the first signal of deliverance, but in vain. He bore up heroically through these long days and nights of pain and toil, and his brave brigade stood nobly by him, showing themselves worthy of their gallant commander; but buffet it back as he would, the painful truth that his flag must be struck to the foe, would return with every revolving hour, crushing him to the earth. Had there been any definite point within reach, where a desperate stand could be made, he would have cut his way through the host that environed him sword in hand; but turn which way he would, he saw no avenue of escape. On this last day he was twice wounded; but not until the home guard had refused to fight longer, and the hempen breast-work was within fifty yards of his fortifications, did he finally consent to surrender. Two thousand six hundred men, including the five hundred home guard laid down their arms, and one of the most important posts of Missouri fell into the hands of the enemy.

Fremont's career had commenced badly, and one loud voice of condemnation went up against him all over the land. Some few of his friends pretended that the loss of this place was only a part of his strategic plan which would result in the capture of Price's entire army, but the common sense of the people was not to be duped in this manner. A strategy, they said, that required the death of Lyon, and the surrender of

a whole army was not one by which Missouri could be saved. Fremont, in defense, declared that he did send reinforcements, and events over which he had no control prevented them from being received. Much angry discussion and sharp criticism followed. A good deal unquestionably could be said in his excuse, but the clamor could not be allayed. The people always have judged, and always will judge a general by his success, and no apology will satisfy them for defeats where no evidence is given of efforts having been made equal to the emergency. One fact seemed palpable to all—he should have known the circumstances in which his subordinate was placed, and if the difficulties that surrounded him were insurmountable, told him so, and left him to secure his retreat as he best could.

From this time on, Fremont's enemies never let him alone, till they secured his removal from the department. Charges of gross frauds on the government in the purchase of arms and army supplies, and in the giving out of contracts, of surrounding himself with favorites to the exclusion of the fighting officers of the army, of keeping up an aristocratic establishment, and finally of total incompetency in the management of his department, multiplied on every side. He saw that he had awakened a storm that would overwhelm him without immediate signal victories, and he took the field in person, and began to concentrate his forces against the enemy. While Mulligan was contending at Lexington, Colonel Scott met with a repulse at Blue Mills, but the enemy retired before our main force could come up.

Notwithstanding all these reverses in the west, Kentucky never faltered in the loyal stand she had taken. The legislature called on the rebels to leave the state forthwith, and when Polk agreed to do so, if the Federal forces were also withdrawn, it refused to grant the condition; and though their acts were vetoed by the governor, they passed them

over his head. Grant took possession of Paducah, and issued his proclamation, but the rebels, instead of retiring, began to move more troops into the state under orders of A. S. Johnston who had taken command of the rebel western department. While affairs were wearing this doubtful aspect in the west, the campaign which McClellan had so successfully prosecuted in Western Virginia, was being followed up triumphantly by the generals still in command there. Floyd, in the southern part, could not make a stand against Rosecranz, to whom neither mud, nor storms, nor mountains, could present insurmountable obstacles. Farther north we still held our own, though the enemy made a determined effort to drive us back. Wise and Floyd, having both showed themselves unable to cope with our generals, General Lee, the best officer of Virginia, was sent with nine thousand men against our position in Cheat Mountain held by General Reynolds.

LEE AT CHEAT MOUNTAIN AND ELK WATER.

On the same day that Price advanced against Lexington, Lee moved against Reynolds, stationed at Elk Water. Approaching Cheat Mountains, he divided his force into two columns, and sent one along the Staunton turnpike to attack our post on the summit, and led the other by the Huntersville road towards Elk Water. These two posts of ours were only seven miles apart by a bridle path over the mountains, but eighteen miles by the wagon road, which led through Cheat Mountain pass, where the brigade had a short time before been located. Lee, advancing along the pass, attempted to get to the left and rear of Elk Water. But for the gallantry of four companies of Indiana troops, which held the whole force in check, he would have succeeded in this, and made Reynold's situation a desperate one. As it was, the enemy were forced to the rear and right of Cheat mountain, completely hemming in the three hundred who held the summit. When

night closed in, the communication between our posts was entirely cut off. Determined at all hazards to open it, Reynolds, at three o'clock next morning, dispatched Sullivan with the thirteenth Indiana, along the main road, and most of two Virginia and Ohio regiments by the bridle path, with orders, if possible, to fall simultaneously on the enemy, and force their way to the little beleaguered band on the summit. The latter, ignorant of what was going on at the base of the mountain, determined to cut its own way through to the army. So on the same morning Colonel Kimball put his little column in motion. Not knowing the number or position of the enemy, he started off his wagon train with a small escort. It had proceeded but three quarters of a mile when it was met by a sudden fire. Kimball thought at first it came from only a scouting party, but on hurrying to the front, he found himself in presence of twenty-five hundred of the enemy. Nothing daunted, he immediately threw out his skirmishers, and ordered his men to hold their position. They did so, and opened such a fierce fire on the enemy that he turned and fled in confusion, leaving the woods strewed with dead and wounded, and guns and clothing in large quantities. The two columns below heard the firing, and pushed on up the mountain, but before they reached the scene of action the battle was over. As the heads of the columns appeared in sight, they were greeted with loud hurrahs, which were answered till the mountain rang again. They then proceeded to the summit, and secured the provision train, thus reopening the communication with Reynolds. While this was going on up in the mountain, Lee advanced straight on Elk Water. Checked in his progress by Reynold's artillery, he withdrew a short distance and took position. Towards night he heard the result of the fight in the mountain, and discouraged by it, fell back still farther. Next day he renewed his attacks on both positions, but was again re

pulsed with severe loss, and retreated ten miles. Our loss was only nine killed, while that of the enemy was one hundred, and among them Colonel John Washington, recent proprietor of Mount Vernon. A strange fatality attended every attempt of the rebels to occupy Western Virginia. While in every part of the Union we met with nothing but reverses, here we never lost a battle. McClellan had finished up his work so well, and given such a high, moral tone to the army, that it deemed itself invincible, and began to be regarded so by the enemy.

During all this time, no general movement of troops occurred in front of Washington. The idea that the rebels meant to attack the Capital had taken full possession of the government, and very extensive preparations were made for its protection. A net work of fortifications was steadily pushed forward, so that on both sides of the Potomac thirty-two works were completed, or nearly so, of sufficient importance to call forth a general order from McClellan, assigning them names. The work of drilling the troops was steadily prosecuted, both at Washington, and in the various camps in the several states. As fast as the regiments were properly equipped, they were ordered on, and a vast army soon stretched in a semi-circle, from near Alexandria in Virginia to the Potomac, some ten or fifteen miles above Washington, while we held the Maryland side up to the Alleghanies.

Whether McClellan shared the general fear that the enemy would make a descent on Washington, or whether he was willing it should be entertained, so as to give him more time to discipline his army, does not appear. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that a military commander should feel much alarm, lest an enemy without adequate means of transportation should put a broad river between him and his supplies and reserves, while seventy thousand men held the bank he proposed to leave.

Armed reconnoissances and skirmishes between pickets and small detachments served to break up the monotony of camp life. We pushed our lines to Lewinsville on the right, and forward in front, so as to include Munson's Hill. The occupation of the latter position was accompanied by a repetition of the blunder which occurred at Big Bethel: our troops firing into each other, but, as usual, nobody seemed to blame. It was said that but for the knowledge of this movement, which (in some mysterious way, and from some high official source) reached the enemy, we should have captured ten thousand men, who, being forewarned, had time to escape. It was soon apparent that no secret of importance could be kept from the rebels. The confederate government constantly received news of intended movements on our part, which the most assiduous, pushing reporters of the northern press could not obtain. The source from whence it was derived baffled the keenest scrutiny.

The most noteworthy event that marked the closing days of September was the observance of the national fast, which the President in accordance with a resolution of Congress had proclaimed soon after the defeat at Bull Run. No national fast since the time of the revolution had been kept with greater solemnity. Previous to the signal defeat of our arms at Bull Run, rulers and people had exhibited an arrogance and confidence in the ability of the north to crush out the rebellion with a blow, that filled thoughtful men with alarm. Not only in the economy of God is "pride sure to go before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," but even in human arrangements they always prevent that care and preparation which are necessary to insure success. We did not feel that help from on high was necessary,—we thought the flag was quite sufficient; and it looked as though minister and people thought more of the stars and stripes that draped every pulpit and waved from every church spire than

they did of Him who presided over the sanctuary. Our conduct in this respect contrasted strikingly with that of the southern confederacy. It had begun its work with proclaiming a fast; and its Congress passed resolutions recognizing most emphatically its dependence on God. Our terrible defeat had humbled this boastful spirit which assumed that we were altogether righteous; and the fast, to all human appearance, was a sincere self-abasement of the nation before Him to whom all the nations of the earth are as the small dust of the balance.

From the outset, it had been apparent to every one who was not carried away by political prejudice or blind fanaticism, that this terrible war, whatever its end should be, would inflict the sorest punishment on both sections which had, though unequally, exhibited an uncharitable, bitter, and angry spirit.

CHAPTER XI.

OCTOBER, 1861.

POSITION OF THE TWO GREAT ARMIES—EXPECTATIONS AND FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE—GALLANT NAVAL EXPLOIT AT PENSACOLA—DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIVATEER JUDAH—OCCUPATION OF SHIP ISLAND—WESTERN VIRGINIA—FIGHT AT GREEN BRIER CREEK—ATTACK OF THE ENEMY AT CAPE HATTERAS—SURPRISE OF WILSON ZOUAVES AT SANTA ROSA'S ISLAND—ATTACK OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE RAM MANASSAS—FIGHT AT LEBANON, MO.—FIGHT AT FREDERICKTOWN—FIGHT AT BLUE MILLS FERRY—BATTLE OF WILD CAT CAMP, KY.

THE country looked to the cool nights and temperate days of October with ardent expectations. Our army, which had been assembling and drilling all summer, was to move, at once it was believed, and not only wipe out the disgrace of Bull Run, but give a fatal blow to the rebellion. The position in which affairs stood, seemed to make a forward movement inevitable. *West* of the Mississippi there appeared to be no stable line of defense, and the waves of civil war drifted backward and forward over the distracted state. But *east* of the river the enemy had established his line with but a single break in it, clear to the Atlantic. Starting at Columbus, it crossed the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers on nearly the same parallel, to Bowling Green; and thence to the Alleghanies. From this to the Blue Ridge, there was an unoccupied interval. Then it commenced again, and keeping near or on the Potomac, swept on to Fortress Monroe. Along this line, a thousand miles in extent, chosen for its commanding position, were stationed, it was supposed, some three hundred thousand men in battle array. Confronting, and threatening it, were a half million of northern troops. A fierce collision somewhere could

not be long delayed, and the general expectation was, that it would first take place in front of Washington. General McClellan was the hero of the hour, and to him the nation had transferred, without the least reservation, the unbounded confidence it had hitherto reposed in General Scott. The rebels had improved their time in fortifying their strong positions, and it was felt that the battle, whenever it should come, would be a bloody one.

The intense interest, however, with which the public watched these two mighty armies, was somewhat diverted by naval preparations for an attack along the Atlantic coast, and the evident near approach of a battle at fort Pickens. There was also a great and growing distrust of the ability of the administration, with its present cabinet, to carry us through the mighty struggle on which we had entered. The public heart was in that feverish, angry, excited state, that always forebodes trouble. A great and sudden defeat might have whelmed the administration in utter ruin. It was evident that it was not aware on what precarious ground it stood. The army partook of this excited feeling of the people, and in passing through it, one was alarmed to see on what a thin crust the government at Washington rested. One of the strongest securities at this perilous crisis, was the unlimited confidence that all classes had in the patriotism and integrity of the President. It was the sheet anchor of the Republic.

In the mean time drops of comfort came from the southern coast. News was received of the destruction of the privateer Judah, near Pensacola, on the eighteenth of September, by a boat expedition, as she lay off Pensacola bay. Three boats, containing in all about an hundred men, sailors and marines, composed it; two of them were to attack the privateer, while the other should proceed to the shore and spike a battery which had been erected there. The attack was made

at half past three in the morning, and resulted in complete success. It was one of those daring, gallant actions for which our navy has always been distinguished. The privateer was burned, and the battery spiked, with the loss of only three or four killed and a dozen wounded. The three lieutenants commanding the boats, Russell, Blake, and Sproston, received the highest commendation for their skill and bravery. About the same time the news arrived of the occupation of Ship Island, which occurred on the twentieth. The rebels upon it, after setting fire to their barracks, and destroying the light-house, fled to the main land, leaving the place in possession of the federal forces. The capture of this island was important only in view of prospective operations on New Orleans and Mobile, as circumstances might direct.

From Western Virginia favorable reports continued to be received. On the second of October, General Reynolds started from his camp at Elkwater, to make an armed reconnaissance of Lee's position, twelve miles distant on Green Brier river.

FIGHT AT GREEN BRIER CREEK.

Taking with him five thousand men, and a heavy force of artillery, he set out from Cheat mountain at midnight, and marched in dead silence over the rugged way. Colonel Kimball of the fourteenth Indiana, was ordered to move against the enemy's front and right, and push back his advanced regiments, while Milroy, after driving in the pickets, was to deploy to the left of his intrenchments, and force him within them. Just after daylight the latter came to Green Brier bridge, and found it occupied by the rebels. The Indians, without waiting for orders, cast aside their knapsacks, and blankets, and with a loud cheer dashed on the bridge, clearing it with a bound. The regiments now came one after another gallantly into action, driving the enemy from the

hillsides and the valley, behind their intrenchments. The artillery was then ordered up, and soon thirteen guns were pouring their shot and shell into the works. The rebels replied, though some of their guns were hidden by the trees. For over half an hour, it thundered there in the Virginia mountains as if a tropical storm was bursting along the ridges. At length three of the enemy's guns were disabled, when his fire slackened. Soon after, a couple of rockets shot over the treetops where the enemy lay concealed, and burst in mid air—a signal for reinforcements that were farther off amid the hills. In a short time, a column several thousand strong, was seen streaming down the mountain in the rear, their artillery thundering before them. As they approached the fortifications, cheer after cheer went up from the rebels. Our infantry, exasperated at the shout, asked permission to storm the works, but Reynolds thinking it would be a useless sacrifice of life, and having accomplished all he sought, ordered the recall to be sounded, and the army took up its line of march to its old camp, with thirteen prisoners, having lost but eight killed and thirty-two wounded. Lee's mission to western Virginia was evidently drawing to a close.

FIGHT AT CAPE HATTERAS.

Two days after this, the rebels undertook to surprise a part of the troops stationed near Hatteras inlet. Colonel Brown, with the twentieth Indiana regiment, eight hundred strong, had its encampment about thirty miles from fort Hatteras, and on the fourth about fifteen hundred men landed some three or four miles above him. As soon as he was apprised of it by his lookouts, he dispatched a messenger to Colonel Hawkins at the fort, informing him of what was going on, and stating that he should fall back on the fort. Soon after, another body of rebel troops commenced land-

ing below him to cut off his retreat. Brown, made aware of their intentions, set on fire what he could not easily carry away, and immediately started his regiment on the double-quick through the heavy sand, and after a terrible march, succeeded in reaching the light-house in the evening. In the mean time, Hawkins, having received Brown's note, dispatched a messenger to Captain Lardner of the *Susquehanna*, lying near the shore, and hurried off six companies of Zouaves to meet and reinforce the retreating regiment. Captain Lardner quickly got the *Susquehanna* under way, and ordering the *Monticello* to double cape Hatteras and proceed along the shore, at eight o'clock in the evening anchored within half gun-shot of the light-house. The *Monticello* had not proceeded far, when she caught sight of the enemy coming down in full pursuit, and over the woods on the other side of the shoals, the masts of several rebel vessels. The commander, Lieutenant Braine, immediately opened on them with shells, which exploding in their midst scattered them in all directions. Rolling up their flag, they made for a clump of trees for protection. The *Monticello* followed them, pitching its shells with fatal accuracy into their midst. Their triumphant march had been sadly interfered with, and fleeing like frightened deer, they at length reached the woods, abreast of which their vessels lay, and began to embark. The *Monticello* then shelled the vessels, sinking some of the boats laden with the fugitives, a part of whom rushed wildly into the water to wade to the launches, ducking their heads in the mean while to escape the shells that fell momentarily around them. The belt of land where they were first discovered, was not more than a third of a mile wide, so that they presented a fair mark to the guns of the steamer, which for two hours played incessantly upon them.

NIGHT ATTACK ON SANTA ROSAS.

The enemy seemed at this time to have formed a concerted plan to drive us entirely from their shores. For four days after this, a similar attack was made on Santa Rosa's Island, on which fort Pickens stands. A force fifteen hundred or two thousand strong, landed on the island about four miles from the fort, where they remained undiscovered till next night, when they surprised the camp of Wilson's zouaves, situated a mile from the fort, intending to follow up their success, and carry the place by assault. The plan was well laid, and every thing seemed to favor its successful execution. The night was pitchy dark and their movements were so noiseless and sudden, that they were almost within the camp before they were discovered. Their shots and shouts together, roused the regiment from its slumbers, and though the long roll was beat, and an attempt made to form the men, yet the onset was so sudden, that in the utter darkness but little was done. The flash of musketry only served to reveal the disorder, and soon the rebel torch was applied to the entire camp. In a moment the tents were in a blaze, the conflagration lighting up a scene of utter terror and confusion. The shouts of officers and men mingled in with the crackling of flames and crash of musketry, while on every side swarmed the infuriated foe. The zouaves, panic-stricken, fled for the protection of two batteries, situated about four hundred yards from the fort, followed by the enemy, who in the darkness was now also thrown into confusion. In the mean time, as the sound of the first volleys broke over fort Pickens, the long roll was beat, and major Vogdes hurried off with two companies in the direction of the firing; while the guns on the ramparts were ordered to be manned. Soon after, the commander, Colonel Brown, saw the flames of the

burning camp, and sent off a staff officer to communicate with Major Vogdes. But the latter had proceeded scarce a mile, when he became, in the darkness, entangled in masses of the enemy, and before a shot could be fired, was made prisoner. Major Arnold was immediately sent to take command, but before he could arrive, the regulars under Captain Hildt had opened such a destructive fire on the enemy, that they beat a retreat. Colonel Williams now succeeded in rallying a part of his regiment, and other companies from the fort coming up, they pushed on after the flying enemy, who made for their boats, nearly three miles distant. Reaching them, they rushed madly into the water, followed by the steady fire of their pursuers. When the boats shoved off, the murderous volleys plunging into the closely packed masses, struck them down by scores. Our loss all told was about sixty—that of the enemy could only be guessed at. As, on Hatteras shoals, the main success of the enemy consisted in destroying the camp of a regiment.

THE RAM MANASSAS ATTACKS OUR FLEET.

The very next week Captain Hollins, formerly of the United States navy, now in command of the rebel naval force at New Orleans, made an attempt to destroy our blockading fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi. In an iron-clad vessel, armed with a long iron prow, accompanied by two small steamers, he came boldly down on the night of the twelfth, and before the fleet was aware of his presence, dashed in their midst, and steered straight for the Richmond. The alarm was scarcely given, when the "ram" struck her well forward, going through her side with a tremendous crash, and tearing the schooner from her fastenings. Slowly backing, the uncouth monster then made a dash at her stern, but succeeded only in tearing off a few planks. Though

taken by surprise, the crew coolly responded to the beat to quarters, and as the ram passed abreast of the ship, an entire broadside was poured into it. Hollins, finding one of his engines would not work, now endeavored to haul off, and sent up a signal rocket. The blazing curve had hardly disappeared in the darkness, when farther up the river, a broad, bright flame leaped into the air, revealing a row of fire ships moving down to complete the work of destruction. The whole river was lighted up by the steadily increasing conflagration. The Richmond and Preble immediately dropped down the pass, while the Vincennes and Water Witch remained to watch and see what could be done. The fire ships kept steadily on their way, and the Vincennes seeing that she would be struck if she remained where she was, also concluded to drop down the pass, leaving the Water Witch, as she was faster and smaller and could easily get out of the way, to remain and report proceedings. Seeing, at length, several gun-boats coming down the river, she finally went below to give the information, when, to her dismay, she found the Vincennes fast aground on the bar. To complete the disaster, the Richmond soon grounded also; and it looked for a moment as if the vessels must be destroyed. But fortunately, the latter vessel swung round, broadside upstream as she struck, so that she could bring her guns to bear admirably. They immediately opened a rapid and furious fire, which so disconcerted the enemy that he abandoned the enterprise, and withdrew up the river.

Hollins on his return to New Orleans, gave such an extravagant report of his achievements that the city was wild with delight, and made an illumination in his honor, and hailed him as the hero of the day. To the excited imagination of the people, the navigation of the Mississippi seemed already open. The accounts first received at the north, hav-

ing come through rebel sources created much uneasiness for the safety of the blockading fleet in the Mississippi, and the papers teemed with prognostications respecting the invulnerability of these new war vessels. But not long after, a true report of the occurrence was received, when Hollins became the subject of boundless ridicule, instead of dread. Enough, however, was accomplished to furnish the south with important suggestions, and should have given the Secretary of the Navy a hint, which if he had taken, would have saved us much future trouble.

The first half of October was full of promise to the Union men in Missouri. Fremont, with a well appointed army, was in the field, while in almost every minor engagement the Federal troops were victorious.

FIGHT AT LEBANON.

On the thirteenth, a brilliant dash was made by Major Wright with two companies of cavalry, upon three hundred mounted rebels, near Lebanon, in which the latter were completely routed, with the loss of some fifty or sixty killed and wounded, and thirty-six prisoners. Many of the wounded at Wilson's Creek being on their way in ambulances from Springfield, happened to be near the scene of action, and witnessed it. The rebels were drawn up parallel with the road, expecting an attack in front. They had stood in this position nearly an hour and a half,—the ambulances containing the Union wounded a little way off, where they had been stopped, with the brutal declaration that they would soon give them "another load of wounded to take along,"—when suddenly, over the brow of the hill in their rear, came bounding the two companies of cavalry. One blast of the bugle,—one wild cheer,—and they dashed down. Suddenly halting when within a hundred paces, they delivered a murderous volley. In a twinkling, the rebels scattered like chaff.

before the wind, tearing through the brush, and along the road, in their mad flight towards Lebanon. The drivers of the ambulances threw up their hats, and shouted. The cavalry returned the shout with a loud hurrah; and even the poor wounded, raising their heads, took up the cheer and sent it gloriously over the field. Wyman (in command of the whole force) arrived soon after the battle was over. The two gallant captains, Switzler and Montgomery, were highly commended. The latter, after emptying every barrel of his revolver, and bending his sword nearly double in a hand-to-hand fight, charged a last rebel with his clenched fist, and knocked him from his horse.

Two days after, the same officer pounced upon Linn Creek, and captured twenty-four rebels. The next day, Lexington, with sixty or seventy prisoners, fell into our hands.

FIGHT AT FREDERICKTOWN.

In the mean time, the rebels under the notorious Jeff Thompson and Colonel Lowe were reported to be near Fredericktown, advancing on Pilot Knob and Ironton. A reconnoitering party under Colonel Carlin had a severe skirmish with them, when two thousand Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin troops, under Colonels Carlin, Ross, and Baker, started to give them battle. On the twenty-first, the combined forces were in Fredericktown, which the enemy had evacuated the night before. Pushing on after him, they had not proceeded a mile when they came upon him drawn up in line of battle. The Federal troops immediately advanced to the attack. The enemy opened with grape and canister; but nothing could check the daring soldiers of the west, (now they had at last got the foe within striking distance,) and sending up their loud shouts, they pressed over the broken field,—regiment after regiment, and company after

company, coming into action with the steadiness of veterans. For nearly two hours the rebels withstood the determined onset, but at last turned and fled. Major Gavitt, charging with his cavalry on a gun, fell mortally wounded. In a few moments the retreat became a rout; and the enemy fled in every direction, leaving sixty-four prisoners in our hands. One hundred and fifty dead were picked up on the field, among whom was Colonel Lowe. The pursuit was continued for several miles along the road towards Greenville, which was strewn with the wrecks of the fight. The next day it was resumed, and continued for twenty-two miles, but the enemy proved too fleet of foot, and it was abandoned. Our loss in killed and wounded was only sixty.

On the return of the soldiers to Fredericktown, believing that the inhabitants had co-operated with the rebels, they committed some acts of violence, and but for the officers would have burned the place to the ground. As it was, they succeeded in applying the torch to six or seven buildings. The citizens were terror-stricken by the conflagration and for a time thought their town would become a heap of ashes, and themselves houseless wanderers. It was hard for the soldiers, after marching past Union towns levelled to the ground, to keep their hands off this nest of rebels.

FIGHT AT BLUE MILLS.

A few days before this encounter, five hundred of the third Iowa regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, advanced on the enemy four thousand strong at Blue Mills Ferry landing, near Liberty, whither he had retired from Lexington. Simultaneously with this movement, Colonel Smith, with the Illinois sixteenth and a part of the thirty-ninth Ohio regiments, was to come up from St. Joseph, and form a junction with the former. Scott waited for him till nine o'clock, and then sending him word that he

would push forward after the enemy, advanced. A hot engagement followed, lasting for an hour, when he was compelled to fall back, bringing off his wounded, and dragging his single gun after him by hand, the horses having all been killed. Smith had been detained by heavy rains that rendered the roads heavy ; but the moment he received Scott's message, he ordered his cavalry and mounted men to the front, and pushing forward at a rapid pace, reached Liberty after dark, where he found Scott's exhausted command. Early the next morning, the combined forces moved back on the enemy. But on reaching Blue Mills, they found him across the river, and beyond pursuit. Scott, in his unequal contest, lost in killed and wounded nearly ninety men. The loss of the enemy was not known.

In Kentucky, also, affairs wore a promising aspect. The effect of a proclamation by the rebel Buckner at Bowling Green the month before, had been more than counterbalanced by that of the brave Anderson in command of the department, soon after, and that of the loyal General Crittenden. A. S. Johnston also gave his proclamation to the people of Kentucky ; and it was evident that the soil of the state would soon witness a severe struggle. A foretaste of what was coming was given on the twenty-first of October, four days after the battle of Blue Mills. Colonel Coburn, with three hundred and fifty men, was ordered by General Schoepff to take possession of a place known as Camp Wild Cat, on the road leading to Cumberland Gap.

BATTLE AT WILD CAT CAMP.

He had hardly done so, when the rebels, concealed in the woods around, began to fire upon his command. Shortly after,—a half a mile away in front,—the enemy appeared in large force. While they were preparing to advance to the attack, Colonel Woodford, with two hundred and fifty Ken-

tucky cavalry, (Unionists,) came riding up the slope, and formed under fire. Suddenly, two Tennessee regiments (a part of Zollicoffer's command) broke from the woods below, and the next moment, in four ranks advanced on two sides of the position, and opened a heavy fire. Though it was fiercely returned, they kept on till within twenty-five yards of the rude breast-works which had been hastily thrown up. The Kentucky regiment wavered for a moment before the determined onset, but soon rallied, and the conflict though short was close and bloody. Unable to breast the steady volleys, the enemy at first halted, and then fell reluctantly back.

Information had previously reached the commanding general (Thomas) that Zollicoffer was about to swoop down on this part of the country, directing his first attack on Wild Cat Camp; and he ordered forward the seventeenth Ohio, several miles distant, to support the Union forces which had been sent there. Eagerly starting off, this brave regiment toiled forward, now climbing rugged hills, and now fording streams breast high; and at eleven o'clock four companies of it approached the scene of combat, and striking up "Hail Columbia," rushed up the hill at the double-quick, and formed in line of battle. They had scarcely time to deliver one volley, before the enemy fell back. About two o'clock, however, he again advanced to the attack. In the midst of the fire, two companies of the Ohio fourteenth appeared, sending up their cheers, while responsive cheers came back down the smoke-enveloped hill. Lashed to their utmost speed by their drivers, the horses dashed at full gallop up the hill with the artillery, which forming rapidly, rained a terrible fire on the rebel ranks. Astonished at the steadily increasing force before him, the enemy again retired. Reinforcements now kept constantly arriving in camp till ten o'clock at night. At two o'clock in the morning, sounds

were heard in the distant camp of the enemy ; and when daylight broke over the hills, it was found he had retreated. Our loss in the engagement, in killed and wounded, was only twenty-three, while that of the enemy must have been heavy, as he left nineteen dead on the field, which he was unable to carry off. This battle was an important one, as it secured a very desirable position, and highly encouraged the Union inhabitants.

CHAPTER XII.

OCTOBER, 1861.

AFFAIRS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC—FIGHT AT BOLIVAR—RECONNOISSANCE ACROSS THE RIVER—BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF—STRANGE CONDUCT OF GENERAL STONE—INDIGNATION OF THE PEOPLE—McCLELLAN HURRIES TO THE SCENE OF ACTION—COLONEL LANDER TAKES THE PLACE LEFT VACANT BY THE DEATH OF BAKER—13 WOUNDED—AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI—GALLANT CHARGE OF FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.

TWO days subsequent to this, a scene occurred on the banks of the Potomac, that filled the land with mourning and indignation. General Stone was in command of a division under General Banks, with instructions to watch the enemy near Leesburg, which constituted the extreme left of the rebel line on the Potomac, and prevent his crossing at that point into Maryland. For several days there had been more or less skirmishing, which showed that the utmost watchfulness and care were demanded.

On the eighth, Major Gould crossed the river at Harper's Ferry to seize a quantity of wheat held by the enemy at that point, and having accomplished his mission was about to re-cross, when on the sixteenth a brisk skirmish of the pickets near Bolivar (a little over two miles from the Potomac) occurred, which soon ended in a sharp encounter.

FIGHT AT BOLIVAR.

The rebel force was soon drawn up on Bolivar heights, from which the pickets had been driven, and planted their cannon so as to command our camp. At the same time, another body appeared on Loudon heights, within cannon range of the ferry, to prevent the troops from using it for transportation. While these preparations were going on, a body of

cavalry charged fiercely towards the upper part of the town. Three times they came gallantly on, and each time were hurled back by the thirteenth Massachusetts, under Captain Schriber. Our troops then fell back steadily into the town; and from behind the houses, in the corn fields adjacent, and wherever shelter could be obtained, poured in ceaseless volleys upon the enemy, who strove in vain to make headway against them. Colonel Geary had sent for reinforcements, and soon Lieutenant Martin, who had been stationed with a rifled cannon to protect the ferry, came up. Dashing through a scourging fire of shot and shell, he galloped into the town, and unlimbering in the street opened on the hights. Our forces now steadily advanced, firing as they moved, when the order to "fix bayonets!" passed along the line. A sharp clatter of steel followed, and then "charge!" rang on the astonished ears of the enemy. Forward, through the fire, the gallant band moved shoulder to shoulder, and swept the hights with loud cheers. The enemy undertook to rally, but our artillery, firing with the precision of rifle practice, dismounted their guns, and scattered their cavalry. The fight had lasted from eight till one, when the little band, scarce two hundred and fifty strong, encamped on the hights they had so gallantly won, and flinging themselves on the earth rested till midnight. Again summoned to their ranks, they took up the line of march, and retracing their steps, crossed the river unmolested. Our loss was only thirteen, while that of the enemy was over a hundred. Four days after, General Kelly advanced on Romney, and drove the enemy from it, capturing several prisoners.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

It being desirable to ascertain more exactly the position and numbers of the enemy in the vicinity, it was determined

to make a reconnoissance, and at midnight on the twentieth, Colonel Devens of the fifteenth Massachusetts crossed over from Harrison's Island, at a spot known as Ball's Bluff, with about three hundred men, intending to take a rebel camp reported to be about a mile from the river; and after making a thorough reconnoissance to return to the river, and, if he thought fit, report, and wait for reinforcements. The means of transportation furnished him consisted of three miserable boats, capable, all together, of carrying only thirty men. Hence, it took him nearly four hours to get his little band over.

When he reached the shore, he found no road leading to the high bluff that rose dark and sombre above. The scouts, however, discovered a mere bridle path, which, after winding some sixty rods down the beach led to the top. Along this steep, narrow way, the troops marched in dead silence, and at length reached the top, where they halted till day-break. Many a gallant heart as he looked down on the dark flowing river far below him, and remembered that it had taken four hours to cross it, felt that if met by superior numbers, his fate was sealed. There was no retreat—it was victory, or death, or capture.

About daybreak, Colonel Lee, with a hundred men from the twentieth Massachusetts joined him, when he moved towards Leesburg, till he came to the spot designated as the rebel encampment; but found that the scouts in the darkness had mistaken corn-shocks for rebel tents. The sun had not yet risen when they came in full view of Leesburg. Seeing no appearance of the enemy, Colonel Devens determined, instead of returning, to report and wait for reinforcements. He did this without hesitation, because he knew a large scow had been added to the three boats in which he had crossed, capable of carrying sixty men at a time, while the stream was so narrow that a trip could be made in ten

minutes. Soon after, a company of riflemen was reported on his right, and he sent out Captain Philbrick to attack it. A sharp skirmish followed, and he was about ordering up reinforcements to the captain, when a company of cavalry appearing on his flank, he directed him to fall back to the woods in which the main body was concealed. Here, after waiting for half an hour in expectation of an attack, in vain, he concluded to join Colonel Lee on the bluff. But after remaining with him a short time, and thoroughly scouting the woods, he returned to his first position. About eight o'clock, the messenger he had sent across the river returned with orders to remain where he was, and reinforcements should be sent him. In an hour and a half the remainder of his regiment rejoined him, making in all six hundred and twenty-five men. At noon the enemy was reported in force on his left, and in half an hour the attack commenced. The men resolutely held their ground, but the Colonel seeing that the enemy was making vigorous efforts to outflank him, ordered them to fall back to an open space in the woods, and called in his skirmishers.

After waiting a short time in expectation of an attack, he again fell back to the bluff, where he found Colonel Baker, who had just crossed to take command by order of General Stone. Reinforcements had arrived, but why they were sent when no way of increasing the means of transportation had been discovered, instead of recalling the small force already across, is a mystery which no explanation has been able to solve. With every company that crossed, the possibility of a retreat became more hopeless, while the difficulty of furnishing proper assistance, in case the enemy used the facilities within his reach, of rapidly reinforcing himself, may be gathered from the report of Lieutenant Bramhall, who was ordered to take some light pieces of artillery over with all possible dispatch. "The means," he says, "provided for

this purpose, consisted of two scows manned with poles, and which owing to the swiftness of the current, consumed a great deal of time in the trip from the main land to the island. I crossed with the first piece after *half an hour's* hard labor to keep the boat from floating down the stream. We ascended the steep bank, made soft and slippery by the passage of the troops, and at a rapid gait crossed the island to the second crossing. Here we found *only a scow*, on which we did not *dare to cross the piece and horses together*, and thus lost farther time by being obliged to make two crossings. Upon arriving on the Virginia shore, we were compelled to *dismount the piece and carriage*, and haul the former up by the prolonge, the infantry assisting in carrying the parts of the latter, to a point about thirty feet up a precipitous ascent, rendered almost impassable by soft mud, where we remounted the piece, and hitching up the horses, dragged it through a perfect thicket to the open ground above, where the fighting was going on." How many field pieces at this rate it was expected could be got across in case of need, or how many it was supposed could be saved in case of retreat, can easily be imagined. It appears that they managed, however, to get this one gun and two howitzers on to the field of battle.

In the mean time, Colonel Baker moved forward his force, and took position—the Massachusetts fifteenth and a portion of the Tammany regiment being on the right, the Massachusetts twentieth on the left and center, and the California battalion in the center. The three guns were placed in front, the howitzers one on each wing, and the six-pounder in the center. Soon the enemy made his appearance, and advanced against the whole line, but more compactly against the left and center, yelling and firing volleys at short intervals as they came on. It was soon evident that they outnumbered us; but, taking our three guns into the estimate,

it was not a very unequal fight. The rebels seemed to understand this, and, determined to get rid of the cannon, directed a murderous fire on the gunners. In a short time, those manning the six-pounder were wounded and missing, and with one of them disappeared the lanyard and tube pouch, and the gun was hauled to the rear. In a few minutes, the missing articles stained with blood, were found, but only one cannoneer was left. Baker, Cogswell, and Lee immediately seized the gun, and, with the help of Bramhall, rolled it into position again, when they spurred to their respective commands. The lieutenant then called for volunteers from the infantry; and the gun again opened with shell on the enemy. The battle raged hotter and hotter, and soon Bramhall had but one man left to help him—a brave Californian named Booth, who stuck to him gallantly to the end. Not more than eighteen or twenty rounds, however, were fired from first to last. The same fatality attended the other guns. The enemy, emboldened by their success, pushed their attack more vigorously, but they were firmly met at every point by our undaunted troops, as they were determined to hold their ground till the promised reinforcements came. General Gorman had crossed the river with a part of a brigade, a few miles below, and an adjutant of General Stone had arrived, saying that he would soon be on the field to aid them, but no signs of his coming appeared. At this critical moment, Baker, while gallantly leading on his men, fell. This was the turning point of the battle.

No one seemed to know on whom the command now devolved. Colonel Lee, supposing it belonged to him, decided that the battle was lost, and they must retreat to the river. But Colonel Cogswell at that moment galloping up, it appeared that he was entitled to it, as the senior colonel; and he determined to cut his way through the enemy down to Edward's Ferry, and changed his line of battle accordingly.

While the different movements were being executed to carry out this plan, a rebel officer on a white horse galloped up to the Tammany regiment, and shouted "*Charge!*" pointing to the woods where the enemy was concealed. The regiment supposing the order came from their own officer, gave a shout, and dashed forward, followed by the dauntless Massachusetts fifteenth, who supposed that the whole line was ordered to advance. A deadly volley received the brave fellows, and they fell back in confusion. The officers, confounded at the terrible mistake, ordered the recall to be sounded, and hastily re-formed their men. They strove gallantly to retrieve their error, and poured in volley after volley, but it was too late. The enemy seeing the success of their stratagem gave them no time to restore their order of battle, but pressed furiously forward, rending the air with shouts. The army rapidly fell back to the river bluff, then over it to the shore, where they stood packed in dense masses. In vain skirmishers were sent to the summit to keep back the foe. They came resistlessly on—and from the heights above sent their plunging fire into the brave men, who could neither fight nor retreat. The only scow by which even a portion could be crossed, overloaded with the wounded and fleeing, had already pushed off into the river. Presenting a fair mark to the enemy, the bullets fell like rain into their midst. Those in the hind part, rushing forward to escape the deadly volleys, unbalanced the unwieldy thing, and with one heavy lurch it went to the bottom with all on board. The scene at this moment was fearful enough to appall the stoutest heart. Before the exhausted, bleeding band rolled the rapid river, while mingled with its sullen roar there struggled up from the deepening gloom groans, and cries, and shrieks for help. Behind, and above them, in the intervals of the demoniacal yells, came the plunging volleys, strewing the crimson shore with the slain.

Still no voice called for quarter,—no white flag floated in the darkness. Overwhelmed, but not conquered, they disdained to surrender, and there on the banks of the Potomac, on that gloomy October night, were exhibited deeds of personal devotion and self-sacrifice which have never been surpassed in the history of man. Men plead with their officers to escape, and officers used their right to command, to compel their troops to abandon them, and save themselves.

Devens ordered his men to fling their muskets into the river that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy, and swim for their lives. Captain Bartlett of the twentieth Massachusetts, directed those immediately about him who could not swim, to follow him up the river, in order to get out of the murderous volleys that kept the bluff above in a blaze of light. About eighty obeyed him, and they proceeded up stream till they came upon a sunken skiff. Raising it, he found it could carry five men at a time. Sending over a lieutenant with the first load to take charge of the men as fast as they crossed, he with Captain Tremlett and Lieutenant Abbott remained behind till all were over, then crossed themselves. Opposite Harrison's island, towards which the swimmers struck, the Potomac ran blood, for the bullets of the enemy pattered like hail-stones on the water darkened by the heads of the fugitives. Many a bold swimmer, struck by a bullet in his head, went down in midstream. Soldiers swam slowly by the side of their wounded officers, refusing, though repeatedly ordered to do so, to leave them. At last the struggle, the flight, and the slaughter was over, and silence fell on the Potomac, broken only by the roar of the torrent and groans of wounded men that lined the shore and the bluff. Far down, over the rugged rocks, were rolling the lifeless bodies of the brave, while the living sat down in sullen rage, feeling that they had been led like

sheep to the slaughter. Of our whole force, numbering not far from eighteen hundred, full half were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Among the latter were Colonels Cogswell and Lee. The news of this disaster spread a gloom over the land. Not only was the fall of Baker, a gallant man, and senator of the United States, deeply lamented, but the destruction in the two Massachusetts regiments, composed as they were of some of the finest young men of the state, was felt to be a national loss. Added to all this, was the universal feeling that they fell victims to an unpardonable blunder, or to treason. McClellan had never ordered a movement of this kind, and the blame was at first divided between Stone and Baker, but finally settled down on the former. The whole affair remains a mystery to this day.

A portion of Banks' division, under General Gorman, had in the mean time, been thrown across the river at Edward's Ferry, five miles below. But when McClellan, who had hurried up from Washington, arrived on the field, and examined the state of affairs, the whole force was ordered back again to Maryland. Colonel Lander was at once appointed to take the place made vacant by the death of Baker, but was almost immediately rendered unfit for the field by a wound which he received in a skirmish with the enemy.

CAVALRY CHARGE OF ZAGONYI.

Four days after the battle of Ball's Bluff, a little light broke through the cloud that hung over Fremont's operations in Missouri. Hearing that Springfield, fifty-one miles from his camp, was held by only three hundred rebels, he dispatched Major Zagonyi, a Hungarian, with his body guard of a hundred and fifty, to seize it in advance of his arrival. Putting himself at the head of his gallant band, this officer started off at eight o'clock in the evening, and

making the whole distance in nineteen hours, was before the place at three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. But, rapid as had been his approach, the enemy were apprised of his coming, and stood drawn up in line of battle to receive him. The Union inhabitants came out of their houses as he passed, welcoming him with tears, but beseeching him not to advance, for the enemy were nearly two thousand strong. But this gallant officer had not made his forced march of fifty miles for nothing, and determined to give the rebels a taste of his steel before he returned. He thought too, perhaps, of Wilson's creek, near by. The rebels were drawn up in an open field, about half a mile from the city. The major had no time to waste in skirmishing, and pressed right on through the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, which emptied several saddles, till he came in sight of the main body just before him. Finding the place too confined to form his men in, he galloped for two hundred and fifty yards down a lane, all the while exposed to a murderous fire, when he came upon a rail fence. Scattering this from his path, he emerged into the open field and formed his little band of a hundred and fifty, right in the enemy's camp. The next moment, the shrill bugle sounded the charge, the riders plunged their spurs into their horses, and raising their swords above their heads, dashed up the slope with a cheer. The enemy saw the clattering tempest close upon them, and giving but one volley, broke and fled. Through and through the disordered ranks this hundred and fifty swept like a hurricane, the sword drinking blood at every step. Horse and rider tumbled on the field, but the living kept on, shouting their war cry, "Fremont and the Union." The infantry soon found shelter in the woods, when the bugle sounded the recall, they then rallied, turned and pursued the rebel cavalry, which had fled towards the town. Down through the streets like a torrent, came the decimated band, clearing them on

every side. Twenty times did these bold riders charge through the streets, till not a vestige of the enemy remained. When the bugle finally sounded the recall, only two-thirds of the entire band drew up before their leader. They had marked their course, however, with destruction; having killed and wounded more than their entire number, besides taking twenty-seven prisoners.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

GENERAL DISSATISFACTION—PUBLIC EXPECTATION OF AN ADVANCE FROM THE POTOMAC—BLOCKADE OF THE CAPITAL—FEELING AT THE WEST—GREAT SECRET NAVAL EXPEDITION—OVERTAKEN BY A STORM—JOY OF THE SOUTH AND FEARS OF THE NORTH—DESCRIPTION OF THE WRECK—ARRIVAL OFF PORT ROYAL, HILTON HEAD, AND BAY ISLAND—PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK THEM—GRAND APPEARANCE OF THE VESSELS—THE ATTACK—THE VICTORY—TERROR OF THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH—STRANGE INACTIVITY OF THE LAND FORCES—PROCLAMATIONS—TIMIDITY AND WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT—RETIREMENT OF SCOTT FROM PUBLIC LIFE—MC CLELLAN TAKES HIS PLACE—PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN HIM—GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE month of October closed up gloomily for the administration, though it did not seem to be aware of it. There was deep dissatisfaction throughout the country with the manner in which things were conducted. In Missouri, Fremont was still continued in command, though the popular demand for his removal was very urgent. The defeat at Wilson's creek, and the fall of Lexington, had destroyed public confidence in his ability to manage his difficult department. Even his friends, the Blairs, had turned against him.

The conduct of affairs directly around Washington gave almost equal dissatisfaction. The beautiful month of October, so well fitted for active operations in the field, had passed, and November, with its dreary storms and impassable roads was close upon us. Throughout the entire month, almost every day had its rumor of an immediate advance upon Manassas. At one time it seemed certain that a sudden flank movement was determined upon. The enemy ap-

peared to think so too, and to suspect that it would be made down the Potomac; and suddenly extended his lines to the river at Aquia creek, thus presenting a front reaching from it to the Blue ridge. This river, too, was blockaded by the heavy batteries he had erected along the Virginia shore, so that the Capital had no water communication with fortress Monroe, except when some daring craft, taking advantage of a stormy night, ventured to run the gauntlet of their fire. This was felt to be a national disgrace, and the question was asked on every side, "Why is not the Potomac opened?" The national heart became restive under the menacing presence of the rebel army at Manassas, and this blockade of the Capital by water. Delay of active operations was cheerfully acquiesced in during the warm, unhealthy season, but now there seemed no excuse for it. Was there not a splendid army around Washington, eager to advance? In the winter, active campaigning in Virginia would be impossible on account of the roads. To leave every thing to be done in the few spring months would necessarily prolong the war another year, and that would bankrupt the nation. Such was the language used on every side.

Besides, France and England were growing restive under the derangement which our blockade caused to their commerce, and if nothing was accomplished before spring, they would it was thought, demand its abandonment.

The Secretary of War was denounced on every side as inefficient, and was accused of being more anxious to make fat contracts for his friends than to save the country. The whole Cabinet was declared to be sound asleep. A nightmare seemed to rest on every thing, while there was a restlessness in the community that would not be allayed by excuses. Grand reviews were held in Virginia, but the country needed action. General Scott had to bear his share of the public complaint. He was too old and infirm to stand at the helm

while the ship of state was struggling in such a storm. The west was especially discontented. It said, "Do something with the tens of thousands of brave men we have sent you, or send them back that *wé* may use them." The western mind can not brook inaction. Active itself, it demands action in others. It had rather be defeated once, and try again, than not try at all.

EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

One thing alone served to divert public attention from the inactivity of the army around Washington, and that was the departure of a secret naval expedition of grand proportions. Nearly twenty thousand land forces and marines together, the former under General Sherman, and a fleet of fifty vessels, eighteen of them men of war, commanded by Dupont, left Hampton Roads on the twenty-ninth of October, and proceeded southward. Bad management had delayed its departure several days after the troops had embarked, thus losing the most beautiful portion of Indian summer; but at length it disappeared in the horizon, and the nation was in a state of intense excitement respecting its destination. Every point along our extensive coast was in turn suggested. The very mystery that enveloped the expedition increased the interest felt in its fate, while at the same time it magnified the importance of the results to be accomplished by it. Of one thing, all were certain, it would strike terror to the south.

THE STORM.

It had been out but a few days, however, when one of the most terrific storms ever experienced in this latitude swept our coast. The triumph in anticipation was changed into alarm for its safety, and north and south—the fate of the Spanish Armada was revived in the memory of all. Many

of the vessels that composed it, though freighted with human beings, were small and never designed for the open sea. Even ferry boats figured in the imposing display. Wreck and ruin had strewed the land, and how could these frail things outride the storm? It seemed as if the heavens were frowning on the enterprise. The south so regarded it, and fervent thanksgivings were offered to God for his providential interference in their behalf.

The fleet was scattered by it like sea foam, and had it not been of short duration, the loss of life and of vessels would have been terrible—probably great enough to have broken up the expedition altogether. Dupont saw the gathering tempest with the deepest anxiety, and every thing was got as snug as possible. The gale, at first moderate, rapidly increased, till it became a hurricane, sweeping the sea with a wildness and power that was appalling. The scene on Friday night on board the ships baffles description. Scattered in every direction, each had to ride out the fearful night of the first of November as it best could. When the gloomy morning dawned, Dupont, from the deck of his flag-ship, the Wabash, anxiously surveyed with his glass the wildly heaving sea. But one solitary sail of all his vast fleet could be seen. The crew of the transport Peerless were taken from the ship in a sinking condition, while the steamer Governor, with the marine battalion on board, was left a helpless wreck on the sea. All night long she labored in the billows—the smoke-stack went overboard, the steam-pipe burst, chains and ropes snapped like threads, the water poured through her opened seams, and it was feared she must go down with all on board before morning. As daylight slowly broke over the angry waste, she saw a steamer in the distance, rolling on the billows, and sent up rockets as signals of distress. To the great joy of those on board, an answering rocket streamed through the misty air. The vessel was the Isaac Smith,

which immediately stood down towards her. Approaching cautiously, she was able to fling a hawser on board, but it soon had to be cast loose. Another with great difficulty was got on board, but soon snapped under the strain of the rolling wreck, and she was once more adrift. The Rover now approached, and the captain hailing said he would stand by them to the last. A loud cheer from those grouped on the drenched deck of the Governor, came over the sea, announcing their heartfelt gratitude. Still later in the day, the Sabine hove in sight, and seeing the signals of distress, bore down, and three vessels now hovered around the sinking consort. Night came on, increasing the danger, but by eight o'clock, the stern of the Sabine was brought close to her bow, when spars were rigged out, and about thirty were thus "whipped" on board. But hawsers and cables soon gave way under the heavy strain, as the two vessels rolled on the heavy seas, and they parted. The Governor had now three feet of water in her hold, and was fast settling in the waves. The Sabine then made the hazardous experiment to get alongside, though it was feared the disabled vessel would go to pieces if she struck; but by careful management she was brought up, and forty more got on board the frigate, though one was crushed to death in attempting to pass over. At length she struck the vessel, carrying away a part of her own bow, when the former was dropped astern, and it was determined to wait till daylight. It was doubtful if the Governor could be kept afloat so long, but by throwing everything overboard, and keeping the men at the pumps and bailing, she weathered the night, and at daybreak the frigate launched her boats: but they dared not approach the rolling wreck, and the men had to jump overboard and be picked up. In this manner, all but six were saved, who in their fright left their ranks, and leaped over before they were ordered to. In a short time the ill-fated ship gave a heavy

lurch and went to the bottom. At length the gale abated, and the scattered vessels one after another came up, and the voyage was resumed. In passing Charleston, Dupont sent in for the *Susquehannah*, which was on blockading duty, to join him, and on Monday morning anchored off Port Royal. This was the entrance to Beaufort, the port for the finest cotton section of South Carolina. Every thing to indicate the course of the channel had been removed, and it was necessary to buoy it out anew. By night this was accomplished, and the vessels began to pass over the bar. The next day was spent in reconnoitering and getting the vessels in their proper places. The two islands, Hilton Head and Bay Point, lay nearly opposite each other, and on their extreme points, two forts, Beauregard and Walker, guarded the entrance,—the former mounting twenty-three and the latter six guns, some of them of the largest caliber. It was thought no vessels could succeed in passing these. Inside, was a rebel fleet of eight steamers, ready to render such assistance as circumstances might require.

THE ATTACK.

By Thursday, all the preparations were completed. The elements, as if satisfied with their useless rage, were at rest. The bay slept like a summer lake, and a bright, genial sun lighted up sea and land. The fleet presented a magnificent spectacle as it moved slowly up toward the forts. Inside the island, little steamers were crowded with spectators, who had come down from Charleston to witness the defeat of the Yankee ships.

The large war steamers, thirteen in number, formed in single file—the *Wabash* leading the van. Every thing had been made snug and the decks sanded; and with ports thrown open, the noble ships came steadily on towards the

forts. All was silent on Hilton Head until the Wabash got directly abreast, when the guns of the fort which had been trained on her, suddenly opened. Fort Beauregard, on the opposite side, responded; and the heavy shot came crashing through the rigging and spars, and tearing up the water on every side. Still not a shot replied. But as the second steamer came opposite the works, the three leading vessels opened their broadsides at once, and shot and shell from seventy-five guns fell in one wild crash on the fort. Each vessel in turn as it came alongside delivered its broadside, till the thunders shook the bay. The Wabash, as it forged slowly ahead, wheeled and came down alongside the fort on the opposite island, followed in single file by the fleet, delivering their broadsides as they passed. Again wheeling, they swept back, taking the first fort as before—and thus kept moving on in flame, describing a huge letter O. It was a grand, terrific spectacle. Amid this rain of death, the men in the chains kept calling the soundings with the calm precision they would if only buoying out the channel, while the heavy shot fell on the doomed fortress as fast as a horse's feet beat the ground in a gallop. Said one of the aids of Dupont, who watched the fire from the deck of the flag-ship, "The Wabash was a destroying angel—hugging the shore; calling the soundings with cold indifference; slowing the engine, so as to give only steerage; signalling to the vessels their various evolutions; and at the same time raining shells as with target practice, too fast to count."

Thus for four hours, with only a little interval to cool the guns and rest the men, that line of vessels swept round and round on their destructive course until at length the rebels, unable longer to stand the horrible tempest of shot and shell, broke and fled for the main land. Some of the gun boats had got inside, and hugging the shore, poured an enfilading fire into the fort. Others outside did the same, till

it became too hot for mortal flesh to stand. At half past three, the stars and stripes went up where the rebel flag had floated; and then from ship to ship the cheers arose, till they reached the transports in the distance, when the watching thousands took it up and sent it "strong and great against the sky." The garrisons, in their wild dismay, left every thing behind them. The commander of fort Walker, General Drayton, had a brother in our fleet, a captain, who helped to shell him out.

The sound of the heavy cannonading had been heard far inland; and when the news of the fall of the place reached Charleston and Savannah on either side, the utmost consternation seized the inhabitants. Men packed up their household goods and fled into the interior, expecting an immediate march inland of the invading forces, against whose victorious advance they had no adequate means of resistance. At the north the news of the victory was received with the most unbounded delight. Not only had the flag been planted on the rebellious soil of South Carolina; but it was looked upon as a mere preliminary step to an advance by the army under Sherman. To the amazement of the nation, however, this officer contented himself with issuing a proclamation to the inhabitants, and then turned his attention to building docks.

Indeed, it had seemed for a time impossible to convince the administration that there was not sufficient Union feeling at the south to overthrow the rebels of itself the moment it dare speak. Like the belief that the slaves would rise the moment war was declared, it could only be eradicated by the stern evidence of facts. East and west proclamations had followed the slightest success, until it seemed as though more was expected from them than from bayonets.

What definite idea the government had in this descent upon Port Royal, does not appear. It was said to have

been done that we might have a convenient port on the southern coast for the rendezvous, etc., of our ships in that region and in the gulf. But we already had Key West; besides, why for that purpose did we need such an army there? A few gun boats could hold the place securely. Some consoled themselves with the fact that we had opened a cotton port—a great desideratum to us and to Europe; but as time passed on, the positive advantage we had gained became less and less apparent. Sherman of course acted under orders in not advancing inland. The government, ignorant of the forces of the enemy along the coast, was doubtless afraid of some catastrophe. It had become nervous, while at the same time it lacked the genius necessary to prosecute an offensive war. Bonaparte often succeeded by conduct that the world called rash, and attributed his success to luck alone. But he knew that *moral* power was half, even where every thing seemed to depend on hard blows. A disconcerted, frightened army, he knew, was already beaten; and a blow planted in the midst of terror needed not to be a very heavy one to complete the work of destruction. It is a truth that generals seldom learn, that moral force is stronger than artillery, and can be relied on with more absolute certainty. With the terror inspired by that sudden descent on the Carolina coast, the army under Sherman could, no doubt, have marched into Savannah without firing a gun. After this display of power, the panic-stricken inhabitants were amazed to see the victors turn their exclusive attention to building wharves and collecting negroes. The army lay for a long time on board the transports, without attempting to land, even, on the deserted island.

But while the navy was thus making its first essay along our coast, an important change took place in military affairs at Washington. The veteran Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, weighed down by age and infirmities, sent in his

resignation to the President. It was an affecting spectacle to see the old hero, who had carried our flag over so many victorious battle fields, lay down his sword forever. Taking his final leave of public affairs, he was escorted by a part of the Cabinet to New York; and on young McClellan now fell the mighty responsibility that he no longer felt able to sustain. Never did the eyes of a great nation turn with a more anxious solicitude, a warmer affection, and a deeper trust on any one man, than they did on McClellan. His words on the presentation of a sword to him by Philadelphia: "*The war can not last long. It may be desperate.* I ask in the future forbearance, patience, confidence:" sank deep into the public heart. The former expression was supposed to indicate an immediate movement of the army of the Potomac on the enemy's lines at Manassas. A grand army was assembled at Washington—around the city every height was dotted with encampments—heavy divisions were on the lower and upper Potomac on the Maryland shore, while a wilderness of encampments in Virginia stretched from below Alexandria to Lewinsville, some ten miles above the Capital. Every day the public ear was bent to catch the long roll of the drum, running from the center to each extremity, which should send this vast host onward. But the mild, autumnal weeks wore slowly away, and still it came not. Each one asked his neighbor what could it mean? Now and then a cold storm reminded all of the coming on of winter, yet no provision was made for winter quarters—the tens of thousands of cavalry horses stood picketed in the open fields, exposed to the weather; and yet the order that was to bid this mighty host march was not heard. But at length a grand review of all the divisions together that were located in Virginia was appointed. The interdict was taken off from Long Bridge,—no passes were required for that day, and all who wished might go to see it. The announcement of this



Winfield Scott

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT U.S.A.



from headquarters created the most intense excitement in Washington. It was supposed to be the last of passes, and that the review was intended as the preliminary step to a forward movement. Did not a grand review with Bonaparte always precede a great battle? The time of decision and of fate had certainly come.

The review itself was a grand display, such as was never before witnessed on this continent, and may never be again. Nearly a hundred thousand men—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were drawn up in an open field, near Bailey's cross roads, and were reviewed by McClellan, the President, and a portion of the Cabinet. As the young commander galloped up and down the long lines, thunderous cheers rolled after him, and countless sabers gleamed and shook in the air. There seemed to be no end to the marching columns as they afterwards defiled past him. It was a grand display of power; and as one looked upon it, it seemed that nothing could resist that mighty host when once set in motion. But it passed away like the reviews which had preceded it, and quiet once more settled on the Potomac.

CHAPTER XIV.

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NOVEMBER, 1861.

EXPEDITION FROM CAIRO—BATTLE OF BELMONT—CRITICISM UPON IT—NELSON'S EXPEDITION TO PIKETON—A LONG MARCH—THE BATTLE—ROUT OF THE ENEMY—NELSON'S ORDER—ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS SENT WEST TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES AGAINST FREMONT—HIS REPORT—ITS INJUSTICE—CONDUCT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—REMOVAL OF FREMONT—HUNTER APPOINTED IN HIS PLACE—SUPERSEDED BY HALLECK AND SENT TO KANSAS—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE WESTERN AND SOUTH-WESTERN DEPARTMENTS—DIX SENDS AN EXPEDITION INTO EASTERN VIRGINIA—CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL—EXULTATION OF THE PEOPLE—CREATES A STORM OF INDIGNATION IN ENGLAND—WAR THREATENED—THEIR SURRENDER DEMANDED—IS COMPLIED WITH—WILKES' COURSE CLEARLY UNJUSTIFIABLE—THE TUSCARORA AND NASHVILLE IN AN ENGLISH PORT—CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES—MC CLELLAN'S STRINGENT ORDERS TO THE ARMY—THE NEGROES AND COTTON OF PORT ROYAL—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS—BURNING OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

IN the mean time, Grant at Cairo planned an expedition against Belmont in Missouri, nearly opposite Columbus, where the enemy had established a camp with the intention, as he was informed, of sending off reinforcements from it to Price, who was being pushed by a superior force. To prevent this, and at the same time to protect some columns that he had sent out against Jeff. Thompson, Grant determined to drive the rebels from the place. With two thousand eight hundred men, he started from Cairo in transports, and moving nine miles down the Kentucky shore, (as though his destination was Columbus,) tied up for the night. Two other columns had been sent forward from Paducah across the country to complete the deception. At daylight next morning, (the seventh,) Grant proceeded down the river, till almost within range of the enemy's guns, when he sud-

denly landed his troops on the Missouri shore, about two miles and a half above Belmont, where the enemy were encamped.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Leaving a detachment in charge of the transports, he moved up the bank, and going a mile drew up in a corn field. Skirmishers were thrown out, and soon the dropping fire in the surrounding woods showed that the enemy was aware of his purpose and prepared to receive him. After a short halt, the whole column was ordered forward in line of battle, with the exception of Colonel Buford's regiment, which was directed to make a detour inland to the right, so as to come upon the camp in that direction. The enemy soon appeared in force, and the fight commenced. Pushing on through the timber, floundering through the underbrush, the gallant men of Illinois and Iowa steadily forced the rebels back, though they contested every inch of ground bravely. Shell and shot from their artillery, and a storm of bullets from their infantry, fell without cessation into our ranks, sometimes so terrifically as to occasion temporary disorder, but never a backward movement. At length the enemy fell back for a quarter of a mile, when being heavily reinforced, they made another determined stand. Again our troops rushed forward with cheers, passing on a run over the rebel dead and wounded; the latter appealing in the uproar most piteously for mercy, evidently expecting no quarter. Now and then, a soldier, moved with pity, would stop to give a sufferer a drink from his canteen, and then press forward after his comrades. The enemy made their last stand behind a natural bank, and being somewhat protected, maintained their position for half an hour. In the face of a tremendous fire, our troops steadily advanced, led by officers worthy to command them, and who by their

dauntless bearing and reckless exposure of life, won the unbounded admiration of their Commander-in-Chief. He and McClernand rode forward into the fire, with their staffs, offering conspicuous marks to the enemy's sharp shooters. The horse of the former soon fell under him, but he mounted another, amid the cheers of his men. A bullet pierced one of McClernand's holsters, while horse after horse of the staff officers went down. Colonels Logan and Foulke cheered on their men with heroic words that rung over the din of battle. Answering with cheers, the soldiers dashed on, and drove the enemy back to the camp. Trees had been felled all around this, making a rude abatis, through which our troops saw it would require a desperate effort to force their way. But closing steadily up on three sides at once—Colonel Buford having reached his point of destination—they poured in a wasting fire, and leaping over the abatis bounded with a shout into the open space around the camp. The twenty-seventh Illinois was first within, and the shout they sent up made the whole line spring forward as one man. The camp was won, the rebel flag hauled down, and the stars and stripes hoisted in its place, while the bands struck up national airs, and cheer after cheer shook the shores of the Mississippi. The tents and all the camp equipage were set on fire, and soon became a mass of flame. The garrison in Columbus, seeing the camp in our possession, opened a brisk fire with their heavy guns, and shot and shell went hurtling and shrieking through the air, making it evident that the position which had been so gallantly won, must be abandoned. At this juncture, it was reported to Grant, that a heavy force was crossing the river between them and their transports, so as to cut off their retreat. The wearied troops had fought their way, inch by inch, into the enemy's camp, and now, they saw, must fight their way back to the boats.

The bugles sounded the recall, and gathering up their

dead and wounded, the victorious little army reluctantly took up its retreat over the ground it had so nobly won. The enemy by this time had landed, and were drawn up in line of battle across their line of progress. Colonel Logan ordered his flag to the front of his regiment, and moved straight on the enemy, followed by the whole army except the twenty-seventh Illinois and Dollins' cavalry, which had made the detour to the right in the morning. These fell back by the same circuitous way they had advanced. As the force entered the woods again, they were met by the rebels—and the battle commenced fiercely. Though outnumbered two to one, and exhausted by their long struggle, the soldiers knew that their only safety lay in reaching their transports. Hewing their bloody way, they fought desperately, and though sometimes thrown into disorder, always rallied again and pressed fiercely forward. When the order to retreat was first given, McClernand asked Logan what he proposed to do. "*Cut our way through, Sir,*" was the laconic reply, and now he was doing it. The shot fell fast, and the dry and leafless woods were carpeted thick with the dead, yet the banners kept advancing. Two gun boats had accompanied the transports of Grant, and these now opened a destructive fire on the enemy. Except for these, the retreat would have ended in a complete overthrow when the embarkation commenced. But their shells screaming along the shore, and tearing through the forest, kept the rebels back. Dougherty rode backward and forward through the fire to bring up his lagging brigade, and though struck again and again, kept his saddle, until at last his horse fell, when unable to walk from his wounds, he sunk on the ground and was taken prisoner. At length the whole force was re-embarked, with the exception of Buford's command and Dollins' cavalry, which had not yet been heard from. The enemy kept up a steady fire on the trans-

ports, so that the gun boats had to follow and protect them till they got beyond the reach of the enemy, when they returned to look after the missing regiment and Dollins' cavalry. Had they been cut off and captured, or lost their way to be overpowered in the end? were anxious questions. But soon the music of their bands swelled up from the shore, and the next moment their colors were seen advancing. A loud shout went up from the tired column as they saw the gun boats, Tyler and Lexington, lying to, awaiting their arrival. They were hurried on board the transports, and the whole force slowly made its way back to Cairo, which it reached at midnight, with the loss of two hundred killed, wounded, and missing. They brought away with them over two hundred prisoners and two cannon.

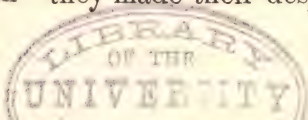
Both sides claimed the victory, for both were victorious by turns.

What positive good was accomplished by us in this movement, does not appear, and hence it was the cause of much sharp criticism. How the destruction of a camp, which we could not expect to hold under the guns of the enemy at Columbus, and hence could be replaced in a few hours, could have any very important effect in frustrating the designs of the enemy in Missouri is not so clear. The whole expedition, to say the least, was of doubtful policy.

If the breaking up of the enemy's camp at this place really secured the results aimed at, it was unquestionably a decided victory. Our men fought gallantly and drove the enemy from every position which they attacked. They not only accomplished what they set out to perform, but got back to their boats with only such loss as might be expected. The difficulty was to trace any connection between this success and any other movements in the field. The enemy claimed the victory because they thought the design of Grant was to take Columbus, which he did not do.

FIGHT AT PIKETON.

On the same day that Grant was fighting the rebels on the banks of the Mississippi, Nelson, with two thousand men, left Prestonburg and commenced a forced march of thirty miles on the enemy at Pikeville, Kentucky, in the eastern part of the state. The soldiers were ordered to take two days' rations; and without tents or other supplies than those they carried on their persons, started off on their long march. A portion of the command under Colonel Sill, left on the seventh to go by way of John's Creek, and pass to the left of Piketon, a distance of forty miles, and thus turn and cut off the rebels. The next day before daylight Nelson moved off with the main column on the direct road to the place, a distance of about thirty miles. Encumbered with no wagon train, the force marched on at a rapid pace. After toiling forward eight hours, with scarcely a halt, they came to a narrow defile through the mountains, terminating at Ivy Creek. The road here is but seven feet wide, and cut along the precipitous side of a mountain, twenty-five feet above the bed of the stream. This ridge, as it rapidly descends to the gorge, curves inward, making a sharp elbow in the road. Behind this ridge, and all along the breast of the steep mountain, the enemy, seven hundred strong, lay in ambush, and did not fire until the head of Colonel Marshall's battalion, which was in advance, reached the sharp turn. Then, all at once, a destructive fire was opened upon it, and the "mountain side was blue with puffs of smoke," though not an enemy was to be seen. The first volley brought down thirteen men. Nelson immediately ordered the Kentuckians to charge. Two regiments sprang forward and began to scale the steep sides of the mountain. Over rocks and stones—sometimes pulling themselves up by main strength—they made their desperate



way towards the astonished enemy. In the mean time two pieces of artillery were got in position in the road, and opened on those in front and on the opposite side of the creek. It was slow work scaling the steep mountain side under the enemy's fire, but the dauntless Kentuckians never faltered, and in an hour and a half the rebels were forced back at every point. They however cut the bridges over the creek as they retired, and felled trees across the road, which made the pursuit very slow and laborious. Wearied and lame, the column bivouacked that night four miles beyond Ivy Creek. Next morning a heavy November rain storm set in, which lasted all day; yet the drenched column pushed on, cutting away the trees that impeded their march, and rebridging the creek, marching nearly all the time over shoes in mud or knee deep in water, and at night without shelter of any kind and nothing but meat to eat without salt or bread, lay down in the pelting rain. At daylight, they again took up their line of march, and reached Pikeville, where Colonel Sill had arrived the day before, only to find the enemy in full flight. This bold and rapid movement completely broke up the enemy's plans in eastern Kentucky, and scattered their forces which were rapidly concentrating, to the winds. Nelson had laid his plans so well, and pushed them with so much vigor, that he had accomplished this important result in a campaign of three weeks. In his order dated the eleventh, he said, "In a campaign of twenty days you have driven the rebels from eastern Kentucky and given repose to that portion of the state. You have made continual forced marches over wretched roads, deep in mud; badly clad, you have bivouaced on the wet ground in the November rains, without a murmur. With scarce half rations you have pressed forward with unfailing perseverance. From the only place in which the enemy made a stand, though ambushed and strong, you drove him in the most gallant style."

During this time Fremont had accomplished little of importance in Missouri, though his friends declared that he was in a position where he would soon either capture Price or drive him from the state.

In this condition of affairs Adjutant-General Thomas was sent west to investigate the charges against him, and his report, through the permission of the Secretary of War, was given to the New York Tribune. It was seized with avidity, but the impartial reader scarcely knew which to condemn most, the Adjutant-General or Fremont. If the half of what the former said was true, Fremont ought to be immediately removed from his department, but the manner in which evidence had been taken, and the whole *animus* of the report, (besides the reference to matters that had no place in it,) was unjust, and calculated directly to injure the public service. The Secretary of War also suffered in the public estimation quite as much as either, in giving it, as he did, to the public press,—thus precipitating a judgment on the whole case. The result was, General Fremont was suddenly deprived of his command, and General Hunter put in his place.

In the mean time, General Halleck, who had been summoned from California, arrived, when the department was made over to him. This, with other events, necessitated a reconstruction of some of the departments, and an order was issued making New Mexico one, with Colonel Canby at its head, another including Kansas, a part of the Indian territory, Nebraska, Colorado, and Dacotah, to be commanded by General Hunter. That of Missouri included Iowa and Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and Kentucky west of the Cumberland. The department of Ohio, embraced that state, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky east of the Cumberland, and Tennessee, to be commanded by General Buell, transferred thither from the Potomac. Western Virginia was placed under Rosecranz.

General Dix, who commanded in Maryland, made a sudden move during this month into the counties of Northampton and Accomac, Virginia, and occupied them without bloodshed.

But the most exciting event of this month, and which, for a time, so engrossed the public mind that military movements were almost forgotten, was the capture of Mason and Slidell, who had been sent by the southern confederacy to represent its interests in England and France. Their escape from Charleston in the steamer *Nashville* was known to our government, and a steamer was sent in pursuit of them. These rebel leaders, however, landed at Havana, and took passage in the English mail packet *Trent* for England. Captain Wilkes, on his way home from the African coast, heard of it, and waylaying the *Trent*, brought her to, under his guns. He then transferred these gentlemen with their secretary, Mr. Eustace, to his own ship, and brought them into port. The news of their capture was received with unbounded delight; and judging from the extravagant joy, one would have thought that some immense success had been achieved, instead of the capture of two rebels, who were far better out of the country than in it. The exultation, however, was soon tempered by the serious question, what would England say to this insult to her flag?

The press, with scarcely an exception, vindicated the act of Captain Wilkes, and declared that the government, rather than surrender the prisoners, should go to war with England.

But whatever the result would be to *us*, of having two such momentous wars on our hands at the same time, the rashest defender of our rights could not but see that the southern confederacy would be established. Reflecting men stood appalled at this new evil that threatened us.

At length, the response came from England. The outrage

to the British flag, as it was regarded, threw the Kingdom into a tumult of passion. One voice rang from limit to limit—the prisoners must be immediately surrendered, or war declared. The press helped to inflame the public feeling, and it was evident that the government itself would be borne away by the torrent. Troops were ordered to Canada, and war preparations set on foot.

The south was elated. It had begun to despair of forcing England to interfere for the sake of obtaining cotton, but now an unexpected event had precipitated a quarrel between her and the general government.

In the mean time, Mason and Slidell lay in fort Warren, near Boston, waiting the action of the two governments. In process of time, the demand for their release came, and the answer of the Cabinet at Washington was waited on both sides of the water with the deepest solicitude. The reply of Secretary Seward was long and able, and ended with the surrender of the prisoners, on the single ground that Captain Wilkes did not take the vessel into a neutral port to have the case adjudicated. This was a satisfactory reason for the surrender of the prisoners; for the duty of a vessel of a nation engaged in war towards neutral ships suspected of carrying contraband articles is the same as that of a sheriff on land: to arrest and bring to trial, not to seize and adjudicate both. If the act of Captain Wilkes was justifiable, then the commander of every gun boat or war schooner can seize any ship, and converting his deck into a court, adjudicate on his own seizure. That so monstrous a doctrine could be upheld, only shows how feeling will warp the best judgments. It was, in fact, defending a species of legalized piracy.

The case, however, was weak in another point: the vessel was not bound to a belligerent, but to its *own*, port; and if Mason and Slidell could be legally seized in going from the

West Indies to England, it is hard to see why they could not have been while passing from Southampton to Havre.

It was supposed that the administration would be overwhelmed by the popular clamor, and not dare to do right, even if it wished to. But the country, much to the surprise of the English nation, quietly submitted to the decision of the government.

Much solicitude was felt respecting the course Congress would take when it met in December. The history of our Congress in time of war, from the Revolution down, does not reflect much credit on the nation. Too often, individuals and party have received the first, and the country a secondary consideration. Some of the western members, who arrived in Washington the latter part of the month, were loud in their denunciations of the "masterly inactivity," as it was termed, of McClellan; and it was evident that a party would be formed against him. Various reasons were assigned for his immobility: some asserted that whenever he was ready to make a move, his plans were rendered abortive by being divulged to the enemy, and suspicion began to rest on persons in high position. Others declared that the Secretary of War blocked his path; others still that he was not yet ready to move, and till he was, no outward pressure could make him. It was evident, however, that he had the President's confidence, and that the latter had decided to stand firmly by him, in spite of friends or foes.

At this time the public irritation towards England was still farther increased by the news that the *Nashville*, which started with *Mason* and *Slidell*, had arrived in English waters with the crew of the *Harvey Birch*, an American merchantman, on board, she having burned the vessel at sea, and was receiving the same protection afforded to vessels of any other nation. The *Tuscarora*, which had been sent in pursuit of her, had also arrived, and after waiting a

while to seize the pirate when she put to sea, was informed by the British government that she could not leave in pursuit till the rebel steamer had twenty-four hours start, thus securing the safety of the latter. This privilege was accorded to all belligerent vessels when forced by stress of weather or want of supplies into a neutral port, and it must be granted to the southern rover. This Shylock view of legal right, without any regard to moral obligation, exasperated the American people, and made many wish for peace at home that they might have a war with England, and teach her that the country would brook no such insults, though committed under technical forms.

With the foreign war cloud still resting on the horizon, the last month of autumn drew to a close. McClellan, fearing the effect of an idle camp life on his army, grew more strict respecting grog shops and intemperance, and issued an order requiring the observance of the Sabbath, and a regular attendance of the troops on the services of the chaplains.

South, no especial advantage had been gained. Men ceased to talk of an advance from Port Royal, inland, and the country seemed occupied with the question, what should be done with the vast crowd of slaves claiming our protection there. For a while they were employed in gathering the cotton; but some permanent system was needed, and yet no one seemed able to devise a satisfactory one. Meanwhile the little cotton that had been seized was forwarded to New York; but where one bale passed along the coast in transports, fifty lighted the midnight heavens with flames kindled by the owners to prevent them from falling into the hands of the hated "Yankees."

On the twenty-second of the month, the long-looked-for attack of fort Pickens on the rebel batteries opposite, took place. These extended from the navy yard to fort McRae, a distance of four miles, and were mounted with heavy ord-

nance. The steamers Niagara and Richmond took part in the engagement, and all day long till dark, thunder answered thunder, shaking the solid land with the terrific explosions. The next morning it was resumed, but the ships took very little part in the action, as a change of wind had made the water too shoal to allow them to approach within effective range. Fort McRae was silenced and the navy yard at Warrenton and other buildings set on fire, making a frightful conflagration.

The enemy's winter quarters were evidently badly broken up and his works deranged, but no serious loss was inflicted on him. On the other hand, the Richmond had received an ugly shot between wind and water, which killed one and wounded seven, and fort Pickens showed the marks of heavy pounding, but no breach was made in its walls. One killed and six wounded was the only loss sustained by the garrison from the enemy's fire.

For nine months both parties had been occupied in making their defenses so complete that but slight results could be expected, from a mutual cannonade, though it was of the most terrific kind.

Previous to this, on the seventh, a gallant exploit had been performed by Lieutenant Jouett of the frigate Santee, off Galveston harbor, in burning the rebel schooner Royal Yacht. Taking with him two launches, he set out just before midnight, and pulling for seven miles through an intricate channel and against a head sea, wind, and tide, boarded her and set her on fire. Two officers were killed and six men wounded in this daring expedition, the chief object of which was the destruction of the man-of-war steamer General Rusk, lying under the Pelican fort, if they could approach her without being discovered. Failing to do this, they were compelled to abandon the desperate undertaking, and content themselves with the destruction of the schooner.

CHAPTER XV.

DECEMBER, 1861.

OPENING OF CONGRESS—ASPECT OF AFFAIRS—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE—THE QUESTION OF FINANCE—TAX BILL—ARMY AND NAVAL FORCE OF THE COUNTRY—DRAFTING IN THE SOUTH—THE IROQUOIS AND SUMTER—POPE AND HALLECK AT THE WEST—THE INDIANS TAKE PART IN THE REBELLION—A BATTLE BETWEEN THEM—AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI—BATTLE OF MILFORD—GENERAL PRENTISS—FIGHT AT MOUNT ZION—FIGHT AT ROWLETT'S STATION, KENTUCKY—WESTERN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF CAMP ALLEGHANY.

IN the beginning of December, public attention was diverted for a moment from operations in the field to the opening of Congress. It met under peculiar circumstances; for the army it had in the summer authorized the President to raise, had effected comparatively nothing—the young commander of whom so much had been expected, still remained on the Potomac—the Capital was blockaded and beleaguered—the vast sums it had voted for the war had proved to be but a drop in the bucket, and even much of that had been recklessly squandered—the President had assumed vast and unprecedented powers, and must either be sustained or condemned—our foreign relations were in a precarious state—the country dissatisfied and agitated, and the Cabinet itself believed to be discordant. To add to this gloomy state of affairs, there was not a leading mind in either branch of Congress to whom the country could look with confidence.

For the first time in the history of the Republic, the west was the controlling power, and would its action be prudent and conservative or rash and radical, was a question that each one felt to be of vital importance. The President's

message was calm and confident, but like all his other state papers, not belligerent enough to suit the popular feeling.

Congress had appointed a committee at its previous session to investigate the stupendous frauds that had crept into the contract system, of which Mr. Van Wyck was chairman; and startling developments were expected to be made in its report. A system of finance was to be adopted that would test the resources of the country to the utmost. Besides all this, a radical element was sure to be present in great force, demanding an immediate act of emancipation as the only way to terminate the rebellion, of which slavery was declared to be the root and cause. Fears were also entertained that Congress might propose to take the conduct of the war into its own hands, or at least force the President from the policy he had adopted. It, however, (much to the relief of the fearful,) showed no inclination to embarrass the administration. The subject of finance at once took the lead of all other questions. Congress had shown itself willing enough to vote any sums that might be wanted to crush the rebellion, but when it cast about for the ways and means by which to raise the money, it was staggered.

A high tariff would not furnish a moiety of the amount needed. A direct tax sufficiently heavy could not be levied, for the Constitution required that all direct taxation should be laid according to representation; and to levy a tax according to population, and not according to property, would be very unequal between the eastern and western states—indeed, intolerably oppressive. The government could not borrow money in such vast amounts without a better security than the revenue of the customs or its simple note of hand. In this dilemma, Congress was forced at length to see that it must resort to *internal* taxation. It was very hard to confess that we must adopt a system that had beggared the old world, but there was no help for it. It was

therefore resolved to issue a hundred and fifty millions in treasury notes, and perfect a tax bill that should secure the interest on the amount. This was not only unpalatable, but novel legislation, and the committee appointed to bring in a tax bill achieved but poor success in perfecting it. But having resolved on the measure as a necessity, they went to work with such desperate energy and thoroughness that they soon presented a system of taxation that quite eclipsed the English mode, and made the assessors' duties partake very much of the nature of domiciliary visits. It was very evident that such a bill, before it could pass both houses of Congress, would receive very many modifications.

The reports of the Secretaries of War and the Navy showed that the government had in service for the suppression of the rebellion, six hundred and eighty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one soldiers, divided as follows: volunteer militia, six hundred and forty-two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven; regular army, twenty thousand three hundred and thirty-four; seamen and marines, twenty-two thousand. The rebels, alarmed at the immense force we were arraying against them, and finding that they could not raise one to match it by the volunteer system, resorted to drafting, which caused much dissatisfaction at the south.

In the beginning of this month, news was received of the escape of the privateer Sumter from the port of Martinique, where she had been a long time blockaded by the Iroquois, captain Palmer commanding. The country had thought she was caught at last, and when it was told she had got safely to sea again, the deepest mortification was felt, and Palmer was bitterly denounced on every side. The government shared in the general indignation, and superseded him in the command of the vessel. On after investigation, however, it was ascertained that he was not to blame. The authorities

of the place threw every obstacle in his way, compelling him to keep outside of the harbor, where he had an extent of fifteen miles to watch. The Sumter, taking advantage of a dark night, succeeded in dodging her adversary, and under shadow of the land crept safely to sea. The facts being made known, Palmer was acquitted of all blame and placed in honorable command.

West, General John Pope was assigned to the command of all the national troops between the Missouri and Osage rivers, in Missouri. His force consisted of the largest part of the army-which Fremont took to Springfield. This officer, by his energy and boldness, was soon to change the aspect of affairs in that part of the state. Halleck, in the mean time, issued the most stringent orders against the rebels, and the power of the government began to be felt in every part of that distracted state. All this while, minor engagements were continually taking place in various sections. In Arkansas a fight occurred near Bushy creek, between the rebels under Colonel Cooper and a Union Cherokee chief O-pothley-ho-lo. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks fought on the rebel side; and we had the strange exhibition in this war of the Union, of Indian armies meeting in the same contest which shook the Atlantic coast. The war whoop was heard, and the scalping knife did its barbaric work among the red men of the west, in a struggle for the supremacy of the Federal government. The rebel leaders had stirred up sedition even there, and armed the savages of the frontier against American citizens. Albert Pike, the poet, was conspicuous in this nefarious business, and has thus consigned his name to eternal infamy. The loyal Indians driven from their homes suffered great hardships during the winter.

West of the Mississippi the war was assuming a vindictive character, and burning towns, sacked houses, with roving bands of marauders, and homeless fugitives, made the state

of Missouri a scene of devastation. Pope, however, was getting his forces in hand, and before the month closed, dealt those terrible blows he knew so well how to inflict. On the fifteenth he started from Sedalia with about four thousand men, to get between the army of Price and his recruits and supplies on their way south, from the Mississippi river. Marching fifteen miles, he encamped, and the next day made a forced march of twenty-six miles, and coming suddenly upon the enemy, twenty-two hundred strong, encamped six miles north of Chilhowee, scattered them in every direction. Capturing cavalry, tents, wagons, and baggage, he pursued them all night, next day and night till midnight—Lieutenant-Colonel Brown leading the pursuit—until he reached Johnstown, when it was learned that the enemy's force had got reduced to five hundred men. In the meantime the main body of the Union army moved on towards Warrensburg. On the morning of the eighteenth Colonel Brown joined it, when the whole continued its march in search of another large force which Pope had been informed was in the vicinity. Ascertaining through his scouts that they were marching towards Milford, and would encamp that night near that place, he pushed forward, and late in the afternoon came upon them in a wooded bottom land, on the Black Water, opposite the mouth of Clear creek. A long, narrow bridge crossed the stream at this point, which was held by the rebels who stood prepared to defend it. But as soon as the supports and reserves could be got up, Lieutenant Gordon of the fourth Ohio cavalry was ordered to carry the bridge. Lieutenant Armory with the regular cavalry immediately advanced, but seeing that his detachment would be annihilated if it undertook to charge over the long, narrow bridge, he ordered his men to dismount; and every fourth man holding the horses of the other three, they with sabers and pistols approached it as skirmishers. Desultory

firing followed with but little advantage on either side, when the artillery came thundering up, under Davis. The rebels seeing it approach, did not wait for the guns to unlimber, but turned and fled. Armory then ordered his men to mount, which they did in hot haste, and the bugle pealing forth the charge, they dashed over the bridge on a gallop, and charged, shouting along the road which the rebels had taken. Passing through a piece of woods, the latter formed in line of battle in an open space; but finding themselves outflanked and outnumbered, they raised the white flag, and a young officer came forward and asked if thirty minutes would be allowed for consultation. Colonel Davis, in command of the advance force, replied "that as night was closing in that was *too long*." An immediate surrender followed, when Colonel Davis started back for Pope's camp, at which he arrived at midnight, amid the shouts of the soldiers.

The next morning the army took up its backward march to Sedalia, in a biting December blast, that froze the ears and feet of many of the cavalry. It arrived in safety with about fifteen hundred prisoners, twelve hundred stand of arms, nearly a hundred wagons, and a large quantity of supplies. Our loss in all did not amount to more than a dozen men. In five days the infantry had marched a hundred miles, and the cavalry two hundred.

A fight which took place at Mount Zion, about a fortnight after, on the twenty-eighth, closed up the month, and the year sixty-one, in Missouri. General Prentiss, on the twenty-fourth, left Palmyra with five companies of cavalry, and proceeded to Sturgeon; when learning that a force of rebels was concentrated in Hallsville, Boone county, he sent forward a company to reconnoiter. Captain Howland commanding it, found the enemy two miles beyond the town. In a skirmish that followed, he with one private was taken prisoner; but the rest of the company made good their re-

treat. When Prentiss, at Sturgeon, heard their report, he ordered forward his cavalry, under Colonel Glover, and five companies of sharp shooters, under Colonel Birge, in all four hundred and seventy—the march to commence at two o'clock in the morning. It was a dark and wintry morning, but the men pushed cheerfully forward, and by eight o'clock had made eighteen miles. Here a halt was ordered, for the scouts reported the enemy to be in close proximity. Ascertaining that his force consisted of but one company, an immediate attack was made, in which five rebels were killed and nine taken prisoners. From the latter, Prentiss learned that the rebels, nine hundred strong, were drawn up near a church known as Mount Zion.

FIGHT AT MOUNT ZION.

Their left lay sheltered in a piece of woods, and the sharp shooters were sent to dislodge them. They advanced cautiously, and soon the woods rang with the crack of their rifles; but being only three companies strong, they could not succeed in driving the enemy from his cover. Soon, however, Colonel Glover came up on a run with reinforcements. Birge's men were at this moment falling back in disorder, but seeing the approach of help he dashed among them, while the balls pattered like rain-drops around him, and rallying them, shouted "Come on, men." Obeying their gallant leader, they flung themselves with a loud hurrah forward, and Glover coming up at the same time, the woods were cleared and the enemy broke and fled, leaving all their camp equipage, and nearly a hundred horses behind them. The battle lasted two hours, and part of the time was almost a hand-to-hand fight. Our loss in killed and wounded was only sixty-six, while the enemy left on our hands a hundred and seventy-five killed and wounded, and thirty prisoners. Pren-

tiss, after collecting the enemy's wounded, and placing them in the church, and sending to the farmers in the vicinity to take care of them, put his own in wagons and started back for Sturgeon, where he arrived at nine o'clock at night.

A few days previous to this, a fight occurred at Rowlett's Station, near Mumfordsville, Kentucky, between a part of Colonel Willich's Indiana regiment, of Buell's division, while on outpost duty, and a column of the enemy, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and two regiments of infantry. Against this superior force the Indianians fought as skirmishers, forming quickly into squares when threatened with a charge of cavalry, and defending themselves bravely till reinforced by other companies of the regiment. In one instance a whole battalion of Texan rangers charged with deafening yells upon the seventh company, not over fifty in number, drawn up in square. The gallant little band waited till they came within seventy yards, when they swept them with such a deliberate, well aimed volley, that they staggered back, broken before it. They, however, rallied again, and at the sound of the bugle came on the second time, with gleaming sabers—some of them in their wild rage forcing their horses to the points of the bayonets—but the same deadly volley smote them, emptying the saddles with frightful rapidity, and they again wheeled and galloped out of the fire. A third and last time they formed, and moved steadily forward, their leader, Colonel Terry, shouting in the advance. But when they came within the fatal range of those western marksmen, the deadly fire that smote them tumbled their commander in the dust, when the whole force broke and fled. Willich, at this time, arrived on the field and took chief command; but the courage of the enemy, though outnumbering us nearly four to one, was completely broken and he withdrew from the field. Our loss in killed and wounded was only twenty-eight, while that of the

enemy was over eighty. It was a gallant fight, and Buell in complimenting the thirty-second Indiana regiment, ordered that "Rowlett's Station" should be inscribed on its banner.

Four days previous to this, on the thirteenth, a severe engagement occurred in Western Virginia, between General Milroy with his brigade of two thousand men, and an equal number of rebels under General Johnson, of Georgia, at Camp Alleghany. This camp was situated on the top of the Alleghany mountains, about eight miles and a half beyond the Green Brier river, where Reynolds made his bold and successful reconnoissance against General Lee, in October. The army took up its line of march on Thursday morning, of the twelfth, and reached the old camp of Lee at eight o'clock at night. Here it was divided into two columns,—one being directed to advance on what was known as the "Green Bank road," to attack the enemy's left, while the main column under Milroy in person, moved along the "Staunton turnpike." At ten o'clock at night this column took up its march, and an hour after, the other moved off on the Green Bank road.

BATTLE OF CAMP ALLEGHANY.

Milroy kept on in the darkness till he came within half a mile of the enemy's camp, when he halted. Hastily reconnoitering his position, he wheeled his column off the road and began to ascend the mountain. It was very steep and rocky, but the soldiers, though weary with their long night's march, toiled cheerfully forward, and at length just as the first gray of dawn began to streak the far off eastern sky, reached the summit. Here they were to await the attack of the other column on the left, but as they rose over the crest of the mountain they came upon the enemy's pickets, who immediately fell back on the camp. Colonel Jones, who

commanded the advance, seeing that the rebels would be advised of his approach, immediately ordered Lieutenant McDonald, of the thirteenth Indiana, to pursue them on the double quick. Starting off on a run, the regiment pressed over the rocky ground till it came to the edge of the woods, in full view of the camp. The enemy was expecting them and stood formed in line of battle. Daylight had now broadened on the lonely mountain, and the cold December blast swept by in fitful gusts. The waning moon which had just risen, paled in the increasing light, and the whole wintry scene was dreary and desolate. McDonald immediately deployed his men, and the battle commenced. The enemy being hastily roused from their slumbers, seemed to have no heart for the fight, and after a few rounds retreated in great confusion, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Their officers, however, succeeded in rallying them, and they again advanced with great determination. Some of our troops now began to falter and fall back, but were finally rallied, and again repulsed the enemy in an attempt to turn our right flank. The contest now raged fiercely, and the bleak summit of the Alleghany rang with the incessant crack of small arms and roar of artillery. Again and again the rebels were driven back to their cabins, but as often rallied, and threw themselves with fierce determination and overwhelming numbers, now on this wing and now on that. They were repulsed in every attempt; but after three hours fighting, many of our men having left their ranks and skulked to the rear, and the ammunition being nearly exhausted, McDonald ordered his command to fall back to head quarters. This became the more necessary as the other column that was to attack the enemy's left did not make its appearance. Colonel Moody in command of it, found the march more difficult than he anticipated. The hill was very steep, and for three miles his men had to toil up the ascent, made

almost impassable by trees that had been fallen by the rebels in every direction. The combined attack was to have been made before daylight, at four o'clock in the morning, but the first column did not reach the summit of the mountain till daylight, and the other not till eight o'clock, or just after McDonald had fallen back. Thus this division, like the first, had to encounter the whole force of the enemy. This they did most gallantly, advancing with yells and shouts against him, and driving him back to within two hundred yards of his camp. At this point the rebel volleys became so destructive that our troops were compelled to take shelter behind logs and trees and rocks, where they kept up so fierce and destructive fire, that every effort of the enemy to advance was repulsed. Majors Milroy and Owens maintained their position here for a long while against three times their number, when seeing no prospect of their being supported by the other column, they too fell back in good order, taking their dead and wounded with them. Why, during this long and unequal fight, General Milroy did not again advance and succor them does not appear. Our men, with few exceptions, fought nobly, but the attack was a failure, and a long, wearisome, wintry march proved barren of results. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was a hundred and thirty-seven; that of the enemy was probably about the same.

Thus beginning at the extreme west, successive conflicts took place all along nearly the same parallel to the Atlantic, yet apparently without any effect on the relative position of the two great armies that stood confronting each other. The fight at Rowlett's Station, Kentucky, and Milford, Missouri, occurred within one day of each other—at Camp Alleghany four days previous, and at Mount Zion on the twenty-eighth. Keeping along the parallel east, we come to the army of the Potomac, whose inaction was suddenly broken on the twentieth by the battle of Drainsville.

CHAPTER XVI.

DECEMBER, 1861.

BATTLE OF DRAINSVILLE—THE "STONE FLEET"—CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING IT BETWEEN LORD LYONS AND MR. SEWARD—DUPONT'S OPERATIONS ON THE COAST OF GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN WINTER QUARTERS—RELEASE OF MR. ELY FROM PRISON IN RICHMOND—DISSATISFACTION WITH MC CLELLAN'S INACTION—DIVISION IN CONGRESS RESPECTING THE MANNER OF CARRYING ON THE WAR—DANGER OF THESE CONFLICTING VIEWS—FIRMNESS AND INTEGRITY OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE battle of Drainsville, occurring so near to Washington, and the first of any magnitude in which the army of the Potomac had been successful, was given an importance by our leading papers that did not properly belong to it. Its chief value lay in showing the mettle of our troops, and in inspiring the army with confidence in its power, and an eagerness to measure its strength with the enemy.

On the twentieth, Gen. Mc Call commanding the Pennsylvania reserve—occupying the farthest point up the Potomac, on the Virginia side—ordered General Ord to take his brigade the next day, and move in the direction of Drainsville, for the double purpose of driving back the enemy's pickets which had become troublesome, and of procuring forage for his animals. So on Saturday morning at six o'clock, Ord put his column in motion, taking with him the first rifles commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, brother of the northern explorer, and Easton's battery, and proceeded to Drainsville without opposition. Here he posted his men so as to command the approaches to the town and cover his foraging party. When he first arrived, he saw some mounted rebels on a slope beyond a piece of woods, and near them a smoke ascending, which led him to believe they were plan-

ning mischief. Soon scouts arrived, who informed him that the enemy was advancing in force towards the turnpike from the south, and had already driven in his pickets. Taking position on the turnpike, with flanking regiments on both sides of it, Ord prepared to receive him. Suddenly from the woods on his left a fierce fire was opened both by artillery and musketry. The cannon, six in number, were in a road that passed through the woods, but their position could only be conjectured by the smoke of the discharges. Easton's battery, ordered up to reply to this, came on at such a tearing gallop that it went by the spot it was directed to take, and one gun was upset. They soon, however, got in position and opened a rapid, heavy fire on the concealed battery. Finding a spot where the road could be raked, Ord ordered the capsized gun to be righted and brought thither with the two other pieces, which soon caused the rebel fire to slacken.

At this time, Colonel Kane, with the gallant Bucktails, who were on the right, saw a body of rebels crossing an open field, close by the woods, evidently to make a flank movement, or occupy a brick house which stood on a hill about a hundred yards distant from his regiment. He immediately sent a detachment to take possession of the building, which they did on the double quick, and opened a galling fire on the enemy. The remainder of the regiment lay on their faces behind bushes, fences, and any thing that furnished shelter, rising only to fire, and then dropping again and loading on their backs. So rapid and well aimed were their volleys, that the rebels who had kept steadily advancing as they fired, at length gave way and took shelter in the woods. The order then came for the whole line to advance and take the battery. It was received with a loud cheer by the men as they sprang to their feet. Kane was on foot, and at the moment of leading the charge, received a ball through his cheek, which brought him to the ground. But the next

moment he sprang to his feet again, and hastily bandaging up the wound with a white handkerchief, led his men fiercely forward. Colonel Taggart of the twelfth regiment, dismounted, and drawing his sword and flinging away his scabbard, strode at the head of his troops. The two regiments with an unbroken front moved straight on the woods, receiving without flinching the fire of the concealed enemy. The timber was thick with underbrush, which at once broke up the firmly set line, and they struggled forward as they best could, while the shells burst among the branches overhead, and the shot flew on every side. Every moment they expected to come face to face with the battery, but the unfaltering line swept irregularly onward, until at last they emerged into an open field of some ten or fifteen acres, from whence they caught sight of the enemy in full flight—the artillery bounding in a gallop along the turnpike. Loud hurrahs rent the air, and picking up the dead and wounded, they were about to start in pursuit, when the recall was sounded. McCall, who had arrived a short time before on the field, not deeming it prudent to push the victory, had ordered a halt. Bivouac fires were kindled around Drainsville, and the tired army was glad of a short repose.

The battle was over by three o'clock, and our loss all told was but sixty-seven. The rebels acknowledged a loss of two hundred and forty. It is a little singular that in this battle both sides complained of regiments being deceived, by their adversaries claiming to be friends, until they could deliver the first volley.

With the exception of some slight skirmishing on the upper Potomac, and a somewhat sharp affair at New Market Bridge, near Newport News, two days after the battle of Drainsville, the forces along the Potomac remained quiet the remainder of the month.

The "stone fleet," as it was called, which consisted of a

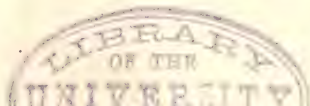
number of old vessels loaded with stone, designed to obstruct Charleston harbor, so as to render the blockade more complete, reached its destination this month and was consigned to the deep. On the very day that the fields and woods around Drainsville were trembling under the roar of cannon, sixteen old whalers, loaded with stone, were quietly sinking one after another to the bottom, off Charleston harbor. The event created a great sensation at the time, and was the cause of much angry discussion here and abroad; for many supposed it was the intention of the government to destroy Charleston as a seaport forever. Some said that it was visiting on the next generation the sins of this, and that no administration had a right thus to ruin the commercial facilities of a state for all time.

Even England remonstrated against the act; but Mr. Seward assured the British minister that we had no intention of destroying the port of Charleston. It was done for temporary convenience alone, as there were so many channels leading into the harbor it was impossible to guard them all. In conclusion, the Secretary significantly remarked, that it was evident that the port was not destroyed, as English vessels with goods contraband of war had entered since the sinking of the ships.

But so bitter was the feeling at the north towards this city, which had begun the war, that it is questionable, if the news that an earthquake had sunk it with all its inhabitants would not have caused the profoundest gratification. A terrible conflagration that swept it about this time, turning crowds of families out of doors, awakened no commiseration.

Our naval force during the month did but little except to maintain a rigid blockade. Steamers and gun boats were being rapidly built, all over the country, and we expected soon to be able to accomplish something worthy of the navy.

Much indignation was felt because the rebel Captain



Lynch succeeded in cutting out a schooner almost under the guns of fortress Monroe. It was humiliating enough to submit to the blockade of the Potomac, without being defied in this way in the presence of a powerful fleet.

South, Dupont's mission seemed to have ended with the taking of Port Royal, and he was left apparently to amuse himself in any way he thought proper. There was a strange want of definite purpose about this whole expedition, which succeeding events instead of clearing up obscured the more. He, however, had his instructions, and commenced a series of explorations along the Carolina and Georgia coast, during the month, which served to keep the inhabitants in a state of alarm. The bay of St. Helena, valuable as a harbor, and for its proximity to Charleston, was taken possession of by Drayton, as well as Tybee Roads. Another expedition, under Commander Rodgers, went up Warsaw Sound, to within ten miles of Savannah. A little later, on the eleventh, he with several gunboats started up the Vernon river and the Great Ogeechee to Ossabaw island.

On the sixteenth, Drayton made an exploration of the north and south Edisto rivers, but found little except deserted fortifications and plantations, denuded of every thing but slaves. Here and there a battery, placed where the gun boats could not operate, was discovered.

Nothing of importance occurred along the gulf, and affairs at fort Pickens seemed to have fallen back to their old state of quietness since the bombardment of the month previous.

Around Washington, the eventful year of 1861 went out quietly. The two great armies lay front to front, and seemed occupied chiefly in making themselves comfortable during the inclement season. Log cabins, tents banked with earth and supplied with every variety of heating apparatus that American ingenuity could devise, and sheltered by cedar bushes set in the earth to break the force of the wind, and

stables built of evergreens, combined to make the vast encampment of the army of the Potomac a curious and interesting sight. Thus housed, the mighty host, composed of mechanics, farmers, clerks, lawyers, and men of every trade, accustomed to all the comforts of life, prepared itself to meet the biting gales and storms of sleet and snow that made up the dreary winter.

A little excitement was created in Washington by the return of Mr. Ely, member of Congress from Rochester, who was taken prisoner at Bull Run, and had ever since been confined in prison at Richmond. Mr. Faulkner of Virginia, our minister to France under Mr. Buchanan's administration, had been arrested on his return to this country, on the suspicion of treason, and confined in fort Warren. Being released on parole for the purpose of effecting an exchange for Mr. Ely, he succeeded, and the latter returned to Washington, where his description of his prison life, and that of the soldiers, awakened considerable interest. It was hoped that his release would be the means of some general system of exchange of prisoners being adopted, and movements to that end were set on foot, but failed to accomplish it.

Congress in the mean time was getting restive under the inaction of the army in front of the Capital. The impassable condition of the roads, it seemed to be admitted on all hands, rendered a winter campaign out of the question; but members were dissatisfied that no forward movement had been made before they became so, and the germs of a strong opposition to McClellan began to develop themselves. The country, however, was appeased by the assurance that a great plan was maturing, which required delay, but at the proper time would be developed and crush the rebellion at a blow. Unfortunately for McClellan, not only did the conservative part of the country uphold his course, but the opposition seized upon him to play off against the ardent re-

publicans, thus creating a party hostile to him, independent of military matters. The more considerate thought they saw the beginning of incalculable evil in this, for it was plain that the army was determined to stand by its young commander, and if the opposition party made an onslaught on him, and carried the administration with it, we might have serious trouble on our hands. But it soon became apparent that the President was firm on this point, and would, at least until further developments, stand by the Commander-in-Chief. His position was so decided and determined, that the party leaders saw that to press the matter would bring them in direct collision with the administration. McClellan's indifference to politicians, and his habit of reticence, deigning neither to excuse nor explain, made it certain, however, that the first mistake that he should be guilty of, would rouse an intensely active opposition. Whenever he should move, it must be to unqualified victory, or the storm that would burst on his head would be the severer from having been so long delayed.

This firmness of the Executive, however, was the great redeeming feature of the administration; for the conviction that the hand at the helm was steady gave the country confidence and courage.

In the mean time, the members from the border states were in a very uncomfortable position: they wished to stand by the Union and put down the rebellion, but differed *toto cœlo* from the republican party, respecting the manner in which it should be done. They wished to leave slavery alone, —to reduce the rebels by force of arms,—and let the Union men in the slave states, held down by tyrannical power, have a chance to speak and act, and thus bring back the old Union, with the Constitution unimpaired. But the former insisted that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, and it was absurd to suppose you could destroy an effect so long

as you let the cause remain. On this subject the north was much divided, and it was plain it would cause the President more trouble and vexation than all other things put together. What should be his line of policy under the circumstances, was a most serious and perplexing question, and one which would become more embarrassing at every step of the progress of the war. He would be between the upper and nether millstones, and vast and untold evils lay dimly shadowed in the future. He was, however, steadily rising in the confidence of all classes, exhibiting grander proportions of character than even his warmest admirers had ever claimed for him; but how long he would be able to hold a steady helm in the turbulent sea through which the vessel of state was dashing, no one knew. Events were crowding fearful responsibilities upon his shoulders, and it seemed more than likely before another year came round, on him alone would turn the destiny of the nation.

The Union border men trembled for their own states, as they saw the tendency of things, and tried in various ways to prevent the evil they feared. The most extraordinary proposition made, perhaps, was one by Mr. Saulsbury, senator from Delaware, in the latter part of this month: that a certain number of commissioners should be appointed, among them Messrs. Fillmore and Everett, to meet a similar number from the south, for the purpose of agreeing on some basis of settlement by which the divided states could come together once more in peace. But the question, "Shall there be war or not?" had long since passed,—the momentous one now was; on what principles shall it be conducted? and to what end shall it be pushed? The abolitionists and one wing of the republican party demanded that universal freedom should keep pace with the army, while the more conservative insisted that the war should look only to the restoration of the states to their old status. One

declared that rebellion cancelled all the obligations enforced by the original compact, and the other replied that a war waged on this basis would be a war of conquest, and could end only in ruin to the Republic. The former asserted that the rebellion could be crushed in no other way except by the destruction of slavery,—the latter said that neither Congress nor the President had any more right or power, except tyrannical, to abolish slavery in the states than slavery in India; and if they had, sudden emancipation would as effectually destroy the states, as a part of the Federal Union, as though they were physically cut off.

These opposing views necessarily more or less distracted the administration, and threatened a serious division in the north. The President was troubled, and felt that the people were making a grievous mistake in quarreling over the question of slavery, while the whole thought and energy of the country should be given to the defeat of the rebel armies in the field. Fortunately for the nation, he was not swayed by any fanciful theories, but took a practical view of the subject, and endeavored so to shape his policy as not to distract the country, but unite it. In this he showed a remarkable penetration, and a capacity and force of character that elevated him still more in the estimation of the people. He wished to crush the rebel *armies* first and dispose of the question of slavery afterwards, but some of his friends seemed determined that he should make an effort to settle this first, and take the chances of its effect on the rebellion.

CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY, 1862.

OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR AROUND WASHINGTON—AT PENSACOLA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS—FIGHT OF PORT ROYAL THE SAME DAY—EXPEDITION BY MILROY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—JACKSON ADVANCES TO THE POTOMAC AND TEARS UP THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD—FIGHT OPPOSITE HANCOCK—FIGHT AT BLUE'S GAP—BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK, KENTUCKY, AND VICTORY OF GARFIELD—POPE IN MISSOURI.

THE new year opened with comparative quiet around Washington, and indeed all along the great line of defense that crossed half the continent. Even at Richmond, the rebel capital, more than usual gaiety prevailed; but far off, on the southern coast, the thunder of cannon heralded it in with ceremonies more becoming the terrible scenes of carnage that were to mark its passage.

FIGHT AT PENSACOLA.

On new year's morning, a small rebel steamer was observed from fort Pickens, making her way towards Pensacola navy yard, waving a secession flag in a defiant manner. As she drew near the fort, it opened a fire on her, sending the shot and shell so thickly around her that she beat a hasty retreat. The rebel batteries on shore immediately replied, and a terrific artillery fight commenced which lasted all day. Both sides had been so long occupied in obtaining the accurate range of each other, that the firing was characterized by great precision. Shells fell like hail stones within the fort, and thundered incessantly on its massive walls, while its own heavy guns hurled a terrible storm of iron on the opposing batteries.

The sun went down on the fight and darkness fell over land and water, yet the heavy cannonading was kept up. The fort, however, confined itself chiefly to its thirteen-inch mortars, but the enemy kept all its batteries in full play. As night deepened, the scene became indescribably grand. Every shell could be traced in its course by its burning fuse, till it burst in flame on the shore. The screaming missiles crossed each other in their flight, weaving a strange tracery in the gloom, and lighting up as by incessant flashes of lightning, that dark structure and the resounding shores and distant shipping. During the night the navy yard was set on fire by our shells, and burst into fierce conflagration, casting a lurid glare on the heavens, and shedding a strange, weird light on island, stream, and forest. Its reflection was seen forty miles at sea. The heavy thunder, however, gradually died away, and when the dull gray light of morning broke over the desolate scene, the useless bombardment ceased. But little damage was done on either side, and if there had been, no important result would have been gained, for neither was in a condition to take advantage of any success it might achieve. Bragg, commanding the rebels, if he had effected a breach, would not have dared to storm the works, while Brown, commanding the fort, even if he had dismounted every battery, had no force with which to seize and hold the place.

On this same new year's morning, a combined attack of the land and naval forces at Port Royal, was made on the enemy who had concentrated in large numbers in the vicinity, with the intention of driving our army out of Beaufort. Rodgers commanded the naval force, which was to protect the debarkation of a part of the troops under Steven's, at Haywood's landing, and to cover the route of the column to Adams' plantation, and then protect the landing of the rest. The rebels were driven from their battery, at

Port Royal ferry, and our troops took possession of it. The former made a feeble resistance, and our total loss out of a force of some three thousand men, was only ten or twelve killed and wounded. The movement was well planned and skilfully carried out. The enemy's works were destroyed, themselves driven five miles into the interior, and the navigation of Broad and Coosaw rivers which it was their intention to close, permanently opened to our transports and gun boats.

The night before new year's, an expedition, composed of seven hundred men and thirty-eight cavalry, all under command of Major Webster, was sent by Milroy, in Western Virginia, to destroy a quantity of rebel stores known to be accumulated at Huntersville, in Pocahontas county, about forty miles from Staunton. New year's morning was freezing cold, and the wintry wind from the snow-clad mountains swept in fierce gusts across the open valley where the detachment had encamped. The bugle that summoned them to the march at daylight, had any thing but a cheerful sound in the howling blast, but the men left their blazing fires with alacrity, and marched twelve miles to the foot of Elk mountain, and encamped in a pine grove whose dark arcades were soon all aglow with the roaring camp fires. Here they found the road so blockaded by fallen trees, that they were compelled to leave behind their ambulances and wagons, and take a mountain trail which led to the summit. Keeping on their way, they at length came in sight of the enemy at a bridge over Green Brier river, about six miles from Huntersville. The rebels retreated, and the detachment followed in pursuit till it came within two miles of the town, when it again encountered them. A skirmish followed, and the rebels again fell back, while the cheers and shouts that followed them made the mountains ring. At length their cavalry drew up in imposing force on a level plain as if about to charge, but as the excited little band dashed toward them

on a run, they turned and fled. The whole force then broke on the double quick into the town, shouting like madmen. The enemy had all fled, and Major Webster finding six buildings filled with provisions set fire to them, and by the light of the conflagration took up his backward march.

The expedition was gone six days in all, and marched in that time over a hundred miles.

The rebel General Jackson, stationed at Winchester, also chose the first day of the new year on which to start an expedition towards the Potomac, for the double purpose of clearing out our scattered forces between him and the river, and tear up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio rail road.

On Saturday, the fourth, as they approached Bath, they surprised forty men of the thirty-ninth Illinois, out on a scout, and killed one and took eight prisoners. The regiment at Bath immediately planted cannon, so as to command the roads leading to the place, and soon as the rebels came in view, opened on them. Colonel Murray, with the eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, hastened over the river to its support, but on arriving and assuming command, he ordered a retreat, leaving all his stores and camp equipage in the hands of the enemy.

It was a terribly cold day; and both parties suffered severely. An artillery fire was kept up as we retreated, and the regiments effected a safe passage across the river to Hancock, on the Maryland shore.

The next morning at daybreak, the rebels appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced shelling the town. No damage, however, was done, and they contented themselves with tearing up the rail road track. In the mean time, Lander arrived, and prepared to defend the town. The rebels, however, made no farther attempt, and on Tuesday retired, taking with them a few prisoners.

On this same day, (the seventh,) an expedition from

Kelley's command at Romney, which had set out at midnight, approached Blue's Gap. The night had been clear and cold, and the ground was covered with six inches of snow, which made the march slippery and difficult. But the men, though benumbed with frost, pressed forward with spirit, and after proceeding some fourteen miles, came up with the outposts of the enemy, just as the cold, wintry morning was broadening over the mountains. The latter turned and fled; and though the gap was still some two miles distant, Colonel Dunning (in command) shouted "*Forward! Double quick!*" The excited troops started off on a trot, and as the measured foot-falls beat the frozen ground, they sent up a shout which they kept up in a sort of measured cadence to their tread. They thus unfortunately announced their coming, so that the enemy was prepared to receive them.

FIGHT AT BLUE'S GAP.

The gap in which they had taken position was formed by two high hills, which, as they approached the road, became two precipices, leaving a gorge not more than twenty or thirty feet wide, through which wound a narrow road skirted by a stream. Here the enemy had planted two cannon, while the hill on the north side was protected by a rifle pit. The one on the south side was left undefended, it being considered too precipitous for any troops to scale. Just before reaching the gap, a bridge crossed the stream, which the enemy undertook to tear up; but before they could accomplish it, the advance guard was upon them, and replacing the upturned planks, dashed across. Colonel Dunning then drew up his force, and ordered the Ohio fifth to charge on the rifle pits,—the fourth to scale the steep south mountain, and the seventh, when the action had fairly commenced, to push straight along the road. The fifth mounted the hill in

face of the intrenchments, and losing all order scrambled over the rocks with yells. Receiving the rebel fire without halting, they stormed over them in one wild hurrah. They then dashed down the mountain, in rear of the cannon, and bayoneting the gunners captured the pieces. In the mean time, the fourth scaled the precipitous sides of the south hill like wild cats, and falling on the fugitives captured thirty-five prisoners. Before the center column could get into action, the fight was over, and the enemy scattered in every direction. The rebel force was nearly two thousand strong, of which about forty were killed and as many more taken prisoners. Gathering up their spoils, consisting of a large number of cattle, wagon loads of ammunition, and stores, the victorious little army took up its line of march for camp, where it arrived at four o'clock, having accomplished thirty-two miles in seventeen hours.

West, our forces seemed equally determined to crown the opening year with victories. On the same day that Colonel Dunning drove the enemy from Blue's Gap, Colonel Garfield broke up his camp at Muddy Creek, Kentucky, and moved towards Paintsville, the county town of Johnston county, to attack Humphrey Marshall, who occupied that region with a force estimated at five thousand. The latter being advised of his approach, retreated to some heights on Middle Creek, about two miles from Prestonburg, leaving three hundred cavalry at the mouth of Jennie Creek, near Paintsville, as a corps of observation. Scattering this force, Garfield pushed on for Prestonburg, fifteen miles distant, with a thousand and one hundred men. He had only three days' rations of hard bread for his whole force, yet with this meager supply, he boldly set out on his difficult march. Arriving within one mile of the place at eight o'clock at night, he learned that the enemy were encamped three miles distant up the creek. Sending back to Paintsville to have

all the available forces immediately pushed forward, he encamped on the crest of a wooded hill in a pelting rain storm, the men sleeping on their arms.

BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

The next morning at four o'clock, the troops were summoned to arms, and snatching a hasty breakfast of hard bread, pushed on a mile up the creek, then crossed over to Middle Creek, which empties into the Big Sandy, opposite Prestonburg. Garfield thought the enemy were encamped on Abbot's Creek, and moved up towards Middle Creek slowly, throwing out skirmishers as he advanced. Proceeding thus a couple of miles, he came to the mouth of Middle Creek, a thousand yards up which he now ascertained the enemy to be in position. The morning had dawned gloomy and chill, but the troops were in the highest spirits, and eager to be led against the enemy.

Not knowing the exact position of the rebel force, Garfield sent forward a body of skirmishers to draw their fire, and thus ascertain it. Failing to do this, he at noon ordered his escort of cavalry, only twenty in number, to charge. Away they dashed, with pealing bugle, and the rebels thinking the whole force was upon them, opened with shot and shell. This disclosed in part their position. One regiment was posted behind the ridge, a point of which he himself occupied, and on the left of the road commanding it. Another was behind a ridge on the right of the road, while the artillery was posted between. It was their intention to draw Garfield along the road between these enfilading fires and destroy him. But in their haste they had revealed the trap, and Garfield at once formed his plan of attack. He sent two Kentucky companies along the crest of the ridge on the point of which he was encamped while one Ohio company was ordered to cross the

creek, which was waist deep, and occupy a spur of a high rocky ridge to the front and left of his position. In a few minutes the enemy opened with two cannon, and soon the sharp firing of musketry showed that the detachment to the left was hotly engaged. The rebels, however, were found to be in overwhelming force, and Garfield hurried forward reinforcements. As these came shouting up the hill the contest became fiercer. The rebels at length succeeded in occupying the main ridge, at a point nearly opposite to Garfield's position, and opened a heavy fire on his reserves. To prevent being outflanked, the latter ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Monroe to cross the creek a short distance below, and drive back the enemy, which he did in gallant style. In the meantime, Colonel Cramer and Major Pardee, though outnumbered three to one, pushed the enemy inch by inch up the steep ridge nearest to the creek. Never did troops behave more gallantly; still Garfield became exceedingly anxious as he saw against what overwhelming numbers they were slowly making their desperate way. A thousand fresh troops, and he felt the day would be his own; still they did not come; and hour after hour he had to maintain the unequal conflict. The day was drawing to a close, and still the enemy held those rugged heights. But just as the sun was disappearing behind them, loud cheers in the rear announced the arrival of reinforcements. Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, with the forty-second Ohio, had marched fifteen miles without breakfast, toiling at the top of their speed through the deep mud, and for the last two miles on a run, and now bespattered, hungry, and exhausted, demanded with loud clamor to be led against the enemy. As Garfield saw the bayonets of the brave fellows dancing along the stream, he gave a shout of joy, and flinging his coat into the air as he stripped himself for the last struggle, immediately ordered forward the whole of his reserve under Lieutenant-Colonel Brown.

He knew the decisive hour had come, and hurling his entire line of battle forward, pushed the enemy back up the slope and over the crest of the ridges, and finally forced him to retreat in confusion. Night had now come on, and fearing that his troops would get confused among the hills and fire on each other, he ordered a halt, designing to finish the work in the morning. The firing had scarcely ceased, when a bright light streamed up from the valley below, where the enemy had disappeared, showing that he was burning his stores, preparatory to an ignominious flight.

The next day the victorious army entered Prestonburg and found it nearly deserted. Seventy-five of the enemy's dead were picked up on the field, showing that his loss must have been severe, while our own was less than thirty.

Unable to obtain provisions here, Garfield moved back his brave, half-starved and foot-sore army to Paintsville.

While he was inflicting this severe punishment on the rebels in Kentucky, Pope in Missouri was dealing them another of his unexpected blows. On the eighth, he sent out Major Torrence from Booneville, who came upon the enemy encamped near Silver Creek. The latter were in a strong position, protected by ravines, underbrush and woods. The cavalry could not charge through the obstructions, and so the men dismounted, and with saber and revolver, and guidons flying in the breeze, dashed forward with shouts on the camp, followed by the infantry. A short, fierce struggle followed, and the field was won. Darkness coming on, and a heavy fog settling over the broken and wooded country, no pursuit was attempted; and after setting fire to the wagons, tents, and camp equipage, Torrence took up his backward march. His loss in killed and wounded was twenty-five, while that of the enemy was at least three times as great.

Two days after, Porter, commander of a part of the gun

boat fleet on the Mississippi, hearing that the enemy was moving up from Columbus, sailed down to meet him, and a contest followed which resulted in the enemy being driven back under the guns of their fort.

Thus every thing at the west in the opening of the year betokened stirring times, and the eyes of the nation were turned thither in anxious solicitude. The *main* movements there had been conducted so secretly, and such a strict espionage was kept upon newspaper correspondents, that the public were almost completely in the dark respecting what was going on. It had come to think that a suspension of hostilities till the opening of spring had been resolved upon there as well as in front of Washington. But now there seemed to be a sudden waking up, and before the month closed, the first of a succession of heavy blows was struck which in the end nearly cleared the valley of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY, 1862.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY—GENERAL THOMAS MOVES AGAINST ZOL-
LICOFFER'S CAMP ON THE CUMBERLAND—BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS—BAY-
ONET CHARGE BY MC COOK—THE VICTORY—IMPORTANCE OF IT—THE "CAI-
RO EXPEDITION"—MOVEMENTS EAST—DISASTER TO BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION
—OPERATIONS ON THE SAVANNAH—FORT PULASKI CUT OFF—RESIGNATION
OF CAMERON—LAUNCH OF THE MONITOR.

AS before stated, the rebel line of defense in Kentucky extended from Columbus on the Mississippi, to the Alleghany Mountains. About midway was Bowling Green, where Johnston commanded in person. East, towards the mountains was Zollicoffer with a large force, where early in the winter he had taken up an intrenched position on the Cumberland river near Mill Spring. Against this line of defense, Grant and the gun boats under Foote, were preparing to move on the west. Buell was advancing on Bowling Green in the center, and Thomas on the east, near the mountains. The latter with his advance regiments reached Logan's cross roads within ten miles of Zollicoffer's intrenched camp, on the seventeenth instant. The rest of his command was struggling forward over almost impassable roads, and he halted here to await their arrival.

About the first of the month, General Crittenden, son of the old patriot from Kentucky, arrived at the rebel camp and took command. The position was a strong one, and might possibly have been held against the force that General Thomas was moving upon it. But Crittenden ascertaining through his scouts the scattered condition of our army, determined to attack and destroy the portion in advance before the rest could come up.

BATTLE OF MILL SPRING.

Carrying out this plan, he early on Sunday the nineteenth, left camp with eight thousand men, expecting to take Thomas by surprise. The tenth Indiana, Colonel Manson, was in advance, and about six o'clock in the morning a courier dashed up to his head-quarters, announcing that the enemy in immense force was close upon him. The long roll was immediately beat, and the regiment sprang to arms,—the next moment the heavy firing of the pickets in front confirmed the news. Manson immediately ordered forward a company to support the pickets, and then with the remainder of the regiment moved steadily down the road in the direction of the firing until he came within seventy-five yards of the enemy, when he formed his line of battle. The latter came on three regiments strong, and poured a deadly fire into the Indianians. They, however, stubbornly held their ground for an hour against this overwhelming force, when the right wing—too heavily pressed, began to fall back. At this critical moment, the fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Fry, came up and took position on the left and poured in a fearful volley. Manson then rallied his right wing. At this moment, General Thomas rode on to the field and saw that the enemy was advancing through a corn-field to gain the left of the fourth Kentucky, which was holding its ground with the most determined bravery. Unappalled by the tremendous force that was constantly accumulating on their front and flank, they stood with thinned ranks, apparently determined to die in their places rather than yield one foot of the ground they held. But their ammunition and that of the brave Indianians was becoming rapidly exhausted, and it was apparent they could maintain their position but a little longer. Thomas, seeing their danger, ordered up McCook with the ninth Ohio, and second Minnesota. This gallant officer moved rapidly for-

ward, and took position on the right and left of the Mill Spring road. Learning that the enemy were in position on the top of a hill beyond a piece of woods in his front, he gave the order to advance. Moving in line of battle through the woods, he came upon the fourth Kentucky slowly retiring, while the Indianians were scattered among the trees waiting for ammunition. He immediately ordered the second Minnesota to move by the flank, till it shook itself clear of these exhausted regiments. It did so till it occupied the ground they had just left,—their right flank advanced to within a few feet of the enemy. The ninth Ohio then rapidly closed up to prevent its being outflanked, and a close and murderous conflict ensued—in a part of the line the muzzles of the combatants almost touching. The rebels unable to stand the hot fire of the Minnesotans retired behind some piles of rails, where they were enabled to hold their ground, and maintained a desperate resistance for half an hour. Close in front of the ninth Ohio, were a log house, stable and corn crib which sheltered the enemy. These McCook charged and took. Still, covered by the woods, the enemy stubbornly maintained his ground. McCook soon seeing that though their artillery fortunately overshot his line, their superior numbers and this mode of fighting, would in the end tell against him, ordered the ninth Ohio to charge bayonets. Discharging their pieces, the gallant fellows quickly fixed bayonets, and with a shout that rung over the tumult of battle, sprang forward. The enemy saw them advancing, but stood firm to meet the shock. On came the line of leveled steel rigid as the unbending brow of wrath. They that bore it onward saw the unfaltering ranks waiting to receive them, with delight, and with shouts louder than the crash of the volley that smote them, charged like fire through the smoke. Their firm, close formation, fearless bearing, and determined look were too much for the rebels, and their line began to undu-

late, then sway backwards, and just before the shock came, broke in utter rout. One bullet pierced the horse of McCook, another his coat, and a third his leg; still he limped forward on foot at the head of his column. The shout that went up from that hill top was heard in every part of the field, and all knew that the victory was won. Zollicoffer fell mortally wounded, killed it was said by Colonel Fry, who was himself wounded.

Thomas immediately re-formed his regiments and advanced after the flying enemy, till he at length came in sight of their intrenchments, on which he opened a cannonade and kept it up until dark. Had he moved on their works at once he would have captured nearly the whole army. But ignorant of their character, and unwilling to risk every thing on an uncertainty, he determined to wait till morning before he made the attack.

Taking advantage of this delay and of the darkness, the enemy fled across the river in utter confusion, burning the ferry boats behind them. The next morning, the army marched into the deserted works, where they found twelve pieces of artillery which the rebels had abandoned in their flight, a hundred and fifty-six wagons, a thousand horses and mules, beside a large quantity of muskets, ammunition, commissary stores, and camp equipage.

Thomas having no means of crossing the river, it was impossible to pursue the enemy, who, it was afterwards ascertained, fled in a disorganized mass through the country, leaving their wounded scattered all along their route.

Our loss in killed and wounded was a hundred and eighty-six; that of the enemy including prisoners, so far as known certainly, was three hundred and forty-nine.

It was a brilliant victory in itself, while its bearing on future operations was of the greatest importance. The enemy's line of defense in Kentucky was broken in one point, which

rendered a flank movement possible, even though it resisted in the center and on the Mississippi.

The return of the "Cairo expedition," as it was called, closed military operations in the west for the month of January. With about five thousand men, infantry and cavalry together, General McClelland set out from Cairo on the tenth, scouring the country south of the Ohio in the direction of Columbus. Tedious and difficult marches were made, but no battles fought, and the force returned in the latter part of the month, with nothing to show as the result of this expedition in midwinter over almost impassable roads. The public wondered what it had been undertaken for, and to this day its object remains a mystery. McClelland's official report failed to clear it up. He said they had "discovered several important roads not laid down on the maps," "had exploded many false reports studiously and sedulously circulated to our detriment," "forcibly and deeply impressed the inhabitants of the district through which it passed, with the superiority of our military operations, and of our ultimate ability to conquer the rebellion," and "inspired hope among many loyal citizens" whom, he adds, "our unexpected withdrawal will probably leave victims of rebel persecution and proscription." For a march of one hundred and forty miles by the cavalry, and seventy-five by the infantry, over intolerable roads and in the most inclement, trying part of the year, this catalogue of valuable results achieved does not impress one as very remarkable.

East, the month closed in sad disappointment, for disheartening news was received from the famous Burnside expedition, as it was termed. It had been a long time in preparation, and by its formidable character awakened in the public extravagant expectations. The naval force consisted of twenty-three gun boats—all but three, steamers—under the command of Goldsborough. These were accompanied by

some twenty thousand troops under Burnside, an energetic and popular leader. The country was kept in profound ignorance of its destination, but all believed, when it sailed on the eleventh from Hampton roads, that a great and decisive blow would be struck somewhere on the southern coast, and waited with the deepest anxiety to hear from it.

At last the mystery that had enveloped it was cleared up, and the news that the fleet had been scattered and wrecked, burst like a clap of thunder on the land. It was expected that the south would be kept in complete ignorance of its destination, till the thunder of cannon against some of its strongholds should reveal it; but alas, a part of it lay dismantled and wrapt in a fierce storm in Pamlico sound, and a part pounding on the bar in Hatteras inlet, vainly endeavoring to get over—exposing at the same time its destination and its powerlessness to effect any immediate injury. The largest vessels had been contracted to draw only a certain depth of water which was known to exist on the swash, but now they were found to draw more, and hence were totally useless to the expedition. Burnside had reason to expect the *storm*, for this part of our coast, at all times dangerous to navigation, is especially so in midwinter, but not this deception respecting the draft of vessels. His great heart was overwhelmed at the magnitude of the disaster that had overtaken him, yet it did not yield to despair. A religious man, and believing in the righteousness of his cause, he felt confident that the Supreme Governor of the Universe would overrule it for good.

The propellor "City of New York" foundered on the bar, and for forty-eight hours lay at the mercy of the sea—the waves making a clean breach over her. She was laden with ammunition, tents, blankets, and valuable stores, and her loss would be a terrible blow to the expedition. But though thirty vessels lay in sight they were unable to afford any

relief, and all Tuesday and Tuesday night she wallowed amid the breakers, a helpless wreck. All her boats but one had been carried away or crushed, and her despairing crew lashed themselves to the rigging to prevent being swept away by the seas that incessantly rolled over her. Their destruction seemed inevitable, when two mechanics from Newark, William and Charles Beach, volunteered the desperate undertaking of launching the last remaining boat and pulling through the surf to the fleet. They succeeded with the aid of three others, and obtaining surf boats, saved the entire crew. The vessel, however, was a total loss.

The steam gun boat Zouave sunk at her anchorage, and a transport laden with stores went down on the bar. The Ann E. Thompson, with the New Jersey ninth volunteers lay outside, and Colonel Allen and Surgeon F. L. Weller took a boat and pulled over the bar through the inlet, to report their condition. Having accomplished their perilous undertaking successfully, they attempted to return, when the boat swamped in the heavy seas, and they both perished. Other vessels got aground—one transport was blown to sea, and for five days was without water,—the Pocahontas, loaded with a hundred and twenty-three horses, was wrecked, and and all but seventeen perished.

The situation in which Burnside now found himself was enough to fill a less resolute heart than his with despair. The magnificent fleet that a few days before had crowded after his flag as he moved over the ocean, was scattered and wrecked—his ammunition and stores at the bottom of the sea, while his best vessels lay tossing outside, unable to cross the bar.

To lighten these so that they could be got over, was the first object to be secured, and after incredible labor, was accomplished. But even then he could do nothing, for the weather was terrible even for this inhospitable coast, and

storm after storm swept him with a fury that threatened to make a complete end of the destruction that had been begun. The immense pains that had been taken to keep the precise point against which his expedition was to operate, had all been in vain. The elements had revealed it to the enemy, and ample time was now given him to prepare for his defense. Surprise was out of the question, and if any thing was to be accomplished it must be by hard fighting. At all events, this imposing land and naval force must lie idle the remainder of the month.

While Burnside was attempting to repair his disasters, in Pamlico sound, events were occurring on the Georgia coast which promised in a short time to place fort Pulaski in our possession, if not Savannah itself. Reconnoissances had been pushed by Sherman, at Port Royal, up the various inlets and channels that run from the Savannah river through the vast marshes that border it to the sea, to ascertain if there was any way of getting to Savannah, without passing the guns of fort Pulaski. After immense labor and hardship, Lieutenant Wilson, chief of Topographical engineers, succeeded in reaching the Savannah through Mud and Wright rivers, as they were called, and reported them navigable for gun boats of light draught. In the mean time, another passage, on the right side of the Savannah, leading to it from Wilmington sound, had been discovered. Sherman immediately determined to avail himself of both of these, and succeeded finally in cutting off Pulaski from Savannah. Batteries were erected on mud banks scarcely above the water level, and guns mounted where the rebels deemed such a thing impossible; and eventually an island in the river itself was occupied, which shut up Tatnall's fleet, and filled the people of Savannah with consternation.

In the prosecution of these enterprises the soldiers were subjected to trials more severe than those encountered on

the battle field, and exhibited an endurance and energy that entitles them to the highest praise.

But perhaps no event of this month wrought so great a change in the manner of prosecuting the war, as the resignation of Cameron. The President who had clung to him with a strange tenacity, was at length compelled to yield to the pressure of public opinion, and in a gentle and diplomatic manner informed him that he would dispense with his services. Mr. Stanton of Pennsylvania, a democrat, was appointed in his place, and the sudden energy he infused into his department, inspired both army and people with confidence. It was believed that the day of contractors was over, and that the war would begin in earnest.

The fall of the former Secretary of War was broken by his nomination soon after, as minister to the Russian court. In doing this, the President followed a custom universally practiced by European monarchs, but one which was considered of a very doubtful propriety by the American people.

But the most important event that marked the close of the month, on the Atlantic coast, was the launch of the Ericsson floating battery, on the thirtieth day of January, at Green Point. Being constructed on an entirely new mode, and asserted by her inventor to be absolutely shot proof, she excited a good deal of curiosity. With her deck but just above water, and surmounted by a single iron revolving turret, pierced for only two heavy guns, she presented a novel appearance. She was a naval curiosity, and looked upon as an experiment on a small scale, which might work some changes in naval architecture, nothing more. Those who saw her slip off into the water, little dreamed that in a few days she was to save us from disasters that the imagination trembles even yet to contemplate—startle the maritime nations from their composure, and work a sudden revolution in naval warfare—the like of which the world has never witnessed.

CHAPTER XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

THE OPENING OF FEBRUARY—KENTUCKY—THE ENEMY'S LINE OF DEFENSE TO BE BROKEN ON THE TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND—FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON—EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FORMER—CAPTURE OF IT BY FOOTE WITH HIS GUN BOATS—DESCRIPTION OF—EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE UNDER LIEUTENANT PHELPS—GRANT ADVANCES ACROSS THE COUNTRY AND INVESTS FORT DONELSON—ATTACK BY FOOTE WITH HIS GUN BOATS.

THOUGH the month of January had shown considerable activity in the field in various sections of the country, it was the mere skirmishing of outposts compared to the tremendous movements that inaugurated the month of February. Nearly a year had passed since the war had commenced, and though the Federal forces had gained some valuable points, yet no deadly blow had been struck at the rebellion.

The government was well aware that whatever advantages were secured elsewhere, they would avail but little so long as the valley of the Mississippi remained in the hands of the enemy. Bowling Green and Columbus were places of immense strength, and it had long contemplated the plan of breaking the rebel line of defenses by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, instead of at these points. These streams flow north into the Ohio, and while in the state of Kentucky, run nearly parallel and not far apart. In the winter time, they are so swollen that they admit for a long distance the passage of first class steamboats. Where they cross the Tennessee line they are about twelve miles apart, and here the enemy had erected two strong fortifications—fort Donelson on the Cumberland and fort Henry on the Tennessee. Could these points be forced, both Bowling Green and Colum-

bus would be effectually turned, and their evacuation become a necessity.

After much deliberation it was resolved to attack fort Henry first. To make success certain, Halleck determined to move against it simultaneously by land and water. Foote, with seven gun boats, was directed to engage the batteries in front, while Grant, with a large land force from Cairo, should land below and take it in flank and rear.

EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT HENRY.

The expedition started on the fifth of February, and proceeding up the river, landed the infantry four miles below the fort. A reconnoissance was then made by Foote, by which he ascertained the position of the batteries, and succeeded in discovering and removing several torpedoes which had been sunk in the river for the purpose of blowing up the vessels.

As night came on, the fleet cast anchor abreast of Grant's camp, to wait till the next morning, when the combined attack was to be made. The numberless camp fires that lighted up the shores, and were reflected in the swiftly flowing stream, and those seven dark monsters sleeping ominously on the water, combined to form a scene of thrilling interest. The night was dark, for heavy clouds wrapped the heavens, and the wind swept by in fitful gusts, making weird harmony with the monotonous roar of the turbulent waters. Soon the gathering storm burst upon the camp in all its fury, making the long night seem still longer.

At length the welcome day broke, and all was preparation for the first great struggle on the western waters. Foote, after admonishing Grant that he must hurry or he would not arrive in time to take part in the engagement, about ten o'clock steamed up toward the fort. It stood on a bend

of the river, and commanded it for a long way down. An island lay about a mile below it, behind which Foote kept his boats, so as to escape the long range of the rifled guns of the enemy. His orders were for the iron-clad boats to move slowly and abreast, straight on the batteries, while the wooden ones should follow at some distance in the rear. In this way he kept on under cover of the island, and at length emerged at its head in full view of the fort. Here the wooden vessels halted, while the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondelet, and Essex slowly steamed on.

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

The next moment the enemy's batteries opened, and the heavy shot and shell came raining on the little squadron. From the bows of those vessels there burst simultaneously, white puffs of smoke, and the battle commenced. The garrison had obtained perfect range, and their heavy shells smote with terrible precision the advancing boats. Foote had given orders to fire slow and deliberately, and his shells burst with fearful effect amid the enemy's guns. The rebel infantry outside of the works became terror-stricken, as the ponderous missiles screamed and exploded around them, and fled precipitately. The little garrison, however, under the command of General Tillghman, stood bravely to their guns. Their heavy rifled piece soon burst, but they did not slacken fire. Sand bags and earth flew around them, and the bursting shells filled the air with fragments; yet they never flinched. The flag-ship Cincinnati and the Essex, seemed to occupy their chief attention, and the two boats received a terrible pounding, yet they never swerved. Moving on in flame, they crept nearer and nearer to the batteries, sending their shot with such precision that gun after gun of the enemy was dismounted. The heavy explosions

shook the shore, sending terror to the inhabitants far inland. The battle had raged nearly an hour, when a twenty-four pound shot entered a port-hole of the Essex, through which Porter was watching the effect of his shot. The fearful messenger of destruction struck young Brittain, an aid who stood at his side at the time, leaving his head a mangled mass; and flying on its terrible way, crashed through the thick oak planking that surrounded the machinery, and plunged into the middle boiler. The steam rushed out with a frightful sound and enveloped the crew. Immediately all was confusion—the sailors ran hither and thither in their agony to find a breath of fresh air, and some threw themselves out of the port-holes into the river. The two pilots struggled desperately to get out of the pilot-house, and in their agony stretched their arms through the look-outs, to feel the fresh air for which they were gasping, and sunk suffocated at their posts. Twenty-nine officers and men, including Captain Porter, who was badly scalded, were killed or disabled by the effect of this single shot. The boat, of course, was compelled to drop out of the fight. When the rebels saw it they sent up a cheer, and sprang to their guns with renewed vigor.

But Foote, with his three remaining vessels, never paused in his terrible advance, but with bows on, moved steadily forward till he got within six or seven hundred yards of the fort. At length, most of his guns being dismounted, Tilghman lowered his flag, and the day was won. The battle had lasted an hour and twenty minutes.

All this time Grant was toiling forward with his army. But the rain had made the roads so muddy that his progress was slow, and he was still a long way off when the heavy cannonading broke along the shore. As the sullen echoes died away, the troops sent up a loud shout, and breaking into the double quick, pressed forward. For more than an

hour they struggled on through mire and swamps, when suddenly the firing ceased. What could it mean? was the anxious inquiry of every one. Had Foote been beaten back? Soon, however, one of the scouts who had been sent out in advance, came galloping up bespattered with mud, and announced that the fort had surrendered.

The news spread like wildfire through the army, and then such a shout went up as never before shook the shores of the Tennessee. In half an hour afterward Grant arrived at the fort, when the command was turned over to him.

Foote, in his official report, put his loss in killed and wounded, and missing, at forty-eight. His own ship, the Cincinnati, was struck thirty-one times, the Essex fifteen, the St. Louis seven, and the Carondelet six. On the two latter, however, were no casualties. The garrison that surrendered consisted of sixty or seventy men, with sixty invalids. The fort was mounted with twenty guns, most of them of heavy caliber, which with barracks and tents sufficient to hold fifteen thousand men, fell into our possession.

EXPEDITION UP THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

Foote immediately sent three gun boats up the river under the command of Lieutenant Phelps, to destroy the rail road bridge leading to Columbus, and capture two boats that had fled on the surrender of the fort. Finding they could not escape, the rebels set these on fire and abandoned them, when they soon after blew up with a terrific explosion. Proceeding up the river, Phelps destroyed the bridge and captured a gun boat which was in progress of completion. Continuing on into the state of Mississippi, he captured two more steamers, one freighted with iron for rebel use. He went as far as Florence, Alabama, where were three steamers which the enemy succeeded in burning. All along his

route he witnessed demonstrations of loyalty. Old men and women flocked to the shore to greet the old flag—many even shedding tears as they once more saw the stars and stripes waving before them.

The news of the capture of fort Henry was received all over the north with demonstrations of delight. Foote was hailed as a hero, and our brave tars took, if possible, a still higher place in the affections of the people.

All eyes were now turned towards fort Donelson, which lay nearly opposite on the Cumberland, some twelve miles distant. This was a stronger and more important position, and was garrisoned by fifteen thousand troops. It was the key to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee and an important depot of supplies to the rebel army, the possession of which would render the evacuation of Bowling Green by Johnston inevitable. Buell had for a long time been slowly advancing against this stronghold, impeded at every step by the destruction of bridges, and every device which a skillful enemy could invent.

ADVANCE ON FORT DONELSON.

Six days after the surrender of fort Henry, Grant started across the country with fifteen thousand men, in two divisions under McClernand and Smith—six regiments having been sent off by water the day before. At noon he was within two miles of the place, and drove in the enemy's pickets. The gun boats, under Foote, not having arrived, but little was done the next day except to complete the investment of the place. In doing this, General Lewis Wallace was ordered to make an assault on the enemy's middle redoubt. Three Illinois regiments, under the command of Colonel Hayne, as senior colonel, were selected for the desperate undertaking. Forming in line of battle, they moved

in fine order across the intervening ravines, and mounted with the coolness of veterans the steep height on which the redoubt stood. The enemy, screened behind their embankments, poured into the exposed ranks a terrible fire of musketry—still the brave Illinoisans steadily advanced. But at this critical juncture it was found that the line was not long enough to envelop the works, and the forty-fifth was ordered to their support. While these movements were being carried out, the enemy threw forward strong reinforcements of men and field artillery, which soon swept the advancing line with murderous effect. But onward pressed those undaunted regiments,—leaving their dead and wounded strewing the slope—till they came to the foot of the works, where a fringe of long poles and brushwood presented a tangled wall of jagged points, through which no troops under Heaven could force their way in the face of such a fire. Braver officers never led men to death, but they found they had been sent to accomplish an impossible work, and gave the reluctant order to fall back. Colonel Morrison commanding the forty-ninth Illinois, was wounded, and many brave officers fell in this attempt, which is certainly open to criticism.

The troops lay down in point blank rifle range of the enemy, without tents or fire. At dark, a cold, heavy rain began to fall, which soon turned into sleet and snow, accompanied by fierce gusts of wintry wind. It was a night of great hardship and suffering, yet it was borne without a murmur by these indomitable men, who were about to give a world-wide reputation to their state. The sharp sound of picket firing was heard during the pauses of the storm, while muffled murmurs rising through the thick air in front showed that the enemy were receiving heavy reinforcements.

For twelve long hours the men lay in the cold, pelting storm, cheerful, not because the day would bring repose and comfort, but because it would usher in the deadly combat,

when they would teach rebels how freemen could strike for the land they loved.

The works before them were but imperfectly known to the officers, though it was certain they were of the most formidable character. On the river side were two batteries—the lower one mounting eight thirty-two-pounders and a ten inch columbiad—the upper, thirty feet above this, two thirty-two-pound carronades and a thirty-two-pound rifled gun, which completely commanded the river. The main fort was in the rear and occupied a high ridge, cut on the south by a deep gorge. In front of it run a line of rifle pits, protected in turn by fallen trees and brush, cut and bent over breast high, making an almost impassable obstruction. The cannon mounted on the heights behind these, swept the whole country for miles. Establishing a line parallel to the enemy's, Grant gradually extended his wings to the right and left towards the river, so as to completely encircle them.

While the process of investment was thus going on, Foote on the fourteenth advanced to the attack with his gun boats. With his four iron-clads in front and two wooden ones in the rear, he moved steadily up towards the batteries, and as soon as he came within range, opened with his heavy bow guns. But little fear was felt for the vessels, for the Carondelet had gone up the day before on a reconnoissance, and single handed engaged all the batteries, maintaining her ground till she had fired over a hundred shots, and receiving but little damage, except from one enormous shot which happened to enter one of her forward ports, wounding eight men.

The boats therefore moved without hesitation into the fire,—steering straight for the batteries. When they got within close range the fire became terrific. The enemy's guns were well served, and their heavy metal smote the advancing boats with tremendous force. The water was plowed

up in every direction, and the air filled with the screaming, bursting shells; yet the pilots, steady to their work, kept the vessels' bows on to the volcano in front, and the slowly revolving wheels carried them nearer and nearer, while the smoke rolled away from them in huge, white clouds.

They thus fought and advanced for an hour and a quarter, the flag-ship alone having received fifty-nine shots. Under the horrible fire that smote it, Foote saw that the pilot was getting nervous, and advancing, laid his hand on his shoulder and spoke encouragingly, when at that moment a shot struck the poor fellow, leaving him a mangled corse. Foote himself was wounded in the foot, but still limped around on his deck, giving his orders coolly as though taking soundings. He had now got within four hundred yards of the batteries, and their fire began to slacken under the heavy rain of shells that momentarily exploded in their midst, and the victory seemed about to be won, when a shot carried away the wheel of the Louisville. There was a tiller aft which the pilot instantly seized, but he had hardly fetched the bow back to its place as it was swinging off before the swift current, when an accidental shot from her own consort, the Tyler, smote it, knocking it into fragments. The helpless boat then swung backward, and began to drift out of the fire. The wheel of the flag-ship St. Louis was also shot away, and she became unmanageable, while the other two boats were seriously disabled, and soon floated down the current with the rest.

Fifty-four on our side had been killed and wounded in this desperate fight, while no perceptible damage had been inflicted on the enemy. The water battery, it is true, had been pretty effectually silenced, but the guns on the bluff above were too high to be reached from the decks of the boats, and it was evident if the place was to be captured it must be done by the land forces alone.

The comparative ease with which the gun boats had disposed of fort Henry, had created the utmost confidence in their power to demolish, at least, the river batteries of fort Donelson also. But for the singular accidents that befel the St. Louis and Louisville, rendering them totally unmanageable in the swift current of the Cumberland, Foote believed that in fifteen minutes more he would have accomplished this. Be this as it may, the attack by water had failed, and the disabled boats could not be put in condition for a second attempt for many days. Grant then determined to complete the investment, and wait till they should be ready to co-operate with him. With his superior numbers he could do this, and in time starve out the garrison, and this was what they feared. Floyd was in chief command of the fort, and Pillow and Buckner next in rank. The former immediately called a consultation of the officers to determine under the circumstances what course it was best to take. After full deliberation, it was resolved that only one was left open to them offering any chance of success, and that was, to break through our lines up the river, and so escape to the open country towards Nashville.

CHAPTER XX.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

FORT DONELSON—THE ENEMY ATTEMPT TO CUT THEIR WAY OUT—PARTIAL SUCCESS—PREVENTED BY GEN. WALLACE—GRANT ARRIVES ON THE FIELD—A GENERAL ASSAULT DETERMINED UPON—SUCCESS OF WALLACE'S DIVISION ON THE RIGHT—GALLANT EXPLOIT OF SMITH ON THE LEFT—THE NIGHT—BRAVERY AND ENDURANCE OF THE TROOPS—SURRENDER OF THE FORT—JOHNSON RECEIVING THE NEWS NEAR NASHVILLE—IT REACHES THE CITY AT CHURCH TIME—TERROR OF THE INHABITANTS—SCENE OF PILLAGE—FLIGHT OF THE REBELS SOUTHWARD—CURTIS DRIVES PRICE OUT OF MISSOURI.

IN pursuance of the plan adopted, Floyd concentrated his main force upon his left on Friday night, and placed it under the command of Pillow, with orders to attack McClernand, who commanded our right wing, early in the morning. Buckner in the mean time was to fall on Gen. Wallace, who held the center, and open, if possible, the "Wynne road" that led back into the country. Only a small force was left to watch General Smith, who commanded our left wing, which, resting on the river below the fort, completed our semicircular line of investment.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

Friday had been a cold, bleak day, and the ground was covered with snow, but Saturday dawned damp and chill, and the soldiers as they were roused from their wintry couch moved stiff and shivering to their places in the ranks. But in a few moments, snow and frost were alike forgotten as the heavy roar of the enemy's guns broke over the wooded fields. Seven or eight thousand strong, the enemy moved out of their works at daylight, and in separate columns, sup-

ported by numerous artillery, advanced straight on McClermand's encampment. His division consisted of three brigades, all Illinoisans with the exception of one Kentucky and one Wisconsin regiment. As they came on in splendid line of battle, McClermand prepared to receive them. The Kentucky regiment, stationed near the river, attacked by overwhelming numbers, broke and fled, but the brave Illinoisans met the shock with undaunted bravery. The enemy flung themselves forward in such masses that our advance regiments had to contend against fearful odds.

It was a strange battle field, made up of hills, hollows, and ravines, all covered with a dense forest, through which the roar of battle swept like a tornado. On every commanding eminence cannon were placed, which dropped their shot and shell incessantly into the troops massed below. But little concert of action could be had among the different regiments, for the woods swallowed up the contending lines, and one could tell only by the advancing or receding roar of musketry, or the columns of smoke rising above the leafless tree tops, how the battle was going. Backward and forward it surged through the forest, leaving it strewn with the dead and wounded; but at last the enemy by suddenly concentrating an overwhelming number on a single point, broke through McClermand's lines, and threatened to sweep the entire field. McAlister's battery of twenty-four pounders, that all the morning had made havoc with the rebel ranks, had by ten o'clock fired away the hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition with which it had entered into action. While he was trying to obtain some more from the rear, a single shot from the enemy passed through three of his horses—a second tore the trail off one of his guns—while a third smashed the wheel of another. Only one gun was left unharmed, and hitching six horses to this, he endeavored to drag it off the field; but after getting it a little way it be-

came mired, and was abandoned with the others to the enemy. Many of the regiments were out of ammunition, and though they fell back in good order, could do nothing to stay the progress of the enemy, who came on with deafening yells. The day was apparently lost, and an open road left for the garrison to make good their escape.

At eight o'clock in the morning, McClelland, seeing that he was being overwhelmed by numbers, sent to Wallace, who was holding the center, for reinforcements. The latter immediately dispatched the request to headquarters, as his orders had been to hold his position in the center. But Grant could not be found, he having left the field entirely and gone on board Foote's boat to consult about another attack by the fleet. Wallace waited long and anxiously to hear from him, when a second message came from McClelland, stating that the enemy had turned his flank, and his whole division was in danger of being annihilated. Unable to resist this last appeal, he immediately ordered forward Colonel Cruft (acting as brigadier,) to his support.

The whole line of investment extended several miles, over broken ground, across ravines, and through dense forests. It was necessary, therefore, to have a guide to conduct the column by the proper roads. But the one Colonel Cruft took, after leading him a part of the way, absconded. The Colonel, however, kept on, and soon found himself on the right of McClelland, and between him and the advancing enemy—having pushed the head of his column directly into an overpowering force of the rebels. A severe conflict followed,—the gallant Illinoisans, for a long time holding at bay the superior numbers that flushed with victory, pressed upon them.

While they were thus maintaining an unequal fight, a portion of the brigade of McClelland to the right began to retreat in confusion; and some of the shattered regiments

came full on Cruft's line of battle, striking it obliquely, and passing through it like a rolling rock. Colonel Shackleford (in immediate command,) instantly closed up his column again, but being left alone by the retreat of the brigade, he was compelled to fall back, which he did in good order, and took up a new position. The confident enemy came on him with shouts and yells, but were driven back. A second time moving fiercely to the charge, they were again repulsed, when Shackleford charged in turn, driving them back some distance. But seeing himself in danger of being outflanked, and a regiment on his left giving way in confusion, he moved the whole brigade in perfect order to the rear, and took up a strong position.

No dispatches had yet reached Wallace, and he sat on his horse, anxiously listening to the roar of battle steadily receding away in the woods on his right, when suddenly a crowd of fugitives rushed up the hill on which he stood, and the next moment a mounted officer came on a tearing gallop along the road, shouting "*We are all cut to pieces.*" The effect on the troops was electrical, and as Wallace saw the sensation run along the lines he was afraid a panic would seize the whole brigade, and immediately ordered it to move forward to the right, riding in front himself to keep it steady. In a few moments he met broken regiments retreating for want of ammunition. Colonel Wallace, one of the commanders, in reply to General Wallace, asking of the state of affairs on the field, replied as coolly as though he were moving off parade, that the enemy were close behind and would attack him soon. The latter immediately ordered Colonel Thayer, commanding the brigade, to form a new line of battle across the road, and sent for Wood's Chicago light artillery. Thayer's column moved off at double quick, to its assigned position, while Wood's guns came bounding up on a gallop, and unlimbering, were posted so as to sweep the road in front.

The regiments that were retiring for ammunition, halted, and the soldiers coolly filled their cartridges under the enemy's fire. Scarcely was the formation completed, when the enemy was seen coming swiftly up the road and through the oak bushes and trees on either side, making straight for the battery, and the first Nebraska supporting it. But Wood's battery, served with great rapidity, mowed them down as they advanced, while the fire of the Nebraska regiment was most terrific and deadly. The rebels bore up firmly for a while against it, but at length, unable to breast the fiery sleet fell back in confusion. Wallace then dashed over the broken country to ascertain the condition of his other brigade under Cruft. Finding it standing in perfect order he immediately connected it with Taylor's by a line of skirmishers, and waited for the enemy to advance. His punishment, however, had been too severe, and he fell back to the ground he had won from McClernand in the morning.

About three o'clock, Grant rode on to the field, and fired at this attempt of the rebels to force his lines and their well nigh success, determined at once to move with his entire army on their works. McClernand was directed to storm them on the right up the river, and Colonel Smith of the regular army on the left below. McClernand asked Wallace to lead the assault with his division. He consented, and immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting two brigades, Cruft's and one composed of two regiments under Colonel Smith of the eighth Missouri, and giving them the simple directions to march up the hill in columns of regiments, and act as circumstances should suggest, he set the columns in motion. Knowing well it was a desperate mission on which these brave troops were going, he showed his confidence in them by telling them so. But this announcement, which was made to the regiments as they moved past him, instead of discouraging them, filled them with delight,—they answered with

their terrible way, grim and silent as fate, till at length the heights were reached. Then, with one loud and thundering cheer—one swift, tremendous volley into the closely packed ranks below, they flung themselves forward with the bayonet. The astonished enemy recoiled before the descending avalanche, and turning, fled to the inner works. The next moment the stars and stripes swung out in the wind above the ramparts, and amid the hurrahs that greeted it, floated forth the exultant strains of the "star spangled banner." Guns and supports were immediately brought forward, and the commanding position made secure against any force the enemy could bring against it. From this point, the whole of the rebel strong works could be enfiladed.

Thus ended the day, and the cold, long night came on in which no cheerful camp fires lighted the gloom or warmed the stiffened limbs of the weary soldiers.

In the morning, the grand assault all along the lines was to be made, and as soon as the first gray streaks illuminated the eastern horizon, the drum called Wallace's heroes to their post. Though hungry and chill, they swiftly closed their ranks on the blood-stained snow, while not a heart beat faint. No sublimer spectacle was ever witnessed than those gallant men presented on that Sabbath morning, as they took their position for the final assault. Marching from fort Henry without tents or rations, except such as they could carry in their haversacks—exposed for three days and nights without shelter or fire, and two out of the three to driving snow or piercing cold, all the time under fire, and compelled to bivouac on the field of battle with their arms in their hands, they yet with undaunted, fearless hearts, closed up their ranks in the early dawn, eager for the order "forward," to launch themselves on the frowning defenses before them.

Below, Smith was at the same hour training his guns on the devoted garrison, and all was ready for the final strug-

gle. At that moment, Colonel Lauman heard the clear, shrill strains of a bugle from within the enemy's works, pealing forth neither the reveillè nor the rally. Attracted by the strange sound, he turned his eye thither, and lo, a white flag was dimly seen waving in the wind. The fort had surrendered. Then there went up a long, loud shout, which, taken up by regiment after regiment, as the exciting news traveled round the line, shook the heavens, till at last it reached the division of Wallace on the extreme right, just ready to move forward to the assault. In a moment their caps were in the air, and cheer after cheer swept down their line of battle, and the bands struck up inspiring airs till the whole atmosphere was alive with notes of exultation.

The night before, the rebel generals had held a consultation, in which it was decided that Floyd should hand over the command to Pillow, and he to Buckner, who should surrender the place, while the former made their escape by night, with a brigade up the river.

About twelve thousand men, with all their arms and stores, etc., fell into our hands. It was a great victory in itself, but important chiefly because it broke the rebel line of defense in the center, and opened the gate to Nashville.

On this same Sabbath morning, Johnson, who had evacuated Bowling Green, with the guns of Mitchell playing on his retiring columns, sat at breakfast in the little town of Edgefield, opposite Nashville, and turning suddenly to the lady of the house, said, "Madam, I take you to be a person of firmness and trust your neighbors are; don't be alarmed; a courier has just arrived from fort Donelson, saying that our forces there must surrender."

The news reached Nashville just as the people were assembling for church, amid the ringing of bells.

The last news that arrived the night before was a dispatch from Pillow, saying, "THE DAY IS OUR'S." All, therefore,

was animation and exultation, and the inhabitants crowded to the sanctuary to offer up their thanksgivings for victory, when suddenly there passed through the streets the startling murmur, "*Fort Donelson has surrendered.*" Faces turned pale with affright—the assembling congregations halted and anxiously inquired each of the other what it meant—the bells stopped pealing, and suddenly Governor Harris, dashed on horseback through the streets like a madman, shouting that the enemy was at the door. In an instant all was commotion and alarm. The frightened inhabitants rushed for their homes, and seizing such things as they could easily carry, jumped into carriages, omnibusses, carts, indeed every thing on wheels, and streamed a panic-stricken crowd from the city. The public stores were thrown open, into which the rabble rushed to pillage, and a scene of indescribable terror and madness followed. In the midst of the confusion, Johnson's columns entered the city, and marching through it struck southward for Murfreesborough. All day and night and next morning the panic continued, during which the city was under a reign of terror.

But the Federal gun boats not arriving, comparative tranquillity was restored, and the rebel stores began to be moved to a place of safety.

Thus fell Nashville, though our forces did not take formal possession of it till the next week. But little Union feeling was found among the inhabitants that remained, and it was evident the place would have to be held with the strong hand.

The rebel forces fled south, and it was uncertain where they would next make a stand. All eyes were now turned to Columbus, as the next stronghold to yield before our advancing columns.

In the mean time, Curtis, who had taken command of the army in Missouri, had steadily pushed Price before him, till

he had driven him over the Arkansas border, and was still pressing his retiring columns.

Thus closed the month of February in the valley of the Mississippi. East, scarce less stirring events had marked its passage, and every where the national arms were victorious.

CHAPTER XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

BURNSIDE ADVANCES WITH HIS FLEET TO ROANOKE ISLAND—ITS SPLENDID APPEARANCE—THE ATTACK—LANDING OF THE TROOPS—THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE ENEMY'S WORKS—GALLANTRY OF A CHAPLAIN—OF MIDSHIPMAN PORTER—THE VICTORY—ATTACK ON THE REBEL FLEET AT ELIZABETH CITY BY CAPTAIN ROWAN—A FIERCE COMBAT—GALLANTRY OF ASSISTANT GUNNER DAVIS—CAPTURE OF EDENTON—WINTON BURNED—INAUGURATION OF DAVIS AT RICHMOND—READING OF WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE NORTH ON HIS BIRTH DAY—BATTLE NEAR FORT CRAIG IN NEW MEXICO—GALLANTRY OF CAPTAIN MCRAE.

ON the same day, February fifth, that Foote was moving up the Cumberland to fort Henry, Burnside set sail with his fleet from Hatteras inlet, where he had lain over three weeks, for Roanoke island. Swept by successive storms he had, nevertheless, by herculean labors, sufficiently repaired his disasters to commence active operations.

The day was mild and balmy, and the fragmentary clouds went trooping lazily across the sky, as the fleet of sixty-five vessels swept majestically onward over the rippling waters of the sound, towards its place of destination. In three compact columns—nearly two miles long—the watery aisles between, broken only here and there by a little propeller darting across to convey orders to the different vessels—it moved on, the embodiment of awful power. Piled with cannon and missiles of death, and loaded to the gunwales with ranks of brave men, that cloud of ships presented a spectacle never before witnessed on American waters. At sundown, being within ten miles of the southern point of the island, the signal to anchor floated from the flag ship, when the fleet rested for the night, and the mellow moonlight flooded the inspiring scene.

The next morning at eight o'clock it was again under way. But the aspect of the heavens had changed, and dark, heavy clouds lay along the horizon, betokening a storm. At eleven o'clock it burst upon them and the entire squadron came to a halt. After a time the storm broke, and it moved slowly on again.

The weather was too dark to attempt the passage of the Roanoke inlet that night, and the fleet again came to anchor. The following morning, the sun rose in a sky mottled with fleecy clouds, indicating fine weather, and soon the long line was once more under way.

The vessels continued slowly to approach the enemy's works till eleven o'clock, when the first gun from the flag ship broke the silence that brooded over the water. As the heavy echo rolled away, the signal was run up, "*This day our country expects that every man will do his duty.*" The effect was electrical, and the men sprung to their guns with flashing eyes.

Roanoke island, situated between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, and completely commanding the channel connecting them, had been carefully fortified by the rebels. Two strong works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them one-hundred-pounders, rifled—four batteries of twenty-two guns—eight supporting steamers, and formidable obstructions in the channel, together with a garrison of three thousand men, constituted the means of defense relied upon by the enemy, and were deemed quite sufficient to repel any attempt of Burnside's fleet to pass up the sound.

By twelve o'clock the action became general—our squadron saluting the rebel batteries and gun boats by turns—and the steady roar of artillery, bursting of shells, with ever and anon the thunder crash of the one hundred-pound Parrott guns, made sea and shore tremble. Clouds of rolling smoke, now hugging the water, and now shooting out in fierce puffs,

huge jets of water thrown up by the bursting shells, and the shrieks of the terrific missiles through the troubled air, combined to form a scene at once grand and terrific. In a short time, the rebel fleet, finding our fire too destructive, withdrew behind a row of piles that had been sunk in the channel, when our gun boats gave their exclusive attention to the batteries on shore, and dropped their shells with cool precision into the hostile works. About one o'clock the barracks took fire, and huge volumes of black smoke rolled up the sky, and fell like a vast pall over the intrenchments. The fire on both sides now slackened, and Burnside turned his eye anxiously down the sound in the direction the transports with the troops on board were coming.

In a short time, however, the enemy having partially extinguished the flames, reopened their fire, while their gun boats began to maneuver so as to cut off the transports which were now in sight. This movement was soon checkmated, and the bombardment again commenced in all its fury. About four o'clock the transports arrived and took their position beyond the range of the rebel guns. In a few moments, every spar and all the rigging were black with human beings, watching the fight, while ever and anon their loud hurrahs came faintly over the water.

Again the enemy's fire slackened, and Burnside determined to land his troops and storm the works.

The spot selected for the landing was known as Ashby harbor, where there was a bold shore. After the gun boats had shelled the neighboring woods to clear them of the enemy, the small boats were launched, and regiment after regiment, in the deepening twilight, was rowed swiftly to land. In an hour, six thousand men were safely got on shore, and pickets advanced in the direction of the enemy's works. By eleven o'clock all was arranged for the night; and for a mile in extent the shore was lighted up with the cheerful

bivouac fires. But in a little while, a cold, driving rain set in which soon deluged the encampments. The troops had left their blankets and knapsacks on board the transports, and so were compelled to pass the long and dreary night with nothing but their overcoats to protect them from the pitiless storm. But little sleep was had, and the morning light was most welcome, though they knew it heralded the deadly combat.

The interval between them and the enemy's works was covered by a swampy forest, filled with a dense growth of underbrush, and traversed by a single half-worn cart road. The fortifications consisted of an earth-work with three sides, surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide and three deep, filled with water. In front, the woods had been cut down for the distance of three hundred yards, to give their guns a clean sweep, while the trees lay piled in every imaginable direction over the marshy ground, through which the advancing force would be compelled to work their difficult way, exposed at every step to a devastating fire.

In the morning the ranks were formed, and the center column, under the command of General Foster, composed of three Massachusetts regiments, and the tenth Connecticut, moved off—a battery of six twelve-pound boat howitzers at its head. The second column, under General Reno, was to make a flank attack on the enemy's left, and the third, under General Parke, a similar one on his right.

The center column moving cautiously forward, soon came upon the skirmishers, which they drove steadily back till it reached the open space in front of the works. The artillery was immediately placed in position at a curve of the road, and opened a rapid fire. The concentrated fire of the enemy, however, soon thinned off the gunners, when Rev. Mr. James, chaplain of the twenty-fifth Massachusetts, stepped forward and helped work the guns till the ammunition

was exhausted. The shot fell like hail stones around him, yet the gallant divine fought on like one who had spent his life in the church militant. The loader and sponger was shot; another took his place and immediately fell, when a midshipman, Benjamin A. Porter, took the sponge himself and loaded till the fight was over. The twenty-fifth Massachusetts, in advance, maintained its position under a terrible fire till its cartridges gave out, when the tenth Connecticut took its place, and rivaled it in steadfast courage. The wounded, as they were borne back to the rear in the arms of their comrades, or on litters, faintly smiled or cheered the advancing regiments, and a lofty heroism animated all alike. At every flash of the enemy's cannon, our men were ordered to crouch down to escape the iron hail, but this was not so easily done, for many of them stood up to their hips in mud and water, into which the dead and wounded fell with a heavy plash, where they lay half submerged.

In the mean time, the two flanking columns were slowly making their way through the almost impenetrable thickets to the right and left of the intrenchments. The enemy, thinking this tangled net-work of brush impassable by troops, had not cut it down, but left it standing close up to the works, deeming it a sufficient protection to their flanks—and when they saw the gleaming bayonets advancing through it on either side, their astonishment was boundless. As the column under Parke approached the battery, it was met by a galling fire, when the ninth New York, (Hawkins' zouaves) were ordered to charge. Major Kimball led them gallantly on. It was in this charge that Lieutenant-Colonel Vigier de Monteil, who had left his regiment which had been sent back, and volunteered for the fight, fell while cheering on the men.

While the zouaves were steadily advancing on the battery, Reno's column, on the right, had also cleared the woods, and

the colonel at that moment riding up, ordered the twenty-first Massachusetts to charge. It answered with a cheer, and dashed forward at the same instant that the fifty-first, under Colonel Ferrero, was charging on the left, and soon the stars and stripes waved from the ramparts. The rebels, when they saw this sudden apparition on the right and left, broke and fled, and the victorious columns from either flank met in the deserted works with deafening cheers. The tenth Connecticut, at the same time these charges were made on the right and left, advanced in front, where their gallant commander, Colonel Russell, fell, pierced with the enemy's bullets. As soon as the works were gained, two columns were formed to go in pursuit of the fugitives.

The fifty-first and ninth New York advanced along the road on the east side of the island, to cut them off from crossing to Nag's Head. Here the redoubtable ex-Governor Wise lay an invalid, but not so ill as to prevent him from riding some thirty miles to escape capture. The columns soon came upon some boats loaded with the fleeing rebels, in tow of a steamer. Two more were just putting off from shore. These were immediately ordered to return, which they refusing to do, a volley was poured into them, when they put back and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Among them was Captain O. Jennings Wise, son of the ex-Governor, who was so severely wounded that he died the same night.

The twenty-first Massachusetts advanced in another direction, to the north of the works, where a negro woman told them was a large camp of the rebels. A few companies were soon overtaken, who, after a single volley, fled. The twenty-first following after, was soon met by a flag of truce. The officer bearing it was sent to Reno, who was advancing with his other regiments, when an unconditional surrender was made.

About the same time, Foster, at the head of the first brigade, which had just landed, advanced against another camp of the rebels. He also was met by a flag of truce, the officer bearing it demanding what terms would be granted them. An unconditional surrender, was the reply. Again asking what time would be allowed, was told "While you are going back to camp to convey the terms and returning." In a few minutes the flag came back, announcing that the terms were accepted. The brigade immediately marched triumphantly into camp, when Colonel Shaw, commander of the post, advanced and delivered up his sword to General Foster.

Wooden barracks were found in the two encampments, capacious enough to hold several thousand men, in which our troops took up their comfortable quarters.

Thus fell Roanoke island, with its garrison of three thousand men, its batteries mounting thirty guns, and all its stores, ammunition, etc. Our total loss in killed and wounded was about two hundred and fifty.

The gun boats escaped towards Elizabeth City, thirty-five or forty miles distant. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them there, and on Sunday morning, the ninth, fourteen steamers, under the command of Captain Rowan, started from the island, and at three o'clock in the afternoon came in sight of the place, in front of which they were discovered, seven in number, drawn up in line of battle. They were commanded by Captain Lynch, well known as the leader of the Dead Sea expedition, sent out by our government several years ago.

On a point which projected out a quarter of a mile or so beyond the line of battle, stood a fort mounting four large guns. Directly opposite it, a schooner was anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns. Our squadron, at this time, was about two miles off, and all was anxious expectation to know what the commander would do. The ordinary

course would have been to silence the fort and demolish the schooner, that stood like two sentinels in advance of the steamers, and then engage the latter. But this was too slow a process to suit Captain Rowan, and he ran up the signal, "*Close action.*" This was received with wild delight by the gallant tars, and instantly there began a race between the steamers, which should first grapple with the enemy. The flag-ship, with her gallant signal flying, dashed into and through the cross fire of the fort and schooner, followed by the rest of the squadron. Crowded together in the narrow channel as they swept on, they presented a sure mark for the enemy's guns, and shot and shell fell in a perfect shower on their decks.

Without stopping to reply, they plunged with a full head of steam on into the midst of the rebel boats. The Perry in advance made for the rebel flag-ship Sea Bird, and striking her amidships crushed her like an egg shell. The Ceres in like manner ran into the Ellis and boarded her at the same time. In quick succession the Underwriter took the Forrest and the Delaware the Fanny, in the same style. The bursting of shells—the deafening roar of broadsides within pistol shot of each other—the crashing of timbers as vessels wrapped in flame and smoke closed in the death grapple—and sinking, abandoned wrecks,—combined to form a scene of indescribable terror. A shell entered the Valley City and burst amid a mass of fire-works, setting them on fire. The men were immediately called to "fire quarters," but finding it took too many from the guns, the commander, Chaplin, ordered them back, and jumped down into the magazine himself and passed up *loose cylinders* of powder while he gave directions about extinguishing the fire. The rockets were whizzing around, blue lights burning, signal lights blazing, the shell room on fire, the fight going on, and he (the captain,) passing up the powder and putting out the

fire, with the most imperturbable coolness, thus keeping the men steady and at their work. The assistant gunner, John Davis, was in the magazine assisting him, when a shell knocked the cover off from a barrel of powder. He immediately sat down upon it, to keep the sparks from falling within, when Chaplin called out to him to help put out the fire. "Don't you see, Sir, I can't?" he replied. "If I get out of this, the sparks will get in the powder." A cooler courage than this can not be imagined. It was afterwards presented to the notice of government, and the gallant fellow promoted.

Of the rebel navy, all the vessels were taken or destroyed except two, which escaped up the Dismal Swamp canal.

The rebel troops immediately evacuated Elizabeth City, setting it on fire as they retreated. The flames, however, were extinguished before much damage was done.

These victories gave us control of the whole coast of North Carolina down to Newbern. Following so close on the heels of those at the west, they filled the country with exultation, and a speedy termination of the war was looked for.

Burnside followed up his victory by land at different points along the coast, and from Norfolk to Newbern the inhabitants were filled with terror. To-day, it was thought he was preparing to advance on the former place by way of the Dismal Swamp canal; to-morrow, an inland movement was feared that would cut the great southern line of rail road. Various speculations were rife at the north concerning his future course, but all believed it would have an important bearing on General McClellan's movements. It was very plain, however, that his force was too small to allow him to make any extensive inland movement. Until heavily reinforced, his efforts must be confined to the coast. That he would remain idle, those who knew his enterprising char-

acter did not believe. Edenton was occupied, while Winton on the Chowan river, attempting to stop our ascending gun boats, was burned to the ground.

In the mean time the Governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling for troops to defend the state.

While the reports of these successive stunning blows were being borne to the rebel Capital, Davis who had hitherto been only Provisional President, was inaugurated the regularly elected President of the confederate states. A more inauspicious time could not have been selected for the ceremony, nor more gloomy omens have attended it.

On the same day, (Washington's birth day,) so desecrated by the traitors, Washington's Farewell Address was publicly read by the recommendation of Congress in all the loyal states. Its solemn warnings against all sectional strifes, which had been unheeded and almost ridiculed in the heat of political contests, and amid the storms of passion, now that we were encompassed with all the horrors of civil war, fell with strange power on the national heart.

Nothing could convey a more vivid impression of the vastness of the territory we were called upon to defend, than the reception at long intervals of reports of different battles that occurred, often on the same day—those of one reaching Washington within a few hours from the time it was fought, and of the other taking weeks in their passage.

Thus, while the coast of North Carolina and the banks of the Cumberland were shaking to the thunder of cannon, far away in New Mexico, the shores of the Rio Grande witnessed a bloody struggle between the Federal and rebel forces. Colonel Canby in command of fort Craig, hearing that Colonel Steel with a large body of Texans was advancing against the place, marched out on the twenty-first to meet him. Driving the enemy from the river, he crossed, and a fierce artillery combat followed which lasted till afternoon. Two

batteries flanked the Union forces, which the enemy saw must be taken, or the battle lost. Consequently two desperate charges were made upon them—that on the right commanded by Lieutenant Hall, by cavalry, which was repulsed, and that on the left under Captain McRae, by Texans on foot. The latter was one of the most desperate on record. About a hundred and fifty yards in front of the guns was a thick wood, out of which the band which had volunteered for the purpose, started on a run, with nothing but revolvers in their hands. As McRae saw them coming, he opened a terrible fire of grape and canister, piling them like autumn leaves over the field. The survivors, however, never faltered, but dashed forward full in the blaze of another volley, and still keeping on their terrible way, rushed up to the very muzzles of the guns, where they shot down every one that manned them except two or three. Even the regulars, whose duty it was to defend the battery, appalled at such desperation, turned and fled. Captain McRae however, stood single handed to his pieces, and disdaining to surrender, was shot at his post—as gallant a man as ever faced a foe. The loss of the battery, compelled Canby to retreat to the fort, which he reached with the loss in killed and wounded of about two hundred.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARCH, 1862.

THE NASHVILLE RUNS OUR BLOCKADING SQUADRON—REBEL BATTERY DESTROYED AT PITTSBURGH LANDING—DEATH OF LANDER—HIS LAST GAL-
LANT ACTION—CAPTURE OF FERNANDINA AND FORT CLINCH—RACE BE-
TWEEN A GUN BOAT AND RAIL ROAD TRAIN—THE MERRIMAC MAKES HER
APPEARANCE—HER APPROACH TO THE CUMBERLAND—THE COMBAT—THE
CUMBERLAND GOES DOWN WITH HER FLAG FLYING—THE CONGRESS STRIKES
HER COLORS—ATTACK ON THE MINNESOTA—GLOOMY FEELING AT FOR-
TRESS MONROE—ARRIVAL OF THE MONITOR—BURNING OF THE CONGRESS
—BATTLE BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR—DEFEAT OF THE FOR-
MER—FEELING OF THE PUBLIC RESPECTING IT.

THE excitement which the stirring events of February had created in the nation steadily increased with the opening of spring.

On the first of March, the southern papers announced the safe arrival of the rebel steamer Nashville at Beaufort, North Carolina. Hoisting the national colors, she steered boldly for the blockading fleet, and before her true character was discovered, had got so far in that she could not be stopped.

On the same day, Lieutenant Gwin attacked with his gun boats a battery at Pittsburgh landing, on the Tennessee, and cleared the shores, where in a short time was to be fought the first great pitched battle of the war.

On the third, Colonel Lander died of congestive fever at Paw Paw, Virginia,—an officer of great promise, and destined, if he had lived, to become one of the leading military men of the nation. His last act was a brilliant cavalry dash on the enemy at Blooming Gap, on the fourteenth ultimo, in which seventeen commissioned officers were taken prisoners—five of whom surrendered to him alone. Two

columns of two thousand men each, between four o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock at night, marched respectively thirty-two and forty-three miles, besides building a long bridge. What to other men seemed impossibilities, was to him the proper way to conduct a campaign. His bravery bordered on rashness; and whoever followed his lead, must reckon little of life. General Shields was appointed to take his place.

On the same day, a body of Union cavalry entered Columbus, and hoisted over that stronghold of the enemy the national ensign. The rebels, after setting fire to it, and pitching the heavy guns they could not carry away with them into the river, retired to Island Number Ten, a few miles above New Madrid. The next day Captain Foote appeared before the place with his gun boats, and took possession.

On this same day, Dupont's fleet entered the old port of Fernandina, Florida, and hoisted the Federal flag on fort Clinch, the first of the national forts on which the ensign of the Union had resumed its proper place since the war commenced. Its strong works were uninjured; and the frightened garrison in its hasty flight left all the guns behind.

A scene occurred in approaching the town itself, entirely new in the annals of war. Captain Drayton, seeing a large rail road train leaving the town, ordered Lieutenant Stearns of the Ottawa to stop it. The track for four miles lay directly along the shore, and Stearns immediately crowded on all steam in pursuit of the train. But he soon saw that the race between a gun boat and locomotive was a hopeless one, and opened his guns upon the train. A shell struck a platform car, killing two men, when the conductor cut loose some of the rear cars, and escaped with the remainder. Many of the frightened passengers leaped from the train,—among them ex-senator Yulee, and hid in the bushes.

But the two most important events of the early part of the month, and which occurred on the same day, were the battle of Pea Ridge and the attack of the ram Merrimac on our fleet at Newport News. Though the Government had been frequently warned respecting this vessel, it appeared to be incredulous, and made no preparations adequate for its reception. The fleet, however, better informed or possessing more sagacity, watched her appearance with the deepest anxiety.

DESTRUCTIVE MISSION OF THE MERRIMAC.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and beautiful,—not a ripple broke the still surface of the bay as it sparkled in the sunlight, and all was calm and peaceful when the iron-clad monster left her moorings, and accompanied by two steamers, slowly started off on her mission of destruction. Past the wharves thronged with excited citizens waving their hats and cheering—past the batteries whose parapets were dark with soldiers gazing on the mysterious structure—out into the placid bay, glided the ponderous thing, and turned her steel prow towards the Congress and Cumberland, that lay quietly on the tide, with boats hanging at the booms and the wash clothes in the rigging, apparently unsuspecting of the approach of their powerful foe. A Sabbath stillness rested on sea and land, and those on board the Merrimac wondered what this strange apathy meant. But suddenly the heavy boom of a gun beyond Sewall's Point broke the stillness. The deep reverberations died away in the distance, but still the wash clothes hung in the rigging, and all seemed quiet on board the frigates. Soon after, another gun thundered over the water, and then they could see a tug start out from Newport News. In a few minutes, two black columns of steam, darkening the air in the direction of James

river, announce the approach of the York and Jamestown to join their forces with her.

In the mean time, those on the look out at fortress Monroe, had caught sight of her, and the long roll sounded, and the flag-ship, lying in port, signaled the naval vessels to get under way. The Minnesota had her steam already up, and in a short time moved off towards Newport News, where the Congress and Cumberland lay on blockading duty. Five gun boats and the Roanoke in tow followed.

The gallant crew of the Cumberland, as they saw the uncouth monster come round Craney island, instantly recognized her as the Merrimac. All hands were beat to quarters, and the vessel swung across the channel so as to bring her broadside to bear. As the commanding officer scanned her through his glass, she looked to him like a solid mass of iron plowing its way through the water. The slanting roof appeared to rise about ten feet from the surface, while not an opening was anywhere visible, except the narrow ports from which the guns pointed. In front, her long iron prow combed the water as she came steadily, and in grim silence, on.

When she had got within about a mile, the Cumberland commenced firing with her pivot guns, to which the Merrimac deigned no response. As soon as they could be brought to bear, the whole broadside of thirteen nine and ten-inch guns opened on her. The heavy metal fell like hail on the approaching vessel, but made no more impression than so many peas, shot from a child's blow gun. Broadside followed broadside in quick succession, but still the Merrimac maintained her onward course. At length one of her shot crashed through the Cumberland, killing half a dozen in its passage. She, however, had no intention to make a broadside engagement of it, mailed though she was, but dashed straight on the anchored vessel with her iron prong. The

fated frigate could not get out of the way, and the huge mass of iron struck her with a shock that sent her back upon her anchors, and heeled her over till her top-sail yards almost touched the water. As she backed off, a hole was left in the Cumberland as big as a hogshead, through which the water poured in a torrent. Delivering a close and murderous broadside into the disabled vessel, she again came on, striking her amidships. She then lay off, and fired leisurely, but with terrible effect, while the broadsides of the Cumberland were delivered with a rapidity and precision that would have sent the Merrimac, had she been a wooden vessel, in twenty minutes to the bottom. Lieutenant Morris, in command—the Captain being on shore on business—saw that his vessel was rapidly filling, and knew that in a few minutes she would be at the bottom; but he proudly refused to strike his flag, determined if he could do no better, to sink alongside. A nobler commander never trod the deck of a ship, and a more gallant crew never stood by a brave commander. One sailor, with both his legs shot off, hobbled up to his gun on the bleeding stumps, and pulling the lanyard fired it, then fell back dead. Deeper and deeper settled the noble frigate, yet her broadsides kept thundering on till the water poured into the ports, submerging the guns. Still the flag waved aloft, and as the vessel was disappearing below the surface, the pivot guns on deck gave a last shot at the enemy, and then the swift waves closed over ship and gallant crew together. Some came to the surface, and swam to the shore—others kept afloat till they were picked up by boats that put off from shore to their rescue; but of the four hundred gallant souls on board, only a little over half survived the disaster. The chaplain and the wounded below, went down together.

The work of destruction had occupied only about three-quarters of an hour, and now the victorious Merrimac turned

her prow towards the Congress. The latter saw that the contest was hopeless, but engaged her invulnerable adversary for half an hour, when completely riddled with shot and shell, and her commanding officer killed, she struck her colors.

The Merrimac, still apparently unharmed, then turned her attention to the other vessels which had come to the rescue, and soon came up with the powerful steamship Minnesota, which unfortunately had got aground. Both vessels opened fire, but the Merrimac, whether afraid of getting aground herself, or whether her steering apparatus was damaged, did not seem inclined to come to close quarters.

At length night came on, but still the heavy guns lit up the darkness with their glare, and their deep thunder filled the hearts of those at fortress Monroe with the gloomiest forebodings. Where would this destruction end? A sense of powerlessness oppressed the bravest. Shot and shell were alike wasted on this monster, and there seemed nothing to do but stand still and let her lay waste and destroy, till exhausted with her own efforts, or nothing more being left to destroy, she would retire to her den again.

That was a gloomy Saturday night. There seemed no hope for the Minnesota. One plunge of that iron prow and she would follow the Cumberland to the bottom; and *every* thing that floated in the Chesapeake bearing the national colors must share a similar fate.

ARRIVAL OF THE MONITOR.

While all were desponding and knew not which way to turn for relief, suddenly the little Monitor arrived from New York. Her voyage down had been a long one, and proved her unseaworthy, so much so that she came near foundering off the coast. Her appearance, when she arrived at fortress

Monroe, though hailed with delight, (as a drowning man will catch at a straw,) did not promise much in an encounter with the powerful Merrimac that had wrought such havoc the day before. A mere raft, with a revolving turret carrying but two guns, did not seem a very formidable antagonist. But her commander, Lieutenant Worden, had unbounded confidence in her invulnerability, and immediately resolved to go out next morning, and grapple with the victorious Merrimac. He needed more time to get his vessel in proper trim, after her trying voyage, but none could be allowed him; for the Merrimac would certainly in the morning attack the Minnesota, and when she was disposed of like the Cumberland and Congress, there was nothing to stop her in her career of devastation. Fortress Monroe itself was not safe, and if she should prove seaworthy, there was nothing to prevent her from moving down the coast, destroying and scattering our blockading squadrons, or even to hinder her from entering New York harbor, and burning the city to ashes. There seemed no end to the destruction she could accomplish, and a danger so unexpected and appalling made every heart tremble. Never before on a single new experiment, did such momentous events turn.

To add to the gloom that hung round fortress Monroe, and the Union fleet in the adjacent waters, a bright light was seen during the evening in the direction of Newport News, which soon rose into a tower of flame, shedding a lurid glow far and wide over the water. The ramparts were lined with spectators, wondering what this sudden illumination might portend, when there came over the deep a sound of thunder, shaking the shore, followed by sudden darkness and silence. The Congress had burned till the fire reached the powder magazine, when she blew up with a force that sent some of her fragments a dozen miles. General Mansfield, commanding at Newport News, had driven off the rebels,

who had endeavored to get possession of her the day before, by playing upon them with his batteries and sharp shooters, and determined to make sure of her not falling into the hands of the enemy, had ordered her to be set on fire.

It was soon after this sad omen the Monitor arrived. A consultation was immediately held and it was resolved to send her forthwith to the assistance of the Minnesota, still hard aground. At eleven o'clock she set out, and her arrival on the scene of action was hailed with delight by those on board the frigate, though the sailors shook their heads at the strange little craft, that looked more like a great toy than a champion fit to contend with a vessel that had proved herself more than a match for two frigates.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

Sunday morning broke bright and beautiful, and soon as daylight allowed objects to be revealed distinctly, every glass was turned towards the Minnesota. Not far from her lay the Merrimac, blowing off steam, and hovering near her, the two rebel steamers, Patrick Henry and Jamestown. The enemy too, from all their look-outs, were gazing off on the same fearful objects of interest, but not with the same feelings of doubt and anxiety. The iron monster seemed to be deliberating what to do, whether to attack the Minnesota first, or the Union fleet, anchored near the Rip Raps. His mind was, however, soon made up, and at seven o'clock he started for the Minnesota. As the vessel slowly approached the grounded frigate, the Monitor steamed out from behind, and boldly advanced to meet her antagonist. The rebel craft was nonplused at the appearance of this new adversary, so unlike any thing ever before seen on the water. She looked scarcely more formidable than a ferry boat, and as she drew near her antagonist, her disproportionate size gave almost a

ludicrous aspect to her bold, audacious movements. When within a mile of each other, both vessels stopped. The Merrimac first sent a shot at the Minnesota, as if she disdained to notice the queer machine that had crossed her path. She, however, changed her mind, and fired one gun at her. The latter replied, sending one of her ponderous shot full against the Merrimac, near her water line. The latter staggered under the tremendous force of the concussion, and for the first time seemed to realize what kind of an adversary she had to deal with, and gave her her undivided attention. The contest now opened fiercely, and the two vessels approached and receded alternately, all the while firing terrific broadsides, as if testing each other's impenetrability, for nearly two hours. They then closed, and muzzle to muzzle, hailed their heavy metal on each other's sides, while the smoke of the guns wrapped the combatants in a cloud, concealing them from view. The firing was rapid and fierce, and while the fearful duel lasted, the spectators that lined the ramparts of fortress Monroe were silent and anxious, almost afraid to see the cloud lift, lest it should reveal the little Monitor, a helpless wreck on the water. But when the smoke did at last clear away, there she lay alongside her antagonist, light as a duck on the water, the stars and stripes flying proudly from her stern. At the sight, an involuntary shout went up from thankful hearts. She had stood her baptism of fire uninjured and undismayed. The vessels had now drifted where the Minnesota could take part in the conflict, and her heavy guns helped to swell the chorus. The Merrimac, finding she had the worst of it, determined to destroy the Minnesota before she herself was completely disabled, and turned her steel prow full on the helpless frigate. But the Monitor threw herself in the path, and poured in her broadsides with redoubled fury. Again and again foiled in this attempt, the Merrimac resolved to make one desperate effort

to sink the Monitor, and with a full head of steam, drove straight upon her. But the iron prow glided up on her low and sheathed deck like a runner, simply careening her over. But in doing this, she exposed her hull below the iron casing, which the Monitor immediately took advantage of, and sent under her sheathing one of her ponderous shots. The former was glad to back off, and concluded not to try that experiment again. Other steamers engaged in the contest, but the whole interest of the conflict centered on these two vessels.

A little after twelve, the Merrimac abandoned the struggle, and wheeling, slowly steamed under the battery at Sewall's Point where she signaled for help—showing that she was seriously disabled. Tugs came up, and taking her in tow, steamed away to Norfolk. The Monitor was uninjured. Some of the gunners in the turret had been stunned by a heavy shot striking against it, and rendered unfit for duty for several minutes. Lieutenant Worden had been seriously wounded in both eyes by fragments of iron that had been thrown off, as a shot struck the pilot house at the very moment he was looking through a small aperture to direct the management of the vessel. These were the only casualties all through these hours of terrible fighting. Buchanan, the rebel commander, was severely, and it was thought mortally wounded.

After the battle was over, Lieutenant Wise jumped into a boat, and went off to the Monitor, to ascertain her condition. As he descended through the "man-hole" to the cabin below, a scene as calm and quiet met his view, as if nothing unusual had happened. One officer stood by the mirror leisurely combing his hair, another was washing some blood from his hands, while the gallant commander lay on a settee with his eyes bandaged, giving no signs of the pain that racked him. The first thing he said on recovering from the stunning effects

of his wound, was, "Have I saved the Minnesota?" "Yes." was the reply, "and whipped the Merrimac." Then said he "*I don't care what becomes of me.*" Noble words, that will live as long as the memory of this novel momentous engagement.

Fortunately for the country, the news of the first day's devastation by the Merrimac, and the victory of the Monitor on the following day, were in the same papers on Monday, thus preventing the excitement which would otherwise have been created; still much alarm was felt, especially in New York, which suddenly saw herself wholly unprotected. Her strong forts had crumbled in a single day, and all pondered with the deepest alarm on what might have happened, had the Monitor not arrived just as she did to prevent the Merrimac from going to sea. Her arrival at the critical moment seemed like a special interposition of Providence in our behalf.

The whole story reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights. The sudden appearance of the Merrimac, a new engine of destruction, and her career as a destroying angel the first day, checked only by the night—the burning and blowing up of the Congress—the unexpected appearance of the Monitor in the very crisis of events, looking like nothing that had ever been seen on earth or water before—her dash to the rescue, and her victory, are all so many parts of a fairy story.

After the first burst of astonishment and wonder had subsided, there went up a loud cry of indignation against the Secretary of the Navy for his neglect to provide against the appearance of the Merrimac. One of the vessels which had been only partially destroyed at the burning of the Navy Yard, she had been put on the dry dock at Norfolk, and covered with iron, and armed with a prong to do the very work she had accomplished. All this had been known and discussed in the public press the entire winter, and only a month

before she came out, some French officers who had visited her declared her a most formidable vessel. And yet nothing had been done to prepare for her reception, except to wait the completion of the Monitor, which might have been, and nearly was, too late to prevent disasters to which there seemed no limit, and which at the best was an untried experiment that might not be successful. Such declarations were in every one's mouth, and when it is remembered that the quaint device carried but two guns, which in a long, close combat might have bursted or been struck in the muzzles by a shell, one can not but look back on the encounter with trembling. The merchants of New York were especially indignant, and all felt that though we had been saved, it was not by any foresight or good management of the Navy department. The news of this first conflict between two iron-clad vessels produced the profoundest sensation in Europe, especially in England. Her boasted navy had vanished in a single day. Her thousand national vessels, which in case of a war with us were to drive us from the sea and blockade all our ports, became powerless as river steamers. The little Monitor alone would sink a whole fleet of them in an hour. As her inventor had said when he named her, she had proved a *Monitor* to England.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARCH, 1862.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE—SKILL AND BRAVERY OF SIGEL—GALLANT DEFENSE OF CARR—DEATH OF MC CULLOCH—SECOND DAY'S FIGHT—THE VICTORY—DEATH OF MC INTOSH—JOHNSON MADE GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE—CONCENTRATION OF THE REBEL ARMY—FOOTE MOVES AGAINST ISLAND NUMBER TEN—THE MORTAR BOATS—POPE'S VICTORY AT NEW MADRID—THE ENEMY SHUT UP—POOR PROSPECT OF REDUCING THE ISLAND.

ALTHOUGH the decisive battle of Pea Ridge occurred on the same Saturday that the Merrimac made her attack on the Cumberland and Congress, the two days preceding it had witnessed some very hard fighting—in fact there were three distinct battles. As before stated, Curtis had steadily driven Price before him till he chased him across the Arkansas border. But here McCulloch and Van Dorn, with their respective commands, joined him, swelling the rebel force to thirty thousand men.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

The latter immediately took chief command, and determined at once to give Curtis battle. The army of the latter was greatly inferior in numbers, but he gladly accepted the conflict, for he was getting tired of this long, tedious pursuit. He had, during the week, sent out three different expeditions to capture rebel bands said to be gathering in southwestern Missouri and northern Arkansas, and also to obtain forage, and hence his force was much scattered. Couriers, however, were dispatched to these as soon as he heard of the arrival of Van Dorn and his army, to return with all speed.

One of these, under Colonel Vandevere, in obeying the order, made a forced march of forty-one miles, with but three halts of fifteen minutes each the whole distance, and arrived at headquarters only the night before the battle. Considering the country this was a most extraordinary march. General Sigel was near Bentonville—Davis at Sugar Creek, and Carr at Cross Hollows, all of whom hastened at once to headquarters at Pea Ridge. Sigel received his orders on the fifth, and the next morning with less than fifteen hundred men, began his march. Two hundred infantry were sent forward to prevent his being cut off, but the scouts soon came in, reporting that the rebels, four thousand strong, were rapidly moving down upon his line of march. This skillful commander saw at once his danger, but with that cool, confident manner which characterized him, prepared to meet it. The teams were hurried off at a tearing pace, in order to leave him disencumbered, and a courier dispatched in hot haste to camp for succor, and then the ranks closed firmly up. He had scarcely completed his preparations before the enemy appeared, and making the air ring with their shouts and yells, advanced boldly upon his little band of Germans. The latter waited till they were within two hundred yards, when the word "fire" ran along the steady line. A terrible volley of Minie balls smote the front rank of the rebels, shriveling it up like a piece of parchment. They staggered back at the murderous fire, but in a few minutes their officers, by riding along their front, with gestures and appeals, rallied them again, when they came on still nearer than before. Breasting the first volley, they still pressed on, when a second smote them. Swaying a moment before this, they once more rallied, and with hoots and cheers and oaths that turned the field into a pandemonium, made a last effort to advance. So desperate was the onset that some of their cavalry actually got in the rear, and the battle seemed lost, when a

third volley, and a headlong charge of the bayonet sent them broken and discomfited back. Maddened at this stubborn resistance, the rebel officers once more re-formed their men for a third, still more desperate assault. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and Sigel was still seven miles from camp. The prospect before him was gloomy enough. He had not heard from Curtis, and began to fear his messenger had been cut off. Still undismayed, however, he closed up his thinned ranks, and firmly awaited the attack. In overwhelming numbers—four to one—the enemy now dashed forward, firing as they came, and spurring their horses up to the very points of the bayonets. They completely enveloped the little band, and for a time it seemed swallowed up in the engulfing flood. Clouds of smoke rolled around it, out of which arose cries and shouts, and incessant volleys of small arms. But still Sigel towered unhurt amid his devoted followers, and as long as he lived that band, though slaughtered, could not be conquered. The enemy thought so too, and wherever his glancing form was seen, there the bullets fell like hail. One pierced his coat, another cut the visor of his cap, showing to what a deadly fire he was exposed, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for not one touched his person. Ordering his men to clear the way with the bayonet, they, with their deep German war cry, moved with unbroken front on the foe, sweeping them like chaff from their path. Those western men were fierce fighters, but stood amazed at the disciplined valor that scoffed at numbers, and kept the ranks, though enveloped in flame, solid as iron. As the brave fellows paused to take breath, a courier dashed up announcing that reinforcements were close at hand, when a cheer that made the welkin ring, went up from the beleaguered band. The baffled enemy, knowing well what it meant, made a sudden dash to capture the train, but were again driven back, and the column, without farther molestation, effected

its junction with the main army. All the divisions finally got safely in, and Curtis prepared for battle.

The morning of the seventh broke clear and bright, and the stirring sound of the drum and fife called every soldier to his feet. Curtis had taken his position on Pea Ridge, and receiving information that led him to believe that the main force of the enemy was coming from the westward, he sent out Sigel with his division to meet him, while Colonel Davis held the center on the ridge. The former advanced some three miles, when he came upon the enemy and opened with artillery. After a few rounds, the command to cease firing was received, and Osterhaus, with the third Iowa cavalry, was ordered to clear the timber in front. The bugles rang out, and away dashed the squadrons. The enemy, however, was in much stronger force than Sigel supposed, and the cavalry was driven back in confusion. The rebels seeing their advantage, rushed after with furious yells, and dashing on a battery of three guns, captured it. Their triumph, however, was of short duration, for Osterhaus, bringing up his Indiana regiments, led them fiercely forward. Delivering their rapid volleys as they advanced, they at length charged bayonet, strewing the ground with the slain, and recapturing their guns, which they bore back with shouts. The artillery then commenced playing again, but after awhile the rebels abandoned their position, and fell back. Sigel then ordered a general advance, and pushing on, drove them before him for two or three miles.

In the mean time, a force having appeared in front of Davis, he moved forward, and after a short, severe contest, also drove the enemy back. But as he and Sigel followed up their success, neither found the main force of the enemy. These attacks were mere feints on their part, while the main army was quietly gaining our rear.

Colonel Carr with his brigade, had been sent out in the

morning in this direction, as a precaution against any possible move of this kind. While passing along through farms that stretched away from the road, he suddenly came upon masses of the enemy posted on a declivity covered with woods. It was now about nine o'clock, and Carr ordered Colonel Dodge to move to the right, and open with his artillery. He did so, and the enemy responding, a close artillery fight soon raged all along the line. Bodies of infantry in the mean time advanced on each other, and for more than an hour the conflict was hotly maintained without any definite result, when another battery was ordered up to Carr's support. At the same time, the cavalry had made their way along the ridge, beyond the road by which the enemy had advanced, and were about to seize his wagons, when a brigade of rebel cavalry and infantry suddenly appeared. Instantly the bugles on both sides sounded the charge and these two bodies of cavalry, shaking their sabers above their heads, fell with loud shouts upon each other. First their carbines, then their pistols were emptied, but neither were arrested in their course, and they closed sword in hand. The clashing of steel against steel, rang like the hammers on a hundred anvils—chargers plunged and reared, while the shrill bugle rang out over the tumult. The Texans fought furiously, but the better armed Missouri cavalry cleared their way through them, like reapers in a harvest, until overborne they fell back in disorder. The victorious squadrons pressed after, driving them back for a mile, when they came upon a heavy battery which completely swept the ground over which they were advancing. Immediately the bugle sounded the recall, and the column fell back. In the mean time, the battle raged furiously all along the lines, on both sides of the road, and Carr soon saw that he had the main army on his hands. Regiment after regiment kept arriving on the field, till he found himself in danger of being surrounded. He

immediately sent back to Curtis for help, and in the mean time made desperate efforts to maintain his position. The occupation of a knoll on the east side of the road prevented the rebels from outflanking him, and this they determined at all hazards to gain, and at last by mere weight of numbers succeeded, but not till our force had left nearly half its number on its summit and slopes. Carr was now compelled to fall back to a new position.

Messengers had been hurrying to and from headquarters, but no reinforcements could be sent, for Sigel and Davis had not yet returned from pursuing the enemy. Carr looked on his thinned division with gloomy forebodings. "Three batteries and two regiments, or night, or we are lost," he exclaimed. He was now not more than a mile from camp, and yet he must still retreat. As a last hope, he resolved to make one desperate effort to regain the knoll he had lost, as without it he could not maintain his position an hour longer. The chances were fearfully against him, but to allow himself to be driven back on the unprotected camp, was certain ruin to the whole army. As the order to advance passed along the lines, a loud cheer from the returning column of Davis, announcing that help was near, was borne to the ears of the exhausted troops, nerving them to tenfold daring. Straight on the hostile battery that now surmounted the knoll, they moved with a determined front, and taking the fiery storm on their unshrinking breasts, swept it like a hurricane.

In this last gallant charge the rebel leader McCulloch fell. The enemy now fell back in confusion, and night closed the scene.

Within a few hundred yards of each other, the two armies lay down to rest, and prepare for the morning struggle. The dead were left where they had fallen, but their wounded were carefully picked up and carried where their wounds could be dressed. The soldiers knew that their retreat was

cut off, and that they must win on the morrow, or surrender as prisoners of war; yet they exhibited no discouragement. The regiments had been dreadfully thinned—the enemy had gained their rear, and the prospect seemed gloomy enough. Curtis was oppressed with sad forebodings, and there was little sleep at headquarters that night. The gallant Sigel, however, who had returned from his long pursuit of the enemy, promised certain victory in the morning. In his German camp, the songs of the “Fatherland” stole sweetly out on the evening air, showing that his soldiers, like him, felt little anxiety for the result. Still the night was a painful one, and it was made still more sombre by the pitiful complainings of the poor mules which had eaten nothing for two days, and had not tasted water for twenty-four hours. All night long they made the air resound with their moans. But the heavy hours at length passed away, and the morning of the eighth dawned dull and gloomy.

The appearance of the enemy in the rear, made an entirely new order of battle necessary, and what was the rear became the front, and the whole force was concentrated to the north of the camp. Here, on a ridge, nearly two hundred feet high, sloping away behind, but precipitous in front, the enemy had, during the night, planted several batteries, while at the base, at the right, were other batteries and heavy bodies of infantry massed. A less force, similarly posted, was on the left. This was the enemy's position as the daylight revealed them, from which they could almost look down into our camp. A road ran up towards this ridge, passing through one of those immense western corn fields, which gave ample room for displaying our force. Amid the white and withered stalks, our line of battle was formed. Carr, occupying the road and a portion of the field on either side, formed the center, while Davis was on the extreme left. On Sigel was to rest the fortunes of the day. This accom-

plished officer saw that if he could turn the enemy's left flank, and drive him from the ridge, the battle would be won.

Occasional shots were exchanged from early in the morning, but it was eight o'clock before the action became general. The cannoneers were all at their places the whole length of the line when the order to open fire was received. The battle of the previous day had filled the whole air with smoke, and there being no wind stirring to drive it away, it had settled down over the field; so that the sun as it now rose in the troubled sky, looked dim and red. For two hours after the action commenced, an incessant cannonade was kept up, and it soon became evident that the enemy's line was shaken by the superior accuracy of our fire, while he dared not advance in a decisive charge over the open field. A battery of three guns to the left of the road was terribly galling to our troops, and it was resolved to take it. The twelfth Missouri was selected for the undertaking, and just as the order to charge was given, a sudden gust of wind blew away the smoke, showing the exact position of the guns. The brave fellows accepted the omen, and dashed forward on the run. Breasting the storm of fire that smote them, they charged up to the very muzzles, and captured the pieces and held them under fire until support came up. The enemy's line now began to waver, and it was evident they were preparing to withdraw. Two Indiana regiments were immediately thrown forward when the ranks in front of them fell back in confusion. The whole line then was ordered to advance and close the contest with the bayonet. A loud cheer rolled over the field, answered with a cheer from the enemy. Delivering their rapid volleys as they advanced, our troops were about to close with the bayonet when the whole rebel army turned and fled. Sigel had succeeded in turning the right flank and now pressed fiercely in pursuit.

Over fallen trees which had been leveled by a hurricane, cavalry and infantry struggled frantically together, while shot and shell struck and burst in their midst. Down the slopes, over the fields they rushed, spurred on by Sigel's artillery, which strewed the ground with dead and wounded. The wooded and broken country rendered pursuit by cavalry impossible, or a large portion of the army would have been captured. Sigel however kept up the chase for twelve miles, and the next morning marched his exhausted but victorious troops back to camp. The routed army divided into two portions, and felling trees along the road behind them, succeeded in effecting its escape. The battle field, especially where Sigel's artillery had played, presented a ghastly spectacle. Amid dismounted cannon, broken carriages, shattered trees, and along the furrowed up earth, the dead and wounded, mangled by shot and shell, lay thick as autumnal leaves. To add to the horrors of the scene, the woods, which had been set on fire by the shells, now began to blaze up in various directions. Our exhausted troops made every exertion to rescue the bodies of friends and foes alike from the devouring flames, and nearly all were removed to a place of safety. A few however, who had fallen in secluded places, or crawled off to thickets, were overtaken by the fire, and their charred and blackened corpses were afterward found lying amid the ashes and cinders of the forest. The rebels had Indian allies in the fight, who in accordance with their savage custom, scalped those of our dead they were able to reach. This afterward drew forth a stern remonstrance from Curtis, when Van Dorn, under a flag of truce, requested permission to bury his dead.

Our loss in killed and wounded was full a thousand men—that of the enemy could only be conjectured—among them were the two rebel Generals, McCulloch and McIntosh. It was a nobly fought battle. The Iowa, Missouri and Indiana

regiments covered themselves with glory, while the Germans had again proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader. Two of the regiments, while under fire, actually struck up a national song, and its loud chorus rang over the field making strange harmony with the stern roar of the artillery.

This victory settled the fate of Missouri. Price had struggled desperately to save the state to the southern confederacy, but failed at last.

It was evident that the rebel forces would not venture to give Curtis battle again, and he quietly went into camp among the hills and woods of Arkansas, while other acts in the great tragedy were being enacted on the Mississippi and Atlantic coast.

Andrew Johnson, former governor of Tennessee, had been appointed provisional governor of the state, and entered on his duties, while the great army of the west was slowly moving southward in rear of the enemy. The latter immediately began to concentrate his forces preparatory to a great decisive battle. A. Sidney Johnston effected a junction with Beauregard, who commanded at Memphis, while Bragg was ordered up from Mobile, with nearly the whole army that had been stationed in its vicinity. From every part of the south-west, troops were hurried forward to resist the advance of the "northern hordes," and in a short time a mighty army was assembled at Corinth. Towards this point, our various divisions began slowly to move, and all eyes were turned thither in expectation of a battle that should settle the fate of the valley of the Mississippi.

FOOTE MOVES AGAINST ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

In the mean time, Foote, having got his gun boats ready, moved down towards island number ten. Ten gun boats, twelve mortar boats, and a large fleet of transports filled the

river as far as the eye could reach, and it was believed that nothing could long stop their victorious progress towards New Orleans. Each of the mortar boats carried a mortar weighing seventeen thousand one hundred and eighty pounds, and throwing a shell weighing, before loaded, two hundred and fifteen pounds. Impelled by a charge of twenty-three pounds of powder, this ponderous missile would reach a distance of over two miles.

These were finally got into position along the banks on the fifteenth, and opened fire on the enemy's works. They were of the most formidable character, consisting of batteries both on the island and bluffs on the main shore, in which guns of the heaviest caliber were mounted.

The fire of the mortar boats was found to be less effective than had been anticipated. The several batteries were small objects to hit two miles off, by shells thrown at an angle of forty-five degrees. Had it been a large enclosed fortification, filled with troops, on which the fire was concentrated, the destruction would have been terrible; but here, an exactness was required, that it was impossible to attain. The slightest puff of wind, acting on a shell in so long a flight, would frustrate the nicest mathematical calculation. It was soon evident, that if they alone were to be relied on, the enemy would be able to maintain his position for an indefinite length of time. The gun boats might have succeeded in demolishing the works, but Foote thought it too hazardous to engage the batteries down stream on the rapid current of the Mississippi; for the slightest accident to their machinery would leave them to drift directly under the enemy's guns, where they would be quickly sunk.

The bombardment however, went on day after day, while other means of reducing the place were carefully canvassed. Thus for weeks it was almost a continuous thunder peal along the shores of the Mississippi. When the gunners fired off

those monstrous mortars they had to take shelter behind the timber work that enclosed them, so heavy was the concussion.

POPE'S VICTORY AT NEW MADRID.

In the mean time General Pope, in command of a division in Missouri had moved down from Commerce, by order of General Halleck, to Point Pleasant near New Madrid, a few miles below the island, where he found a large force of the enemy intrenched. Not having any heavy guns, he sent to St. Louis for them. These he transported over roads almost impassable, and working with an energy and resolution that mocked at difficulties, at length got them mounted, when he opened on the enemy. Finding the fire becoming too hot, they decamped in the night in such haste, that they left all the baggage of the officers and knapsacks of the men behind, and their dead unburied, and took refuge on the Kentucky shore. Our loss was about fifty killed and wounded. Pope then planted his batteries on the shore, shutting the rebel fleet up between him and the island, and cutting off communication from below by water. Beyond this, however, he was powerless to do any thing to aid Foote. Without a single transport or gun boat, and no way of obtaining them, he was confined to the task of simply holding his position. It was a terrible trial to an energetic, active commander like him, to sit idly there on the banks of the river, listening day after day and week after week, to the heavy cannonading above him, and think how easily with a few boats he could cross over to the Kentucky shore and end this long struggle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARCH, 1862.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN BY BURNSIDE—THE MARCH—THE ATTACK—THE VICTORY—ACTION OF THE FLEET—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE—BURNSIDE'S DISPATCH—THE PRESIDENT ASSUMES ACTIVE COMMAND OF THE ARMY AND ORDERS A GENERAL ADVANCE—AN IMPORTANT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR—FREMONT IN COMMAND OF THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT—MANASSAS EVACUATED—CHAGRIN OF THE PEOPLE—JACKSON BEYOND THE BLUE RIDGE—PURSUED BY BANKS—TRAP SET FOR HIM BY SHIELDS—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—POUND GAP IN EAST TENNESSEE TAKEN BY GARFIELD—THE NASHVILLE ESCAPES FROM BEAUFORT—THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE CONCERNING EMANCIPATION IN THE STATES.

WHILE the daily reports from Island Number Ten were the same dull record of a bombardment without results, news from Burnside's expedition electrified the nation. Rumors were current that this gallant officer was moving on Norfolk, and great fears were entertained by many that the rebel army in front of McClellan, would suddenly fall below Richmond, and crush him before he could receive reinforcements, or reach the protection of his gun boats. But the uncertainty that had prevailed respecting his movements, was suddenly dispelled by the news that he had captured the city of Newbern.

CAPTURE OF NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.

A combined attack on the place, by land and water, having been resolved upon, the expedition, with the gun boats in advance, followed by the vast concourse of transports, set sail from Roanoke island, on the twelfth, and slowly moved in the direction of Newbern. Reaching the mouth of the Neuse on which the city is situated, the fleet ascended the

river some twenty miles, and came to anchor, to wait for daylight. The night was clear and balmy as summer, and as the bright moon sailed up among the stars, flooding the stream with light, and throwing the woods on the adjacent banks into deeper shadow, it looked down on a scene of tranquil beauty that gave no indications of the carnage and death soon to follow. The troops, inspired by it, sent their songs over the quiet waters, while far inland the bright fires of the enemy checkered the landscape. But as night wore on, every sound died away, and the soldiers lay down to their rest. Before morning it began to rain, and the thirteenth dawned gloomily on the expedition. But the clouds soon broke away, and the warm, bright sun came out, and was hailed as a cheering omen. About eight o'clock, the small boats were lowered and filled with troops, and it was soon evident that the land forces were going no farther by water towards Newbern. The spot selected for the landing was near the mouth of Slocum's creek, about twelve miles from the city by water, but four or five miles farther by land. The regiments formed on the beach, and after marching a little over two miles through the sand, came to an encampment. At sight of it the men dashed forward with a cheer, but they found it deserted. The rebels had fled in such haste, that they left blankets and camp equipage behind, while the warm breakfast lay untouched, and the fires that cooked it were still burning. A brief halt only was made here, and the column again took up its line of march, while over the forest, like heavy thunder, came the steady explosions of cannon from the gun boats, as they moved up the stream, shelling the woods in advance of the army. The promise of a bright day which the morning wore, now suddenly vanished, and heavy, leaden clouds closed rapidly over the sun, flinging a deep shadow on the earth. Soon the rain began to descend in torrents. All day long it poured, drenching the soldiers

to their skins—yet they marched steadily on through it and the deep mud. About noon, skirmishers, who had been sent out, returned with the report that a short distance ahead there was a formidable earthwork, erected directly across their route. A halt was ordered, and a reconnoitering party sent forward, which soon returned and reported the works abandoned. The march was then resumed, and the troops passing through them, came to the rail road leading to the city. Where the highway crossed the track there were some meadows, in which the troops stacked their arms and snatched a hasty meal from their haversacks, and drank from the water by the roadside. Here the army divided into two columns, one keeping along the rail road track, and the other the stage road.

After marching for two hours, the rail road and highway again crossed each other, and the two columns once more came together. Here, in some meadows, a halt was ordered, and the troops breaking line, laid aside their knapsacks, and throwing themselves on the ground, or sitting down on logs and fallen trees, rested their weary limbs. But soon the drum called them to their ranks again, and though foot-sore and wet, they marched cheerfully forward. Night came on, yet they still moved carefully along in the darkness till eight o'clock, when they encamped. Some few found shelter in the scattered farm houses and barns, but the main army rested on the soaked fields. The long night passed quietly, and at daylight the troops stood to their arms again. About seven o'clock, sharp firing ahead told that the skirmishers had encountered the enemy. In a few minutes the regiments were in their places, and moved forward. Burnside rode on with his staff to examine the ground, and as he came to a wide field, a battery on the farther side opened, and a shell struck without exploding, within ten feet of him. The rail road, highway, and river Neuse, at this point run nearly parallel

to each other, and not far apart. The river bank was lined for a long distance towards Newbern with batteries, which commanded both the river itself, and the road inland leading to the city. From the first of these, a line of rifle pits, half a mile in length, extended across the roads, ending in a swamp. Burnside immediately ordered Foster to advance along the road against the enemy's left, Parke to follow him up till opposite the enemy's center, while Reno was to keep along the rail road and attack his right. The artillery was then advanced, and the battle opened. At the first gun, the rebel infantry stretched out in line, from the battery on the banks of the river to the rail road. At this point commenced a series of redoubts and rifle pits, extending nearly three miles. But of these the flanking brigade was entirely ignorant, as it floundered through the swamp to get in rear of the first works. The regiments in every part of the field moved steadily into their places amid a storm of shot, and soon the wounded were borne rapidly back through the lines. The enemy were concealed behind their works, so that nothing but their heads were visible, while our troops stood exposed to their long line of fire. It was hopeless to sustain any length of time, such an unequal contest, and the order to charge was given. A shout went up from the whole line at the order, and the intrepid regiments moved straight on the enemy's works. Four companies of the Massachusetts twenty-first were first inside, but were almost immediately driven out again by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Reinforced by the New York fifty-first and New Jersey and Rhode Island troops, they again turned to the assault, when the whole mounted the ramparts together, with a shout that rose over the roar of the guns. Hand to hand, and breast to breast, they fought their desperate way, till the enemy broke and fled in dismay. When the brigade on the right heard the charging cheer of those on the left, they dashed from the

woods that covered them, and moving at double-quick over the intervening field, charged up to the very muzzles of the guns. But our success on the left had spread a panic on every side, and the rebels broke and fled without attempting to carry off the artillery. The victory was won—we were within the enemy's works, and shout after shout went up as the regimental colors were planted on the ramparts. Soon, Burnside and his staff galloped up, and as he passed within, the cheers were redoubled, and caught up and sent back, till from far and near, the field shook with wild hurrahs. Less than seven thousand men had done all the fighting, and carried these strong works in the face of eight regiments of infantry, five hundred cavalry, and eighteen cannon in position, and with a total loss of killed and wounded of only five hundred.

Leaving knapsacks, blankets, and arms strewed along the road and rail road track, the enemy fled towards Newbern, burning the bridges behind them. Reaching the city, they crowded into the cars, and streamed inland. Our troops were soon formed in two columns as before, and taking the stage road and rail road track, pressed on with drums beating and colors flying, after the fugitives. They had not proceeded far, when clouds of black smoke ahead told them that the bridge across the river, and the town itself, was on fire. They reached the smoking bridge about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. Through the ascending columns of smoke, the spires of the churches could be seen, and it was thought that the entire city was on fire. But the rebels were in too great haste to consummate their diabolical work, and the citizens rallying, extinguished the flames. Soon after, our gun boats were seen moving up to the wharves. They had passed slowly up the river, shelling the woods in advance of our army till nightfall, when they came to anchor. Next morning, a heavy fog lay on the water, conceal-

ing every object at a distance, even the shores; but it soon lifted, and they again moved forward. First, one fort, and then another, was silenced, when they at length came to a more formidable obstruction. More than twenty vessels had been sunk in one channel, their masts sticking out above the surface in every direction. In the other, heavy spars had been sunk with the long points down stream, to pierce any vessel that might attempt to force a passage. To these, under the water were attached torpedoes, so arranged that when a vessel pressed against the point of a spar, it would spring a lock, which by striking a percussion cap, would ignite the powder, causing an explosion.

The raid of the *Merrimaë* had re-called Goldsborough to the Chesapeake, and Rowan was in command of the squadron. He, after carefully examining the obstacles before him, determined, though heavy guns commanded the passage, to force his boats over the sunken vessels. In this he succeeded; and though other forts commanded the river beyond they made but feeble resistance, and he moved up to the smoking city.

Between sixty and seventy cannon were captured in the various works, besides a large quantity of small arms. The city was nearly deserted, and but little of that Union feeling, said to exist south, was found. The slaves alone seemed rejoiced at our coming, for here, as every where else where our forces penetrated, these simple-minded creatures looked upon our victorious banners as signs of their approaching millennium.

The great victories at the west could not eclipse the brilliancy of this exploit, and every where Burnside was spoken of with enthusiasm. Not only had our troops won a great victory, but they had done it without the aid of our gun boats—by superior valor alone. The enemies of McClellan were especially loud in their praises, contrasting his brilliant achievements with the dilatory action of the Commander-in-

Chief. West, too, our leaders were winning imperishable laurels, while the head of the army, with two hundred thousand men, could do nothing more than hold Washington against the rebels. Such language was held by certain members of Congress, and a portion of the press which sympathized with them. But soon after, Burnside's official dispatch arrived, in which was a single paragraph, inserted to all appearance casually, which struck dumb these cavilers, and let the country see that all these movements, extending from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, were not isolated ones, but parts of a great plan. Said he, "I beg to say to the General commanding the army that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future be able to carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign; the only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements."

Burnside having quietly taken possession of Newbern, the soldiers established a newspaper there, evidently intending a long sojourn among the disgusted inhabitants. Washington and Morehead were soon after occupied, and preparations were set on foot to lay siege to Macon near Beaufort, a United States fort that commanded the entrance of the harbor of the city.

Dupont, in the mean time, was pushing his explorations, and conquests along the coast of Florida,—Jackson and St. Augustine were occupied in which a considerable Union feeling was discovered, and before the month closed the chief part of this refractory little state was under the national flag.

THE PRESIDENT ORDERS A GENERAL ADVANCE.

While events were thus marching forward with fearfully rapid strides west and east, the mighty army of the Potomac

was put in motion, and all believed that the finishing blow to the rebellion was to be struck. It was divided into five grand *corps d'armee* and began to feel its way towards Manassas. A mountain department in the mean time was created, embracing Western Virginia over which Fremont was placed. The President had issued an order for a general movement all along the lines on the twenty-second day of February, though it was not made public until this month, and, according to general rumor, had assumed the active duties of Commander-in-Chief. It was asserted and believed, that in a council of war called to determine on the propriety of an immediate movement, McClellan and all but four Generals declared it to be unwise. But the President, it was said overruled this decision, and ordered it to commence at once. The press and the people were jubilant at this act of the President, while, if it were true, they should have been filled with sadness. The President, who may be taken from any of the professions of life, is not supposed to know any thing of military science, and hence was never designed by the Constitution to take the personal responsibility of the movements of the army. His power as Commander-in-Chief, was given him to restrain military encroachments—check lawless action,—displace incompetent leaders, and see that every thing worked in harmony with our free institutions and the laws of the land. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln, from the sudden confidence inspired by our successes, took the responsibility of breaking up carefully matured plans of the very officers he had put at the head of military affairs, he took a fearful risk. Incompetent leaders should never be left at the head of an army—if competent, they should not be meddled with as long as they are in the strict line of their duty. At this point, the people should erect a great landmark; for if future developments show that the military decision was overruled by the President, they will be

able to fix this as the turning point of our fortunes, and ascertain where the guilt rests of the stupendous blunders that followed, about which the country was so much divided.

MANASSAS EVACUATED.

McClellan, under this order, took command of the army of the Potomac, and issued a stirring address to his troops, in which he praised their discipline, offered to share their dangers, and promised them victory.

But while the public were waiting in eager expectation to hear of the onset of this vast army against the strong defenses of Manassas, news came that on the eleventh they were evacuated. The enemy had fled, burning every thing they could not take with them, except the huts in which they had wintered. Great chagrin and disappointment were felt at this barren triumph, and the land was filled with murmurs that the rebels had been allowed to escape. The most absurd stories were circulated, and nothing seemed able to appease the public, that had waited so long and patiently for this grand army to fully prepare itself for the desperate struggle before it. A deserted camp was a sorry trophy to present to the American people, after so many months of eager expectation. There was one thing, however, that somewhat alleviated the disappointment—the army had finally got in motion, and now, sweeping every thing before it, would not stop till it drew up around the rebel capital. From Leesburg to Alexandria, the mighty columns moved majestically on.

Though the main army of the enemy was retiring behind the Rappahannock,—beyond the Blue Ridge, Jackson was still in force; and it was hoped that while Banks pressed him in front, his retreat towards Richmond might be cut off by our army at Manassas.

The latter followed up the retiring enemy till he came to Strasburgh. Here, on the eighteenth and nineteenth, a reconnoitering force reported that Jackson occupied a strong position at New Market, within supporting distance of the main army under Johnson. Shields, in command of the advance division, in order to decoy him from this position, fell rapidly back to Winchester, on the twentieth, making the whole distance, nearly thirty miles, in one day, and secreted his main force about two miles from town, on the Martinsburgh road. The next day, Ashby's cavalry showed themselves in front, but no infantry force appearing, Banks concluded the bait had not taken, and so on the following day, the twenty-third, sent off his division to Centreville. This movement convinced the enemy that the place was evacuated, and only a few regiments being left in garrison, the inhabitants supposed so too, and signaled to that effect to the distant enemy. Shields saw the signals, and divining their meaning, stood prepared for any emergency. About five o'clock Ashby's cavalry attacked his pickets, and drove them in. He immediately ordered forward a brigade to arrest their advance, allowing, however, only two regiments to be seen, and a small body of cavalry. This confirmed the delusion of the enemy, who supposed this small force was all that was left to defend the place. As soon as it became dark, Shields ordered a brigade under Kimball to take up a strong position, and pushed forward four batteries to its support, and placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks to protect them, and prevent surprise, while Tyler's brigade was held in reserve. While engaged in these movements, a little skirmish occurred, in which Shields was struck by the fragment of a shell, that broke his arm, and prevented him from taking the field in person.

About eight o'clock next morning, two officers were sent forward to reconnoiter, who reported no enemy in sight, ex-

cept Ashby's cavalry. Convinced from this circumstance that the rebels did not meditate an attack, Banks left, to overtake his division. But about half past ten, it became evident that Jackson was approaching the place in force, though he kept his troops so adroitly concealed by the woods that Shields could obtain no estimate of their numbers. But by degrees, they began to show themselves, and battery after battery came out and took position on commanding points, and opened fire. Our artillery responded, and until half-past three, a fierce cannonade was maintained on both sides.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

The two lines of batteries were posted on two ridges, about a half a mile apart, between which was a ravine, running east and west, free from woods. We stood fronting the north, and the rebels the south. On our left, to the west, ran the turnpike, and beyond it spread an open country. To the east, the two ridges were connected by a belt of forest, through which run a mud road, and on its outer skirt still another, leading to Cedar Creek.

While the heavy firing was going on, our infantry gradually moved up to the support of the guns, till it stood within a thousand yards of them. The enemy immediately advanced a heavy battery, which sent shells with great rapidity and accuracy both into our batteries, and infantry and cavalry in the rear. Kimball, in command, as Shields was disabled, saw at once that this battery must be taken, and determined on a flank movement to the east, by the mud road in the forest and the one just beyond it leading to Cedar Creek. Captain Schriber of Shields' staff immediately sent to him, asking his approval of it. It was granted, and six regiments moved rapidly into the woods on our right—Colonel Tyler's column reaching to the road just be-

yond the woods—and swept out of sight down the enemy's left flank. In the mean time, Colonel Down kept the artillery in front in full play, to distract the attention of Jackson from this important movement.

The columns kept silently on through the woods for about half a mile, when they wheeled, and came suddenly on the enemy's flank, posted behind a stone wall, only two hundred yards distant. The rebels immediately opened on them with a terrible fire from their rifled pieces. The ranks began to melt like frost-work before it, but "Forward! FORWARD!" ran along the unfaltering line, and the brave fellows, with leaning forms, and without firing a shot, dashed forward with tremendous cheers, till they came within five paces of the stone wall, when they poured one fearful volley into the closely packed ranks behind it. The enemy, appalled at the close, destructive fire, and the faces of wrath and determination that confronted them so closely, turned back over the field. As they did so, they unmasked two iron six-pounders which, as soon as they were cleared in front, opened with canister, and hurled death and destruction into our ranks. They did not stop, however, for a single instant the living mass of valor, and it rolled over them like a resistless wave. Here the victorious regiments came to a halt, when two more brass pieces were unmasked, which sent such a shower of balls into their midst that they were compelled to fall back. But just then the fifth Ohio and eighty-fourth Pennsylvania came up, and threw themselves forward with fixed bayonets. It was a splendid charge, but the loss of life here in a few minutes was fearful. The color bearer of the Ohio regiment fell, when a second seized the flag and waved it aloft. The next moment he fell also, when a third picked it up, but had hardly lifted it from the ground when he fell forward with his face to the foe. A fourth shared the same fate, when Captain Whitcomb seized the colors, and waving

them in front of his men, cheered them on, but fell while the brave words were still on his lips. The carnage was awful. Colonel Murray of the eighty-fourth Pennsylvania was shot at the head of his regiment, and many other brave officers fell, either killed or wounded. In the midst of the fire, Captain Schriber hurried back and brought up the one hundred and tenth and the fourteenth Indiana regiments, and hurled them obliquely on the enemy, when they fell back, leaving one gun and several caissons in our hands.

In the mean time, as soon as the rebel flank was turned, a general advance was ordered along the whole line, and the hotly contested field was won. Two guns, four caissons, a thousand stand of arms, and three hundred prisoners, were the trophies of the victory.

Our loss in killed and wounded was about three hundred and fifty, while that of the enemy, Shields reported to be, over a thousand.

A courier had been dispatched after Banks, and he arrived on the field next morning. A vigorous pursuit was immediately ordered, but he failed to overtake Jackson's main force, though he harassed his rear as far as Woodstock, where the troops were halted from mere exhaustion. For twenty-two miles beyond the battle field, he found the houses filled with the dead and dying, while along the road were strewed evidences of the the terror and sufferings of the enemy.

Among the minor incidents of this month was the taking of Pound Gap, in eastern Tennessee, by General Garfield, in one of his brilliant dashes, and the escape of the Nashville from Beaufort, in the face of our blockading squadron, much to the chagrin of the nation.

Perhaps, however, nothing occurred this month that caused more comment at home and abroad, than the transmission, in the early part of it, of a message to Congress by

the President, recommending a joint resolution "that the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid" as a compensation for its loss. The difficulty was, to see the precise object the President proposed to gain by a mere resolution at this time.

CHAPTER XXV.

APRIL, 1862.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN—CHANNEL CUT AROUND IT BY COLONEL BISSELL—DIFFICULTIES OF THE UNDERTAKING—TRANSPORTS GOT THROUGH—BUFORD'S ATTACK ON UNION CITY—COLONEL ROBERTS SPIKES THE UPPER BATTERY OF THE ISLAND—A DARING EXPLOIT—THE CARONDELET RUNS THE BATTERIES IN A TERRIFIC THUNDER STORM—THE PITTSBURGH FOLLOWS—POPE MOVES HIS ARMY ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI AND CAPTURES THE ENEMY—ISLAND NUMBER TEN SURRENDERED WITH ALL ITS ARMAMENT.

THE first of April brought dim intimations of some new, strange movement on the part of the army of the Potomac; but the excited public curiosity was withdrawn for a moment from it, by stirring news that came from the west. The tedious bombardment of Island Number Ten had been kept up for so long a time, that the public began to be weary of hearing the place mentioned, for we seemed no nearer its possession than when the fleet of Foote first appeared before it. If transports could only be got to Pope, below, the work would be accomplished, and the following plan to do this was adopted. A slough of standing water struck inland through the swamp from the Mississippi, where the fleet lay, and at length joined a stream which emptied into the river below the island, and near New Madrid. If Foote could only get some light draft transports through this, he could run the batteries with some of his gun boats for their protection. Pope, with his accustomed resolution, determined to accomplish this with his corps of engineers under Colonel Bissell. When he first took position at New Madrid, he had sent this accomplished officer to see if he could not establish batteries on the shore opposite the enemy's works,



UNION NAVY OFFICERS.



and shell them out; but the Colonel, after spending three days in the swamps in canoes, with negroes as guides, reported it impracticable. He declared, however, that he could by hard labor, cut a channel for transports through this slough. Pope at once gave him full permission to take whatever force he wanted, and order every thing he needed and go to work. The latter immediately sent to Cairo for four steamboats, six flats, and such guns as could be spared, and put his regiment into the swamps, to commence the herculean task. The route to be laid open was twelve miles long, two of it through timber, and the remaining ten through narrow, crooked bayous, matted with brush and small trees that had grown up from the bottom. The standing timber, to a common observer, presented an insuperable obstacle. Large trees that had been growing there from time immemorial, sent their huge trunks out of the water, some of them nearly six feet in circumference. These had to be sawed off four feet below the surface of the water, for the space of fifty feet in width. In one short stretch, seventy-five of these trees had to be thus cut. The machines for doing this were rigged on rafts and flats, and worked by twenty men. Ahead of them went large gangs of men to clear away the drift wood and fallen timber that loaded the surface, and behind came two barges and a steamboat, the last of which, with long strong lines, hauled out the logs that the men could not handle. Last of all came the fleet, the flat boats being converted into floating batteries, for no one knew how soon the enemy might ascertain what was going on, and fill the swamp with sharp shooters.

At the very outset, the difficulties that presented themselves were sufficiently formidable, for it was five hundred feet from the shore to the levee, the whole way filled with stumps. Then the levee itself had to be cut. But the ground inland, being lower than this, when an opening was

made the water poured through it like a torrent, tearing a channel across a corn field for a quarter of a mile, to the woods. The boats had to be dropped through this cut with lines, it taking five men to manage the largest. The two miles through the timber, occupied eight days. It sometimes took twenty men a whole day, to get out a half sunken log. If the saws worked well, they would cut off a tree two feet through in a quarter of an hour; but if they ran crooked or pinched, it would require two or three hours of hard work, even after all the brush had been fished up around its roots. Three bayous had to be traversed after the woods were cleared, in the middle one the water running like a mill-race, making it necessary to check the boats down with lines. At last they came in sight of the Mississippi, near New Madrid, and the song, "*Jordan is a hard road to travel*," which the men had chanted through these days of toil, was changed to "t'other side of Jordan." It was an astonishing feat of engineering skill and energy, and reflected as much credit on the commander, as though he had won a battle.

While this gigantic task was being accomplished, the monotonous life of the flotilla above the island was broken by two brilliant exploits. The rebels who occupied Union city, nearly opposite the head of Island Number Ten becoming very troublesome to the Unionists at Hickman, Colonel Buford, at the head of a thousand men, made a night march upon the place, and surprising them, drove them in affright from it and took all their camp equipage. The other, was a night attack by boats, upon the upper battery of the enemy on the island. Two weeks had elapsed since the fleet set sail, and no perceptible progress had been made towards destroying the rebel works. The troops were wearied to death with their long idleness, and many of the officers were ready for any undertaking, however desperate, that would give

them action. In this state of things, an expedition was got up under Colonel Roberts, consisting of fifty men in five launches, who were to steal on this battery in the darkness, and spike it.

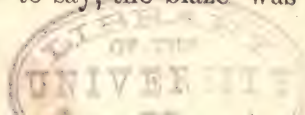
The night of the second of April was selected for carrying it out. It was dark and threatening, and the wind blew in fierce and fitful gusts, while up from the western horizon, below which the moon had just sunk, heavy thunder clouds were pushing their corrugated edges, and incessant flashes of lightning and the low mutterings of distant thunder gave ominous warnings of an approaching storm. Nothing daunted, the little party pushed off from shore, and keeping under the shadow of the bank, dropped noiselessly down stream, and disappeared in the darkness. The most perfect silence was enjoined, and even the commands were passed along in whispers. They paused a moment as they neared the battery, to ascertain its exact locality, and on discovering the recess in which it was placed, a low "*give way*," passed from boat to boat, and with Roberts leading, they shot like arrows to the shore. Quickly leaping out, the party formed in line, and with fixed bayonets started for the battery, about two hundred yards distant. The low bank was overflowed with water two feet deep, through which they had to flounder in the darkness. Not a word was spoken, and the only sound that broke the stillness, was the plashing of their feet in the water. The roar of the coming storm was now terrific, but they pushed rapidly on till they came to the ditch in front of the works, when a sudden flash in front, followed by the crack of a musket, told them they were discovered. Still they neither halted nor spoke, but kept right on, skirting the ditch to find the entrance, when a second shot whistled past them. The affrighted rebel who fired it, immediately turned and fled, while two of our men dashed after him in the darkness. The next moment, a third flash lit the gloom,

but the bullet flew wide of its mark. Says an eye witness, "Just as our men had gained the entrance of the fortification, there came a terrific, blinding flash of lightning, illuminating as with the blaze of noon-day the works before them. In a twinkling all was dark as Erebus. The vivid sheet of lightning blinded them, and the crack and roar of the thunder that followed, stunned their hearing. It was a moment when the bravest might have faltered. The flash that pointed the way to the guns in battery also disclosed to the enemy a foe in their midst. Whatever was done, must be done quickly, or the whole enterprise was a failure. While the echoes of the thunder were rumbling away in the distant hills, the deed was done—ten minutes sufficed to execute what the cannonading of a fortnight had failed to accomplish. With rocket and files in hand, the Colonel passed around the works spiking five guns, one of which was knocked down and in process of re-erection. The last was the crowning piece of the affair, a magnificent ten-inch columbiad in the center of the work, on a pivot. A rat-tail file was driven in tight, and broken off close to the top of the vent." A more dashing, gallant exploit was never performed.

But now movements of grander proportions were about to be set on foot. The arrival of transports at New Madrid rendered it necessary to get one or two gun boats down to protect them in moving troops to the opposite shore. So two days after this daring feat of Colonel Roberts, the Carondelet was put in the best possible trim to run the gauntlet of the batteries. Hawsers and chains were coiled around the pilot house and the vulnerable parts—the guns run in and ports closed—cord wood piled up round the boilers, and the hose connected with them to repel boarders. Twenty sharp shooters were added to the crew who were all armed to the teeth. A boat loaded with pressed hay was lashed to the side exposed to the batteries, while to balance this,

and at the same time furnish the steamer with fuel, should she get through safely, a barge freighted with coal was fastened to the other side. Every thing being ready, she was cast loose about ten o'clock at night and started on her perilous voyage. As if on purpose to give success to the undertaking by affording more perfect concealment, a terrific thunder storm burst over the river and shores at this moment, making the night one of Cimmerian gloom. The rain came down, not in a pouring shower, but in solid masses of water. Not at intervals, but every instant, the invisible clouds gaped and shot forth flames that swept in one vast, broad sheet over heaven and earth, while the rapidly succeeding claps, following and blending with each other, sounded along the lordly Mississippi like the explosion of a thousand cannon.

After rounding heavily to with her cumbersome barges, the Carondelet put her bow down stream, and steering straight for the batteries, disappeared in the gloom. It was a hazardous task those bold men had undertaken, and those left behind, held their breath to hear the first explosion of cannon that should announce that the enemy had discovered their approach. In the mean time, the boat, wrapped in the thunder storm, moved on and was rapidly approaching the batteries, and those on board began to discuss the probability of their passing unobserved, when the soot in the chimneys caught fire, and a blaze five feet high leaped out from their tops, lighting brightly the upper deck of the vessel and every thing around. The word was instantly passed to the engineers to open the flue caps, when the flames subsided, but not till the rebels had the fairest opportunity to discover our approach. This was a fearful mishap, for no signal, even if arranged beforehand could more completely disclose our purpose. Those on board expected to hear the drum beat loudly to quarters, and see the signals flash from battery to battery along the heights, but strange to say, the blaze was



not seen either on account of the blinding storm, or its sudden appearance and disappearance in the darkness so bewildered the guard, that he did not know whether it was near or distant. They were congratulating themselves on their almost miraculous escape, and had got just abreast of the upper fort, when, as if on purpose to secure their destruction, the treacherous chimneys caught fire again, and blazed like a flaming torch, right in the face of the foe. This time they could not escape detection.

Suddenly the report of the muskets of the guard broke the stillness, signal rockets from the island and main land shot into the heavens—the rapid roll of drums was heard, and then came the loud explosion of a cannon, shaking the shore. Concealment was at an end, and but one hope was left for the Carondelet, and putting on a full head of steam, she swept silently on. A man stood forward, heaving the lead and line, and as he coolly called out the soundings, a second man on deck sent them on to the captain, who stood near the pilot. A moment's silence followed the first fierce preparations, and then came a crash, louder than the thunder that shook the heavens. From shore and bluff, cannon and musketry opened on the devoted boat. The island was ablaze with the flashes, before which the lightning paled. The rain fell in a tropical thunder shower, amid which the artillery of heaven and earth played in wild response; yet not a sound broke the stillness that enveloped that daring boat, as the darkness opened and shut upon it from the flaming heavens and the flaming earth, save the steady call of the man at the lead and line, or the short, quick order of the captain to the pilot, as he stood amid the raining balls. There was great danger in the pitchy darkness of getting out of the channel and running aground within range of the enemy's guns, when their destruction would have been certain. Hence, the entire attention of the officers had to be

given to navigating the vessel, forgetting for the time, that they were the target of a hundred cannon. Once, in a longer interval of the flashes of lightning, the current had swung the boat so that she was heading straight for shoal water. The next flash, however, revealed the danger, and "*hard aport*" fell from the captain's lips as calmly as though they were running into a harbor instead of rushing on destruction, and the boat swung back to the channel. All this time the heavy shot were shrieking through the gloom and plunging into the water on every side, but not one hit the Carondelet. The captain had taken his vessel close under the enemy's guns, on purpose to deceive him, and render it difficult to depress them so as to cover his vessel.

At length she passed out of range, when the ports were thrown open, and the guns run out, to fire the signals agreed upon, both to notify those above the island of their safety, and those at New Madrid, that friends and not enemies were coming. The dull echoes, as they rolled over the distant fleet, caused cheer after cheer to go up from the crowded decks, while the shore at New Madrid fairly rocked under the wild hurras of the army, as they saw the gun boat come up, unharmed, to the wharf. Rushing down, the soldiers seized the sailors in their arms, and bearing them upon their shoulders, carried them up the bank to the nearest hotel.

Sunday night, the Pittsburgh, following the example of the Carondelet, run the same gauntlet of fire unscathed.

This settled the fate of Island Number Ten. The gun boats easily silenced the batteries that had been placed on the Kentucky shore, where Pope wished to cross, and the army was safely carried over. The rebel army, finding their way blocked from below, scattered into the woods and along the by-ways, though they were eventually taken, to the number of five thousand. McCall, the rebel commander on the island, then surrendered the garrison of a few hundred men.

This strong hold had finally fallen, and with it we had captured a hundred heavy guns, several field batteries, immense quantities of small arms, tents, wagons, horses, and provisions. The news was received at the north with the firing of cannon, hoisting of flags, and general joy. The Mississippi was now open to forts Wright and Pillow, some sixty miles above Memphis, and Foote immediately prepared to move down with his flotilla and attack them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

APRIL, 1862.

BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—THE SURPRISE OF SHERMAN'S AND PRENTISS' DIVISIONS—CAPTURE OF THE LATTER—THE RETREAT—GALLANTRY OF SHERMAN—ARRIVAL OF GRANT—GLOOMY PROSPECT—THE LAST ONSET—ARRIVAL OF NELSON—THE GUN BOATS TYLER AND LEXINGTON TAKE PART IN THE FIGHT—BUELL REACHES SAVANNAH—HASTENS TO PITTSBURG LANDING—SCENE AT THE WHARF—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS—NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

BUT while these events were passing at Island Number Ten, a terrible battle was raging on the banks of the Tennessee, at Pittsburg Landing. On the very Sunday night the Pittsburg ran the batteries, the two hostile armies lay face to face on the field where they had struggled desperately all day. On the next day, when our troops were moving across to the Kentucky shore to assured victory, our army there was struggling to recover the bloody field lost the day before.

Johnston, as we have seen, after retiring southward through Tennessee, moved west towards Memphis, and finally concentrated his army at Corinth, in Mississippi, near the Tennessee line, and ninety-three miles east of Memphis. Grant had moved up the Tennessee with his army and established it on the west bank of the river at Pittsburg Landing, where he was to await the arrival of Buell's corps which was crossing the country from Nashville. When the junction should be effected the entire army was to move forward on the rebel camp at Corinth. Why Grant placed his division on the west bank of the river, thus provoking an attack on his inferior force before Buell could arrive, while a safe passage could at any time be secured by the gun boats does

not appear in any official document. The fact that he had done so was known to Johnston, as well as to the whole country. That he would attack him before Buell could arrive, if he could concentrate his forces in time, was a moral certainty. His water and rail road communications with New Orleans, Mobile, and the entire south, rendered this extremely probable; and those accustomed to study military movements feared a catastrophe. It came,—and well nigh proved a fatal one. On the fourth of April, Johnston moved his entire army forward, intending to attack Grant on Saturday; but the muddy roads so impeded his progress that he was unable to do it till Sunday morning. Grant's force at the time was disposed in the following manner. From Pittsburg Landing a road strikes straight for Corinth, twenty miles distant. About two miles from the river it divides, one fork leading to lower Corinth, and the other keeping the ridge straight on. A little farther inland, a road from Hamburg Landing, a few miles farther up the river, intersects the former. On the right, two roads branch off towards Purdy. On and between these several roads, from two to five miles out, lay the army. The three divisions of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClernand, were the farthest advanced. Between them and the river, were Hurlburt's and Smith's, the latter commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, Smith being sick. Sherman's brigade was on the right, and Colonel Stuart on the left, and Prentiss in the center.

On the *extreme* left, up the river from the landing, were precipitous heights and a ravine, that were considered a sufficient protection of themselves against any serious advance of the enemy down the left bank.

The rebel army seventy thousand strong came on in three great divisions,—not feeling its way cautiously, but in a swift, overwhelming rush. Johnston, though Commander-

in-Chief, had especial charge of the center. Soon after daylight on Sunday, the pickets of Prentiss and Sherman were driven in, when the long roll sounded through the camps.

Wholly unprepared for such a sudden attack, the troops were scattered around, some preparing their breakfasts and others sitting idly in their tents. They had hardly time to form, when the compact masses of the foe, in far extending lines, came sweeping down in one unbroken wave on the camps. Right on the heels of the shouting pickets, dashed the dark columns; and while the artillery—suddenly appearing on the heights—began to pitch shot and shell into and beyond the encampments, the regiments stormed through them, firing volleys as they came. So complete was the surprise and so sudden the rush, that officers were bayoneted in their beds. The on-pouring thousands swept the camps of the front division like an inundation, and the dreadful spectacle of a vast army in disorderly flight, before it had time to form in line of battle, was presented. So swift was the onset on Buckland's brigade of Sherman's division, that between the long roll of the drum and the actual presence of the shouting foe in the camp, the officers not yet up had not time to dress, and the troops seizing their muskets as they could, fled like a herd of sheep towards the rest of the division. This, Sherman made desperate efforts to get in a position to receive the coming shock. Though the shot and shell which the enemy sent after the fugitives crashed and burst around him, he rode up and down his agitated lines, steadying his men by the reckless exposure of his person and his gallant words. The sight of Buckland's broken, fleeing brigade was enough to shake the firmest troops, yet the fearless bearing of their leader held them firm.

In the mean time, McClernand moved up to fill the gap caused by Buckland's flight, and a noble effort was made to stay the fearful reflux tide of battle. The woods and

fields were filled with the rolling smoke, and it was one continuous crash and roar of musketry and artillery on every side. Our officers fell fast in the unequal struggle, and it was plain to Sherman that he was fighting against hopeless odds, and he gave the order to fall back.

In the mean time, still more disastrous results had befallen Prentiss' division. Surprised, as the advance of Sherman's had been, the camp was not swept so as by a whirlwind, and the men had time to form in line of battle. Unfortunately, however, they formed in an open field, and stood there to meet the attack. The enemy, streaming through the woods, halted at the edge, and poured in a murderous fire upon the uncovered troops, mowing them down with great slaughter. But they held their position like veterans, and did what men could do under such disheartening circumstances. Their volleys were rapid and steady, but the Commander-in-Chief was not on the field, and hence there could be but little unity of action, so that supports could be brought up at the proper time and place. Each general had as much as he could do to take care of his own division, and his whole efforts were used in simply holding his ground, hoping in the mean time that help would come. There was no time to form a regular line of battle, and no one to do it. On the other hand, the rebel army was handled like a single machine, and hurled its whole power on our broken, disjointed divisions. Hence, while Prentiss was holding his men to the slaughter, the supports on either flanks had given way, and over the ground which they had occupied, the flanking columns of the enemy swept without opposition, inclosing him in a wall of steel. He saw at once that he was lost, and this mutilated portion of his division, three thousand strong, laid down their arms. They were immediately sent to the rear, and over the ground they had held the victorious rebel columns stormed, with loud exultant shouts. driving the re-

mainder of Prentiss' division by companies and regiments, in a confused mass, before them.

McClermand brought up brigade after brigade to support Sherman, and the struggle here became desperate. The confident enemy, apparently unexhausted by his tremendous efforts, charged incessantly along his bleeding line, which for more than two miles stood wrapt in clouds of smoke, while cannon and musketry rolled in one continuous thunder peal over the broken field. The rebels stormed up to the very muzzles of our guns and took several, while around them occurred some of the most bloody hand-to-hand fights ever witnessed in war. Sherman's brave, protracted stand, though made at a terrible sacrifice of life, saved the army from being borne in one wild panic into the Tennessee. Still the enemy was not driven back, but was only checked for a short time.

Greatly inferior at the outset in numbers—taken by surprise, and forced to seize such positions as we might find in the confusion of retreat and tumult of battle—a general of division and three thousand men captured at one fell swoop, and as many more panic stricken wretches gone in wild terror from the field, our prospects at ten o'clock on that bright Sabbath morning were gloomy enough. All over the land the church bells were calling the quiet worshipers to the house of prayer, while here was passing one of the most terrific scenes the Sabbath sun ever shone upon.

McClermand held his ground stubbornly, but Sherman being at length compelled to fall back, left a gap through which the enemy could march on his right, outflanking him, and soon the heads of their columns were seen dashing at double-quick along the road. Seeing this dangerous movement, Dresser opened on them with his battery of rifled guns, which swept the road with such a terrific fire that the rebels, with all their desperate daring, could not make head

against it. But fresh regiments were hurried up, and our exhausted forces were fast reaching that point where resistance must cease. Charge after charge was repulsed only to be renewed with redoubled vigor. Our line officers were falling with frightful rapidity, while the artillery horses were shot down by scores, rendering it impossible to move the guns from the field, and one after another fell into the hands of the enemy. Schwartz had lost half of his guns, and sixteen horses; Dresser as many more horses and several of his rifled pieces, and McAlister half of his twenty-four pound howitzers. By eleven o'clock the division was driven back in a line with Hurlburt's, which was stretched across the Corinth road, fighting as it retreated, when it made a desperate rally and fell like a loosened cliff on the advancing foe, driving him back in confusion. But it could not hold the ground it won at such a great sacrifice, and again retreated.

Colonel Stuart commanded a brigade on Sherman's extreme left at the outset of the battle, and it became so isolated in the retreat, that but for a mere oversight of the enemy it would have been completely cut off. When he did turn his attention to it, and two brigades were sent on the double-quick down the Hamburg road, to attack it, Stuart was compelled to fall back. The enemy followed on, and dashing across a shallow creek, formed in front of him in close musket range, while the color-bearers stepped boldly out in front, and a short but bloody combat followed. But swept by the rapid volleys of the musketry, and the plunging fire of the artillery on the bluffs farther back, the brigade was compelled after a struggle of ten minutes to retreat, carrying with it its wounded leader. Reaching the next wooded ridge, they made another stand, where though hard pressed, they maintained their ground for three-quarters of an hour. McArthur's brigade, sent to their support, lost its

way, and, left alone, they had to fall back again and again, till broken and bleeding, the brigade was taken to the rear to be reorganized. Twelve o'clock came, and the enemy had full possession of the camps of Sherman, Prentiss, and McClernand, and were still pushing on.

Grant, who was at Savannah, several miles farther down the river when the battle begun, had hurried up, but his presence failed to arrest the disorder or check the retreat.

General Wallace's division, which was at Crump's Landing, five miles distant, had been promptly ordered up in the morning, and its arrival would strengthen greatly the right of our extended line; but he lost his way, and wandering around all day, and nearly falling into the hands of the enemy, did not reach the battle field till night. Had the rebels known this, and how weak we were on this wing, and ceased their determined efforts on the left and center, and hurled their entire force in that direction, they would have driven us into the Tennessee before nightfall.

Hurlburt's division took position, as the others fell back, in a thick wood, with open fields in front, over which the enemy must pass in his victorious advance. Here he harangued his officers, and gallant and daring himself, filled his followers with the same resolution that animated him. In front of him, Sherman drew up the remnant of his battered brigade, and again stood a wall of iron on the lost field. He saw the awful crisis that had come, and knew that nothing but almost superhuman exertions for the next few hours could save the army from utter annihilation.

The rebel leader, Johnston, in thus directing his entire strength on the left, saw at once that he must break this firm formation, and he led his columns forward with a desperation that threatened to sweep away all opposition. Flushed with their unbroken success, the troops came on with buoyant confidence that was of itself a presage of victory. But as

they emerged into the open field, the very gates of hell seemed to open before them, and a hurricane of fire swept their ranks that flesh and blood could not withstand, and though bearing up heroically for a few moments in the face of it, they soon broke and fled to the woods for protection. Here they were again reformed, and after a short delay led forward the second time in splendid order. But the moment the uncovered columns undertook to cross the field, the same blinding sleet drifted along their whole line of battle, dissolving it like thin mist in its fiery passage, and they again sought the shelter of the woods. But fresh regiments were brought up, and under their intrepid leaders led forward over their own dead and wounded that carpeted the ground.

Here Johnston fell, gallantly leading on his columns to the frightful slaughter. For the third time they recoiled from the merciless tempest that beat on every inch of that devoted field. The shot rained in a perfect shower around Sherman, yet he moved unhurt along his line of battle, the incarnation of valor. Hour after hour, did this mere fraction of our army stand between it and total destruction. But the fresh regiments that kept pouring in and swelling the already overwhelming numbers that pressed on our jaded troops, who had been for so many hours under constant fire, compelled them at length to fall back, which they did in good order—strewing the earth with dead as they retreated. The enemy pressed fiercely after, leaving the field behind them black with the slain.

Thus step by step, the whole left wing, bleeding and shattered, swings back towards the river, already lined with thousands of fugitives, whom no appeals can bring again into the fight. When that is reached, the battle will become a massacre, for there are no boats to receive the defeated army. Already the sheen of the river can be seen through the openings in the woods, and the commanders hold their



THE BATTLE AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

breath as they see the gallant columns reluctantly, though surely moving back to the abyss open to receive them. Wallace, on the extreme right, has nobly held his position, and four times hurled the enemy back, until at last he too is forced to retreat, and falls mortally wounded from his horse. Every camp but his is occupied by the enemy, and towards this, our entire left wing is now slowly receding. Even the reserve lines are all carried, and the army that in the morning stretched in a semi-circle over six miles in extent, is now compressed within a circuit of a little more than half a mile. One more push, and the day is won for the rebels, and the valley of the Mississippi, up to the Ohio, is again theirs. "Oh that Buell or night would come!" exclaimed many an officer, as he surveyed the gloomy prospect.

As the sun stooped to the western horizon he looked on a battle lost to the Union cause, and a whole army balancing on the verge of destruction. Just then a body of cavalry dashed up to the river on the farther side, the advance of Buell's army. Help was at hand, and if the victorious columns of the enemy could be held in check but one hour more, the army might yet be saved. The former were also aware that Buell's columns were approaching the Tennessee, and knew that what was done must be done quickly, and summoning his energies for a final effort, bore down on our crowded, confused columns. A last charge, and the declaration that Beauregard had made in the morning, that his steed should drink from the Tennessee at night, would be fulfilled.

At this critical moment, two movements were made which saved the day. Colonel Webster, chief of the staff, and an accomplished artillerist, seeing that the storm was about to burst on our center and left, hastily collected in the short lull that preceded its advent, all the guns from the broken batteries around him, some of large caliber, and arranged them in a semi-circle around the landing—twenty-one in all.

Gathering such artillerists as he could from the various batteries, as well as every man who knew how to handle a gun, among whom was the gallant surgeon, Dr. Corbyn, of Missouri, he prepared to meet this last onset.

He was hardly ready, ere the wood in front was lit up by the flash of the enemy's musketry, and the heavy columns came pouring forward. Suddenly, from that semi-circle of twenty-one guns, leaped forth a line of fire, and shot and shell went crashing into the living masses that darkened all the road and fields. The astonished enemy staggered back, appalled at the horrible tempest. But they were making their last crowning effort, and their leaders rallied them for a second onset. And at this juncture, a new enemy appeared on the field. The two gun boats, Tyler and Lexington, lying in the stream, had remained all day, excited, idle spectators of the fight. Moving up and down the bank, they had sought in vain for an opportunity to bring their heavy guns to bear. But now the rebels had pushed our left wing so close to the river that they could be reached. The commander of the Tyler sent a messenger ashore, to inquire if he might shell the enemy. The permission was gladly given, and the two boats opened with their twenty-four pound Parrott guns and rifled cannon. The ravine mentioned before, that here run inland from the river, gave a free passage to their shells that went screaming through the gloom, and bursting among the terrified ranks. Trees were shivered in their course, and the branches hurled through the air. The guns were worked with astonishing rapidity, and the sound of the shells as they shrieked through the twilight, and traversed the whole line of battle in their devastating course, was almost as terrifying as the wild work they made when they burst in the center of a column. No efforts of the rebel generals could urge the men forward against these new engines of destruction. There was something mysterious and awful in the very sound

they made passing through the air, and as they fell fast and furious among them, they halted, then turned and sought safety beyond their deadly range.

In the mean time, Nelson, commanding the advance of Buell's division, had succeeded in crossing the river with a single brigade, and taking possession of a battery of artillery which he found on the shore, opened a heavy fire on the enemy.

But night had now come on, and the exhausted rebels, finding themselves unable to complete the day's work which they had marked out for themselves, withdrew and bivouaced on the field to wait for daylight. In the mean time, the divisions of Buell's army, six miles apart, were hurrying forward by forced marches, to the river. Buell himself reached Savannah, Grant's head-quarters, seven miles farther down on the river, in the early part of the day, just after the General had left for the battle field. The cannonading was distinctly heard, but the officers there told him that it was of common occurrence, and was doubtless merely an affair of outposts. But the deep, continuous roar had an ominous sound to his practised ear, and after listening intently awhile, he determined to go up and see about it himself. Nelson had arrived across the river and been ordered to march up opposite Pittsburg landing, and get ferried across, leaving his artillery to be carried forward on steamers, as the roads were almost impassable. This gallant commander immediately started off, and hurrying his men forward through the deep mud, reached as we have seen, the battle field just as night was closing over the routed army.

As soon as a boat could get up steam, Buell and the chief of his staff, Colonel Frey, started also for Pittsburg landing. As they drew near the place, the incessant, deafening explosions of cannon told too well that a great battle was raging. Soon they came within sound of the small arms, and the

rapid, uninterrupted volleys so near the river, startled him. But the sight that met his eyes as the steamer approached the landing, was still more appalling. The shore was lined with fugitives, skulking under the bank—some five thousand of them—who had fled from the disastrous field. And still the throng kept increasing, till a wild and swaying multitude darkened all the shore, while the teams were rushing in and pushing their way amid the crowd, huddling as close to the river as they could get. It was a fearful spectacle, and told of disaster and ruin.

As soon as the steamer touched the wharf, Buell sprang ashore and met Grant, of whom he hurriedly inquired the state of affairs. He found them gloomy enough. Grant told him that Crittenden's division was opposite Savannah, and urged him to send steamers for it immediately. He then rode among the fugitives, and finding them insensible to shame or duty, denounced them as cowards, and turned away. It was now getting late in the day, and the steadily approaching fire had come so near, that the balls were dropping along the bank. It was at this moment, that the impetuous and daring Nelson, crossed with a part of his brigade, and added his volleys to those that hastened the enemy's retreat.

The battle was over, and the most fearful Sabbath the sun ever shone upon on this continent, drew to its bloody close. Along the roads, through the woods, and covering thick the open fields, the dead and wounded lay in vast winrows. Amid the ghastly groups were scattered artillery horses, broken caissons, drums and muskets, the sad wrecks of the fight.

The rebel army, though exhausted and bleeding, was still confident, and only waited for the morning to complete what they had so nearly finished. On our side, the broken, decimated columns lay down on their arms, gloomy, yet determined.

The tumult and uproar of the day had died away, and silence and night wrapt the slumbering hosts. The stars came out upon the sky and looked mildly down on the torn, trampled, and bloody field, and the gentle wind stole softly by, giving no tokens of the terrible strife that had just closed. All was tranquil and serene, when suddenly the shores and river were lit up with a bright flash, followed by the report of cannon. The gun boats having ascertained nearly the position of the enemy, began to heave shells into the woods and fields, that burst far inland like replying cannon. All night long, at short intervals, the sullen roar broke the silence, rousing up the tired enemy, forcing him back still farther from the spot where he had sunk down exhausted. It was a terrible night for the wounded, for thousands still lay on the field where they fell.

Around the landing it was a scene of bustling activity. The rest of Nelson's division was brought across, and soon Crittenden's came up on the loaded steamers from Savannah, and were marched forward and placed in front of Sherman's shattered line, with orders to advance on the enemy at daylight. Word was also received that McCook's division had reached Savannah, and were waiting to be brought down to the battle field. This gallant commander had heard all day long, the heavy cannonading that unceasingly shook the shores of the Tennessee, and kept his men at the top of their speed, who eager as himself, strained desperately forward to be up in time to save the battle. The rest of his army, Buell thought could not arrive in season to take any part, and the victory must be won without them if won at all. But during the night a portion of the regular batteries of Captain Mendenhall, Terrell and the Ohio battery, Captain Bartlett, arrived bringing word that the rest would be on hand early in the morning. The news of the arrival of these heavy reinforcements, sent a thrill of joy

through our dejected camps. The brave men who had borne up against such fearful odds, though defeated, now felt that they were not to be conquered, and that the morning's sun would light them to victory.

Though the day had closed serenely, at midnight the heavens became suddenly overcast, and soon a heavy thunder storm broke over the two armies, drenching the living, the dead, and dying, alike. The vivid flashes of lightning set forest and field in a blaze, while the artillery of the skies, responding to the loud explosions on the river, made strange music on that fearful field.

CHAPTER XXVII.

APRIL, 1862.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING—FORMATION OF BUELL'S DIVISION—NELSON—CRITTENDEN—MC COOK—WALLACE—SMITH—SHERMAN—MC CLERNAND—HURLBURT—THE ENEMY DRIVEN BACK—OUR CAMPS RECOVERED—ASPECT OF THE BATTLE FIELD—SANITARY COMMISSION—HALLECK TAKES COMMAND—MITCHELL IN ALABAMA.

AT length the eventful morning dawned, and at five o'clock the two divisions of Nelson and Crittenden moved forward upon the enemy. They soon came upon his pickets, which they drove steadily and cautiously before them, and at seven o'clock approached his line of battle. Crittenden's division formed on the right of Nelson, with Bartlett's battery in the center. Mendenhall's splendid battery, in Nelson's division, at once unlimbered and opened a rapid fire. The heavy cannonading shook the field, and told those nearer the landing that the battle had commenced. At this moment, strains of martial music were heard, and the soldiers looking back, saw the colors of McCook's division which had arrived, moving up to their support. It took position on Crittenden's right, making the whole line of battle of Buell's forces a mile and a half in extent. Wallace with three brigades formed the extreme right, and at seven o'clock he also opened with his artillery on a battery of the enemy, planted within easy range.

For a time it was an artillery duel on a grand scale. In front of Nelson, the ground was an open field nearly level—while a thick undergrowth covered a portion of that in front of Crittenden, which was a wide hollow. The same proportion of woods and field characterized McCook's front.

Nelson's division came first into action; and the contest at once became close and bloody. The compact line, the steady movements and confident bearing of the regiments, soon showed that a better drilled, if not a braver, army was in the field than that of the day before. Colonel Hazen of the nineteenth brigade made a gallant charge on a battery of the enemy, and took it; but finding his command exposed to a heavy cross fire of artillery, was compelled to abandon his prize. Still, nothing could resist the steady advance of Nelson. His long lines swept on like an unbroken wave over the ground lost the day before, on which lay thickly strewn the dead of both armies.

Crittenden, next to him, though every inch of ground was hotly contested, also pressed the enemy back in his front. The brigade under Smith made a desperate dash on one of the enemy's batteries and captured it, though it cost them dear. The stung and maddened foe charged again and again to recover their guns, and for half an hour that spot seemed to form the vortex of the battle.

Still farther on, McCook's magnificent division moved like veterans of a hundred battle fields into action, completing the general advance of the army. Thus, till ten o'clock, the line of battle slowly advanced, when the enemy, under cover of some heavy woods, made a sudden and desperate rally, and fell with such fury on Nelson's division that it halted, then wavered and finally fell back. At this critical moment, Terrill's regular battery arrived from the landing on a headlong gallop, and unlimbering with the speed of lightning, hurled the shells from his twenty-four-pound howitzers, into the astonished, compact ranks of the enemy. They staggered under the rapid, destructive fire; but bearing up bravely against it, again advanced straight on the murderous guns. Horse after horse went down, the gunners dropped in their places, till not a man was left at one of the pieces: when Ter-

rell and a corporal stepped up and worked it alone till a regiment dashed forward and saved it. For two hours after, it was one incessant crash and thunder peal all along the front of that gallant division.

Nelson, in the mean time held his men to their grim work, and refused to retire further, determined to see which could stand such terrible pounding the longest. But the same fierce rally that forced him back at first, extended along the whole rebel line, and Crittenden caught the full force of the reflux wave and was forced to fall back to a new position. The shouting enemy followed up their success, when Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries, especially that of the former, sent their shells ploughing through his ranks, making huge gaps at every discharge. The rebels could not make headway against the awful fire; still they refused to yield the ground which they had made red with their own blood.

In the mean time, Buell had arrived on the field, and seeing the stubbornness with which the enemy held his ground, although it was evident his whole line was badly shaken by our artillery, gave the order to advance by brigades at the double quick. That was all the brave fellows wanted, and with a cheer that rolled like the shout of victory along the mighty line, they sprang forward. The sudden, simultaneous onward movement of that vast host, was a sublime spectacle. The rebels, though they had fought bravely, recoiled before its terrible front, so dark below, yet bright with glittering steel above, and step by step fell back, pushed as they receded by the determined divisions, till they lost all the ground they had won. At length the punishment became so severe that they fell into confusion, when our artillery and musketry mowed them down by platoons. Sweeping the ground of our defeat the day before, we captured all the guns lost on this part of the field, besides two of the enemy. Unwilling to lose all the fruit of their previous victory, the

rebel officers made a last desperate stand in front of McCook's division. This commander had driven the enemy steadily before him, and though repeatedly exposed to flanking movements that threatened to crush him, refused to fall back. Rousseau's brigade maintained its high reputation, and the whole division fought with a valor that made defeat impossible. If a brigade recoiled a moment under the withering fire of the foe, the next it sprung like a bent bow to its place again, while all along its dark and steady front, there rolled an incessant stream of fire, and their shouts shook the field.

Wallace firmly pressed the enemy on the extreme right. As his division advanced on the field in the morning it halted on a swell of ground that overlooked the whole space in front. Just then, out of the woods that bounded their vision, emerged a strong rebel column with colors flying. Regiment after regiment came on in the double-quick, till the rebel line seemed interminable. Their long array presented a magnificent sight as it formed in line of battle parallel to his division, and unlimbered its artillery under the rapid and destructive fire of his guns. In a few minutes the cannonading on both sides extended along the whole front. Wallace then threw out his sharp shooters to pick off the artillerists, while batteries with heavy supports of infantry were moved forward into the open fields, and for an hour and a half the flash and roar of guns were incessant.

At length, Sherman, for whom Wallace had been waiting, came up with the remnant of his heroic, battered division, and moved straight on the rebel line. Midway in the open field, it met such a horrible fire, that it halted. Even these heroes paused as they saw the red mouth of the volcano before them, and fell back, though in good order. But the wounded Sherman dashed along their lines, rousing the enthusiasm of the men to the highest pitch. His horse sunk under him, when he leaped to the saddle of another and

again gave the order, "Forward." With sloping bayonets, and leaning forms, Marsh at their head—they leaped forward on the double-quick and gained the woods, completely flanking one of the enemy's batteries. This was the turning point of the battle, and the rebel guns began to limber up in hot haste. In an instant Wallace's division was upon them, completing the victory. "Forward," then ran along the whole line, and forward it was through the rough corn fields till they drove the enemy into the woods. Here the latter made a short, determined stand, and again forced Sherman's division back. But this indomitable chieftain, though bleeding from two wounds, while three horses had been shot from under him, again rallied his broken regiments, and regaining his lost ground, hurled them like a descending avalanche on the foe. Among the many heroes of that hard fought battle, he outshone them all, and from first to last moved with his shattered division like a citadel of fire over the tumultuous field.

Here too, on the right, later in the day, Hurlburt and McClermand came up with their jaded, broken battalions—the heroes of fort Donelson—and again and again charged with fury on the enemy, adding new laurels to those which already wreathed their brows.

Thus the action, which had begun on the left, with Nelson, and rolled steadily along the other divisions to the right, as if the enemy were feeling our whole line of battle to find a vulnerable point, was here, on the right, at last decided; and the whole rebel army, maddened and mortified, fell slowly back over the ground it had won at such a terrible sacrifice, until it was driven beyond our last camp. A body of three thousand cavalry, which had quietly stood spectators of this sanguinary struggle, were now ordered to charge. The bugles rang out, and down came the thundering squadrons, making the earth shake under their tread. But they

found no unguarded spot where a charge could be made, for the enemy, though acknowledging the day lost, showed no signs of demoralization, but kept his firm formation as he retired, planting his batteries at every commanding point, and hurling destruction on the victorious columns as they attempted to turn the defeat into a rout.

Finding it impossible on ground so well fitted for defensive positions, and every foot of which was thoroughly known to the enemy, to throw them into disorder, Buell gave the order to halt, and the tired host bivouaced on the field.

In the morning, Sherman, who seemed made of iron, was sent forward with his shattered division, in pursuit. On his way he fell in with Wood, who had been dispatched on the same errand. Advancing along the road to Corinth, he came upon the enemy's cavalry, and, after a sharp skirmish, drove them from the field with the loss of several killed and wounded. He found the road strewed with abandoned blankets, haversacks, and muskets, which the wearied, disheartened enemy had flung away.

Thus ended the battle of Pittsburg landing, or as Beauregard named it, "Shiloh," from a little church that stood near the center of the field. Johnston, the rebel leader, had fallen, and Johnson, the provisional governor of Kentucky, and many other distinguished officers, while the dead of both the contending hosts lay in heaps on every side. Scattered through the woods, gathered in groups on open spots where there had been hard struggles for the possession of important batteries, stretched along the road, they lay in every conceivable shape, and disfigured by every form of wound. Here the rifle and musket had done its deadly work—leaving the slain like so many sleepers, with nought but the purple spot, or the pool of blood to show how they met their fate—there, headless bodies, disemboweled corpses, and shattered limbs, told where the heavy shot and shell had

ploughed through the ranks. Among this mighty multitude of the dead, hundreds of artillery horses lay scattered, with their harness upon them. It was a ghastly spectacle, such as was never before seen on this continent, and was believed never would be seen.

The burial of such a host was a gigantic and mournful labor, for the enemy had left his own dead to be interred with ours. Full ten thousand, but late brothers of the same great national family, lay stark and stiff in death, while double that number were wounded. That the rebels fought bravely, the field over which they had struggled for two days abundantly testified. So had our troops, even on the first disastrous day, though at fearful disadvantage, with the exception of some four or five thousand, who disgraced the flag they bore, and scattered in affright. On the second day all were heroes—there was no flinching—no thought of defeat. A stern determination to win back the lost field carried every regiment to the charge, and though they suffered severely, they baffled the enemy's designs, and sent him back to his stronghold crippled and disheartened. Some of the divisions were fearfully cut up. McClernand lost nearly a third of his entire force, a dreadful mortality, and showing the severest fighting, such as veterans only can stand. Some of the regiments lost every field officer, while several companies could muster the morning after the battle but a single squad. The north-west was clad in mourning, for this carnage following so quick on that of fort Donelson, left scarcely a settlement without one of its number killed or wounded.

The value of the sanitary commission was now felt. Organized at the outset of the war, it had been rather a costly machine, without any results to show equal to its promise.

Though multitudes had been slain and wounded since the commencement of the war, they had fallen in small numbers, and at times and points so far from each other that the extra

supplies and efforts of the commission were not so imperatively demanded. But here, all the ordinary means of relief were wholly inadequate, and its whole force was called into active service. Yet even this was not sufficient, and the western cities poured forth their stores for the wounded, and loaded steamboats with nurses and physicians and dispatched them to the scene of suffering. But such wholesale slaughter was new to our people, and they were unprepared for it, and many of the wounded suffered from unavoidable neglect. If, with our means, facilities, and wealth, our wounded suffered for want of proper care, it is easy to imagine that those of the enemy must have endured untold privations.

Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was nearly fourteen thousand. This included the three thousand prisoners. The loss of the enemy, with the exception of prisoners, of which we took but few, was probably about the same.

This battle was severely criticised, for it was well nigh lost; and if it had been, the whole west up to the Ohio would have been once more in the hands of the rebels, and at least another year added to the war. Hence, the first question in every one's mouth was: why, when such momentous events hung on this battle, was it allowed to take place before we were prepared for it? A single severe storm that would have kept Buell back for twenty-four hours, would have annihilated our army, and brought about this disastrous result, that one even now trembles to contemplate. There seemed no necessity for running such a terrible risk, and the feeling was universal that there was bad management somewhere. Again it was asked, if it seemed necessary to hold the west bank of the Tennessee with only a part of our force, while the enemy was in striking distance with the whole of his, why was our army allowed to be surprised? The friends of Grant, feeling that this implied condemnation of him, denied

that it was a surprise. But if sweeping the camp of one entire division before the men could fall into rank, and the storming of another so suddenly, that only a portion of the troops could be rallied, while even those were captured with their commander, does not constitute a complete surprise, then it is hard indeed to define one. Whether the blame rests on Grant or on the commanders of the front divisions, is a question it may not be easy at present to decide; but that there was negligence or ignorance somewhere, is indisputable. The rebel army on the first day was handled with consummate skill; while on our side there seemed but little done by our Generals, except to hold their troops as steady as possible under fire, and delay the catastrophe that appeared inevitable, as long as possible. That we were not completely overthrown is due alone to the merciful interposition of Providence.

Of course this battle stopped for the time being, all farther movements in that locality. The remainder of Buell's division was brought up, and Halleck hastened to the field to take command in person, and reorganize the army.

In the mean time, the enemy began to fortify himself in Corinth, and prepare for the next grand struggle for the valley of the Mississippi; while Foote appeared before fort Wright to repeat the bombardment that had accomplished so little at Island Number Ten. During this interval, General Mitchell, with his brigade had been detached from Buell's army, and by a rapid, masterly march on Huntsville, Alabama, seized it without any loss, and captured two hundred prisoners. In the telegraph office, he found and deciphered a dispatch from Beauregard, asking for reinforcements and giving the effective force of his army. He also seized the rail road for fifty miles on either side, capturing some fifteen locomotives and other rolling stock.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

APRIL, 1862.

EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS—THE FORTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE MISSISSIPPI TO BE OVERCOME—THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS—FIRE RAFTS—FARRAGUT DETERMINES TO RUN THE BATTERIES—A DESPERATE BATTLE—CAPTAIN BOGGS OF THE VARINA—A GALLANT BOY—NEW ORLEANS SURRENDERED—STATE OF FEELING THERE—FARRAGUT'S ORDER DIRECTING THANKS TO BE OFFERED TO GOD FOR SUCCESS—BUTLER OCCUPIES THE CITY—PORTER'S LETTER CONCERNING THE BOMBARDMENT, AND THE RAMS.

THE month of April closed gloriously for the national cause in the valley of the Mississippi; for it gave us New Orleans, the most important city of the southern confederacy, and thus made certain to us the final possession of the entire river.

Captain Farragut, with a fleet of gun boats, and Porter, with a mortar fleet, had long since left our northern waters for some unknown point. Much anxiety had been felt for its success; and when at length news was received that it had left Ship island, where it was known to have rendezvoused, for New Orleans, accompanied by a land force under Butler, great fears were entertained of its ability to force the formidable barriers that blocked the river below the city.

Two forts, Jackson and St. Philip, nearly opposite each other, the former very strong and casemated, the two mounting in all two hundred and twenty-five guns, commanded the approach. In addition to these, a heavy chain had been stretched across the channel, buoyed upon schooners, and directly under the fire of the batteries, so that any vessels attempting to remove it, could be sunk. There were besides, heavily mounted iron-clad gun boats, ponderous rams,

before whose onset the strongest ship would go down, and fire rafts and piles of drift wood, ready to be launched on our advancing vessels. It was believed by the rebels, that nothing that ever floated, could safely pass all these obstructions, but should some few by a miracle succeed, bands of young men were organized in New Orleans, to board them at all hazard, and capture them.

Such were the obstacles that presented themselves to Farragut and Porter, as they, in the middle of April, slowly steamed up the mighty river.

It was laborious work getting the fleet over the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi, and up the rapid stream, to the scene of action, for the mortar boats were not steamers. Weeks were occupied in it, and the north almost began to despair of hearing any good report of the expedition, and eventually it was quite lost sight of in the absorbing news from the upper Mississippi, and the Tennessee. But though shut out from the world, its gallant commanders were quietly, but energetically preparing for the herculean task assigned them.

Six war steamers, sixteen gun boats, twenty-one mortar vessels, with five other national vessels, among them the Harriet Lane, Porter's flag-ship, making in all nearly fifty armed vessels, constituted the entire force. It was a formidable fleet, but it had formidable obstacles to overcome.

On the eighteenth the bombardment commenced, and the first day nearly two thousand shells were thrown into the forts. Some burst beyond them, others in mid air, and some not at all, while hundreds fell with a thundering crash inside the works, cracking the strongest casemates in their ponderous descent. On one side of the river, the mortar vessels lay near some trees on the bank, and the men dressed the masts in green foliage to conceal their position. Decked out as for a Christmas festival, they could not be distinguished at the

distance of the forts from the trees, so that the enemy had only the smoke that canopied them for a mark to aim at. On the other side, tall reeds fringed the banks, and the vessels in position there were covered with rushes and flags, and daubed with Mississippi mud, which sadly confused the artillerists in the forts. The exact distance from the spot where they lay anchored, to the forts, had been determined by triangulation, conducted by the coast survey party under Captain Gurdes. The surveys to accomplish this, had been performed under the fire of the enemy, and great coolness and daring were shown by the party. The sailors had wondered at the presence of a coast survey vessel, carrying a crew armed with nothing more formidable than surveying instruments, save a few pocket revolvers, but it was now seen that science must first prepare the way, before the heavy shells could perform their appropriate work.

Early in the morning of the day on which the bombardment commenced, the rebels set adrift a huge flat boat, piled with pitch pine cord wood in a blaze. As it came down the stream, the flames roared and crackled like a burning forest, while huge columns of black smoke rose in swift, spiral columns, sky-ward. As it drifted near, two of our advanced vessels hastily slipped their cables and moved down stream. At first it was feared the blazing structure might contain torpedoes or explosive machines of some kind, and rifled shot were thrown into it. But it floated harmless by, lighting up the muddy stream as it receded. In order to be prepared for another, Captain Porter ordered all the row boats of the flotilla to be prepared with grapnels, ropes, buckets and axes. At sunset, this fleet of a hundred and fifty boats was reviewed, passing in single line under the Harriet Lane, each answering to the hail of the commander, "Fire buckets, axes and ropes?" "Aye, aye, Sir."

About an hour afterward, just as night had set in, a huge

column of black smoke was seen to rise from the river in the vicinity of the forts. Signal lights were immediately hoisted on all the vessels, and the next moment a hundred boats shot out in the darkness, ready for action. A fire raft was on its fearful way, lighting up the broad bosom of the Mississippi with its pyramid of flame, and sending the sparks in showers into the surrounding darkness. It made a fearful sight, and seemed well calculated to accomplish its mission of destruction. On it came, slow and majestically, swinging easily to the mighty current, when suddenly the Westfield opened her steam valves, and dashed fearlessly into the burning pile. Burying herself amid the crashing timbers and flying sparks, her captain turned a hose upon it, and a stream of water as from a fire engine played upon the lurid mass. The next moment the crowd of boats approached—the bronzed faces of the sailors, with buckets and ropes, standing out in bold relief in the broad glare—and fastened to the horrid phantom. Then, pulling with a will, they slowly towed it ashore, where they left it to consume ignobly away. It was bravely done, and as the boats returned they were cheered by the entire fleet.

For a whole week the bombardment was kept up, while shot and shell from the enemy fell in a constant shower amid the squadron.

The gunners on the mortar boats were getting worn out, and when released from the guns, would drop down exhausted on deck. They began at last to grumble at the inactivity of the larger vessels.

At length, Farragut determined to run the rebel batteries—engage the gun boats and rams beyond, and then steam up to New Orleans, cost what it would. The chain had been cut a few nights before, and the schooners that sustained it were trailing along the river bank. On the twenty-third of April, every thing being ready, at two o'clock signal lan-

terns were hoisted from the Hartford's mizzen peak, and soon the boatswain's call, "up all hammocks," rang over the water. It was known the evening before, that the desperate conflict would come off in the morning, and there was but little sleep in the fleet that night. The scene, the hour, and the momentous issues at stake made every man thoughtful. Not a breeze ruffled the surface of the river—the forts were silent above—the stars looked serenely down—while the deep tranquility that rested on shore and stream was broken only by the heavy boom, every ten minutes, of a gun from the boats on watch. But the moment those two signal lanterns were run up on the flag-ship, all this was changed. The rattling of chains, the heaving of anchors and commands of officers, transformed the scene of quietness into one of bustle and stern preparation. In an hour and a half every thing was ready, and the flag-ship, followed by the Richmond and Brooklyn and six gun boats, turned their prows up the river, steering straight for fort Jackson. The Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, and Varina, under Captain Bailey, with four gun boats came next, and were to engage fort Philip. The Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Miami, Clifton, and Jackson, under Porter, came last, and were to take position where they could pour an enfilading fire of grape and shrapnel into fort Jackson while Farragut hurled his heavy broadsides into it in front. As soon as the fleet started on its terrible mission, all the mortar boats opened their fire, and canopied by the blazing shells, that crossing and recrossing in every direction, wove their fiery net work over the sky and dropped with a thunderous sound into the doomed works—the flag-ship, accompanied by her consorts steamed swiftly forward through the gloom. As soon as they came within range, signal rockets darted up from the low fortifications, and the next instant the volcano opened. Taking the awful storm in perfect silence, Farragut kept steadily on, till he was close abreast,

when his broadsides opened. As each ship came up, it delivered its broadside, and on both sides of the river, it was one continuous stream of fire, and thunder peal, that shook the shores like an earthquake. For half an hour, it seemed as if all the explosive elements of earth and air were collected there. The vessels did not stop to engage the forts, but delivering their broadsides swept on towards the gun boats beyond. Fire rafts now came drifting down the tide, lighting up the pandemonium with a fiercer glare, and making that early morning wild and awful as the last day of time. The shot and shell from nearly five hundred cannon filled all the air, and it seemed as if nothing made with human hands could survive such a storm. The Ithaca, with a shot through her, was compelled to drop out of the fight, in doing which, she came under the close fire of the fort, and was completely riddled, yet strange to say only two of her crew were struck. Exploding shells filled the air, hot shot crashed through the hulls, yet the gallant fleet, wrapped in the smoke of its own broadsides, moved on in its pathway of flame, while the river ahead was filled with fire rafts and iron clad gun boats, whose terrible fire crossing that of the fort, swept the whole bosom of the stream. Sharp shooters crowded the rigging, dropping their bullets incessantly upon our decks, yet still the commander's signal for close action streamed in the morning breeze, and still that fleet kept on its determined way. An immense iron-clad vessel, the Louisiana, lay moored near fort Jackson, armed with heavy rifled guns, which sent the shot through and through our vessels, while ours rattled like peas on her mailed sides. The famous ram Manassas came down on the flag-ship, pushing a fire raft before her. In attempting to avoid the collision, Farragut got aground, when the raft came plump along side. The flames instantly leaped through the rigging, and ran along the sides of his vessel, and for a moment he thought it was all up with him.

But ordering the hose to turn a stream of water upon the fire, he succeeded in extinguishing it, and backing off, again poured in his broadsides.

The Varina, Captain Boggs, attacked the rebel gun boats with such fury, that he sunk five in succession, their dark hulls disappearing with awful rapidity, under the turbid waters. Even then, his work was not done, for a ram came driving full upon him. He saw at once that he could not avoid the collision, and knew that his fate was sealed. But instead of hauling down his flag, he resolved since he could not save his ship, to carry his adversary down with him, and bidding the pilot throw the vessel so that her broadsides would bear on the vulnerable part of the rebel, he sternly received the blow. The sides of the Varina were crushed by it as though made of egg shells. As the ram backed off, the water poured in like a torrent, and he ordered the pilot to run her with all steam on, ashore. In the mean time, his broadsides—fired at such close range—made fearful openings in the enemy's hull, and she too began to settle in the water, and attempted to haul off. But those terrible broadsides were too swift for her, and they were poured in till the gun-carriages were under the water. The last shot just skimmed the surface as the hissing guns became submerged, and the gallant vessel went down with her flag flying, carrying her dead with her. A more fitting tomb for them could not be found than the hull of that immortal boat.

A boy, named Oscar, only thirteen years old, was on board, and during the hottest of the fire was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the enemy was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked where he was going in such a hurry: "to get a passing box, sir, the other was smashed by a ball." When the Varina went down Boggs missed the boy and

thought he was among the killed. But a few minutes after he saw the lad gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board, he threw his hand up to his forehead, in the usual salute, and with the simple, "all right, sir, I report myself on board," coolly took up his old station. Though a boy, he had an old head on his shoulders, and if he lives and is given an opportunity, will be heard from in the future.

The Kineo was accidentally run into by the Brooklyn, and badly stove, yet she fought her way steadily forward, though receiving twelve shots in her hull, and with twelve others, passed the terrible ordeal. The description of the conduct of one boat is a description of all. Though riddled with shot from the forts, they closed in with the rebel gun boats so fiercely, that in an hour and a half eleven went to the bottom of the Mississippi.

The victory was won and the combat ended, yet the maddened enemy could not wholly surrender, and the ram *Manassas* came down on the *Richmond*. The *Mississippi*, seeing her intentions, instantly steamed towards her, when the affrighted crew ran her ashore. Even after the surrender was made, and while terms of capitulation were being agreed on, the rebels cut adrift the *Louisiana*, which had cost nearly two millions of dollars, and sent her down past the fort amid our mortar fleet. She failed, however, to do any damage, and soon went ashore.

The forts being passed, New Orleans was ours; yet still the former, though completely cut off, refused to surrender.

Farragut sent Captain Boggs in an open boat through a bayou, inland, to Porter, to report his success. One would have thought from his letter, that he had encountered scarcely more than pretty stormy weather. "We have had a rough time of it, as Boggs will tell you," he says, and then pro-

ceeds to tell him that as soon as he goes to New Orleans he will come back and finish the forts.

The next morning he steamed up towards the astonished city. The inhabitants had deemed it unapproachable by any naval armament whatever, and in their fancied security were building vessels of offensive warfare, that soon would have given us far more trouble than the Merrimac. Lovell, in command of the troops in the city, immediately left, for it lay completely at the mercy of our vessels. The mayor undertook to avoid the humiliation of a formal capitulation, and wrote a ridiculous letter to the commander, but it mattered little how it was done—the great commercial port of the confederate states surrendered, and the most difficult part of opening the navigation of the Mississippi was accomplished.

Martial law had long been established in New Orleans, and the city, bereft of its commerce, drained of its money, and even of its provisions, was in a deplorable state. The people, either cowed, or sullen, looked moodily on the old flag as it once more floated in its accustomed place from the public buildings. But little Union feeling was found, nor could it be expected till the armies in the field had measured strength. Captain Bailey, who had so ably seconded Farragut, and won from him the highest commendations, was sent home with dispatches. On arriving at fortress Monroe he sent the following telegraph to the Secretary of the Navy: "I have the honor to announce that in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under flag officer Farragut has been vouchsafed a glorious victory and triumph in the capture of New Orleans, forts Jackson, St. Philip, Lexington, and Pike, the batteries above and below New Orleans, as well as the total destruction of the enemy's gun boats, steam rams, floating batteries (iron-clad,) fire rafts, and obstructions, booms, and chains. The enemy with their own hands destroyed from eight to ten millions

of cotton and shipping. Our loss is thirty-six killed and one hundred and twenty-three wounded. The enemy lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred besides several hundred prisoners. The way is clear, and the rebel defenses destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. Our flag waves triumphantly over them all. I am bearer of dispatches.

THEODORUS. BAILEY."

General Butler soon after arrived with his army, and took possession of the city, establishing his head-quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. A part of the garrison at fort Jackson having mutinied, it surrendered with all the other forts. The gun boats then began to ascend the Mississippi, clearing their way towards Memphis, seven hundred and ninety miles distant by water.

As a finale to their daring exploit, nothing could be more appropriate or beautiful than the following order of Farragut, issued three days after the passage of the forts.

UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP HARTFORD, }
Off the City of New Orleans, April 26th, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER. Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood.

At that hour the church pennant will be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet, and their crews assembled, will, in humiliation and prayer make their acknowledgments therefor, to the Great Dispenser of all human events.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Thus both our naval captains who had won such immortal renown on the western waters, delighted to lay their laurels at the feet of their Maker, and humbly give Him all the glory. Such conduct on the part of our commanders,

inspired the people with as much confidence as did their victories. That dependence on God, which the Puritans acknowledged in their great struggle for liberty, has never been forgotten by their descendants.

The character of the bombardment, and the magnitude of the naval preparations at New Orleans for our defeat are graphically given in a private letter of Captain Porter, in which among other things he says, "The topographical corps triangulated every position occupied by the mortar vessels, and it is safe to say that we knew to a yard the exact distance of the mouth of the mortars from the center of the fort. The enemy never saw us except for one day, when one of the divisions of six vessels was placed in sight, getting pretty roughly handled. I moved them under a point of woods, where, with their masts covered with green bushes, and their rigging with vines, they were invisible to the best glasses. Our firing was a matter of calculation, and you may judge how accurate it was when I tell you that *one thousand three hundred and thirteen bombs struck* in the center and solid parts of the works; *two thousand three hundred and thirty* in the moat near the foundations, shaking the whole fort to its base; nearly *one thousand* exploded in and over the works, and *one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven* struck about the levees, in the marsh close around, and in the paths, and near the water's edge, where the steamers attempted to come. I never saw so perfect a scene of desolation and ruin, nor do I believe there ever was such perfect mortar practice. We could clear the batteries whenever the soldiers appeared on the ramparts. In fact no guns could be worked there." Of the rams, etc. he says, "Four rams and floating batteries, such as the world never before saw, have been destroyed in the late attack. The Louisiana, an invincible steam battery, was set on fire and sent down on the vessels while I was engaged in drawing up a capitulation of the forts—a flag of

truce flying at the time. She exploded within three hundred yards of us, and sunk in one minute, her splendid battery of rifled guns being lost to us. That vessel was *four thousand tons*, two hundred and seventy feet long, and had sixteen heavy rifled guns. She intended to *take position that night*, when she would have driven off all our fleet. As a proof of her invulnerability, one of our heaviest ships lay within ten feet of her, and delivered her whole broadside, making no more impression on her than if she was firing peas. The iron ram *Manassas* hit three vessels before her commander ran her ashore and abandoned her. In New Orleans our officers found the most splendid specimen of a floating battery the world has ever seen, (sea going,) and had she been finished, and succeeded in getting to sea, the whole American navy would have been destroyed. She was *six thousand tons*, two hundred and seventy feet long, sixty feet beam; had four engines, three propellers, four inches (and in some places more) of iron, and would steam eleven knots an hour. She cost Mallory and Co. *two millions of dollars*. The best one I saw floating by me, was a dry dock turned into a floating battery, mounting sixteen guns, and the entire engine, which was to propel it, hermetically sealed by a thick iron turret. Besides these monsters, the naval part of the enemy's defenses at the fort consisted of six or seven iron-clad gun boats, almost impervious to shot, and certainly so against vessels coming bow on." Past forts mounting over two hundred heavy guns, many of them rifled, past three iron plated batteries mounting thirty-one guns, straight on to these floating monsters, and iron-clad gun boats, thirteen sloops of war and gun boats, together moved triumphantly. It was a marvellous exploit, and no wonder Farragut felt like giving the credit of success to the "Great Dispenser of all things."

This statement shows two things clearly; first, that we were

not a day nor an hour too soon in making the attack. A few hours later, and the Louisiana would have taken position that would have driven every vessel off. A few weeks later, and an impregnable sea going vessel would have been afloat, before which our entire navy must have disappeared like mere toy ships in a gale. Secondly: that an overruling Providence saved us, and not the naval department or the government. It had long been known that formidable engines of destruction were constructing at New Orleans, just as it was known that the Merrimac was being covered with iron at Norfolk, yet little was done towards constructing any thing to match them. It makes one shudder to think how near our boasted naval superiority came being made a by-word, and the blockade we were so fearful the European powers would raise, destroyed by the confederates themselves.

But while such momentous events at the west and southwest distinguished the month of April, it being heralded in by the capture of Island Number Ten and the battle of Shiloh, and attended out by our victorious cannon before New Orleans, others, though not so startling, yet equally important characterized the month at the east.

CHAPTER XXIX.

APRIL, 1862.

SUCCESS ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST—MC CLELLAN WITH HIS ARMY AT FORTRESS MONROE—HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED BY THE PUBLIC—GENERAL PLAN OF THE WAR—PLAN OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN—HOW BROKEN UP—THE ARMY ADVANCES TO YORKTOWN—ESCAPE OF THE NASHVILLE—THE SUMTER BLOCKADED AT GIBRALTAR—VESSELS RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT CHARLESTON—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE AT YORKTOWN—FREMONT IN THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT—AUGUR ADVANCES TO FREDERICKSBURGH—THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI—BATTLE OF APACHE PASS—RENO SENT TO ELIZABETH CITY—DEFEATS THE ENEMY.

WHILE the month of April was bringing us such a succession of victories west, every thing was prosperous on the Atlantic slope. Dupont was successful in every enterprise on the Florida coast, while the news from forts Pulaski and Macon, made it certain that Sherman and Burnside would soon place those two strongholds in our possession. The only drawback on these bright prospects east, was the consciousness that we were frittering away our strength too much on isolated points, and dividing our forces to seize places that would fall of themselves, were the great armies in the field defeated. We needed more concentration, as events soon showed.

But the most exciting news was, that the army of the Potomac had suddenly arrested its onward movement, and a mighty host of over a hundred thousand men were anchored in transports off fortress Monroe. The country had learned, weeks previous, though the news was scrupulously kept out of the press, that every thing in the vicinity of New York which could carry troops, had been chartered by the government, and knew that a large transfer of force was in con-

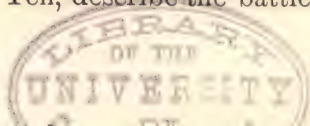
temptation in the neighborhood of the Chesapeake. The address of McClellan to the army, when he took personal command, had prepared the country for some sudden move. But when it became apparent that his destination was Yorktown, every one was taken by surprise. The fortifications of this place extended entirely across the peninsula, from York to James rivers, and at either extremity were protected by batteries of immense strength. Special attention had been given to them by the rebels from the outset of the war. They knew it was the most direct route to Richmond, and hence had made them, as they supposed, impregnable. Mounted with heavy guns, fronted with rifle pits and easy of access to the whole rebel force in Virginia, they presented a most formidable appearance, and it seemed as though McClellan had chosen the very spot the rebels would have selected to try the issue, had they been consulted. For six months, his enemies had been assailing him for not moving forward upon the enemy at Manassas, and his friends had defended him on the ground that it was unwise, and would only end in fearful slaughter, to advance on works which the rebels had so long been erecting there. But at last they were evacuated, and the enemy must either retreat to Richmond, or give him a field fight. Yet, just as the whole country was congratulating itself on this favorable turn of affairs, he halted his magnificent army, and in sight of the deserted fortifications, wheeled to the right about, and at an enormous expense to the government, planted that army before works five times as strong as those in front of which he had so long lay idle, and also incapable of being turned by any flank movement on land. His enemies sneered, declaring that we should have a summer campaign before Yorktown—many military men denounced it as a huge blunder, while those who still maintained their firm confidence in his skill, found it difficult to explain satisfactorily this extraordinary

movement. That he could effect any thing before the rebels could concentrate their whole army there, no one believed, and instead of fighting it in the field, he must fight it behind the strongest intrenchments on the continent. The transportation of such an immense army, with all its munitions of war and forage almost simultaneously, was a gigantic undertaking.

Such and similar remarks were made by the press and public, and many wise prophecies uttered respecting the future. The difficulty with the people and men of limited military knowledge was, that they thought war consisted in fighting the enemy wherever you found him at once, forgetting that a campaign to be successful must be based on a well laid plan, a thorough knowledge of the country—its great strategic points, the resources of the enemy and our own, while all the movements should tend to a common grand result. Men talked of Bonaparte's victories, as though he rushed blindly with his strong legions from point to point, wherever the enemy could be found. But probably no man that ever lived, certainly no warrior of modern times, equalled him in extensive combinations. Not a column was ever started till his whole campaign was *thought* out, and every movement had relation to all others. His great success grew out of his not only thinking quicker, but *better* than his enemy.

If ever there was a country in the world in which to carry on a war successfully, great forethought and preparation are necessary, it is the United States.

The tidings of the movements of armies so remote, reaching the common center simultaneously, from Missouri, Tennessee, the mouth of the Mississippi, Mobile, Savannah, and North Carolina, gave a vivid conception of the vast field covered by our military operations, and showed what a comprehensive mind was needed to embrace it all in a single harmonious plan. The same paper would tell the readers of the capture of Island Number Ten, describe the battle of



the giants at Pittsburg landing, give a dispatch from Fremont in the mountain department stating that the energetic Milroy was driving the enemy from his fastnesses; another from McDowell, that Fredericksburg was probably evacuated; state the progress of our army before Yorktown, and cheer the heart with the news of triumphs along the Atlantic coast.

The original plan, both of Scott and McClellan was to attack the enemy with two great armies as early in the spring of 1862, as circumstances would permit. Before that time, the necessary arrangements could not be completed. Gun boats were to act in concert with both, while smaller columns were to advance on the flanks in easy supporting distance. Each was to have as near three hundred thousand men as the force in the field would permit. One thousand guns were to compose the artillery force, and when this mighty array, with the gun boats, should take up its march, it was believed that nothing the rebels had in the field would be able to resist it.

The army of the west was to move down through Kentucky and Tennessee, precisely as it did. The only interference with its movements by the executive authority there, was to order it forward before the army of the east was ready. That this was a mistake, though not a fatal one, does not admit of a doubt, and in the future will be no more discussed than the simplest axiom in mathematics.

This movement west, as it was intended it should, caused the evacuation of Manassas. Though the people demanded a battle there and jumped to the conclusion that it would be a decisive victory, McClellan and every military man knew, that with such a country in his rear, intersected by rivers—the bridges over which could be destroyed as soon as passed—and with railroads leading to Richmond, the enemy could retreat at any time and at leisure, and that no decisive battle could be fought there, and hence had better not be fought

at all. Why the army did not move *en masse* on to Richmond, the government has not yet made public. At all events when McClellan had reached Fairfax, he was ordered to march to Alexandria, preparatory to embarking for the peninsula.

The following was the plan adopted by McClellan in conjunction with his corps commanders for the peninsula campaign. Three corps, under the former, were to land at fortress Monroe. Banks was to move to the Rappahannock, and down the river to Fredericksburg, thence southward to Hanover junction, north of Richmond. McDowell with his splendid corps was to land on Severn river in Mobjack bay, and marching to a position nearly opposite West Point, cross on pontoons and cut off the rebel army of the peninsula—the movement from fortress Monroe not to begin till McDowell was ready to embark.

If this plan had been carried out, one of two things would have happened—either McDowell's march would have been a surprise, and the rebel army been cooped up between him and McClellan, or advised of its danger, fallen back on Richmond. In the latter case, there would have been no battle, and consequently no delay at Yorktown, nor indeed any battle, till the army reached the rebel Capital. Thus no time would have been allowed the enemy to fortify or concentrate his forces, and the sudden appearance of an hundred and fifty thousand men before the place would have paralyzed them. At least, the best military men to whom the plan had been submitted, pronounced it almost certain of success.

McClellan reached Monroe—Banks had nearly all his troops concentrated at Warrenton, and McDowell's division was partially embarked, when McClellan was informed, to his utter amazement, that these corps were to remain where they were, under the direction of the government at Wash-

ington—thus depriving him of the expected co-operation of eighty thousand men. It was after receiving this astounding news, that McClellan solicited and obtained Franklin's division, swelling his army to one hundred and fifteen thousand men.

Thus was the carefully matured plan of McClellan and his corps commanders broken up, and the whole movement threatened to prove a failure—when the Secretary of War promised, that when McClellan advanced on Richmond, McDowell should close up his right wing by way of Hanover Court House. With this promise McClellan was compelled to be satisfied, and began his preparations to move on Yorktown. But without the demonstration of McDowell on West Point, he knew that the rebels would concentrate an immense force here, and make a regular siege inevitable—the last thing he ever contemplated.

Whether the course of the government, in thus breaking up the entire plan of the campaign was in consequence of new developments and recent information, and on the whole prudent, or whether it committed a blunder, it is impossible now to say. The result was the same—a defeated army and tens of thousands of our brave soldiers fallen in vain. The time for apportioning the tremendous amount of guilt that belongs somewhere, has not yet come. The outline of the plan sketched above, is not given to settle this, but to show that the stupendous failure that followed was inevitable—and that the mad attempt of marching unsupported on Richmond, with only a little over a hundred thousand men, was never contemplated by McClellan or his fellow commanders.

While the troops were landing, previous to taking up their march for Yorktown, a heavy rain storm set in, saturating the clayey soil, which soon became a vast bed of mortar under the artillery trains. The distance from the point of debarkation to Yorktown, is about twenty-three miles, toward

which the army advanced in three divisions. No opposition was encountered in the march, and on the seventh, a telegraph announced to the Secretary of War, that McClellan was before the place. It was sent over the wires the same day with the important dispatch from the west, that Pope had crossed with his army to the Tennessee shore, thus completely cutting off Island Number Ten from succor, and rendering its capture inevitable.

As remarked in a former chapter, the country was much chagrined at the escape of the Nashville from Beaufort. Her escape from our port was the more mortifying from the fact that we had indulged in such bitter denunciations of the British government for letting her leave theirs without molestation. The rebel government had only a few privateers at sea, but they were wonderfully lucky in escaping our cruisers. The Sumter had been chased from port to port in vain, and when at last she was caged in the port of Martinique, by a bold and skillful movement, escaped without ever being fired at. Semmes, her commander, seemed too adroit for our cruisers, but he at length made a fatal mistake. A proclamation issued by the English government, that when belligerent vessels entered any of her ports, they must not leave within twenty-four hours of each other, made him bold to sail into Gibraltar. He did not care though the Iroquois followed him, for the start he would have, when he wished to leave, would give him ample opportunity to escape. But the American commander proved too shrewd for him, and instead of entering the *uncivil* port of England, quietly steamed into one on the Spanish coast, within full sight of the bay of Gibraltar, and from which no British proclamation could force him. The privateer was nonplussed at this extraordinary turn of affairs, but finding himself caught in a trap, prudently determined to remain under the protection of the English guns. The Iroquois, on the other hand, re-

solved to act as jailor, and thus the two vessels had lain for a long time.

But though our marine gradually recovered from its fright respecting privateers, our government was much annoyed by the continual report of vessels running our blockade, not only carrying cotton to foreign markets, but bringing in supplies and arms to the rebels. Between Charleston and the West Indies, a constant communication was kept up, which no vigilance of our commanders off the former port seemed able to stop. Many valuable prizes were taken, but this, instead of discouraging, seemed to stimulate adventurers.

In the meanwhile, our splendid army lay comparatively quiet before Yorktown. An occasional skirmish, or a feeble sortie served only to break up the monotony of the dreary weeks. Berdan's sharp-shooters, a picked regiment of marksmen, annoyed the enemy exceedingly. Armed with rifles of a long range, they lay ensconced in their hiding places, and the moment a head appeared above the ramparts it became the target for a dozen bullets. One man from New England, it is said, actually silenced a heavy gun—the enemy not daring to show themselves long enough to load it.

But amid all this apparent quiet, the most vigorous work was going on. Trees, indeed whole forests, were felled, and logs cut and laid across the impassable highways, thus making miles on miles of corduroy road, over which the heavy siege guns and the forage for this immense army had to be carried. All this had been unprovided for, because in the plan of McClellan no delay could have happened here, and no siege guns would have been wanted. At the same time, the regular approaches were set on foot, and McClellan worked his slow, difficult, yet certain way to the heart of the enemy's position. Every day brought him nearer to the goal, and it was well known that when the final bombardment should commence, it would be the most terrific ever witnessed in

the new world. The enemy were reported to be over one hundred thousand strong, and it was a matter of wonder that he made no more serious efforts to check McClellan's advance, for if he were left alone the fall of the place was inevitable.

While events were thus slowly drawing to a head at Yorktown, Fremont was giving a good account of himself in the mountain department. His first encounter with the enemy was at Monterey, where after a sharp engagement the latter were defeated by a column under Milroy. There were some little signs of life, too, in the army in front of Washington. General Augur, in McDowell's division, by a rapid, unexpected march, took possession of Falmouth, on the opposite side of the river from Fredericksburg, and commanding the place, which compelled its surrender.

At length came the long expected news of the fall of fort Pulaski. Although cutting it off from Savannah, rendered the reduction of the fort a mere question of time, still the starving process was a slow and somewhat uncertain one, and Sherman determined to reduce it by bombardment, from guns placed on Tybee island. Carrying out this determination, he had caused, during the winter, a thorough exploration of the island to be made. The result proving satisfactory, he ordered heavy guns to be transferred thither. There being no wharf, these had to be landed at high tide, and swung ashore by hand, and then dragged to their destined places. The deep sand and mire, however, would, in many places, let the ponderous pieces down to their axles, and a road a mile long had to be made of fascines composed of poles withed together, and laid beside each other, the whole way. The first battery was established two miles from the fort. The guns were sunk in the sand, and protected by the earth thrown up around them, so as to present the least possible mark to the garrison. When others were established nearer the fort, the work was done during the

night, to avoid the fire of the enemy. It was a long and laborious task; and the guns were not all in position till the fore part of April. There were eleven batteries in all, numbering thirty-six guns; Parrott rifled pieces, Columbiads, mortars, etc., some of them weighing over one thousand seven hundred pounds, and throwing nine and a half inch shells. The whole was under the direction of General Gilmore, who by the assistance of able engineers, accomplished his difficult task, most satisfactorily. But just as everything was ready, and Sherman was about to reap the fruit of his toil, he was superseded in his command by General Hunter.

On the ninth, Gilmore sent a summons to the garrison to surrender. Colonel Olmstead, commanding, replied that he was placed there to defend, not to surrender it, and so the next morning early, the first heavy gun sent its loud echoes far over the sea, and the bombardment commenced. The shot at first flew wild, but as the range became more accurate, the batteries settled down to their work in earnest, and soon small clouds of brown dust told where the heavy shot were smiting the brick walls of the fortification. With the aid of the glass, huge, ragged rents could be seen, showing that they were not knocking in vain for admittance.

The garrison replied, and all day long the heavy explosions shook the desert island. Night brought a cessation of the conflict. The next morning, however, it was resumed, and continued all the forenoon, during which one man, a member of the Rhode Island third artillery was killed; the only loss on our side from first to last. About two o'clock the rebel flag was pulled down. General Gilmore was at dinner at the time, from which he was aroused by the shouts of volunteer couriers, witnesses of the fight, who came to announce the glad tidings.

Three hundred and eighty-five prisoners, with all the stores and armament of the fort, fell into our hands. This

was the first fortification of any importance, retaken by our troops, and was hailed as the beginning of the righteous work of repossessing the national strongholds which the rebels had seized at the outset. Macon, around which Burnside had closed his lines, was regarded as the next in the series.

In the mean time, cheering news was received from the department of New Mexico. Rumors, coming through rebel channels, had long been in circulation, that Colonel Canby, after his successful defense of fort Craig, had finally been compelled to surrender it with his entire force. But now the war department received a dispatch, stating that a portion of his command under Colonel Hough, had defeated the rebels at Apache pass, killing several hundred and taking ninety-three prisoners, besides destroying fifty-four wagons, laden with provisions and ammunition. The Texans fought with their accustomed desperation, charging our batteries four times, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. In an ordinary war, this battle would have been a great event, but in the more important movements near at hand, created but little excitement. Colonel Canby, in that remote region, cut off from reinforcements, true to the national flag, was exhibiting the qualities of a great commander, and showing that he was worthy to stand beside the heroes of the west. The loss of one hundred and fifty in this engagement, out of his small command, shows that he had fought a desperate battle. The enemy under Colonel Sibley, inventor of the famous Sibley tent, and formerly a United States officer, was utterly discomfited by this reverse, and he was unable to rally again his scattered, suffering troops.

While Burnside was making his preparations before fort Macon, he sent General Reno with a few hundred men and three boat howitzers, to Elizabeth city, to destroy some locks in the canal leading to Norfolk. Landing below the town,

on the nineteenth, he marched forward to the accomplishment of his object. About noon he was attacked by the rebels, composed of a Georgia regiment and a portion of Wise's Legion. After a sharp engagement, the enemy was totally routed with heavy loss. Ours was one hundred and ten killed and wounded.

In the evening, General Reno, hearing that the rebels had been heavily reinforced and were advancing to attack him, ordered a retreat. The jaded soldiers were roused from their bivouacs, and commenced their toilsome march back to their boats—making a forced march of forty miles in twenty-four hours. It was a night of great toil and suffering, and the force was in such a condition, that if it had been attacked it could scarcely have escaped total destruction. Fourteen of his wounded were left in the hands of the enemy who consequently claimed a victory.

CHAPTER XXX.

APRIL, 1862.

SIEGE OF FORT MACON—DIFFICULTIES ATTENDING IT—THE BOMBARDMENT—ITS SURRENDER—FIGHTING AT YORKTOWN—ATTACK ON LEE'S MILLS—BAYONET CHARGE OF THE ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS—HALLECK BEFORE CORINTH—MITCHELL IN ALABAMA—CONGRESS—THE EMANCIPATIONISTS—HUNTER'S PROCLAMATION—DIGNIFIED COURSE OF THE PRESIDENT—THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY IN CONGRESS—THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY EMPOWERED TO BUILD IRON CLAD VESSELS—REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON TREATMENT OF OUR DEAD AT BULL RUN—VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES RESPECTING US—NATIONAL DEBT AT THE END OF THE YEAR OF WAR.

IN the mean time, Burnside, with his accustomed energy, was pushing the siege of fort Macon, in order to shake himself clear of all embarrassments, and be able to perform the mission assigned him in the general campaign, the moment events at Richmond should reach the anticipated crisis.

The difficulties attending his operations against it, may be gathered from the following description of the manner in which his heavy siege guns had to be transported from Newbern to near Beaufort and Morehead, cities in the vicinity of the fort. "There being no locomotives on the road between the two places, all the siege materials must be carried by steamer, fifteen miles, to the head of Slocum's Creek, and then hauled one mile to Havelock station. At the latter place they were placed on platform and baggage cars, and by the aid of mules, slowly hauled to Carolina city, which was the head-quarters of General Parke. Here there was a turn out and short track leading to a wharf on the edge of Bogue Sound, where the guns, mortars and ammunition were received on board flat boats and conveyed across the sound to

Bogue's beach, a distance of a mile and a half. When these heavy guns and other ponderous *materiel* were on board the flats, the labor of transporting them to the desired place of operations had just commenced. The sound is so shallow, for more than half the distance across, that it can easily be sounded by wading knee deep—a narrow channel, containing only some five or six feet at high water, intervening. Having reached the opposite shore at a point four miles due west from fort Macon, a wide marsh was to be crossed, in which the wheels of artillery carriages sunk to the hubs, and when this obstacle was crossed, a continuous line of sandy knolls was reached, extending to the fort. These sand hills were covered by a stunted growth of brush and briar, in which the wheels sunk to the axle, requiring a great force to move the massive loads."

But these difficulties were at length all overcome, and the guns one by one were placed in position. Our skirmishers in the mean time, crept under the sand hills near the fort and annoyed exceedingly the garrison, which in vain endeavored to ascertain what Burnside was about. A man slung in hal-yards was kept swinging in mid air to detect our movements. but the work steadily progressed to its completion.

On Wednesday, the twenty-third, Burnside arrived with two powerful floating batteries, and the fort was summoned to surrender. Colonel White was in command, and as if to give another, among the illustrations of the horrors of civil war, Quarter Master Biggs, a former class mate of his, was sent with the demand. The most honorable terms were offered, and the commander, a noble, high-minded man, had he consulted his own feelings, would doubtless, in the hopelessness of his position, have pulled down his flag. But thinking it looked unsoldierlike to do so without a struggle, he declined. As soon as the flag returned, Burnside signalled the batteries to open fire. This was prevented, however, by

the appearance of a white flag from the fort, with a bag of letters, which the commander wished to be forwarded to their destination, evidently the messages which they thought might be the last they should send on earth.

Friday morning, the day that the victorious Farragut, with the stars and stripes flying in the breeze, was standing boldly on towards New Orleans, the first gun from Captain Morris' battery, echoed along the beach. As the sullen reverberations died away, the inhabitants of Beaufort and Morehead flocked to the windows and balconies of their houses, to witness the fearful drama, whose closing scenes might leave many of their homes houses of mourning—for friends and relatives and sons and brothers were in the low structure far away, which was to be the target of our destructive batteries. Shot followed shot in quick succession, making the city shake on its sandy foundations, and soon after Flagler swelled the thunder from his battery of ten inch mortars, and in quick succession, followed Lieutenant Prouty's eight inch mortars, to the right and in advance, completing the horrible din.

The man swinging from the flag-staff of the fort, quickly descended from his perilous watch, and soon the hitherto silent fort began to belch forth flame. The roar of the ocean as it rolled its waves steadily to the shore, furnished the refrain to this mighty music. The Parrott shells made destructive work, and whenever one smote the solid masonry, a cloud of black dust showed that it shivered whatever it struck. For over three hours shot and shell were rained from the batteries, when at length the floating batteries got into position, and began to pour in an enfilading fire. The garrison, appalled at this concentric fire, fled to their casemates for shelter.

For two hours the floating batteries kept up their bombardment, rendering the fort too hot for flesh and blood to stand, and the rebels finally turned their guns upon them.

A thirty-two-pound shot soon crashed through the Daylight gun boat, and others received similar damage, but without any loss of life. Only one man was wounded.

But at length the sea had so risen under the stiff gale that was blowing, that the gunners could not keep their range, and the boats were hauled off. During this time, the three land batteries had taken a breathing spell, but now they commenced again. By two o'clock, every gun but two in the fort was deserted. At three, one of these was abandoned in terror, and a ten inch columbiad alone kept up its melancholy fire. But it grew weaker and weaker, and a little after four, ceased altogether, when a white flag was run up.

The fort was ours, with the loss of only one killed and two wounded—that of the enemy, seven killed and eighteen wounded. Five hundred men were surrendered prisoners of war, together with all the armament and stores of the fort.

The next morning, Colonel White repaired to the steamer *Alice Price*, on which was General Burnside, to surrender the fort in person. He found the general at breakfast, who received him very cordially, and invited him to take a seat at the table. He did so, and the two discussed their breakfast together as amicably, as though there had been no hard feelings or hard knocks between them. The garrison was allowed the same terms that had at first been offered, for though White was a rebel, he was a gallant and gentlemanly one, to whom, notwithstanding his misguided course, a generous and courteous treatment seemed due.

The bombardment of these two forts proved conclusively that brick and stone can not stand before rifled artillery. The instruments of destruction have got in advance of the means of defense, and to restore their former relations, fortifications will have to be incased in iron.

On the eleventh, Pulaski fell; on the twenty-third, Macon; and on the twenty-sixth New Orleans. Thus, within a sin-

gle fortnight, the rebellion received on every side, blows that sent it staggering to its death.

Burnside was now left free to co-operate with McClellan, in carrying out his plans for the overthrow of the great army in Virginia, and the capture of the rebel Capital.

In the mean while, the siege of Yorktown, notwithstanding almost incessant rains made the progress of the work slow, steadily advanced. The attacks on outworks, and the repelling of sorties, which characterize all sieges, occasionally broke up the monotony of this, though there was less hard fighting than is usual.

The fight at Lee's Mills, as it was called, was the most important one, and gave a foretaste of what our men would do when the final struggle should come. The rebels had built a fort, and mounted several guns so as to command a road leading to this place, which it was important, in executing the general plan, should be carried. In front of it was a bog two hundred and fifty feet wide, and above this a large dam. Artillery was brought to bear on the fort all day, which silenced the rebel guns, and dispersed their infantry. Two companies of Vermont troops were then ordered to charge the works with the bayonet. Leaving the woods in which they had been sheltered, they dashed forward toward the bog, and plunging in, some to their waists, struggled through and rushed on the rifle-pits in front. They found the fort empty, but a ditch a little to the left, they saw to be full of men. A single volley scattered them, when the companies advanced to a second empty rifle-pit, and stopped to load. But on looking across the bog, and seeing no reinforcements arriving, they began to fall back, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Reaching the bog, they found two feet more of water over it than when they crossed only a few minutes before. The rebels had cut the dam above it and let in the water. Here many of the

wounded fell exhausted, and were afterwards killed or taken prisoners. Those who could, plunged in and endeavored to make their way back to solid ground. In the mean time, the enemy returned, and commenced a fearful fire upon them, shooting them through the head and shoulders, when our artillery again opened, and scattered them.

The brave men had accomplished the work assigned them, behaving throughout with the coolness of veterans, though they lost thirty-five killed, and one hundred and twenty wounded. The enemy acknowledged a loss of over a hundred killed.

The eleventh Massachusetts carried another outwork at the point of the bayonet, without firing a gun. They received the enemy's fire at fifty yards, and without halting, dashed over ditch and parapet with a wild hurrah, scattering the enemy like sheep. Destroying the work, they returned with the loss of four killed and twelve wounded.

While events were thus drawing to a crisis at Yorktown, Halleck was slowly closing around Corinth. Pope, who had accompanied Foote's flotilla down the Mississippi, and taken position on the Arkansas shore, to co-operate with him as he did at Island Number Ten, had, in obedience to orders from Halleck, joined him; while the indomitable Mitchell, to whom nothing seemed done while there was more to do, had pushed his victorious column into different parts of Alabama. A detailed account of the marches and brilliant successes of this restless, determined man, would read like a romance. Apparently fond of the hardest kind of work, he had inspired his men with the same love; and the daring and endurance of his brigade, won the admiration of the whole nation. No officer in the army better deserved the stars of a major-general, which Congress conferred on him, than did this fighting astronomer.

Thus passed the eventful month of April, in the field.

In Congress, the chief objects of discussion were the tax bill, which dragged its slow length along—the confiscation bill, in perfecting which, one great difficulty lay in the question, what should be done with the slaves of rebels, and the subject of slavery itself. A portion of it insisted that a decree of universal emancipation was the only way to put down the rebellion.

One of the most important measures of this Congress was the passage of the act prohibiting slavery in all the present and future territories of the Union.

Another question that awakened a good deal of feeling and brought out the opposition of the border state members, was the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia. Formerly this question had agitated the halls of Congress, and much learned and much angry discussion had been bestowed on it, in and out of Washington. Until the rebellion broke out, it was claimed by some that the case was a very plain one. Virginia and Maryland, they said, had ceded the district to the United States, without affixing any condition as to the future *status* of the slave; that it was evident that in so doing they had not anticipated so radical an interference on the part of Congress with their social institutions, as the abolition of slavery in a district contiguous to their own territory; that if Congress, at its first meeting after the cession of the District of Columbia, had emancipated the slaves therein, the whole country would have declared it a shameful violation of an implied and perfectly understood contract; and that what it could not justly do then, it certainly could not do fifty years after. On the other hand, all felt at the north, that slavery in the Capital was a disgrace to the nation, and a libel on our Declaration of Independence; and that at the time of the cession of this territory, there was an expectation north and south, that slavery would gradually disappear, and that it was an evil which it was understood was to be only

temporary. Near the middle of April, the act of emancipation was passed, and being signed by the President, became a law.

In this condition of things General Hunter issued an order, proclaiming all the slaves in his department, free. This movement might have brought on a collision between the President and a portion of the loyal North; but the President, with that quiet firmness, which amid all the trying circumstances of his position he had shown, and which had fixed him deeply in the confidence of the people, issued a counter proclamation in which he said, that both the time and manner of an edict of general emancipation, were questions he reserved to *himself*, and did not leave to commanders in the field. It did not come within their province, and therefore General Hunter had transcended his powers, and his action was null and void. In this discreet way of disposing of the matter all acquiesced.

Still, slavery in some form, engrossed much of the debates, as it did the attention of the country. An attempt was made to employ thousands of the slaves left by the rebels at Port Royal, and a school opened for them at Newbern. Efforts were also made to get permission to form regiments of colored men either to fight the south, or to garrison southern fortresses during the unhealthy months. A resolution to give half of the value of the steamer Planter to three negroes, who boldly took her out of Charleston harbor, and delivered her to the blockading fleet, also caused a great deal of bitter feeling among the border State members; but it passed, as it ought to have done. The recognition of Hayti as an independent State, and sending ministers to its court, also was regarded by some as another step towards putting the blacks on an equality with the whites; but the country could see no good reason why America, from the mere prejudice of color, should refuse to do what the nations of Europe had long since done.

Questionable as the action of Congress was in many things, it adopted one measure of indisputable wisdom. It gave the Secretary of the Navy authority to construct, under contract, a formidable fleet of iron-clad vessels, rams and gun boats. Half of the failures for which he had been held accountable, grew out of his inability to do any thing. The previous Congress had so fettered him that he could not act as the exigencies of the time demanded; but now power was given him which he was not slow to use; and all along our seaboard, the keels of an iron fleet began to be laid, which gave ground for much wholesome reflection to England.

During this month also, a committee which had been appointed by Congress to ascertain the truth of various rumors that our dead had received brutal treatment from the enemy at Manassas, made its report, fully confirming them. Some of our unfortunate men had been buried in an inhuman manner, while from others, skulls and bones had been taken and fashioned into cups and ornaments. Indeed, from the commencement of the war, the southern troops had disgraced themselves by numberless acts of cruelty, though a great number of the stories set afloat in the newspapers were false. In war, exaggerated statements and false accusations are to be expected on both sides. At the same time deeds of violence and cruelty will be committed by some soldiers in every army. Brutish men are found there as elsewhere, while circumstances favor the gratification of their base and ferocious passions. The southern troops, being more vindictive, and looking upon the Union soldiers as invaders of their homes, would naturally be less scrupulous in the means they used to repel their advance, than we to secure it. Besides, the poor whites that composed the bulk of their army, were but a grade above semi-barbarians—ferocious, malignant and destitute alike of conscience or honor; while ours was made up of the respectable middle class. Again, the officers, most of them being

slave holders, and regarding the ignorant whites as but little above slaves, naturally looked with indifference on the treatment which our private soldiers received. Hence, cruelty from the one and neglect from the other, were to be expected, and could safely be assumed without an investigating committee.

During the winter, General Stone, commander at Ball's Bluff, had been suddenly arrested and confined in fort Warren. The senate at the close of this month passed a resolution, asking the President why he was not brought to trial. He replied that the necessary absence of important witnesses prevented it, and thus the mysterious affair rested.

A year ago this month, the war commenced by the attack on fort Sumter. Twenty-eight more or less important battles, besides an almost endless number of skirmishes had occurred during its progress, and in twenty of the former, the Union arms were victorious. Never before had the world seen war carried on upon so vast a scale. The immobility of the north during almost the entire year, had excited the derision of Europe. Our quiet attitude was regarded as a confession of weakness, and a sure forerunner of defeat. They did not comprehend as we did, the gigantic task we had undertaken, and the amount of preparation necessary before we commenced. But when this was completed, and the forces we had been so long gathering began to move, that derision gave place to amazement. The vastness of our complicated plan bewildered them, while they stood amazed at the power we showed ourselves able to put forth. England especially, thought that we were distressed, and hardly knew what to do ourselves. She now saw that we not only knew what to do, but how to do it. The vast dimensions of the war entailed enormous expenses, and the money needed to defray them, she declared could be no where obtained. The people would not give it, and foreign capital-

ists would not lend it. But great as the expenditures were, the necessary money was obtained within our own limits. It is true we had run up a frightful debt, and sound statesmen feared the final effect of the issue of so much paper money as we were compelled to send forth, but the people said "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." At the end of this year of war our national debt amounted to \$491,448,384. A protracted war at this rate, would of course ruin the nation, but no one believed it would be of long continuance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MAY, 1862.

AN APPROACHING CRISIS—PUBLIC FEELING—THE TWO GREAT ARMIES—
MC CLELLAN READY TO COMMENCE THE BOMBARDMENT AT YORKTOWN—THE
ENEMY EVACUATE IT—SCENE AT THE EVACUATION—THE PURSUIT—THE
BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG—BRAVERY OF COLONEL DWIGHT—BERRY COMES
TO THE RESCUE—KEARNEY FOLLOWS—HEROISM OF THE ELEVENTH MASSA-
CHUSETTS—HANCOCK'S GALLANT BAYONET CHARGE—INSPIRING EFFECT OF
MARTIAL MUSIC—HEINTZELMAN AMID THE RAINING BULLETS—HOOKER'S
UNCONQUERABLE BRIGADE—THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE—FRANKLIN
ARRIVES AT WEST POINT, AND ENGAGES THE ENEMY.

THE month of May, the first of the new year of war, was believed to be pregnant with the fate of the republic; for events seemed to be approaching a decisive termination. Halleck was drawing his lines closer and closer around Beauregard, at Corinth, and a battle was daily expected there that should settle the war in the west. McClellan's preparations were about complete before Yorktown, and any moment it might flash over the wires that the bombardment had commenced.

The mighty armies that confronted each other at these points, constituted the main strength of the two sections in the field, and numbered in all nearly a million of men. A decided victory at both points would virtually end the war—a victory at but one would insure at least another year's war, while our overthrow at both would be irreparable. No wonder the nation held its breath in suspense; and fervent prayers went up that God would assist the right.

The standing of these two armed hosts face to face, gathering their energies like two giants for the final struggle,

was a sublime yet fearful spectacle. The imagination started back appalled at the vision of slaughtered heaps, and "garments rolled in blood," that rose in the future.

There was one great difference, however, in their composition, that encouraged the hopes of the north. The south, to present numerically an equal force, had to resort to conscription. The north, on the other hand, had been compelled to shut up its recruiting stations, to prevent the overwhelming increase of the army, and hence had men ready and eager to fight.

This dead lock of the opposing forces produced fitful complaints, and loud clamors from a few excitable individuals in and out of Congress; but the great intelligence of the mass of the people enabled them to understand and appreciate the true motives of delay, and the vital importance of running no needless hazard.

The censorship of the press shut out from the public all knowledge of what was going on at Yorktown, but the great confidence in McClellan's sagacity and military ability, made it patient.

Quietly, but unceasingly, he was bending all his energies to hasten forward the approaches, and on the third, he had fourteen powerful batteries constructed—all mounted but three—ninety-six heavy guns, some two hundred and one hundred-pounders, and thirteen-inch mortars, being in position within breaching distance of the walls, and all connected with parallels. Three redoubts were also finished. In a few more hours every thing would be in readiness, and then the earthquake shock would come. McClellan, who had had ample opportunity to see what effect such batteries would have on earthworks and fortifications in the siege of Sebastopol, knew that when he once opened his fire, the works before him would melt like wax.

But an engineer equally skillful,* had, unknown to him,

surveyed his operations. Lee had been summoned to Yorktown, and his practiced eye saw that McClellan had been allowed to proceed with his work till the place was untenable. An evacuation, much to the surprise of the ignorant troops, and indignation of Huger, who was in command at Norfolk, was at once determined upon, and immediately commenced.

EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN.

On the third, the rebels kept up a continuous fire along their lines, shaking the peninsula with their incessant cannonade, while the heavy shot and shell filled the air with their steady rush and shriek. Nor did it cease at night, and when darkness settled over the encampment, from the ramparts that stretched away from Yorktown there were constant gushes of flame, while the heavy thunder rolled far away in the gloom. A little after midnight it suddenly ceased, and an ominous silence rested over the works. Toward morning, flames were seen to rise from behind them. Heintzelman went up in a balloon with professor Lowe, to ascertain its cause, and found that the enemy had fired one of their storehouses. Gradually the day broke over the landscape below him, when he saw that the intrenchments were empty. The last of the rebel army had fled during the night.

The news spread like lightning from division to division, and through the long line of encampments, when the regimental bands struck up one after another a joyous air till the vast plain echoed with the jubilant strains, and then the regiments themselves, in quick succession, sent up a shout that shook the field.

In the midst of the general jubilee, officers were seen galloping to the heads of brigades and divisions, bearing the following order: "Commandants of regiments will prepare to march with two days' rations, with the utmost dispatch—

Leave not to return." The vast encampment was quickly all astir, and by eight o'clock the cavalry and artillery, supported by infantry, were streaming forward on the road over which the last of the fleeing enemy had passed a few hours before.

Ninety-one guns of different kinds and calibers were left in the works, beside a great number of tents, and a quantity of ammunition. The enemy had buried torpedoes in the road and various places, to blow up our troops, and a few were killed in this barbarous way.

Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, across the river, was evacuated at the same time, in which were found many more cannon. This left York river open to our gun boats and transports, and secured the destruction or capture of all the rebel vessels in it. McClellan, though his plan had been broken up, prepared as well as he could for the sudden evacuation of Yorktown, and had Franklin's division already on board transports, ready to start for West Point, the main head of navigation on the York river, so as to intercept, if possible, the enemy on their retreat to Richmond. How far or how fast they had fallen back, it was impossible to say; for they had conducted their operations so cautiously, that the advance of the retreating army had been gone two days before any indications of their movements were received at McClellan's head-quarters.

He pushed the pursuit, however, with vigor, and the troops, released from their long confinement, were only too eager to march forward. Towards evening, that day, (Monday,) the cavalry under General Stoneham, came up with the rear guard of the enemy, about two miles from Williamsburg, and a sharp skirmish followed. They were found to be intrenched, but the cavalry drove them from one of their works, though for the want of infantry they were compelled to abandon it, and withdrawing a short distance, they bivouaced for the night.

The first and sixth regular cavalry behaved admirably, closing in a hand to hand fight with that of the enemy, and losing nearly fifty killed and wounded. One gun, by getting fast in the mud, was abandoned.

It was evident that the rebels purposed making a determined stand with a large force at this place, in order to gain time for the remainder of the army and baggage trains to escape. The town is twelve miles north of Yorktown, and fifty-eight from Richmond, and is situated on a plain nearly midway in the peninsula, which at that point is eight or ten miles wide from river to river. Two roads lead from Yorktown to it, one near the York, and the other near the James river, with a vast forest between them. They gradually approach each other as they stretch towards Richmond, and at the point where they meet, at the northern extremity of the woods, the enemy had taken their stand, and erected earth works which commanded the entire space over which our troops must advance. At the right, immense farms spread away, dotted with five separate earth works, but on the left, the woods came up near the intrenchments, and were filled with rifle pits that could not be seen till our troops were directly upon them—outside of them were three earth works.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Hooker, of Heintzelman's, and Smith, of Keyes' division, had come up the evening before, and in the morning advanced on the enemy's works,—the former moving through the woods on his right, and the latter on his left. A heavy rain storm was raging at the time, giving a sombre, dreary aspect to every thing, and drenching the jaded soldiers to their skins. The bivouac on the damp earth the night before was not favorable to elasticity of spirits, and this pelting rain storm was not calculated to improve them, but the soldiers pushed resolutely, though slowly on.

Hooker had not proceeded far before a heavy fire of grape and canister from the enemy's batteries opened upon him. It was impossible to move directly upon and storm them, for the rebels had cut down the trees in front—piling them with their bushy tops pointing directly towards our advancing troops, and presenting an obstruction that would hold them so long under fire if they attempted to force their way through, that but few could expect to survive it. Notwithstanding this, the men were deployed in the woods, and bravely endeavored to make their way over the fallen timber. They dropped fast on every side, for the woods were filled with the incessant crack of musketry, from a foe that was only half visible. By desperate fighting, however, they won the ground before them inch by inch, when the rebels, despairing of arresting their determined advance, sent off for reinforcements, that soon came pouring in by thousands. Hooker now undertook to advance one of his guns, but it stuck fast in the mud, and he had to shoot the horses to prevent the enemy, who came rushing upon it in overwhelming force, from carrying it off. He soon saw that he could not long hold his ground against the tremendous odds that were being brought to bear upon him, and sent off again and again for reinforcements, and charged desperately on the enemy to keep him back till they could arrive, but hour after hour passed, yet they did not make their appearance. Now his wearied troops by a gallant effort would force the enemy to retire for a space, and then they would swing heavily back before the onset of double their number. Heintzelman sat on his horse amid the raining balls, a prey to the most intense anxiety. His bravest troops were being mowed down like grass, and unless help came soon they would have to give way. It was true the roads were horrible, and the rain fell in torrents, yet it was plain there was negligence or lack of energy somewhere. Four guns had

already fallen into the hands of the enemy, around which horses, riders, and gunners lay mangled, and half buried in the mud. At length, part of the Jersey brigade, with their ammunition exhausted or wet, had to fall back; and the Excelsior brigade marched into their places, when the firing became more terrible than ever. It was like the roar of a cataract, and the whole stormy woods seemed an element of fire in the dull and murky atmosphere. Colonel Dwight, with the first Excelsior, though fearfully outnumbered, resolutely held his ground: Report came that the enemy were outflanking him. "I can't help it," was his calm reply, "I must hold this spot while a man is left to stand by me." Bleeding from his wounds, he stood resolved to die at his post. A braver man never led troops into fire, and braver troops never closed with heroic devotion round a gallant leader. Rooted, rock fast on the bloody field, they held their ground till help came, though every third man had fallen. Veterans of a hundred battle fields could do no more than this.

In the mean time, Kearney's division was coming to the rescue. Officer after officer kept dashing up to him with orders to hurry on. The roads were miry and the marching heavy, and the soldiers threw aside their haversacks to lighten their load, and pressed on in the direction of the firing that rose in one long thunder peal over the woods. The minutes seemed hours to the brave Heintzleman, for every moment threatened to be the last that Hooker's brigade could maintain its ground. But a great load was suddenly lifted from his heart, as he saw General Berry at the head of a part of his brigade, approaching with giant strides. Through the storm and mud, with his two regiments of Michigan men and the thirty-seventh New York, he had pushed fiercely on, passing troops, trains and artillery, and as he now drew near, Heintzleman gave a shout of delight, and waved his cap in the air. A thundering cheer responded, as the brave fel-

lows bounded through the driving rain. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and for nearly eight hours Hooker's single unconquerable brigade had withstood the whole shock of battle. Help came not a moment too soon. Berry hurled his regiments like a thunderbolt on the foe. The fifth Michigan, receiving the fire that smote them, and too impatient to return it, charged bayonet—clearing a rifle pit with a thrilling shout, and leaving a hundred and forty-three bodies in their fiery path. Kearney immediately after came up, and riding into the thickest of the fire, led his troops forward with irresistible impetuosity. As they advanced, however, they met the long line of ambulances conveying the wounded of Hooker's brigade to the rear, whose groans and cries of distress, joined with the mud and rain, and the exhaustion of the long and terrible march, were not calculated to produce a favorable impression on them as they were going into action. General Heintzelman saw it and immediately ordered several of the bands to strike up national and martial airs. The effect was electrical, and as the strains of the familiar tunes reached the ears of the wounded as they were carried from the field, their cheers mingled with those of the stout hearted men who were marching past them into battle. Under the sudden inspiration, mud and rain and weariness were forgotten, and with renewed energy they pushed forward to where the deafening explosions told them their companions in arms were facing death. Berry charged furiously on the astonished rebels, and Birney followed, reversing the tide of battle and rolling it on the foe. Hooker's brigade, a portion of which after their ammunition was exhausted, held its position with the bayonet alone, was at last relieved; for Kearney now cleared the crimsoned woods and swept the field. Of the brave regiments which bled so freely this day, none was handled with more skill, or hurled again and again with more irresistible impetuosity on the foe, than the eleventh

Massachusetts of Grover's brigade, commanded by Colonel Blaisdell. Like "*Le Terrible*" of Napoleon's army in Italy, it broke regiment after regiment of the enemy in pieces. Its march was like that of fate, and its charging cheer was the shout of victory.

While Hooker was thus breasting the storm on the left, Peck advancing up the road, near York river, came upon the enemy's center in the open space, in which stood fort Magruder. Though exposed to a murderous fire of shot and shell from the fort and the long lines of rifle pits that commanded all the open ground, by keeping the cover of a pine grove, he held his ground the entire day.

In the mean time, Hancock had advanced on the extreme right, and crossing a dam, took possession of some deserted earthworks. Late in the afternoon, the enemy anticipating an attack on his extreme wing, by him, moved against him with a heavy force. Fearing that his retreat might be cut off, should his force prove too weak to hold the advanced position, the latter began to fall back slowly and steadily in line of battle, ever presenting a dauntless front to the foe. The rebels, taking this movement for a retreat, and thinking the victory already won, dashed forward, cheering and firing as they came. When Hancock had got all his artillery safe, he halted his brave band, only twenty-five hundred strong. On came the enemy till they were nearly on the top of the sloping ground, and within forty yards of his line. "Fire," rang along the unfaltering ranks, and a swift, deadly volley swept the rebel line. "Charge," followed in quick succession, and with levelled bayonets and leaning forms, the whole mass threw itself forward down the slope. As the gleaming line of steel drove swiftly on, the elated rebels halted, appalled at the sight. One glance at the determined countenances, and that even line of bayonets, moving steady and swift as the inrolling wave, and they broke and fled in dismay.

The rebel position was turned by this success, and night having come on, the enemy retreated under cover of darkness. The next morning, our victorious columns marched into Williamsburg with drums beating and colors flying. Enthusiastic shouts rent the air, but they fell all-unheeded on the ears of the brave sleepers in the woods and open spaces where the battle had raged the day before. Soaked with rain, and covered with mud, the dead lay in heaps where Hooker had so long and grimly held his ground. Amid the shattered trees, and shivered branches, and mangled horses, and wrecks of the fierce fight—the blood standing in pools around them—they slept the quiet sleep of death. All the dreary night, the soldiers, with torches, had threaded the woods in search of the wounded; still notwithstanding their untiring labors, many the next morning lay where they fell, listening with dull senses to the shouts and triumphant strains of their advancing comrades. It was a dreary sight to see the ambulances slowly moving amid the dripping trees, the drivers carefully picking their way to keep the wheels from passing over the lifeless forms.

Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was about two thousand, the greater part of which fell on Hooker's brigade. Hancock did not lose over twenty in his brilliant charge, which called forth a warm eulogy from McClellan to the two regiments which made it.

While this battle was raging, Franklin was approaching West Point with his troops, to intercept the retreat of the rebel army. It effected a landing, and on Wednesday was attacked by the enemy. A battle followed, in which we lost some two hundred killed and wounded, and a large number of prisoners. Nothing of consequence seemed to have been accomplished by this movement, save the rapid transportation of a large force far in advance, where it could co-operate with McClellan's army. Franklin's division was too weak to attack the whole retreating force of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MAY, 1862.

OUR GUN BOATS ASCEND THE JAMES RIVER—SURRENDER OF NORFOLK—
DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC—GRATIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE—ATTACK
ON FORT DARLING—MC CLELLAN'S ADVANCE ON RICHMOND—BATTLE OF
HANOVER COURT HOUSE—THE ROAD OPENED FOR MC DOWELL TO ADVANCE
—RICHMOND NOT TO BE TAKEN UNLESS HE DOES—DISSATISFACTION AND
UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PUBLIC—A DEAR EXPERIMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

WHILE our army was chasing the flying enemy towards Richmond, important events were passing in the region of its long encampment before Yorktown. The day after the battle at West Point, the Galena, and two other gun boats, passed the batteries on the James river, and began to feel their way towards Richmond. Two days after, General Wool, with five thousand men, effected a landing at Willoughby point, and advanced on Norfolk. The rebel General, Huger, had evacuated it when it was decided to abandon Yorktown, and it was left defenseless. On the approach of our forces, a delegation from the city came out to meet them, and the place, which had been the great depot for the supply of heavy ordnance for the rebels, fell into our hands without firing a shot. It *actually* fell with Yorktown, for after that event it was entirely cut off from help. The taking it with an armed force, therefore, was a mere matter of form, though a part of the public made a laughable attempt to convert it into a brilliant military exploit of the President himself, who happened to be at fortress Monroe at the time.

The fate of the Merrimac was also sealed with the fate of Yorktown; for she was totally unfit for the sea, while her

draft of water was too great to allow her to go up to Richmond. It therefore occasioned no surprise, to hear that she had been blown up by her crew.

Wool entered Norfolk on Saturday. The same night, this rebel craft, which had caused us so much damage, was set on fire. She presented a grand spectacle in her ignominious death. When she was fairly aflame, she lighted up the tranquil waters of the bay for miles around and wrapped in her fiery shroud, burned on for hours, till the flames reached the magazine, when her iron ribbed sides burst with the sound of thunder, shaking the shores with the explosion; then she suddenly sunk in the deep, a companion at last to the Cumberland and Congress. The news of her destruction was received with intense satisfaction, not merely because she had sent to the bottom two national vessels with a part of their gallant crews, but her menacing attitude in the waters of the Chesapeake, keeping a whole fleet occupied in watching her motions, irritated the national pride. Her presence there was regarded as a perpetual insult and taunt. Our self respect demanded that she should be disposed of; hence there was a sort of personal gratification in having her commit suicide. To this, there was added a sense of relief, for no one could exactly measure her power to do mischief, and as long as she was in existence there was a feeling of insecurity. Besides, she being disposed of, left the Galena, Naugatuck, and other vessels, at liberty to go up the James river, and operate against the batteries that lined its banks, and perhaps reach Richmond itself.

The rebels, before evacuating Norfolk, destroyed the navy yard, inflicted what injury they could on the granite dry dock, and left as complete a wreck as their time and ability would permit. Sewall's Point, and all the other neighboring batteries fell, of course, and a large quantity of heavy ordnance came into our possession. General Viele was ap-

pointed military Governor, and gave universal satisfaction, by the quiet, yet stern, manner in which he maintained order. It had been supposed that a great deal of Union feeling prevailed in the city, as its entire prosperity had grown out of the national patronage, but whatever had existed seemed to have been extinguished by the war, and though there was much suffering among the inhabitants, they manifested a sullen spirit under their transfer back to the old confederacy.

The Galena proceeded at once, up the James river, silencing or passing the batteries on the way, until she arrived nearly opposite Williamsburg. Joined by the Monitor, Arctostook, Naugatuck, and Port Royal, she proceeded on towards Richmond, constantly assailed from rifle pits on shore, till she came to a sharp bend, about seven miles from the city. Here, on a bluff a hundred and fifty feet high, they found a strong fortification called fort Darling, mounted with guns of large caliber, and long range, which completely commanded the river. Here too, piles were driven across the channel, and vessels sunk to arrest the farther progress of the boats, and hold them under the terrible fire of the battery.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT DARLING.

The Galena boldly ran to within six hundred yards of the battery, and was swung across the channel, which, at that point, was only about twice as wide as the vessel was long, and in this stationary position, a little before eight in the morning of the fifteenth, opened fire. The Monitor, at first anchored near her, then passed above, but finding the elevation too great for her guns, dropped down the stream again, and taking up her position, wheeled her turret on the bluff, and began to hurl her ponderous shots up the heights. The other vessels took the positions assigned them, and the bombardment commenced. The battery replied, sending her heavy metal down with terrible effect. For more than two hours

the firing was constant, the heavy reports echoing above the houses of Richmond like heavy thunder, and filling the inhabitants with terror. But the fight was too unequal—the boats were never designed to act against works placed on such an elevation, and a vast majority of their shots were thrown away; while the plunging balls of the battery went through and through the sides and deck of the Galena. She however gallantly maintained the fight, till twenty-four of her crew were killed and wounded, her ammunition exhausted, and her sides pierced with eighteen shots, when she dropped out of fire. Her heavy loss and damage were owing to the fact, that she was compelled, from the narrowness of the stream, to remain stationary. Hence, when the rebel gunners once got the range, they had but to load and fire. The Monitor was hit three times—once square on the turret by a solid eight inch shot, but she maintained her reputation for invincibility—not one piercing her armor, and producing no effect save to bend the plates. Not a man was hurt aboard her. The Naugatuck had fired her one-hundred-pound Parrot gun but a few times, when it burst into fragments, and she became powerless. The other vessels suffered only slightly. For the first time since the attack on fort Donelson, our gun boats had met with a reverse, and the people of Richmond were highly elated.

In the mean time, McClellan was pushing his immense army steadily towards Richmond, until at length he drew it up on the banks of the Chickahominy river, a small stream within ten miles of the rebel Capital. Here the building of bridges, and the presence of the enemy, arrested his progress, and he was compelled to take each step with great caution. General Stoneham, with the cavalry, kept constantly in advance, and with a vigilance, and energy, and patient endurance of toil that won the admiration of the country, carried out every plan of his commander successfully.



Skirmishing with pickets, and bold reconnoissances, occurred almost every day, and it became more and more evident that the rebels were determined to make a desperate stand for their capital. The public had looked for its speedy overthrow, but it was now clear, that the march to it, if performed at all, must be over heaps of slain.

McClellan kept drawing his lines closer and closer round the city—pushing his columns across the Chickahominy, preparatory to a final advance. By a bold dash on Mechanicsville, he had been able to cut the Fredericksburg and Richmond rail road, thus preventing a sudden concentration of forces on McDowell.

The month wore away in this manner without any decisive results, but in the last week, public expectation was raised by a telegraphic dispatch, stating that our forces after a sharp contest had captured Hanover Court House. This town lies nearly twenty miles north of Richmond, and is intersected by the Richmond and Potomac and Central rail roads. Being so far north of Richmond, and away from the main army, its capture pointed, unmistakably it was thought, to a sudden advance of McDowell from Fredericksburg with his division, estimated to be forty thousand strong. McClellan was reaching out his hand nearly a third of the way to him, asking him in mute but pleading accents, to fulfill the promise of the government, without which he knew his long and terrible march would end in failure.

This important expedition was entrusted to General Porter. At daylight on the morning of the twenty-seventh, the reveille was beat in the camps, and in an hour after, the columns were in motion—Major Williams, with a squadron of cavalry, moving in advance. A regiment of infantry, acting as skirmishers, followed, plunging into every thicket, and exploring every doubtful locality. Then came the batteries, and the division. It was a gloomy morning in which

to march, for the soldiers had not finished their breakfasts when the black and heavy clouds that curtained the sky opened, and the rain came down in torrents. For three hours it poured like a heavy thunder shower, making it difficult to keep the ammunition dry, and drenching the soldiers so thoroughly that the water ran in rivulets from them, while the road became a pool of mud. The march, however, was pushed steadily forward for six miles, when some mounted pickets were encountered. These being quickly dispersed, the column kept on till noon, when it halted within three miles of the Court House.

The troops had now marched about twelve miles, and had three more to go before they reached Hanover. The storm had broke, and for the last three hours the march had been under a broiling sun, and the men were much fatigued. The halt was, however, a short one, and the column moved on.

BATTLE OF HANOVER COURT HOUSE.

The advance soon came upon a body of the enemy concealed in the woods, when a sharp contest began. The regiments held their ground bravely, but could make no headway against the force before them. Soon, however, the artillery came up on a gallop, and unlimbering, sent canister and shell through the woods. The Berdan sharp shooters also hurried forward, and taking such concealed positions as they could, or lying flat on their stomachs, picked off the enemy rapidly. Reinforcements in the mean time continued to arrive from Martindale's and Butterfield's brigades, and the engagement became general. The artillery kept the woods alive with shells bursting in every direction amid the concealed foe, while the roll of musketry was fierce and constant. Sheltered by the trees, the rebels made a stubborn

resistance, and for two hours the contest was close and severe, but at last they gave way.

As they reluctantly broke cover, and became exposed to view, our volleys smote them with such deadly effect that their retreat changed into a wild run. With a cheer, our troops now pressed forward in pursuit, but were brought to a halt by General Porter, who had arrived on the ground. Martindale's brigade was then detached from the main body, and directed to push on to the Central rail road, and destroy the bridges over the Pamunkey river. Preceded by a detachment of cavalry, it pressed rapidly forward, and accomplished its object without resistance. As they were approaching the road, they saw a train of cars moving up from Richmond, filled apparently with troops, but as the conductor caught sight of our flag, and the line of glistening steel, he reversed his engine, and rapidly backed the train.

In the mean time, Butterfield's and McQuade's brigades pushed on after the fugitives who had fled to the left, towards where the rail road crossed the turnpike. Along the road, through the meadows, grain fields, and woods, they swept on till they came upon the enemy, who had probably been reinforced by the troops on the train, and were drawn up in the woods near Mrs. Harris' house. The contest here was sharp but not long. Martindale's regiments, after the destruction of the rail road, had stacked their arms, and were sitting and lying on the ground, taking a short rest, when the heavy boom of cannon brought them to their feet, and swiftly closing up their ranks, they moved off in the direction of the fire. The enemy, though protected by a dense forest, a second time gave way and the firing for a while ceased. The rebels retreated to another piece of woods, nearer the Court House, and made a third and last stand. Our tired regiments, determined to make a clean sweep of the field, moved forward again, apparently as fresh as in the

morning. They knew not the number of the enemy opposed to them, they only knew the woods were full of them, for it was ablaze with their volleys. The artillery was hurried forward, a part taking position in the road, and the rest in an adjoining field, the two batteries placed so as to pour a concentric fire into the timber. Griffin's terrible guns were there, and soon the green arcades were alive with the hurtling storm. The infantry, coming up on the double-quick with cheers, filled the space between the batteries, and blended their steady volleys with the roar of the guns. It was five o'clock when the action began, and it was kept up without cessation till darkness began to gather over the landscape, when the rebels abandoned the contest, and the field was won.

The sun went down behind the green trees without a cloud, and the tranquil stars came out one after another upon the sky, shedding their gentle light upon field and wood, all unconscious of the dead and dying who had looked their last on the blue heavens.

The loss of the enemy, as usual, could only be guessed at, while ours amounted, in killed, wounded, and missing, to three hundred and forty-five, chiefly from Butterfield's and Martindale's brigades, on which the heaviest of the fighting fell. We took one gun, several trophies, and seven hundred and seventy-one prisoners.

Porter had conducted this hazardous expedition with great skill, in which he was nobly sustained by Butterfield, Martindale and McQuade.

Now, if ever, seemed the time for government to send forward McDowell to close up McClellan's right wing, and add that force without which it would be madness to move on Richmond, and attempt to take it by assault. It was only a little over fifty miles from Fredericksburg to Hanover Court House, and the whole army expected him to advance at

once. It was because the enemy expected this movement, that Richmond was in such consternation, and the inhabitants preparing to leave. In fact, they supposed at first, that the attack on Hanover Court House was made by McDowell.

Apart from the troops left to keep open his communication and protect his supplies, McClellan had not a hundred thousand men with whom to advance on the rebel capital, while it was known that Davis had on his lines of defense or within call, at least a third more. With his inferior force, and his right wing unprotected, to move on strong fortifications, so heavily defended, would have been madness, and sure to end in disaster. Neither he nor his corps commanders ever proposed to do any such thing. Though their united plan had been broken up, yet relying on the promise of the government, that when they arrived before Richmond, McDowell should join them from Fredericksburg, they had carried forward the tedious siege of Yorktown, and fought their way gallantly to the gates of the rebel capital. Farther than this they never expected to go, without the co-operation of the other portion of the army; unless some blunder of the enemy gave an unexpected advantage. Neither they nor McClellan ever proposed to do, with a little over *half* the army, what the *whole* had been gathered, drilled and prepared to accomplish. The army had not been divided for the purpose of leaving half of it idle, while the other half did all the work. It would seem that the public might have seen this, but did not. So possessed had it become with the idea that Richmond must fall, that it would not listen to reason nor take into account the relative strength of the forces in the field. It made no difference whether McClellan had fifty or a hundred and fifty thousand men, and the enemy two hundred thousand, he should take Richmond, or be disgraced. The people expected it and that was enough.

Perhaps there never was another instance on record, in

which popular impatience exhibited itself in such an unreasonable and unjust manner. To every man who was capable of understanding the situation of things, it was just as plain now that without the co-operation of McDowell's, or a similar corps, Richmond would not be taken, as it was two months after. McClellan and his brave corps commanders had fought their way to this point on a promise, and if that promise was not fulfilled, they knew they had fought in vain. The appeals of their chief to the government for its fulfillment were most moving, but to the public, not a word of complaint, not an explanation was given. A cloud, dark as death, began to settle around that devoted army.

The popular feeling soon after became clamorous and vindictive—on the one hand denouncing McClellan and demanding his disgrace—on the other upbraiding the government and accusing it of wantonly perilling the country to effect the ruin of McClellan. Sweeping, unjust, irrational accusations filled the press and the streets—on the one hand making McClellan unfit to command a regiment, on the other the President and Secretary of War little better than traitors.

The truth can be told in a few words, *McClellan never proposed, or promised, or expected to take Richmond with the forces given him.* The government withheld the requisite force for reasons which at the time unquestionably seemed right and proper, and demanded by the public safety.

It does not follow that because McClellan's plans were broken up, they would have been successful if they had been carried out. In the execution of them, defects may have been discovered which rendered their abandonment necessary, or at least apparently so. Whatever blame is attached to him, must be attributed to the *theory* of his plan, not to its failure *practically*, for it never had a trial.

This much, however, may be said: the government tried an experiment in this campaign, which we believe no other

government of modern times ever dared to make. Having an army of over two hundred thousand men, designed to act against a common center, Richmond—and thus occupy in fact one great battle field—it divided it up into independent corps, with no Commander-in-Chief to direct the movements of the whole, except the Secretary of War, who knew less of military science than any regular colonel in the field. It is not necessary to condemn this or that commander to get at the cause of failure. It will always come under such an arrangement—if not to day, then to morrow. It was one of the most stupendous blunders ever committed by a great nation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAY—JUNE, 1862.

A FLOOD IN THE CHICKAHOMINY—MC CLELLAN'S FORCES SEPARATED BY IT—THE ENEMY RESOLVES TO ATTACK THE PORTION ACROSS THE RIVER AND DESTROY IT—BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—ROUT OF CASEY'S DIVISION—MEINTZELMAN COMES TO THE RESCUE—KEARNEY'S DIVISION—BERRY'S BRIGADE—SUMNER SUCCEEDS IN CROSSING—THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR—THE VICTORY—APPEARANCE OF THE FIELD—MC CLELLAN'S DISPATCH.

THE brilliant victory at Hanover Court House, proved the prelude to the most desperate battle thus far of the war—that of Pittsburg Landing perhaps alone excepted. Three days after, a terrible storm, accompanied with fearful exhibitions of lightning and explosions of thunder, broke over the Union camps. The water came down in floods all night, completely inundating the valley through which the Chickahominy flowed, turning the narrow stream into a broad and mighty river, converting the adjacent swamps into expansive lakes, and carrying away one bridge and rendering another unsafe.

McClellan, in pushing forward towards Richmond, had crossed the river with part of his forces, when this sudden and unprecedented flood came. Casey's division, numbering, when it left Washington, thirteen thousand men,—now reduced to about half that number—occupied the advance within about six or seven miles of the rebel capital. The Williamsburg stage road runs west, direct from Bottom's bridge across the Chickahominy to Richmond; nearly parallel to it, and varying in distance from a mile to two and a half or three miles, is the West Point rail road. On and between these, beyond Fair Oaks, lay his division, forming the advance of the left wing, his pickets extending nearly to the

Chickahominy north, which, flowing from the north-west, formed a line that made rather an acute triangle with the rail road. Thus, a line running directly north and south would cut the river, rail road and stage road, making a gore of land between the river and either of the roads. Couch's division lay in rear of Casey's, on the stage road. A space of country, about a mile square, enclosed the mass of these two divisions, on the front and left of which was a belt of forest, occupied by our pickets. Between this cleared space and the rail road was a wooded swamp, beyond which spread another wide extent of cultivated fields, in which was stationed Naglee's brigade. Wassell's brigade held the center, joined on the left by General Palmer's. Heintzelman's division was directly in rear of the whole, on the same side of the river, though several miles distant. The rest of the forces were on the other side, though Sumner was just ready to cross, farther north, where Casey's line of pickets almost cut the river. Casey had pushed his advance as far as he could, and had commenced intrenching himself.

This was the position of affairs when that terrible storm suspended operations. Whether the resolution of the rebels was suddenly taken or not on account of the unexpected flood, its purpose was to break up, capture and destroy Casey's, Couch's and Heintzelman's divisions, before reinforcements could be thrown across the Chickahominy to their relief. If the movement was decided upon before the storm, its unexpected sudden advent and destructive power must have seemed like a special interposition of Providence, for it made it very doubtful whether reinforcements could be thrown over at all, leaving them to finish those isolated divisions at their leisure.

The storm having done its work, sending a turbulent flood and spreading a wide lake between the two portions of the army, the rebels believed that the overthrow of the divisions

between them and the Chickahominy was certain. During the whole night before, the dull sound of heavy trains coming in from Richmond and halting only a short distance in front, awakened suspicion that some hostile movement was on foot. The next morning, an aid to the rebel general Johnson, having on his person a complete description of our forces and their various positions, and evidently seeking some more definite information concerning some of the cross roads, was captured by our pickets. The pickets also reported that the enemy was showing himself in force in front. This, however, being a common occurrence, occasioned very little alarm—still a regiment was sent out to their support. It had not been gone long before a *vidette* came dashing in, saying that the enemy in heavy columns and extended line was moving down upon our line of pickets.

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

Instantly the long roll was beat—the working parties recalled, and the whole division ordered under arms. It was now about noon, and when the alarm was given, preparations for dinner were going on in the various camps. Instantly every thing was in commotion, and four regiments and four pieces of artillery were sent forward a quarter of a mile to meet the advancing enemy. Casey soon discovered, however, that it was putting up a straw to stop the hurricane; for the tactics of the other Johnston at Pittsburg Landing were here practised over again. Not cautiously feeling his way by detached brigades, nor stopping to make sure work with his artillery, did the enemy advance; but in massive columns, and threefold lines, and wide enfolding wings, led by Hill and Longstreet, he came boldly down like an on-sweeping wave, determined to crush all obstacles by the suddenness and weight of the onset. Some of the regiments

and portions of regiments bore up gallantly, hour after hour, against this overwhelming force; and our artillery in front, especially Regan's, with canister and grape, and in rear with shells, sent devastation through the crowded ranks. Deficient in artillery, the rebels seemed to rely chiefly on small arms, and from the outset were determined to come to a hand to hand conflict, in which their overwhelming numbers would decide the contest before help could arrive. Casey's line of battle was soon broken, some of the regiments fleeing in the wildest panic, and never stopping till they reached the Chickahominy, nor even then. His second line was formed behind his redoubts, but this too after a short, vain struggle, also yielded, and many of our guns fell into their hands—among them a battery of brass pieces, in endeavoring to save which, Captain Bailey was killed. Regan's battery, which did fearful execution, was saved by a charge of bayonet. The camp was swept with such fury that nothing was saved. The panic stricken soldiers thought only of themselves, and lost alike to patriotism and honor, came pouring down the muddy stage road like a herd of frightened cattle. General Peck, with his military family, was quietly seated in the open air, taking his coffee and rice, when the regular and sustained volleys in front suddenly brought all to their feet and to the saddle. The long roll was beaten, hurried orders were dispatched to put the brigade under arms, and in a few minutes from the time his noonday lunch was interrupted, Peck was spurring forward to the scene of action. He had not gone far, however, before he met the great straggling flow of the fugitives, filling up the entire road in their disorderly flight. The cowardly crew, when they saw the officers barricading the road, began to limp, and hide their hands in their bosoms, to make believe they were wounded—their ridiculous contortions and the shamed expression of their faces all the while exposing the disgraceful deception they were attempting to practise.

The officers dashed among them, cursing them fiercely to their faces as poltroons. But still the flow kept deepening—while great stalwart men, with muskets in their hands, simulated sickness, and gave lying excuses to each stern demand what they meant by this shameful cowardice; and limped by, presenting at once a sickening and maddening spectacle. Covered with mud, showing that they had thrown themselves on the ground in terror, to escape the shot and shells that screamed through the air, they presented a sad specimen of freemen fighting for the national flag. A guard was finally stretched across the road to arrest this steadily increasing stream of cowards, and drive them back to their duty. But it was all in vain—they heard the steady roar of the guns, sounding momentarily nearer, and impelled onward by fear, they turned off into the fields and neighboring woods—still fleeing towards the Chickahominy. It was an amazing spectacle.

It was soon evident that Casey's division was gone; shattered into irrecoverable fragments; and Keys hurried off his staff officers to Heintzelman for help. But the old hero was already on the march—his practiced ear had told him by the tremendous volleys that shook the field, that an overwhelming force was moving down upon our positions. As soon as he heard the astounding news of the utter rout of Casey's division, he sent back for Kearney's and Birney's brigades, and the chivalric Berry's, whose bayonets he had greeted with a shout when so hard bested at Williamsburg.

Brave troops were soon on the march; but what would be the effect on them of this wild panic-stricken horde, their own iron-hearted leaders trembled to contemplate. The fifty-fifth New York was ordered to march forward into the fight; but instead of advancing with firm and confident front, it moved spasmodically, its hitches and starts showing beforehand where it would be when the hurricane of fire should smite them.

But there were other sights, cheering to the hearts of the brave. Just then the sixty-second came up with an easy tread, and gay and confident bearing, and as they saw the shirking, timorous regiment ahead, instead of catching the fear, poured a torrent of scorn upon them, and though the great conical shot were shrieking overhead, and shells bursting on every side, haughtily exclaimed, "fall in behind, the sixty-second is good shelter," and moved steadily forward into the rain of death. Officers, with their arms in a sling, arose from their sick beds, to lead their troops to the charge; soldiers with mutilated fingers, left their ranks only long enough to get their wounds dressed, and hurried back into the fight. It was passing strange, that men of the same blood, and fighting under the same flag, should differ so widely in bearing. But this shameful rout was to be stopped at the point of the bayonet, by true men.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and ever since half past one, the rebels had had it all their own way. Couch and Peck, finding the enemy moving down in heavy masses towards Fair Oaks, on our right, crossed the field at right angles to the road, and meeting them in the woods, held them fiercely at bay, till overwhelmed by superior numbers, they were compelled to fall back. Peck's horse, while dashing through the fire, received a ball through the neck—the next instant another pierced his flank. Still unhurt, this gallant commander was spurring on, when a cannon ball took off both of the hind legs of his steed, and he sunk to the ground. Mounting another, he cheered on the troops by his dauntless bearing.

In the mean while, Kearney, of Heintzelman's division, led his regiments forward, who, as they met the broken battalions of Casey's divisions, sent up a loud hurrah of defiance, and breasting fiercely the human torrent, divided it, as the strong ship parts the waves. "*This is not the way to*

Richmond," shouted the fearless Kearney to the frightened fugitives, but he spoke in vain, and he saw that he must look to his own brave men to save the day, not to them. Berry led forward his glorious Michigan men to sure victory. A ball, carrying away his cap, he rode at the head of his column bareheaded.

The third Michigan of his brigade was the first up, and this Kearney ordered into the felled timber, where it maintained a most desperate contest till ten of its officers and a hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded. A company of picked marksmen, numbering fifty men, stood and loaded and fired, till half of its entire number had fallen, together with its captain and lieutenant. The enemy in front of them fell like corn before the sickle. The fifth Michigan, that won such laurels at Williamsburg, came up next, and dashing forward with a shout, opened a most rapid and destructive fire. At Williamsburg it lost a hundred and fifty-four men—here under the overwhelming fire to which it was exposed, it lost a hundred and fifty-three more. Soon Jamieson came up with his brigade, from the rear, and pushing through the abattis in front, met a large body of the enemy, moving on swiftly and in fine order, and repelled them gallantly. The one hundred and fifth Pennsylvania, of this brigade, lost in this short, severe fight, eleven officers and two hundred and forty men. Napoleon's veterans never stood firmer under a devastating fire. The firing on both sides now became awful. There was no interval to it, as though the opposing forces were advancing and retiring, but one continuous thunder peal, ribbed with the screaming conical shot, and interspersed with bursting shells, that fell rapidly as hailstones from heaven, amid the rock fast ranks. The din and uproar were so terrific, that officers, though their saddles touched, had to scream to each other to be heard.

Above the sulphurous canopy that curtained in the hosts,

an immense balloon hung high in heaven, with telegraph wires dropping from it to McClellan's head-quarters, reporting every movement of the enemy, and reminding one of the fabled gods of old, looking down on the conflict. The boast of the enemy, that he would drive our weak divisions into the Chickahominy, seemed at first about to be accomplished; but Heintzelman had suddenly built an iron wall across his path, against which he dashed in vain. Though assailed by vastly superior numbers, the brigades and regiments stood firm. Berry and Kearny and Jamieson, performed prodigies of valor, and exposing themselves like the commonest soldier, made their troops invincible. Heintzelman had his horse shot under him, and so did Jamieson, whose brigade suffered terribly, while Peck was slightly wounded.

At length, the long lines of the gleaming bayonets of Gorman's brigade, the advance of Sumner's division, appeared on the field, near Fair Oaks station. This General who occupied the right, some three miles up the river, had received orders from McClellan, as soon as he heard of Casey's defeat to cross at once with his division, and help Heintzelman. Of the two bridges he had built, one had just been carried away by the flood, and the other was swaying before the rushing tide, threatening every moment to share the fate of its companion. Engineers were at once set to work, strengthening the trembling structure, while the massive columns went pouring across it. Through the water to reach it, and across the flooded fields after they were over, they hurried on, and when firm footing was obtained dashed forward at the double-quick. At first, it seemed impossible to get the artillery over. The horses floundered in the mud and water, and the heavy pieces stuck fast; but by lifting and urging, they were at length got upon the crazy structure, that threatened every moment to give way and engulph the whole.

Almost superhuman exertions were put forth, and they at length reached solid ground. The rapidly rising river was now flowing even with the timbers, and scarcely was the last gun over, when they began to float away on the turbulent stream. Before the division arrived on the field, the struggle in the center had become frightful, and Kearney no longer able to hold his ground against the tremendous masses that kept accumulating against him, had to abandon his position. He held it, however, until he was completely outflanked, and his line of retreat cut off. In this critical situation, he ordered the thirty-seventh New York, a regiment distinguished for its discipline and valor, to face about and cover the rear, which they did most gallantly, holding back the enemy flushed with victory and confident in his superior numbers, until the advance regiments could fall back, when by taking an old saw mill road through the woods, known to the scouts, they reached the strong position they had left at noon.

In the mean time Sedgwick's brigade came up, and quickly ranging twenty-four guns in an open field, poured in a horrible fire, strewing the earth with dead. Flesh and blood could not stand the tempest of iron, and the enemy, after vainly attempting to breast it, wheeled and left the field piled with his dead.

Night now put an end to the combat, and the two armies, face to face, bivouaced on the bloody field where they had fought, within half musket shot—the pickets being within talking distance of each other. Amid the dead and dying they lay, waiting for the morning light to decide the issue. The uproar of the day had ceased—the heated cannon still darkly frowning on each other, slumbered in their places, and silence rested on the torn and trampled plain, broken only by the dull rumble of ambulances, carrying off the wounded, or the low moans of the sufferers as they were lifted from

their gory bed. Darkness covered the ghastly spectacle of the slain, who lay in heaps on every side.

The Sabbath day of the first of June dawned mild and tranquil—day of hallowed rest and promise of a peaceful life to come—of rest indeed to the thousands that lay on that bloody field, who had gone from the smoke and carnage of battle to that still land where the tread of armies is never heard—day of rest to the millions, who rose to their morning devotions, ere the bell summoned them to the place of prayer and praise, but not one of rest to the tired and decimated armies that the roll of the drum called from their wet beds of earth to the shock of battle.

The rebels, after solacing themselves with the stores and accommodations found in Casey's and Couch's camps, prepared to renew the attack; but their able leader Johnson was not with them to lead them to victory, for he had been carried wounded to Richmond.

At daylight, Hooker's division rested on the railroad—on the farther side, in a semi-circle, were the divisions of Richardson and Sedgwick, their left joining his right. To the extreme left, were the remnants of Casey's and Couch's division. About six o'clock, Heintzelman and Hooker sat down behind our breast works, and soon arranged the order of battle. A reconnoissance was made, when the enemy was found to be in great force on both our flanks. The brigade under Sickles, composed of the five Excelsior regiments, and the fifth and sixth New Jersey, moved forward at a quarter past seven, and drew up in line of battle in a wheat field, directly in front of a large piece of woods in which the rebels were concealed. The latter immediately opened fire, and the battle commenced. Of those seven regiments, not a man flinched. The fifth and sixth New Jersey, though thinned at every discharge, loaded and fired as coolly as though engaged only in target practice. The Excelsior regiments

steadily advanced as they fired, but Sickles saw that with the enemy covered by the woods, the fight was too unequal to be maintained long and resolved to clear them at the point of the bayonet. To the second Excelsior was assigned the desperate undertaking. With firm set ranks, and leveled pieces this gallant regiment moved rapidly over the intervening space and approached the woods. The rebels gazed on the glittering line without dismay, and closing their ranks sternly awaited the onset. It was a fearful sight—the flashing eyes and leveled pieces of the enemy on the one side, and that noiseless unwavering line of steel on the other. The rebels reserved their fire till the bayonet points were within sixty yards of them, when a sheet of flame ran along their ranks and a murderous volley swept the advancing regiment. Taking it full in their faces without flinching or faltering, with one wild thrilling shout they bounded on the foe. As the smoke of the volley lifted, the rebels saw that line of steel still unbroken, close upon them. Appalled at the desperate daring, they broke in utter panic. Their Colonel, overthrown in the shock, suddenly recovered, and cried out, "Rally once more my boys," but the next moment he saw that the bayonets that environed him were not those of his friends, and the loud hurrahs that rent the air came from his conquerors.

The battle now raged furiously along the whole center and right, and when the gallant regiments could not clear their way with their deadly volleys, they advanced with the bayonet, enacting over again the heroic deeds of the second Excelsior.

Meanwhile, Richardson and Sedgwick were steadily closing their semicircle on the enemy. Where the left wing of the division rested on the rail road, the ground was covered with woods, with here and there an opening; but on the right a cleared field a mile in extent, spread away. Here Richardson posted a battery of ten-pound Parrott guns, which, with the brigade of French, and one regiment of

Howard's, formed the first line. The remaining three regiments of Howard's brigade formed the second, and Meagher's with eighteen pieces of artillery, the third. Early in the morning the enemy's skirmishers formed in line and advanced over this field, while a large body of cavalry, their sabers gleaming in the light, were preparing to charge. The Parrott guns were immediately directed on these, which dispersed them, when the enemy swung round towards the left, and came down in tremendous force along the rail road track, till they arrived at two common wood roads that crossed it, up which they rapidly pushed heavy columns, and deployed in line of battle. When within half musket shot, French and Howard opened a terrible fire upon them, which for an hour and a half without intermission, swept their ranks with deadly effect. Howard exposed himself like the commonest soldier, until at last he was struck by a ball which shattered his arm. Instantly waving the mutilated member aloft as a pennon, he cheered on his men to the charge, and was then borne from the field.

The enemy now fell back and the battle here seemed ended; but suddenly receiving reinforcements, he gave a tremendous shout, and moved forward again to the attack. Meagher's gallant brigade was then brought up to relieve the hard pressed regiments. Advancing with their well known war shout, they closed with fearful ferocity on the foe, and for an hour mowed them down, almost by companies. Unable to gain one inch of ground, the enemy again retreated, their flight hastened by a storm of shells from the Parrott guns.

Thus, along the whole line of battle, from left to right, they were driven back in confusion.

About noon McClellan rode on the field with his staff, and as he swept along the lines, the enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest pitch, and the deafening cheers

rolled like thunder over the field. Spurring on in search of Heintzelman, he found the tired hero dismounted, and sitting on the ground under a tree. Handing his horse to his orderly, he seated himself beside him, and questioned him rapidly of the state of things. Other generals soon joined them, forming a brilliant group there on the edge of battle. The reports were all alike, the enemy were falling back in every part of the field.

All our lost ground was at length won, and it was determined not to advance farther, as only a portion of the army was over the river, or could be got over till the flood subsided. Had McClellan been able to move the whole army, he would have followed the enemy to the streets of Richmond, and then and there settled the fate of the rebel capital.

After the battle was over, McClellan rode with his body guard through the victorious ranks. The shouts that greeted him, told how deeply he had fixed himself in the affections of the army. Even the wounded raised their heads, and added their feeble cheers to the thundering hurrahs that rolled over the plain.

It was a great victory, though won at a fearful cost. Mangled heaps of friends and foes spotted the fields and woods in every direction, and lay in long and mournful lines along the roads. Men of the same faith and blood, members of the same church, who should have been worshiping in God's blessed temple on this Sabbath day, lay side by side, their spirits having passed together to that land where no confusion of right and wrong makes enemies of those who should be friends. It was a sight over which angels might weep. More than ten thousand had fallen there amid the springing grass and grain, and under the shadow of the green woods. The ghastly bayonet wounds on every side, were a new spectacle to American soldiers. Four separate

charges had been made during the day, and each time with complete success.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. The enemy took, beside many prisoners, nineteen cannon from Casey's division, which they hurried off on Saturday night to Richmond, as trophies, and a large quantity of stores of all kinds. Their loss was variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand; but their own reports afterward made it only a few hundred more than ours.

Several distinguished officers fell into our hands, among whom was General Pettigrew. But the heaviest loss of the enemy was that of the Commander-in-Chief, Johnson, whose wound removed him from active service. Twenty thousand men could have been better spared than he.

For days after the battle, the field covered with the wrecks of the fight, presented a frightful spectacle. Between three and four hundred horses lay strewed along where the battle had raged fiercest. These were collected in huge pyramids and burned.

As in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, both sides claimed the victory, and as in that, the first day the enemy was victorious. His tactics were the same in both; his object being to drive a part of the army into a river, before the other part could come up, and he nearly succeeded in both. But in each case he failed to carry out his plan, and was driven from the field, leaving his dead behind him.

So far as immediate results were concerned, it was a barren victory to both sides, for it left the two armies in precisely the same relative position that they were in before. The battle, however, did not in any way interrupt the plans of McClellan, but a disaster to our armies in the Shenandoah valley, that occurred about this time, did most seriously interfere with those of the government, and thus eventually overwhelmed him with disaster.

McClellan's dispatch to the government, announcing the victory, awarded unbounded praise to his troops with the exception of Casey's division, of which he spoke in severe terms. More accurate information obtained afterwards, caused him to modify his charges against it somewhat; still he evidently felt that its behavior was disgraceful and well nigh caused his ruin. The gallant conduct of some of the regiments and portions of regiments, by which the enemy was held in check for a long time, could not shield the division from condemnation. The efforts afterwards made to defend its conduct were only partially successful. Even Casey's and Naglee's dispatches saved the reputation only of individual regiments.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MAY, 1862.

MC DOWELL ABOUT TO JOIN MC CLELLAN—SHIELDS' DIVISION DETACHED FROM BANKS—JACKSON RESOLVES TO ATTACK THE LATTER—GALLANT DEFENSE OF KENLY AT FRONT ROYAL—BANKS RESOLVES TO FALL BACK TO THE POTOMAC—THE REAR GUARD CUT OFF—BATTLE AT WINCHESTER—THE ARMY REACHES THE POTOMAC IN SAFETY AND CROSSES INTO MARYLAND—BANKS AS A GENERAL—FRIGHT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR—THE MILITIA CALLED OUT—SUCCESS OF JACKSON'S PLAN—MC DOWELL AND FREMONT ORDERED TO INTERCEPT JACKSON'S RETREAT.

BEFORE the battle of Fair Oaks occurred, McDowell, at Fredericksburg, was preparing at last to move down to the assistance of McClellan. The news that his army had crossed the Rappahannock, and turned its face towards Richmond, was received with intense satisfaction, and the bitter complaints and angry discussions gave way to general congratulations that the government had finally moved in the right direction; for it was confidently believed, that the junction of his troops with those of McClellan, would be the signal of an immediate advance on the rebel capital. To give him greater strength, Shields, with fifteen thousand men, had been detached from Banks' division to join him.

After the victory at Winchester, over Stonewall Jackson, as he was called, Banks had for a while steadily pursued him without being able to bring on a battle. At length there seemed to be a suspension of his movements, and like McDowell he was thought to be awaiting the progress of affairs at Yorktown. The surrender of that place, however, and the movement of the army on to Richmond caused no change of attitude in either of these generals.

Banks, at this time, was at Strasburg, with the remnant of the army left to him, numbering about five thousand men, with fifteen hundred cavalry. Of course he was not expected to hold his position with that force, against Jackson, should he advance upon him. In that event, retreat would be inevitable; but why he did not fall back simultaneously with the departure of Shields, or at least so dispose his trains as to be unincumbered by them, if called upon to retreat hastily, was a little surprising. At all events, he remained quietly at Strasburg with his little army, having taken the precaution to station a Maryland regiment, under Colonel Kenly, at Front Royal, twelve miles in advance. Jackson, through his spies, had been informed of the departure of Shields, and of the weakness of Banks, and resolved to make a sudden dash on the latter and capture his entire force, threaten the Potomac, and thus alarm the government at Washington, and make it withhold the troops from McClellan.

On the twenty-third, Jackson, in pursuance of his plan, suddenly appeared on the banks of the Shenandoah, in front of Kenly's regiment. The long roll at once sounded, and Colonel Kenly drew up his regiment so as to command the approach, and awaited the attack. In a short time the enemy appeared in overwhelming numbers, and opened with artillery and musketry, on the Marylanders. They returned the fire with such precision and coolness, that the advancing columns were checked, though not driven back. A desperate fight followed, in which this single regiment, contending against five times its number, won for itself a reputation equal to that of the old Maryland Continentals of revolutionary fame.

In the mean time, swift riders had started for Strasburg, for help. Banks received the report of the large body of troops opposed to Kenly with incredulity; still he sent off a regiment of infantry, and a body of cavalry to his assistance.

Kenly, mean while, bore up against the fearful odds pressing on him with desperate resolution, and hour after hour held his ground without yielding an inch. At three o'clock, the clatter of horses' hoofs on the Shenandoah bridge announced the arrival of help, and a hundred of the Ira Harris cavalry dashed up. They were immediately ordered to charge, but the force was too small to effect any thing. The numbers of the enemy kept increasing, and Kenly seeing that it was impossible to maintain his position longer, gave the order to fall back over the river. This was done in good order, and the bridge heaped with rails and fired. The ignition, however, was slow, and before any damage could be done, the enemy dashed upon it and extinguished the flames, and then poured in one wild torrent across. It then became a hand to hand fight. Kenly, seeing the rebels swarming like locusts on both his flanks, threatening to cut off his retreat, summoned his men to a desperate charge, and leading them on, fell with such fury upon the enemy that they gave way, and he fell back along the space he had cleared by his valor. But it was plain that the doom of the regiment was sealed. With four or five thousand men hanging on his rear and flanks, and a force of cavalry greater than his entire regiment, charging at every step, it was clear that he could never get to Strasburg. Still he would not yield, and when a short time after, though completely inclosed, he was ordered to surrender, he shot the man who summoned him. It was pitiful to see that single regiment stand so helpless, and yet so fearless, amid the crowding, overwhelming foe. At length, their gallant leader, who had hitherto seemed to bear a charmed life, fell, severely wounded, when the regiment broke and scattered. Not a fifth of them, however, succeeded in making their escape, and almost the entire number fell into the hands of the enemy.

Late in the evening, the sad tidings reached Banks, and

instantly dispatching officers to recall the reinforcements he had started for Kenly, he at midnight hurried off scouts in every direction to ascertain the truth of the startling reports of Jackson's strength. To their surprise, go which way they would, they came upon the rebel pickets, which were swarming over the whole country. Galloping back to head-quarters, they made their report, which convinced Banks beyond all doubt, that the enemy was on him in tremendous force, and that his entire command was in deadly peril of complete destruction. Prompt, instant action was necessary, for it was clear that this overwhelming demonstration in front, would not be without a corresponding movement in flank. Three courses were open to him—to await the attack of the enemy, and risk every thing on a battle—to retreat across the mountains—or to attempt to fall back rapidly on Winchester, and thus restore his communications with the base of his operations—the Potomac. His slender force would not justify him in hazarding the first—the second involved the abandonment of his trains—and he therefore resolved on the last. No sooner was the decision taken, than the retreat commenced. At three o'clock in the morning, seven hundred disabled men were put on the march, and with the wagon train escorted by a strong body of cavalry and infantry, started for Winchester. It was dark and gloomy, for the moon had been down an hour and a half, when this column of sick and wounded limped out of Strasburg. The other columns followed after, General Hatch being left with nearly the whole body of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, to protect the rear, and destroy such army stores as he had not the means of bringing off. He was also to hold Strasburg as long as he could.

The army had proceeded but three miles, when word was brought from the trains in front, that the enemy held the road ahead. On the heels of the tidings came the frightened

fugitives, and teamsters, some on horse back, having cut their teams lose from their wagons in their panic—others with their wagons, lashing their animals to the top of their speed. Tumbling forward in utter confusion, and charged with the most exaggerated accounts of the enemy's force, they threatened for a moment to create a stampede among the troops. But Banks immediately ordered the column forward, and it soon shook itself clear of the immense train, which shifted its place to the rear. It was now broad daylight, and the army moved on with more confidence. Nothing occurred to arrest their march until they approached Middletown, thirteen miles from Winchester. Here the enemy were drawn up to dispute their passage. Colonel Donnelly halted his brigade, and the forty-sixth Pennsylvania was ordered to drive the enemy's skirmishers from a piece of woods on the right. A force of rebel cavalry was drawn up in an open field in rear of this piece of woods, ready at the first opportunity to charge. The artillery was brought to bear upon them, the fire of which they coolly faced for a while, but finding it too hot, at length wheeled, and trotted off the field, pursued by our skirmishers. The twenty-eighth New York was then ordered up, and poured in a destructive fire on the enemy, causing him to retire back. Our infantry and artillery followed, plunging through the fields, and drove them back two miles from the turnpike. The road was now clear to Winchester, and the columns moved on. With the first stampede of the trains, Banks, not knowing what force was before him, had dispatched a courier to Strasburg, with orders for Hatch to join him. The latter immediately put his brigade in motion but had not proceeded far, before he came upon the enemy which closed behind Banks. Unable to force a passage through them, he took a parallel road to the left and pushed on. Not long after, twelve companies of his cavalry came dashing along the turnpike, but finding it to their surprise

completely blocked with the enemy's infantry, artillery and cavalry, fell back to Strasburg, where they found the *Zouaves d'Afrique*. The rebels had thrown their forces forward so rapidly in every direction, that the various detachments which had been ordered to join the main column, found it impossible to do so, and were wandering in various cross roads and by-ways, seeking some mode of escape to the main body.

In the mean time, the hard pressed little army pushed cautiously, but rapidly, forward towards Winchester. Soon word was received, that the train in the rear was attacked, Bank's position was every moment becoming more and more critical, and was well calculated to bewilder a more experienced commander than he. It was a serious question with him whether he should not abandon his trains, and try to save his army—but with that tenacity of purpose which characterizes him, he determined to do all that human effort could to save both. The rear guard, now under Colonel Gordon, immediately marched to the relief of the trains, and to hold the enemy in check. As he was moving back, he found the latter in force in Newtown. Three regiments were ordered to clear the town, while the artillery opened a destructive fire upon the enemy's batteries. Deploying into the fields, they moved resolutely on the place and cleared it with loud cheers. Following hard on the flying traces of the rebels, they endeavored to reach Middletown, and open a passage for Hatch's cavalry, of whose services Banks was in desperate need, in order to cover his rear. But the increasing swarms of rebels arrested their progress, and they were compelled to fall back. The enemy now brought forward his cavalry, and made a furious charge, determined to break through the barrier that opposed them, and scatter the train. But these brave regiments threw themselves into solid squares and poured in such murderous volleys, that they wheeled and

galloped down the road. These regiments behaved nobly, fighting like veterans hour after hour to save the train. The teamsters, in the mean time, urged forward their animals, with voice and whip, and soon the long line of white tops disappeared over the farthest hill. Burning the wagons that were disabled and could not be got off, this noble rear guard turned and followed on after the retreating army. As the latter approached Winchester, news from every quarter arrived, that the enemy were in the vicinity in overwhelming force. Some rebel officers, not doubting that the place was in their possession, and supposing Banks' army to be their own, galloped unsuspectingly into our lines.

BATTLE AT WINCHESTER.

Arriving in the town, Banks resolved to halt there for the night. Donnelly's brigade was posted on the Front Royal road, a mile and a half from the town, constituting the left of the line, and Colonel Gordon on the right. Without tents or covering, these exhausted troops bivouaced on the damp ground. Banks was completely in the dark as to the enemy's numbers, but he was determined to test it here by actual experiment. It was a bold and hazardous resolution, for it was afterwards ascertained that the enemy was over twenty thousand strong.

The night passed wearily, and long before daylight the sharp rattle of musketry in front showed that the foe was driving in our outposts. As soon as day dawned, the heavy boom of artillery, echoing across the broken country, announced that the enemy had commenced his attack. Consternation siezed the inhabitants of the town, and the cries of women, the hurrying to and fro of teamsters, and shouts of men, made a wild, disorderly scene; but amid it all, Banks moved with the same quiet demeanor he was ever

went to wear when presiding over the stormy debates of Congress.

The enemy moved first against Donnelly, on the left, but the line though weak, held its own gallantly. They advanced, firing as they came on, till within less than fifty yards, and were still pressing forward, when our troops charged and drove them back. For three-quarters of an hour, the fight here was most desperate. Neither wholly yielded the ground, and the opposing lines swayed backward and forward like two contending waves. The enemy suffered dreadfully from our superior fire, one regiment being almost annihilated, and at last, they gave way. As the dense cloud of smoke which covered the fields drifted away before the wind, it was discovered that they were moving in immense force on our right, under Colonel Gordon. Met here with the same deliberate volleys, they were unable to advance a step, until at length, a portion of our troops mistaking an order, began to fall back. In a moment the crest of the hill in front was black with the swarming thousands, filling the air with maddening shouts. This retrograde movement made it necessary to order the whole line to fall back—an order most reluctantly obeyed by the brave fellows, who had showed, though outnumbered three to one, that they could hold the enemy at bay. Confusion followed, and a part of the troops passed through the town in disorder, but they were quickly re-formed beyond, and continued their march. It is said that the inhabitants fired from their windows upon them; even women shooting down with revolvers the retreating soldiers.

Beaten back by overwhelming numbers, yet still unsubdued, the army retreated for five miles in order of battle. The rebel infantry did not pursue them beyond Winchester, but the cavalry and a few pieces of artillery kept on. As Banks saw the hovering clouds of horsemen, he longed for

his own cavalry; but it was either far back among the hills, struggling desperately to reach him, or captured and in the hands of the enemy. At Bunker Hill a halt was ordered, to give the exhausted troops a little rest. In the mean time, Captain Bowen of the rear guard, found himself suddenly surrounded with three hundred cavalry. The men immediately formed into line, and with fixed bayonets moved straight upon and through them, joining the main column, amid loud cheers.

From this point they were not seriously molested, and in three parallel columns, each with a rear guard, kept on towards Martinsburg. As they approached the place they heard a steam whistle, and Bank's eye kindled, for he hoped that reinforcements had arrived, and he would be able to turn back on his exulting foe. Soon after, two squadrons of cavalry came dashing in a swift gallop along the road. The soldiers caught the gleam of their sabers, and the fluttering guidons, and sent up a wild hurrah, that was taken up by each succeeding regiment, till down the whole line rolled the deafening shout. Instead, however, of being the advance of a reinforcing column, they proved to be only the train guard that had been sent on in the morning.

For five hours Banks had held back the enemy at Winchester, during which time the train of five hundred wagons had streamed on towards the Potomac. This delay saved it, and left the road clear for the retreating army. At Martinsburg, Banks rested his weary troops for two hours and a half, and then recommenced his march to the Potomac.

It had been a sad Sunday for him, and sadder still for many of his poor soldiers. Scores of young men had fallen there in the mountain valleys, whose parents at the same hour were sending up prayers in their places of worship among the secluded hills of New England, for their safety. To one, the harshest sound that had greeted the ear, was

that of the "church-going bell," while the other had heard only the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the pealing bugle, heralding the charge, until the fatal shot had ended all sights and sounds at once. They lay amid the budding flowers and springing grass, and bursting leaves of the sweet spring, but not those of their fair New England home.

The army resumed its march, and at length a loud cheer went up, for the Potomac gleamed in the sunlight. Soon on every hill slope, camp fires were burning, as the hungry soldiers prepared their hard earned supper.

The rear guard arrived at sundown, making a march of fifty-three miles in forty-eight hours—thirty-five of it on that Sabbath, a part of the time fighting their way. The poor fellows had been pushed to the limits of their endurance, and now, completely fagged out, with thinned regiments, looked back on the day with bitter feelings, and angry denunciations of the policy or power, that had doomed them to this ignominious retreat from a foe they had so long chased before them.

The scene on the banks of the river was of the most animating kind. A thousand wagons and carriages were huddled together and strung along the shore, while all along the hill sides lay the army, looking anxiously across to the farther side, where they at last might obtain rest, free from all danger of attack.

There was but a single ferry at this point, which was appropriated by the ammunition wagons. A ford crossed near by, but it was so deep that the wagons which held it, could not cross in regular succession, and only the strongest teams were permitted to try it that night. Fortunately, some boats for the pontoon bridges had been brought back in the train from Strasburg, which were launched, and the troops in small detachments embarked. By noon the next day, the

entire army was on the Maryland shore, safe at last, though with the loss of fifty-five wagons, stores, etc. The killed, wounded and missing amounted to nine hundred and five, of which over seven hundred were either captured or straggled off in the retreat.

The escape of the detachments cut off at Strasburg and Winchester—one taking a by-way through the mountains—were almost miraculous, and reflected great credit on the respective commanders. The Vermont cavalry suffered severely, being almost annihilated in a single rash, desperate charge.

Banks had conducted the retreat with masterly skill, and by his firm bearing and cool, confident orders, held his gallant army completely in hand. To do this, required greater generalship than to win a battle. His friends were loud in their complaints against the government for stripping him of his troops, and thus leaving him at the mercy of the enemy.

Banks was compelled to leave behind him sixty-four sick at Strasburg, and one hundred and twenty-five at Winchester. Eight surgeons nobly volunteered to stay and take care of these, and thus of their own accord surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Jackson, with a generosity that might well be imitated on both sides, refused to consider them as such, and they were left free to return to our lines.

The rebel leader had executed a bold and daring maneuver, but failed to accomplish his first object—the destruction of Banks' command, thanks to the energy and skill of that officer, who in the management of the retreat had proved what his friends had always asserted of him, that he had all the qualities of a great general. The second object, however, he most successfully accomplished, viz. frightening the Secretary of War out of his propriety. He had achieved no substantial victory over Banks, but he did over the War

Department. The Secretary immediately ordered Fremont to move across the mountains, and cut off Jackson's retreat, and McDowell from the east to detach a division for the same purpose, while he telegraphed to the North for troops to be sent forward in all haste, as the Capital was in danger. The former was wise action—the latter absurd, and created a needless panic. The entire militia was at once called out for three months, though only a part of them proceeded to Washington.

That a general, with the capacity that Jackson had showed himself to possess, would with twenty or twenty-five thousand men, push a hundred miles from the base of his operations, between two flanking armies, cross the Potomac, dash on Washington, and expect ever to get back again, was too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MAY, 1862.

QUIET ALONG THE COAST—PENSACOLA EVACUATED—HALLECK AT CORINTH
—THE ENEMY'S COMMUNICATIONS CUT OFF—NAVAL ACTION AT FORT WRIGHT
—FIGHT AT FARMINGTON NEAR CORINTH—GALLANT CAVALRY CHARGE—
CORINTH EVACUATED—ELLIOT'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION—BUTLER AT NEW
ORLEANS—HIS VARIOUS ORDERS—MITCHEL IN ALABAMA—STATE OF AFFAIRS
AT THE CLOSE OF THE MONTH—IMPORTANCE OF A VICTORY BEFORE RICH-
MOND—ANXIOUS STATE OF THE PUBLIC MIND.

WHILE such stirring events signalized the month of May around Richmond and Washington, exciting news was received from other portions of the country. Quiet however, reigned along the Atlantic slope—nothing of especial interest occurring in Burnside's command or Hunter's department, except the appointment of Stanley as Governor of North Carolina, who was formerly a member of Congress from that state. South, Pensacola was evacuated on the twelfth, (the troops having gone to reinforce Beauregard) and the navy yard destroyed.

Halleck at Corinth was slowly, yet surely, tightening his coils around the enemy, and the two great armies of the east and west were concentrated for a decisive blow. The fall of New Orleans at the close of April had given a new phase to military affairs in the south west; for no sooner was it accomplished than Farragut began to move up the Mississippi, capturing cities as he went. It was a long way, it was true, to Memphis, and fortifications lined the banks, which were especially strong at Vicksburg. Still, the control of the Mississippi was considered an accomplished fact, and Beauregard must regard it as such, and change his plans accordingly.

Meanwhile, however, Halleck steadily pushed forward his

works, and every week found him nearer the enemy's fortifications. Various skirmishes took place, in which we usually gained more or less important advantages. One expedition cut the Mobile and Ohio rail road at Purdy, destroying Beauregard's communication with the north. On the third, General Pope, commanding the left wing, sent a force under General Paine to Farmington, where it encountered the enemy between three and four thousand strong, and defeated them with a loss of only fourteen killed and wounded. At the same time, an artillery reconnoissance was made to Ellendale, and destroyed a part of the track of the Memphis and Charleston rail road, thus circumscribing sadly Beauregard's means of obtaining supplies. In the meantime, the rebel commander received the news of the capture of Baton Rouge. Thus, turn which way he would, he saw only disaster. The sky was black with the gathering tempest, and it thundered all around him.

At fort Wright, but little progress was made, and it began to look as though nothing would be done there until Farragut should come up from below. The rebels, however, seeing the straightened condition into which they were being forced, resolved to destroy Foote's fleet before the former should arrive, and on Saturday, the tenth, boldly came up from under the guns of the fort and attacked it.

NAVAL ACTION AT FORT WRIGHT.

Eight iron-clad gun boats, four of them fitted up as rams, advanced early in the morning and offered battle. The rebel ram, Louisiana, appeared first around the point, accompanied by four gun boats. The Cincinnati was lying in shore at the time and allowed her to pass in silence. She then swung out into the stream, when the ram turned with the intention of running her down. Captain Stemmell of the Cincinnati immediately opened his broadsides, sending his shot crashing

against the monster, but without checking her progress. Bow on, under a full head of steam she came, shaking the ponderous shot from her mailed sides like hail stones. Stemmell, seeing he could not stop her progress, turned the head of his vessel so that the ram instead of striking him, shot alongside, coming within close pistol range. Coolly leveling his revolver, he shot the rebel pilot at the wheel, at the same time receiving a ball in his own shoulder. The boarding crews of both now opened with a close and deadly fire of small arms. The ram endeavored to get her head around again so as to drive her iron prow into the Cincinnati and sink her. Failing in this, the rebel captain determined to board his antagonist. The vessels were now so near each other, that the gunners could not swab out their guns, and the rebel craft swarmed with boarders, armed to the teeth. Stemmell immediately ordered his steam batteries to open, and the hose was turned on the deck of the ram. A cloud of steam obscured the combatants for a moment, and then shrieks and cries arose from the scalded wretches, many of whom jumped overboard to escape their agony. Astounded at this new mode of warfare, the ram withdrew in all haste. In the meantime other rebel gun boats arrived, among them the Mallory, which attempted to repeat the experiment of the Louisiana. As she came rapidly on, the Federal gun boat St. Louis, rushed upon her with a full head of steam, and striking her amid-ships with a terrible crash, nearly cut her in two. The water poured into the ugly rent that was made, and in a few minutes she went to the bottom, with nearly all on board. A few clung to the sides of the St. Louis, and a few were picked up by the Cincinnati—the rest found their graves in the muddy waters of the Mississippi. The other gun boats of our fleet now entered the contest, and a close and fierce cannonade followed. A dense cloud of smoke covered the river, wrapping the combatants in its folds—now settling down

over the boats and now shooting in swift contortions upward as the heavy broadsides rent it asunder. Soon, a heavy explosion, louder than the roar of artillery, made the banks tremble. A rebel gun boat had been blown up, leaving only fragments of shattered timber where she had floated. Captain Davis, on the flag-ship Benton, coolly directed all the movements of his flotilla, and the answering signals showed that the captains were fighting their ships as composedly as they would execute a maneuver.

At length, the shattered, disabled rebel fleet gave up the contest, and retired under the guns of the fort. Davis had showed that he was worthy to stand in the place of the gallant Foote. Our loss was slight, though it was afterwards discovered that the Cincinnati had received serious injury.

Only the day before, Beauregard had made an equally unsuccessful attempt on the land forces that environed him. Farmington, which Pope had captured on the third, and which the enemy retook two or three days after, was again occupied by him on the eighth, while the cavalry pushed on to within three miles of Corinth. The next day the enemy advanced against him in force under General Bragg.

FIGHT AT FARMINGTON.

The action commenced at ten, with artillery, and continued till noon, when it ceased. General Paine, who was in command of our forces, discovering that the rebels were maneuvering to get in rear of him, and cut him off from the main army, determined to withdraw. A swamp was in his rear, across which only a single road led, over which he must carry his entire command. In the mean time, the rebels had moved their artillery so as to deliver a cross fire on this, while their extended wings were sweeping down on either flank. To leave nothing behind, and gain time to get

his columns across this single, narrow causeway, Paine ordered the second Iowa cavalry to charge the enemy's guns. It was a desperate order, but Colonel Hatch, to whom it was delivered, cared little for that. Five hundred were to charge in the face of ten thousand; but his only anxiety was lest his men should refuse to follow him. But the brave Iowans were ready to a man. Filing up a ravine as far as they could, to avoid the shot and shell that swept the field, they boldly ascended the slope, face to face with the battery. Quickly forming, they responded to the pealing bugle with loud shouts, and with sabers flashing above their heads, dashed full on the guns. The skirmishers in front went down like bending grain, before their fierce gallop; but the moment the field was cleared of these, the artillery opened on them with canister and shrapnel. Before the destructive fire, that line of horsemen would have disappeared like mist in the hurricane, had not the guns, in the astonishment caused by this sudden apparition, been too much depressed. The fiery loads tore up the ground in front of them, cutting down a hundred horses, but did not stop the remainder. Seeing the clattering tempest full upon them, the affrighted gunners quickly limbered up their pieces. The object of the charge being thus accomplished, which was to silence the battery while the columns could swiftly pass where its cross fire swept, Hatch ordered the bugle to sound a recall. But the excited troopers never heard it, or if they did, heeded it not, and dashing on the gunners, sabred them at their pieces. They then fell back to the swamp, and the column safely effected its retreat to the farther side.

Pope was not reinforced so as to enable him to hold his ground, because Halleck did not wish to bring on a general engagement at that time, nor on that ground. Refusing to take any great risk, where a cautious advance made success certain, he pushed his army forward, step by step, forcing

Beauregard to remain idle behind his intrenchments, or give battle with all the odds against him. But if a position was needed he took it. Thus "Russel's House," being occupied by the enemy, he ordered Sherman to take it, which he did, though suffering considerable loss.

At length, having completed all his preparations, he, on the twenty-eighth, advanced three reconnoitering columns along his whole line, to feel the enemy and unmask his batteries, which were concealed by the woods. A sharp contest followed, in which the rebels were driven back at every point. The next day, Sherman established a powerful battery within a thousand yards of the works, and the day following it was expected that the mighty army would move forward to the attack. Instead of this, however, Pope, about ten o'clock, opened on the enemy with his artillery, and a heavy cannonading was kept up all day. That night, our advanced lines heard the incessant rumbling of rail road cars, and the shriek of the steam whistles, showing that some important movement was going on in the rebel army. At daylight, several loud explosions were heard. Immediately skirmishers were thrown out, and a general advance ordered. But no opposition was offered, and Pope entered a deserted place. Troops, stores, guns, ammunition, all were gone, and none knew whither. As the news spread from regiment to regiment, and brigade to brigade, shouts rent the air, the bands struck up triumphant strains, till from limit to limit of the extended lines, from wood, and field, and slope, the atmosphere was alive with jubilant echoes. The stars and stripes were planted on the works where so long had floated defiantly the rebel flag, and the stern front of battle changed into a scene of the wildest excitement. The mayor came out to surrender the town, and the place, which it was believed would be entered only over heaps of the slain, was ours without a struggle. The position was a strong one,

and it could not be conjectured why it was so tamely abandoned, unless the rebel army was so demoralized that Beauregard could not trust it in a pitched battle. The evacuation had been going on for days, and so secretly was it done, that not a hint of it reached our lines, or if it did, came in so unreliable a shape, that it was not credited.

The place presented a desolate appearance, for most of the inhabitants had left with the rebel army, and all the stores were closed as on the Sabbath day.

The next day, the battle of Fair Oaks took place. Thus, while the vast army on the Mississippi was revelling in the abandonment of victory, that on the Chickahominy was struggling for its life.

One of the most brilliant exploits of this long siege was performed by Colonel Elliot, who, on the Wednesday previous to the capture, started with a large body of cavalry to destroy a bridge on the Mobile and Ohio rail road. Taking a circuitous route along cross roads, and through an unknown country, he pushed rapidly forward among the astonished inhabitants, and reaching his point of destination, accomplished the work assigned him.

Cutting himself off from the main army—relying alone on his own sagacity, and the bravery of his followers, Elliot swept through the enemy's country with a celerity that made his coming and going appear like a vision, rather than a terrible reality. The history of the expedition from first to last, reads like a romance. It took the enemy by surprise, and seriously damaged his plan of retreat.

Pope, with his usual energy, pushed on in the direction the main army was reported to have taken, and soon came upon straggling regiments and took several prisoners.

While these events were passing, up the Mississippi, Butler was endeavoring to bring order out of confusion in New Orleans. The people were threatened with famine, and he

distributed the confederate stores he found there, for the relief of the poor. He appointed a Provost Marshal, and while offering every inducement to the citizens to return to their loyalty, ruled the disaffected with an iron hand. Suppressing some of the newspapers, he appropriated the *Delta* to his own use, and appointed an editor from the army. Order followed order in quick succession, and the proud and sullen inhabitants soon found that open hostility would bring swift vengeance. While he would use his whole military power to preserve order and procure food, he would also use it to punish treason. The circulation of confederate scrip was forbidden—the stores were ordered to be opened, and banks made to resume their business. Ladies, relying on the impunity of their sex, daily insulted soldiers and officers in the streets, and he issued an order declaring that those, who did it in future, should be treated as women of the town, plying their vocation; and though it was met with howls of rage and threats of assassination, he would not retract it. A reward was offered for his head, and when the order reached Europe, the most bitter denunciations were hurled against him and the government, for retaining him in command. Butler, however, was not to be swerved from his course, and a man who had torn down and trampled on the national flag, was hung, and all soon found that he was determined they should feel that the “way of transgressors is hard.” Under his rule, things quickly began to assume a better aspect; and the President, in the middle of the month, having by proclamation opened the ports of Beaufort, Port Royal, and New Orleans, it was expected that peaceful commerce would soon effect what the bayonet had begun.

In the mean time, the fleet was not idle, but cleared the banks of the Mississippi up to Vicksburg, and it was expected that the river would soon be opened its entire length.

Our situation at the close of this month was full of promise. Butler was at New Orleans—Curtis was once more on the march, pushing his way to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas—Halleck was at Corinth—Davis, though still at Fort Wright, evidently saw his way to Memphis—while Mitchell, in Alabama, advanced from victory to victory, holding a vast territory in subjection, and with but little loss of life taking possession of important points. Pensacola was ours, Mobile was threatened, while Hunter was feeling his way towards Charleston. The government had adopted vigorous measures to redeem the ground lost by Banks, and but little solicitude was felt for the national cause in any direction except before Richmond. Great confidence was reposed in McClellan, but it was universally believed that the original plan of the peninsula campaign had been abandoned, and the country feared that the government had left him to perform a task for which he had not sufficient means. It was felt that the annihilation of the rebel army there would practically end the rebellion, while a defeat to our army would prolong the war indefinitely, and possibly bring about complications that might entirely change the character of the struggle. The French minister at Washington had visited Richmond on an unknown mission, causing many anxious surmises, which the advance of the French army towards Mexico, with the evident intention of conquering that country,* did not tend to allay. The reports from England showed an uneasy state of things there, and it seemed of the most vital importance that our career of unbroken success, since the spring opened, should not be arrested by a disaster in front of the rebel capital. A mystery hung round the government at Washington in respect to the army of McClellan, that greatly disturbed the public feeling, which a thousand vague rumors increased. Congress, which seemed destitute of statesmen of large expansive views concerning the subject of slavery,

occupied itself in harangues about individual and isolated cases, instead of treating it as a national question.

There was scarcely a commander in the field that was not in turn denounced by members either for sending back fugitives, or forbidding them to enter the lines. If a general took proper precautions to prevent pillage, it was stigmatized as a protection of rebel property. Even McClellan was accused of protecting the "White House" as it was called, while our sick and wounded suffered for shelter and water, and the Secretary of War was called upon to put a stop to it. In reply to a letter of inquiry from the latter respecting the charge, he denied it emphatically, and for once, provoked from his studied silence, denounced those who circulated and gave credence to such reports, as enemies of their country.

But nothing showed so strikingly the incapacity of Congress, and its inability to comprehend the true position and wants of the country as the proposal of its leading members to reduce the army. But more astounding than all, the Secretary of War had actually issued an order stopping enlistments of volunteers, and this month witnessed the anomalous, extraordinary spectacle of disbanded regiments and closed recruiting stations. The two great rebel armies were still in the field, while the confederate government had completed its conscription, which embraced all able bodied men between eighteen and thirty-five, and thus more than doubled its military force. We, in the mean time, were losing by sickness, wounds and death, more than ten thousand men a month, and the great decisive battles were yet to be fought. It would seem that our victories west had deluded the government into the belief that the war was actually over, or that some strange hallucination had seized it. The Secretary of War saw the *rebel army doubling—ours rapidly diminishing*, while the great struggle was yet to take place, and despite all bade the people who were rushing to the field, lay down their

arms and go home. There is no occasion to go any farther, to account for the disasters that followed—the two acts, one taking away a military head from the army, and substituting in its place the department at Washington—the other, reducing the army in presence of the enemy, while he was doubling his own—are quite sufficient without seeking other causes for it. They cost and will cost us millions of treasure and tens of thousands of lives.

From these and many other reasons, it was felt that a defeat before Richmond would be most calamitous, while a decisive victory there would dispose of all difficulties, and give us a clear field for the future. The public, therefore, made up its mind that McClellan should give us one. It would not entertain the idea of probable defeat, listen to no excuses, not even contemplate facts. It was of vital importance to the country that Richmond should fall, and therefore fall it must.

The people, however, soon learned, that the immutable laws of Providence can not be arrested by clamor, but march on, apparently heedless of consequences to men or nations, to their legitimate results.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JUNE, 1862.

MOVEMENTS AT THE WEST—EVACUATION OF MEMPHIS—NAVAL ACTION BEFORE IT—EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE RIVER—EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE MOUND CITY—FORT AT SAINT CHARLES CAPTURED BY COLONEL FITCH—BUTLER AT NEW ORLEANS—PIERRE SOULE SENT NORTH UNDER ARREST—CHATTANOOGA TAKEN—BUELL SUPPOSED TO BE ADVANCING TO THE RELIEF OF EAST TENNESSEE—GRATIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE—SUFFERINGS OF THE UNIONISTS THERE—PARSON BROWNLOW—KEEPS THE OLD FLAG FLYING—HEROISM OF HIS DAUGHTER—RELIEVED AND COMES NORTH—HIS STORY OF THE BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS—HIS RECEPTION IN THE NORTHERN CITIES—MORGAN SEIZES CUMBERLAND GAP.

AFTER the evacuation of Corinth the rebels fell back to different positions, at none of which were they attacked by our army, and a long period of inaction in the field followed, broken only by the dashes of Mitchell in Alabama.

Our flotilla on the Mississippi, however, continued to advance down the river, and there seemed every prospect of its soon forming a junction with that of Farragut. Forts Wright and Pillow were successively evacuated, and it slowly proceeded towards Memphis, and on the sixth came in sight of the city, with its spires and cupolas glittering in the morning sun. All was quiet and tranquil, and the occupation of the place promised to be as bloodless as that of the forts above. But as the fleet proceeded towards the lower end of the town, the rebel flotilla was discovered lying close to the Arkansas shore.

NAVAL ACTION BEFORE MEMPHIS.

Our boats had drifted down stern foremost, and now Davis signalled to have the engines reversed, and to proceed

up stream, designing to give his crews breakfast before the fight. The rebels construed this into a retreat, and immediately came on in high spirits, sending shot after shot at the Benton. There were eight rebel gun boats, while Davis had but five. Attached to the latter, however, were four rams, commanded by Captain Ellet, under whose personal supervision they had been got up, though in great haste, being made from ferry boats, or such vessels as could be most easily transformed into them. From the outset of the war, he had urged upon the government the efficiency of such vessels, and experience having proved his views to be correct, he had been assigned to duty on the Mississippi.

The rebels had the advantage both in the number of gun boats, and in being able to fight up stream, by which they had more perfect control of their vessels in the swift current. They were evidently aware of this, and came on with full confidence that they could destroy our fleet. The inhabitants of Memphis shared in this feeling, and issuing from their houses as the first shots awoke the morning echoes, crowded the banks of the river to witness the fight.

The Lancaster, one of our rams, having met with an accident, could not share in the engagement, and was taken in tow by her consort the Switzerland. The other two, Queen of the West, and Monarch, as soon as the firing commenced, clapped on steam, and came bowling along at a tremendous rate—sweeping past the gun boats, and steering straight for the rebel vessels. Throwing up an angry swell from her bow in her headlong speed, the little Queen of the West made boldly for the Beauregard. It was an exciting moment, the firing ceased, and all eyes were turned, both from the decks of the vessels and the shore, on these two vessels. The captain of the Beauregard, seeing that the ram was making for him, by a skillful movement avoided the blow, and as the former rushed past, opened with cannon, firing

ten shots at her, one of which passed clean through her. The riflemen from the ram, however, picked off the gunners as they undertook to reload, and dashing on, made for the next boat below, the General Price. The latter attempted to elude the blow but failed, and the ram came into her hull with a tremendous crash. The chimneys of both boats bent over till they almost touched the water, while the sound of the breaking, rending timbers told how fearful was the shock.

The Beauregard, as the Queen swept past her, wheeled in pursuit, and now coming up, dashed against her, carrying away her wheel house, and disabling her engine, but she slipped away so quickly that the full force of the blow came upon the Price, ripping her wheel completely off and making a wreck of her. The Monarch, in the mean time, was crowding all steam, making for the whole three as they lay grinding and pounding together. She struck the Beauregard full in the bow, which placed her in a sinking condition, and she ran up the white flag, as the Price had just done. The Benton now attacked the Lovell, raking her terribly. In a short time the boilers of the latter exploded, enveloping her in steam, out of which arose piercing cries of agony, and shrieks for help. In five minutes more she went down in a hundred feet of water with all on board, save a few that succeeded in swimming ashore, and a handful rescued by the Benton. The rest of the rebel fleet now attempted to escape, but the Jeff. Thompson was soon run ashore and fired. The Sumter next went ashore, followed by the General Bragg, the crew of which, fled up the banks. The Van Dorn, alone of the whole fleet, escaped.

The rebel leader, Thompson, sat on his horse, a spectator of the fight, and seeing the total wreck of the flotilla, exclaimed, "It's all up with us," and galloped off.

The fight began twenty minutes before six and ended at seven—thus lasting an hour and twenty minutes. Our gal-

lant sailors had done a heavy piece of work before breakfast, and with scarcely any loss. The only one hurt on board the rams, was Ellet himself, who received a wound from which he afterwards died.

This once flourishing city presented a desolate appearance. Many of the inhabitants had fled, the stores were closed, and the whole place showed the ruin which every where marked the track of the rebellion.

In the mean time, Farragut had been arrested in his passage up the river, at Vicksburg. The fortifications at this place from their elevated position, proved more formidable even than those above Memphis, and presented an effectual barrier to the opening of the Mississippi, much to the disappointment of the country.

Not many days after this, an expedition consisting of four gun boats, and accompanied by the forty-sixth Indiana regiment under Colonel Fitch, proceeded up the White river, from Memphis, for the purpose of removing any obstructions to navigation that might exist. On the seventeenth it reached St. Charles city, eighty-five miles above the mouth of the river, where two rebel batteries were found, mounting seven guns, supported by a body of infantry. The gun boats engaged the batteries, while Colonel Fitch landed his force two and a half miles below, to make an attack in flank and rear. Soon after the action commenced, a rifled shot struck the Mound City and entered her steam drum, causing a sudden escape of steam, which, rushing into every part of the boat, killed and disabled nearly all her officers and crew. Many of the latter jumped overboard in their agony, and attempted to swim ashore, but were coolly shot through the head by the rebel marksmen—furnishing a striking contrast to the conduct of our men at the recent action before Memphis, where every exertion was made to save the scalded rebels who leaped overboard for safety.

In the mean time, Colonel Fitch signaled the gun boats to cease firing, and advancing on the rebel works, carried them with a shout, without the loss of a man. The rebel commander was wounded and taken prisoner, and the place with all its ordnance and ammunition fell into our hands.

In the mean time, Curtis was making his slow, perilous way across the state of Arkansas. Cut off from his base of operations, and compelled to live on the country through which he passed, considerable solicitude was felt for his safety.

At New Orleans, Butler still maintained his vigorous rule. He had come in collision with the French and English consuls, boldly seizing large amounts of money found in their possession, which he declared had been put there for safe keeping by the rebels. Men and women were hurried without ceremony, to fort Jackson; Pierre Soule and the sheriff of the city sent under arrest, north; and the traitors given to understand that the only alternative was submission or punishment.

The army under Halleck was divided up into different corps, in order to hold the vast territory that had fallen into our hands. Naglee advanced against Chattanooga and took it; but it unfortunately was again abandoned to the enemy.

A heavy force under Buell advanced into the heart of the country, and it was supposed its destination was East Tennessee. This was hailed with delight by the people; for that portion of the state, though still under rebel sway, was loyal to the Union, for which she was enduring all the pains of martyrdom. From the outset of the rebellion, the people, though isolated and alone, had never acknowledged the southern confederacy. This had brought upon them the concentrated wrath of the treacherous government, and guerilla bands had been sent among them to hunt down and destroy every man who dared to avow his love for the old

flag. Their cry for help moved the deepest sympathy of the nation, but the government could do nothing for them without interfering seriously with the general plan of the campaign. Though apparently deserted, and shut in by hostile armies, they still suffered on in hope. Those who could, men, women and children, abandoned their homes, and made their dangerous way to the northern armies—the men, many of them, to enlist under the Union flag, and the women and children to seek the protection denied them at home.

Others formed themselves into patriotic bands, and took to the mountains to defend themselves till the longed for help could arrive, and secretly destroyed the rail road bridges that facilitated the transportation of troops and supplies to the different rebel armies. These latter when caught were hung without mercy. Unsubdued to the last, they proclaimed their loyalty at the foot of the gallows, and dying, hurled defiance in the face of their murderers. The harrowing details of the sufferings of this noble people, during the winter and spring, would fill a volume. Chief among them was Parson Brownlow, as he was called. For many years editor of the Knoxville Whig, he early took ground in his paper against the rebellion, and wielding a trenchant pen, dealt the leaders of it telling blows. For a long time he kept the stars and stripes flying over his office, and when the rebels threatened to tear it down, he declared he would shoot the first man who dared to touch it. Once, being away, a rebel officer came to his house to take it down, but was met by the Parson's daughter with a pistol in her hand, who declared she would shoot him on the spot if he made the attempt. The parson's profession (for he was widely known as a methodist clergyman) protected him a long time from personal violence, but his influence was too potent to be disregarded, and his office was finally shut up, and himself thrust into prison. Threats having proved unavailing, bribes were tried on the old pa-

triot, but in vain. He was then given permission to leave for the north, but, instead of being allowed to go, was kept locked up till a dangerous fever prostrated him, and he lay for weeks at the gate of death. Too feeble to turn in his bed, he was constantly insulted by his enemies, and scarcely a day passed that he was not threatened with the gallows. In this condition, though physically prostrated, his spirit remained unshaken, and he employed his little remaining strength in exhorting his fellow prisoners to remain firm in their loyalty. One by one they were taken from him, to be tried or executed; and in daily expectation of sharing their fate, he prepared his dying speech to be delivered just before he should swing off. But after months of suffering, he was finally released, and during the spring came north, to electrify the people with the recital of his own wrongs, and those of his fellow Unionists. The north had boasted of its loyalty, but till now did not know the full meaning of the word. Those, who had never ceased to abuse the border states, and sneer at the loyalty of their people, were abashed at the story that the fearless Parson told. To be faithful to the Union, had cost them something more than money and words—it had demanded imprisonment, poverty, the loss of all things and the felon's doom.

Though the people could not reach these noble Tennesseans, they opened their purses and hearts to their fearless representative, and cheers and blessings and material aid followed him wherever he moved.

At Nashville, Johnson the governor, labored unweariedly to restore tranquillity to the distracted state. He called Union meetings, and appealed in stirring language to the people to come heartily back to the old Union. Trade was opened with the city, and cotton and tobacco that had escaped the torch of the rebels began to flow north.

But the work he had undertaken was an arduous one—

secessionists plotted around him, and spies lurked on every side. Even the mayor and common council of the city refused to take the oath of allegiance, while most of the clergy openly defied him. His sway though quiet, was firm, and his gloved hand closed like iron on traitors, no matter what their rank, or how sacred their profession. The clergy who refused to take the oath of allegiance were thrown into prison to await a convenient opportunity to be sent south to the government they upheld.

In the mean time General Morgan took possession of Cumberland Gap, which was considered the key to East Tennessee. The position was too strong to be taken by a direct attack, and after taking his division across a difficult country, he ascended the precipitous sides of the Pine and Cumberland mountains, dragging his artillery up after him by the aid of block and tackle—two hundred men being required to bring up each piece. He thus succeeded in flanking the position, which, as soon as the astonished rebels discovered, they, on the eighteenth abandoned it without risking a battle. It was now hoped that East Tennessee would be released from its thralldom, and the day of deliverance come to the thousands of Unionists in whom for a long time “hope deferred had made the heart sick.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JUNE, 1862.

FREMONT STARTS IN PURSUIT OF JACKSON—HIS ENERGY—HIS CAVALRY AMBUSHED—BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS—RETREAT OF JACKSON AND ATTACK ON SHIELDS' ADVANCE, AT PORT REPUBLIC—ABANDONMENT OF THE PURSUIT—PUBLIC DISAPPOINTMENT AT JACKSON'S ESCAPE—OBJECT OF HIS RAID—PERPLEXITY OF GOVERNMENT—THE PRESIDENT REORGANIZES THE VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT—GENERAL POPE PLACED IN COMMAND—HIS ADDRESS TO THE ARMY—MOVEMENT AGAINST CHARLESTON—BATTLE OF JAMES ISLAND—HEROISM OF THE EIGHTH MICHIGAN AND SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS—OUR DEFEAT—CAUSE OF—DISGRACE OF BENHAM.

WHILE these events were occurring in the west, movements of still greater magnitude were taking place on the Atlantic slope. Fremont no sooner received the orders from Washington to intercept Jackson in his retreat from Winchester, than he put his army in motion. He left Franklin on Sunday, the twenty-fifth of May, and striking across the Shenandoah mountains, carried his enthusiastic columns with all his artillery trains and wagons over roads that would have seemed impassable to a less energetic man. Accomplishing a march of a hundred miles during the week, he arrived on the first of June, within five miles of Strasburg, where he overtook Jackson in full retreat. Colonel Cluseret commanding the advance brigade came upon the enemy strongly posted with artillery, which immediately opened on him. Fremont in the rear, rapidly brought forward his main column, and formed in line of battle. The rebel leader however, declined the fight. He could not afford to stop here and risk a battle, while a strong force was marching from Fredericksburg up the Shenandoah to intercept his passage, and Banks was hurrying back from the Potomac to avenge his late dis-

asters. A storm was gathering around him which, daring and skillful as he was, would tax all his resources to avoid. Fremont was unable to follow up the pursuit that night, on account of the fatigue of his men, and a heavy thunder storm, which made the night as dark as Erebus. The next morning, however, he commenced the pursuit, and the advance of McDowell's force under General Bayard arriving, it was hurried forward, and cavalry and artillery thundered after the retreating enemy. The latter made successive stands with his artillery, and skirmishing was kept up all day. Fremont however, with that sleuth-hound tenacity which characterized him, pressed on his flying traces with a vigor bordering on ferocity, and which gave the rebels not a moment's rest. Day after day his cannon thundered on his rear, until Jackson reached the north fork of the Shenandoah, which he rapidly crossed, burning the bridge behind him. Fremont immediately hurried up his pontoon train, but a tremendous rain storm was raging, which so swelled the stream with the torrents it sent tumbling from the mountains, that a day elapsed before he could cross. It was a lucky storm for Jackson, for it gave him an opportunity to rest his wearied troops. The next day, however, Fremont was upon him again, and Jackson found that he had to deal with an enemy as tireless, and rapid in his movements as himself. Continuing to fall back towards Harrisonburg, his rear guard harrassed at every step by our cavalry and artillery, he on the fifth passed rapidly through it. The latter entered the town on the evening of the sixth. When the cavalry force had come up, eight hundred in all under Colonel Wyndham, the latter was directed to advance a short distance beyond the town to reconnoitre. Sweeping through the main street of the place at a rapid trot, and turning to the left at the farther end, he passed through some fields to a hill overlooking an open valley beyond. Skirmishers were sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of the

enemy, but failing to get any satisfactory information he decided to advance still further. Proceeding on a brisk trot for about two miles, he came upon the rebel cavalry drawn up in line across the road, and stretching through the fields to the woods on either side. Without waiting to send out skirmishers to feel their flanks and ascertain whether there was a supporting body of infantry, he ordered a charge. The bugles rang out, and along the road, up the slope, the clattering squadron dashed on a gallop. A large wheat field, well grown, spread away on the right of the road before the rebel line was reached, and in this lay concealed several hundred rebel infantry. The moment the close packed squadrons came opposite this field the ambushed enemy opened a close and deadly volley which threw into irrecoverable confusion the leading battalion. Colonel Wyndham's horse was shot under him, and he taken prisoner, and Captain Shellman who bravely endeavored to rally the men was killed. The officers dashed hither and thither to restore order, horses reared and plunged, and the fierce riders jostled each other in the narrow way, but the broken squadron could not be re-formed and fell back pell-mell down the hill. The second squadron seeing the disaster, endeavored to pass into the woods on the left, to escape the fire of the infantry and attack the rebel cavalry in flank, but the movement came too late and the whole force fell back in confusion.

A large body of infantry under General Bayard was immediately ordered forward to retrieve the disaster, and among them a portion of the "Bucktail" regiment of Pennsylvania. The latter had scarcely taken position when they were attacked by a whole brigade of the enemy. Yet they maintained their ground with daring resolution, doing fearful execution with their deadly rifles, till, with their commander, Colonel Kane, wounded and a prisoner, and nearly half of their number killed and wounded, they were compelled to

yield the field. The enemy lost a large number in killed and wounded, and among the former was the famous rebel cavalry leader Ashby. From the commencement of the war, he had been distinguished for his daring and successful movements, and his loss was a severe blow to the enemy. Jackson now took up a strong position eight miles from Harrisonburg, determined to give Fremont battle.

BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

On Sunday the eighth, Fremont having determined to fight him whenever and wherever found, advanced to the attack. Jackson had planted himself in an amphitheatre of hills, a position so admirably fitted for defense that he was confident double his own force could not dislodge him. He had been over this ground before, and knew the range of every hill, so that from the outset he could fling his shot and shell with terrible precision on an advancing enemy.

Milroy commanded the center, Schenck the right, and Stahl the left—the advance being the little brigade of Cluseret, consisting of the eighth Virginia, sixtieth Ohio, and the Garibaldi Guard. The line advanced slowly and cautiously, driving the rebel skirmishers before it. Descending into an open valley, the cluster of hills, covered with woods on their summits in which the enemy were concealed, lay before them. Fremont took his position on a commanding eminence, and anxiously watched the movements of his columns as they advanced to the attack. Wishing to ascertain the position of the enemy's batteries, Schenck threw some shells into the woods in front, but not a shot replied. In the mean time Cluseret's brave little brigade moved steadily over the rolling ground, their bayonets gleaming in the summer sun, till the woods on the right swallowed them from sight. In a few minutes, the sharp rattle of musketry was heard, and by

the advancing line of smoke that rose above the green tree tops, Fremont saw that Cluseret was pushing the enemy before him.

The batteries were now ordered up, and quickly from every commanding eminence, white puffs of smoke arose, and a fierce artillery fight along the whole line followed. The enemy's guns were worked with the precision of rifle practice, and scarcely a shot missed its intended mark.

While this tremendous fire of the batteries was going on, Milroy with his brigade, moved straight on the center, while Stahl, supported by Bolen took the woods on the left, and soon from out its dark bosom came incessant crashes of artillery and volleys of musketry. The fight here for a time was desperate, but Jackson moving forward a heavy body of infantry to outflank Stahl, the latter was compelled to fall back to a more open position. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after Milroy was compelled to retire also. Cluseret, however, still held his position in the woods on the right until he was ordered to fall back. All this time Fremont, surrounded by a conspicuous group, occupied a hill top, a fair target for the enemy, until a shell at length burst right in their midst, when they moved away.

The fight was over before dark, and Fremont finding the position too strong to be carried, did not renew the attack. The rebel loss must have amounted to a thousand men in this determined onset, while ours could have been little less than seven or eight hundred. Jackson leaving his dead behind him and two cannon in our possession, retreated at midnight towards the south branch of the Shenandoah.

This was construed by Fremont into a confession of defeat, but it was a mistake. Jackson had heard that Shields was advancing on Port Republic, directly in his rear, and he left the battle field at Cross Keys to give the latter battle next day before our forces could form a junction.

When McDowell received orders to send aid to Fremont, he dispatched Shields up the Luray valley, along the south branch of the Shenandoah, to intercept Jackson, while another column moved direct on Strasburg.

Carroll led the advance, and pushing on by heavy marches, reached a place called Conrad's store, on the fourth, where he received orders to push on to Port Republic, some thirty-five miles distant. But heavy rains had so swollen the creeks on his route, that he was totally unable to move till the seventh, when with less than a thousand infantry, and six pieces of artillery, and only a hundred and fifty cavalry, he set out. With this small force, he pressed forward with desperate energy, hoping to be able to reach Port Republic and destroy the bridge across the Shenandoah there, before Jackson reached it. The next day, Sunday, while Fremont was fighting the battle of Cross Keys, he reached the place, with his advance, driving the small force of the enemy there, out. He immediately planted two guns which he had brought forward so as to protect himself from an attack of the train guard, until his command could arrive. His orders were, after destroying the bridge here, to proceed nearly thirty miles farther up stream to Waynesboro, and thus hem in Jackson, so that he could be finished by the combined forces of Fremont and McDowell. But before he had been in the place twenty minutes, he was suddenly attacked by three regiments of infantry, with eighteen pieces of artillery, and a large body of cavalry. Compelled to retire before this overwhelming force before he could destroy the bridge, he slowly retreated about two miles and a half, and took the first defensible position he could find, where he was soon after joined by General Tyler, with two thousand men. The next day, Jackson having eluded Fremont, and crossed the river in safety, burning the bridge behind him, advanced with his whole army against him. It was a skillful move on

the part of the rebel leader, and Fremont, while moving forward next morning in pursuit, as he supposed, of a flying foe, was saluted with the roar of cannon in the distance, that told him his adroit, daring enemy, was breaking in pieces the force sent to cut off his retreat. The fates seemed to favor his escape, for had it not been for the heavy rains that fell, while he was beating back Fremont at Cross Keys Carroll would have been destroying the bridge over which the former the next night marched in safety. But every farmer in the region was a spy, and undoubtedly Jackson was kept perfectly informed of all our movements; and had not Shields' column been delayed, he would not have fought the battle of Cross Keys at all, but continued his retreat until he had put the river between him and his pursuer.

The fight at Port Republic was a very desperate one, for Jackson could lose no time in making cautious movements. He knew when he first entered the valley of the Shenandoah, to attack Banks, that he would be compelled to move rapidly; and pushing the latter as far as he dared, he depended for safety in his retreat on swift, long marches, and sudden onsets. So when he turned from Fremont on Shields, he threw himself in overwhelming force on that portion of the army at Port Republic, before the remainder could arrive. Tyler and Carroll, however, held their position firmly for nearly five hours. Most of their troops were western men, and fought with their accustomed gallantry. The seventh Indiana almost annihilated the seventh Louisiana regiment in its desperate charges.

Carroll behaved with great gallantry, leading three regiments successfully to the charge. The fight was almost a hand-to-hand one, our artillery using nothing but grape and canister, which cut frightful lanes through the close ranks of the enemy. But, at length, being outflanked, this gallant band was compelled to retire.

Though various movements were now planned and set on foot, this virtually ended the pursuit, for Jackson was where he could easily be reinforced to any extent, and Fremont finally retired to Strasburg.

It had been confidently believed that Jackson's escape was impossible, and when it was found that he had slipped through our fingers, carrying all his immense spoils with him, and dealing us full as heavy blows as we had given him, the public disappointment was great, and McDowell, Shields, Carroll, and Fremont, were by turns the objects of popular clamor. Even at this late day, it is not easy to form a clear idea of the combined movements set on foot to intercept Jackson, or determine where the blame of his escape, if any, should be laid. This much, however, may be said: Jackson, when he started on his raid down the valley, was perfectly aware of the position of the forces he would leave on his flanks, and had all his arrangements complete for receiving early information of every movement. He also knew every foot of the country, and hence could lay his plans with almost mathematical certainty. He had not, as the public fondly supposed, run his head into a noose, leaving us nothing to do except to tighten the rope. On the contrary, he knew so well what he was about, that his escape might be relied on as a certainty, unless some unexpected accident should interpose to disarrange his plans. The sudden movement of our forces on his flanks was certainly not that unexpected interposition. Our error was in giving him credit for a daring and skillful movement, and then expect it to turn out the hugest blunder imaginable.

Among the captures we made was a letter from the rebel leader, Johnson, which stated that the sole object of the movement was to prevent *reinforcements being sent to McClellan*. According to their own confession, therefore, the great object of the raid could be accomplished only by the

consent of our government. The rumors, however, that from time to time were received, that Jackson had been heavily reinforced, and with an immense army was about to move back towards Washington, more than offset the proof of this letter, and government was perplexed as to the course it ought to adopt.

Our position at the close of this movement against Jackson, was humiliating in the extreme. This daring leader, with probably less than twenty thousand men, had driven Banks to the Potomac—forced Fremont and McDowell into a long, wasting, and yet fruitless march, inflicting on them quite as much damage as he received—beaten back Shields' column with heavy loss, and escaped with all his spoils and trophies. All this had been done while at least eighty thousand troops were within striking distance of him.

The President now saw clearly the terrible blunder that had been made in the creation of these several independent corps, that could act in unison only as they received orders from Washington, and he resolved to remedy it at once. Feeling that he had listened to counsel that was not safe, he privately left Washington, and made a hurried visit to West Point, to consult with the old veteran Scott. He saw that in time of adversity and peril, the rash and the ignorant must be put aside, and those whose counsels experience had shown to be wise, be consulted. This visit, so out of the ordinary course of action by the Chief Executive, gave rise to much conjecture, and some alarm. But the simple truth was, the condition of things along the Potomac—causing a still more perilous condition of the army of McClellan—required an entire reorganization of military affairs, and the President in doing it did not want to fall into a mistake worse than the first.

The first step in the new order of things, that was about to take place, was the consolidation of the departments of

Virginia into one command under Pope, who had been called from the West for that purpose. This officer had distinguished himself in several campaigns, as a daring, energetic, and brave officer, and his appointment to this post of great responsibility, was received with general satisfaction; for it was certain that the unaccountable apathy that had reigned so long beyond the Potomac would be broken up. There were serious doubts, however, whether his administrative was equal to his executive capacity; but the President thought, on the whole, he was the best man that under the circumstances could be selected. In giving him this position, however, he had to perform the ungracious task of placing an officer above those who ranked him, and it was feared that it might cause great dissatisfaction in the army. Fremont, who had been his superior officer in Missouri, and in that capacity had some difficulty with him, immediately resigned his position and left the army. This conduct, while in presence of the enemy, was loudly condemned by his enemies, and scarcely apologized for by his friends. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it was an unfortunate step, but unless Fremont saw, that by taking it he should greatly imperil his country, it is difficult to see how he could do otherwise. So on the other hand, unless the President felt that the welfare of the Republic imperiously demanded it, it was both unjust and dangerous, thus to jump a subordinate over the heads of his superiors in rank.

The address which Pope afterwards issued to the army on taking personal command, though full of promise in words, was ominous of defeat. In it he said, "I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat, and of bases of supplies—let us discard such ideas." And again, "Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents and *leave our own to take care of themselves.*" Aside from the bad taste of such language, casting as it did, an

implied reproach on those generals who had preceded him, it showed a contempt of established rules that boded no good. It was most marvellous that the press and public received it with a shout of approval. To military men, it predicted more than any oracle could, a terrible defeat.

While affairs before Washington were thus getting into irretrievable confusion, our army met with a severe disaster in front of Charleston. As early as the fore part of May, Benham, in command of the northern department of the south, obtained information that led him to believe that Charleston could be approached by the way of the Stono. He thought that our forces could be suddenly concentrated on James Island, which commanded the approach to it, fort Johnson be taken, and the city reached by our batteries. The project received Hunter's approval, and on the second of this month, the two generals left Hilton Head with a part of the troops under General Stevens, and reaching Stono river the same afternoon, landed at "Old Battery." Owing to the want of means of transportation, a large portion of the troops were sent to the Edisto, to be marched across John's island, and were expected to be at the Stono the next day. But from lack of ferry boats, and through other delays, they did not arrive till the fifth, and did not get across to James island till the ninth. But for this mishap, fort Johnson which was feebly garrisoned, and wholly unprepared for any attack, would probably have fallen.

In the mean while, Stevens had had some skirmishing with the enemy, in which he captured a battery of iron caronades, and lost twenty prisoners. On the tenth it was ascertained that the rebels were erecting a fort at a place called Secessionville, from which they could command General Wright's and a part of Stevens' camps, and reach even our gun boats in the Stono. It was immediately determined to attempt a reconnoissance in force next morning, and if

possible make a rush and capture the fort. That afternoon, however, the enemy attacked our lines near Wright's camp, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The reconnoissance was now given up, and a project set on foot to reduce the fort with artillery.

In this crisis of affairs, Hunter left, with orders not to advance on Charleston, or attack fort Johnson "until reinforced or ordered from head-quarters, but that the camps should be made sure and intrenched." Yet the camps could not be made "secure" so long as the guns of the fort commanded them—it must be taken or they abandoned. Why Hunter left while the army was in this critical position, leaving an order so indefinite and contradictory, requires a more satisfactory explanation than has yet been given.

The bombardment producing no effect, and deserters stating that the garrison consisted of only eight hundred men, defended by six guns, and that the whole force on the island amounted to but twelve thousand, Benham resolved to storm the fort.

BATTLE OF JAMES ISLAND.

Four o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth, was the hour selected for the assault. General Stevens, with four thousand men, was to move suddenly in one overwhelming mass on the enemy's works on the right, while General Williams, with three thousand more approached on the left to his support. The Michigan eighth, only four hundred strong, advancing at the double-quick in dead silence, first approached the enemy's works, but being discovered before they reached them, were met by a murderous volley of grape and canister, which mowed them down like grass. They kept on, however, in the face of the horrible tempest, until nearly half their entire number were killed or wounded, when reduced to a mere handful, and unsupported, they

were compelled to fall back, a band of heroes every one. On the heels of this repulse came the indomitable seventy-ninth Highlanders, on the double-quick, and formed in line of battle in a large cotton field, directly in front of the guns of the fort. As they passed General Stevens they cheered him. He lifted his cap and smiled as he watched the solid ranks with fixed bayonets, sweeping like a dark shadow over the field in the early dawn.

The rain was falling gently, and through the misty air stretched the dark earth works silent as death. Not a shot was fired till they came within a thousand yards of the batteries, when all at once the guns opened with grape and canister, sweeping the open ground like driving hail. Without returning a shot, the regiment, still at the double-quick, closed up its rent ranks, and moved swiftly forward through the desolating fire till they reached the fort. Waving his sword above his head, and shouting to his men to follow him, Lieutenant Colonel Morrison leaped on the ramparts. Several of his brave men followed him, but as fast as they reached the top, they were dropped by marksmen concealed in rifle pits in the rear, and finally Morrison was borne back wounded in the head.

A part of the regiment now filed to the right of the fort—a part maintained its position in front, while the right wing got behind an embankment and by its deadly fire, nearly silenced the guns and prevented any sally. Though rapidly picked off by the hidden foe, they stubbornly maintained their ground, and looked anxiously back for the regiments that were to support them. Had they come up, the fort would have been ours, but instead of help, there arrived an order to fall back. Maddened and mortified, these heroic men then retreated, leaving half of their killed and wounded behind them.

The seventh Connecticut which should have been up long

before, now advanced through the same terrible fire, but were driven back as the two regiments that preceded them had been. It was said that a hedge crossed the field with only a single opening, through which each regiment had to pass in a narrow line, and thus made the premeditated simultaneous attack impossible. It was also asserted that our batteries did not fire until after the repulse, and then threw shot and shell into our own ranks, completing the discomfiture. Williams division moved into the fire and fought gallantly, but never reached the works. Our loss in killed and wounded was about five hundred, three fifths of which fell on the eighth Michigan and seventy-ninth Highlanders.

This disaster was the more mortifying from its having occurred before Charleston. This city which first lighted the torch of civil war, had suffered less than most of the other portions of the rebellious states, and to be defeated here, caused the deepest chagrin and indignation. Benham was placed under arrest and sent home and finally deprived of his rank. A victim was demanded, and he was chosen, with how much justice it is difficult to determine. Stevens blamed him, and he in turn censured Stevens for not bringing up the supports as he was ordered to do, thus losing the battle.

From all that can be gathered, however, it does not seem to have been a more desperate undertaking than the storming of Stony Point by Wayne in the revolution, and had it succeeded would have been pronounced one of the most brilliant actions of the war, the glory of which neither Hunter nor Stevens would have refused to share. At all events, it was just one of those desperate, daring adventures which the people had long been clamoring for; and for not attempting which, Halleck and McClellan had been blamed and ridiculed. The people will judge a General by his success, and yet demand that he shall take terrible risks. Perhaps this is right, but it places commanders in an unenviable position.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JUNE, 1862.

MC CLELLAN BEFORE RICHMOND—LABOR OF THE SOLDIERS—MC CLELLAN'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY—MC DOWELL EXPECTED—REBEL KNOWLEDGE OF HIS PLANS—MC CALL'S DIVISION SENT TO HIS SUPPORT—THE FORCE LEFT WITH WHICH TO ATTACK RICHMOND—ANXIETY OF MC CLELLAN—INSUFEICIENCY OF HIS FORCE TO PROTECT HIS RIGHT FLANK—STUART'S CAVALRY RAID—ENCIRCLES OUR ENTIRE ARMY—ATTACKS A RAIL ROAD TRAIN—ATTEMPTS TO CROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY—THE COLUMN SAVED BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT—ITS SAFE RETURN TO RICHMOND—ITS EFFECT ON THE REBEL ARMY—BALLOON ASCENSION IN VIEW OF THE REBEL CAPITAL—MOVEMENTS AND RUMORS—REBEL PLAN TO DESTROY MC CLELLAN'S ARMY.

THE Battle of Fair Oaks which commenced on the last day of May and ended on the first day of this month, though it retarded McClellan's advance towards Richmond, did not in the least manner change his plans. The unexpected disastrous flood caused more delay than the battle. Not only were the bridges, constructed with so much labor by the troops, to be rebuilt, but the timbers had to be dragged through deep mud and water, while the ground, swampy before, now became a bed of mortar. The men suffered dreadfully from the deluge, not only on account of the terrible state to which it reduced their camps, but because being followed by hot weather, the air was filled with malaria. The fatigues and annoyances, they were called upon to endure for the next two weeks, were harder to bear than the dangers and carnage of the battle field. McClellan, however, was not discouraged, for if the help promised him should come at the last hour, he felt certain that his gallant army would carry the flag triumphantly into the rebel Capital. To keep up

their spirits amid the disheartening circumstances that surrounded them, he issued the following address:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
Camp near New Bridge, Va., June 2, 1862. }

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC: I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are held at bay in front of the Capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully, and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburgh, West Point, Hanover Court House and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours.

The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder.

I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here, in the very center of the rebellion.

Soldiers, I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline and mutual confidence the result depends.

(Signed,)

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

In holding out this bright future he intended no deception, for he still believed that he was to have the co-operation of the other portion of the army, and nothing had yet occurred to weaken his confidence in ultimate success. Burnside, below, was anxiously waiting for the great decisive battle, when he would move upon the shattered forces in rear, and help to give the death blow to the rebellion. No one in the army before Richmond yet believed that the great scheme, of which their march from Yorktown was only a part, was to be aban-

doned, and the war all begun over again. This belief was strengthened by a rumor that passed through the camps, that McDowell had started, and his strong columns were pushing their way towards Hanover Court House.

The rebel leaders, from the outset of the war, had obtained early information of every important plan of our government, and thus been able often to defeat it. From some source or other they acquired a knowledge of the plan of this great campaign, though too late to break it up, had the government acted with promptness and daring. What our people only guessed at, and afterwards in their indignation that Richmond was not captured entirely forgot, the rebels well understood, and were candid enough to say ought to have proved successful. Thus the Richmond Whig of June fourteenth, after speaking of the defeat of Banks, and failure of Fremont to cut off Jackson, says: "These several corps were to have been consolidated and brought across the Blue Ridge *en route* for Richmond. When they reached the Rappahannock, McDowell, with his Fredericksburg army, was to fall into line and the united columns were to be precipitated on the devoted city from the north. At the same time, Burnside was expected to be on hand from the south, advancing up the south side of the James, from the direction of Suffolk, in conjunction with the Monitor and its consorts in the river. The Capital, being thus assailed from the north and south, McClellan was to make the grand attack from the east, in front. The plan was a gigantic one, and in *all probability would have succeeded, but for the masterly* movements of Jackson, completely paralyzing the valley force and compelling McDowell to detach a large portion of his army to save Banks and Company from demolition, and their Capital from capture. Thus left without co-operation and succor, McClellan is afraid to strike. Within sound almost of the church bells of Richmond, within sight almost of the long coveted treas-

ure, a sudden disappointment strikes him, a cold tremor seizes him, and he skulks and hides himself like a craven in the dismal marshes of the Chickahominy—one day sending to Washington a braggart and mendacious bulletin of what his invincible army had done and is about to do, and the next bawling with all his might for reinforcements. For the present, at least, he is cornered by the bold dash of Jackson—the next move should be a checkmate.”

Here is an important confession, one that concedes that the plan, which after mature reflection had received the sanction of our government, would have been successful except for the sudden dash of Jackson. But it is easy to see that this raid would never have been attempted, had McDowell moved at the time and in the way originally contemplated. As far as human foresight can see, Richmond would have fallen long before this, for the concentration of forces, which the rebels acknowledged ought to have given us success, would have been accomplished. Who is to blame for this?

The correspondence, that passed between McClellan and the government at this critical period, when it is allowed to see the light, will form an interesting chapter in our history. The latter, alarmed for the safety of Washington, began to vacillate and could no longer reiterate with the same emphasis its promise of co-operation; and the former, without it, could see, not only no way to victory, but scarcely one of escape. The grand imposing structure, on which such vast expense and time had been lavished, and which both believed to be firm and complete, they now saw suddenly to assume the appearance of a cloudy fabric to vanish at the next breath into thin air. How the government at Washington felt we know not, but we are told by eye witnesses that the countenance of McClellan grew inexpressibly sad, when alone. His heart might well be overwhelmed, for the vision of a mighty wreck began to loom up in the distance.

Still, to his army he seemed confident as ever, and steadily pressed his works on towards the gates of the rebel capital. Skirmishes were of almost daily occurrence, and the eager, expectant army awaited, without misgivings, the order to advance. The hot weather of summer was telling fearfully on the troops in those pestiferous swamps, thinning the ranks as fast as though swept by the enemy's batteries—Yet their spirits remained unbroken, for ever and anon came the rumor that McDowell had started. *Four times* was the army raised to the highest pitch of excitement by this news, only to sink back into disappointment and angry mutterings.

Meanwhile, the government, pressed by McClellan for reinforcements, sent down to him McCall's division of eleven thousand men. His army previous to this, had from sickness, loss on the battle field, and furloughs most of which were obtained through political or personal influence at Washington, dwindled down to less than one hundred thousand men. McCall's additional force made it a little over a hundred thousand, twenty thousand of which were necessary to guard his communications with the White House, leaving him only seventy or eighty thousand with which to advance on Richmond, defended, as McClellan *knew*, by over a hundred and fifty thousand men, protected by works of the most formidable character.

In ten days after the battle at Fair Oaks, he had all his bridges completed, and was ready soon after with his left wing to move on Richmond, the moment the corps of McDowell closed up his right wing.

Affairs were resting in this condition, when on Thursday, the twelfth, a cavalry expedition was started from Richmond, with the design of dashing on our rear, to capture and destroy what it could, and ascertain the number and position of our troops between the main army and the White House, on the Pamunkey river.

The Pamunkey and Chickahominy rivers, in the rear of where McClellan was encamped, run nearly parallel to each other in a south-easterly direction, and the main army being across the Chickahominy, the path of the raid lay between the two, cutting, of course, as it swept from the north to the south, the rail road that connected the White House, the base of supplies, and the army itself. McClellan, having possession of all the bridges below him, the expedition could not sweep round him south—north, his pickets extended nearly to Hanover Court House, twenty miles from Richmond; but with only a hundred thousand men, he could not stretch his *army* that distance. The danger of raids in that quarter he was perfectly aware of, but without a larger force he could not effectually guard against them.

His army occupied a semicircle, of which Richmond was the center—hence the enemy could concentrate their entire force on any given point twice as rapidly as he could. He had to rely solely on such information of their movements as spies and scouts could furnish him, while the farmers of the entire country, through their knowledge of all the wood paths, and by-ways, kept the rebels perfectly informed of the forces and position of the Union troops.

STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

This was the state of things when Stuart, with some fifteen hundred or two thousand chosen cavalry, started on his daring mission. With the knowledge he possessed of the country, and the strength and position of our forces along the route he had marked out for himself, he knew he could easily reach our rear and cause a large amount of mischief—the trouble was, to get back again, for he could not tell how quickly we might close behind him, preventing his return.

Starting at daylight on Thursday, he marched all day along

the Charlottesville turnpike, meeting nothing but a large company of fugitive slaves making their way towards our lines. These he sent back, and kept on to Ashland, where he stopped for the night. A little before daylight, he sent up signal rockets to tell the rebel leaders of his whereabouts, and as soon as he saw the blazing curves of answering rockets far in the rear, he put his column in motion, and proceeding cautiously, soon came upon our horse pickets, showing that he was piercing our lines. These retired upon the main body, composed of some squadrons of the United States cavalry, near Hanover Court House. The latter, as the enemy approached, also retired still farther towards Hanover, where they made a stand. As the ninth Virginia cavalry of the rebels came trotting down the road with clattering sabres, they could hear the Union commander calling on his men to stand firm. Seeing the enemy approach, the latter ordered the bugles to sound the charge, and wheeling, shouted to his men to follow him, but they shamefully turned and galloped off. Finding himself deserted, he too turned his horse to follow after, when a bullet struck him, and he reeled from his saddle. Sweeping the deserted camps, the rebels now moved rapidly forward, when their scouts brought word that a still larger force was awaiting them a little in advance. Our troops this time came on in admirable order, but swept by a destructive volley by a large body of dismounted men, acting as infantry, they fell back. But re-forming again at the foot of a gentle slope, and the bugle pealing forth the charge, they came up in gallant style. The rebel officer Latane, shouted, "On to them boys," and dashed forward of his men. The Union leader, calling to his men to follow, spurred forward to meet him. The two forces met in full career, and so fierce and sudden was the shock that the front of both columns was unhorsed. The two commanders singled out each other and came furiously together. As they passed, Latane cleft the

cap of the Union leader, while the pistol of the latter exploded almost against the side of the rebel, hurling him a lifeless corse under the feet of the plunging horses. Overpowered by numbers, our troops at length gave way, leaving their gallant commander behind them, who was cut down while spurring after a rebel adjutant. Shouting in triumph, the rebels now dashed on through abandoned camps, scattering teams, setting fire to quartermaster's stores, and capturing horses and prisoners. Reaching Putney's landing on the Pamunkey, where three schooners were lying, they succeeded in burning two, besides a large quantity of sutlers stores, wagon trains, &c. Still pushing on, they approached the York river rail road, near Tunstall's station, when they heard the scream of a steam whistle from a descending train. Dismounting, they rolled logs on the track, and ranged themselves along side of it to fire into the cars. Nearly three hundred passengers were aboard of the train, some of them officers of high rank, and there seemed every prospect of the rebels making a splendid prize. As the head of the train came dashing around a bend of the road, a volley was fired at the engineer, while a deadly fire was poured into some platform cars, loaded with officers and men. Luckily the engineer escaped, though the bullets rattled like hail around him, and with admirable presence of mind clapped on steam, and dashing over the obstacles placed on the track, thundered on towards the White House. Some of the frightened passengers jumped from the train, and made for the woods—fourteen were killed and wounded, but the rich prey escaped. The alarm was given to the ninety-third New York regiment, stationed on the rail road just above the White House, and all the forces in the vicinity were hurriedly concentrated to protect the place, the sutlers and occupants of which were seized with the utmost consternation.

News of the raid, in the mean time, had traveled in vari-

ous directions, to our main army, and the rebel leader soon saw that a storm was gathering around him from which nothing but the most consummate daring and good fortune would enable him to escape. His mission of destruction was now clearly over, and the question was how he should get back to his lines. He saw, at a glance, that the way along which he had come would be closed against him, and in sheer desperation he determined to push on below and *around our entire army*, and trust to fortune to help him back across the Chickahominy. Scattering every thing from his path, he proceeded boldly to New Kent, thus completing safely one-half the semicircle.

The victorious squadrons were now below all the bridges, and within two miles of McClellan's head-quarters, while a deep river lay between them and Richmond. Striking for the "Blind Ford," as it was called, they found to their dismay that the water was fifteen feet deep. It was now dark, and as they gazed on the silent, rapidly flowing stream, and knew from their scouts that the whole country was alive with troops in pursuit of them, they scarcely knew which way to turn. Luckily for them, they were in the last place where they would be looked for, and taking every precaution to prevent surprise, they threatened the prisoners with instant death if they made any noise, and then plunged one after another into the stream, hoping in single squads to be able to get over by swimming the horses. Struggling forward through the gloom, they were borne down by the rapid current, and scattered so, that after a long time of desperate efforts, only fifty succeeded in reaching the farther shore. At this critical juncture, one of the residents of the neighborhood came forward, and told Stuart that a little farther up stream, was an old bridge that had been only partially destroyed, and could be easily mended. Some officers were immediately sent forward, who found the joyful news to be true, and im-

mediately men were set to work felling trees and hauling logs to the shore. The sharp, quick blows of the axe rang out in the darkness—trees came one after another with a crash to the ground, which were as quickly cut up and dragged to the timbers that were left standing. Limbs and brush were piled on, making a rough but safe footing, and over it in long, silent procession, guns and prisoners were hurried in desperate haste. But on the farther side was a marsh into which the artillery sunk to its axles. Undiscouraged by this new obstacle, they hitched ten horses to each piece, and whipping up the jaded animals, succeeded in getting them all through. It had been a long, anxious, and toilsome night, and when the morning dawned, they were still within our lines. Keeping in the woods to escape observation, they moved cautiously forward, till suddenly the advance came upon a squad of Federal horsemen, acting as pickets. "Who goes there?" shouted the officer on duty. The rebels without replying, dashed into the open ground, followed by a volley, when they wheeled and made for the woods where their main body was concealed. The mounted pickets spurred forward in pursuit, and the next moment found themselves surrounded and prisoners.

Having thus stopped all knowledge of their movements from reaching our lines, they made their way unmolested along the Charles City road, and weary and dirty, in the early dawn reached their pickets, from which they moved leisurely to the rebel capital. The news of their safe arrival, and their daring adventure soon spread through the city, and crowds gathered around them with shouts of exultation.

It was a bold, successful exploit, reflecting great credit on leader and men, and causing scarcely greater admiration in the rebel army than in our own. They had been in the saddle most of the time from Thursday morning to Saturday

noon, scarcely halting to eat, except as they rioted on our suttlers' stores, which furnished them luxuries to which they had long been strangers—destroyed a great deal of property, captured a large number of horses and mules, and over a hundred prisoners, with the loss of hardly a man. Still, they overestimated the damage they had inflicted, while many of their prisoners were teamsters and noncombatants. As far as material benefit to them was concerned, the grand result footed up small. Its chief advantage consisted in the moral effect upon the army. Such a daring and singular adventure becomes the theme of conversation around every camp fire, and exerts a wonderful influence in enlivening the spirits, and strengthening the confidence and courage of the men.

After the excitement created by this event had subsided, affairs settled down into their old monotonous round of unimportant skirmishes, bold reconnoissances, and cautious, steady preparation for the coming struggle. Balloon ascensions were made so near the rebel capital, that the streets could be distinctly marked out, and the word "UNION," painted in flaming capitals on the aerial monster, could be plainly read with the aid of glasses by the astonished inhabitants.

Greater activity, however, seemed to pervade the enemy's camps, and the nightly running of cars, the shriek of steam whistles, and the beating of drums, seemed to indicate that some great movement was at hand; while the sound of heavy cannonading, booming over the Chickahominy swamp, from James river, gave rise to the hope in our army that our gun boats were pushing their way up to Richmond. The rumor that Burnside was marching on fort Darling, also filled the army with exultation, and all believed that the final struggle was close at hand. But these indications of an onward movement passed away as others had done, and the army

patiently lay down again in the pestiferous swamps of the Chickahominy.

In the mean time, there seemed to be some change in the programme, for heavy siege guns began to arrive from Yorktown. Their appearance at this late day looked like increased delays which the feverish state of the public mind would scarcely bear.

During all these weary weeks, both armies had been busy fortifying, till a double row of earth works now stood fronting each other. The rebels chafed under their imprisonment, and began to despair, if McClellan were allowed to advance against them by the slow process of a regular siege.

But Lee, who was now their commander-in-chief, finding that Jackson's raid had succeeded in its object, and no troops were moving from the Shenandoah to reinforce McClellan, resolved to call in the forces scattered through Virginia, and suddenly concentrate them in an overwhelming mass on him, and finish the long siege in a clap of thunder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JUNE, 1862.

PROXIMITY OF OUR EARTH-WORKS TO THOSE OF THE ENEMY—CHARACTER OF THE GROUND BETWEEN THEM—MC CLELLAN RESOLVES TO SIEZE IT—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BATTLE—HEINTZELMAN'S AND KEARNEY'S DIVISIONS—HOOKER'S BRIGADE—THE BATTLE—MC CLELLAN'S ARRIVAL ON THE FIELD—HIS ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—TAKES PERSONAL COMMAND—GALLANT EFFORT OF CAPTAIN DUSENBURY—THE ENEMY BEATEN AT ALL POINTS—MC CLELLAN'S DISPATCH TO WASHINGTON—PUBLIC EXPECTATION—PREPARATIONS TO CELEBRATE THE FALL OF RICHMOND—PERPLEXITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT—GREAT PLAN OF THE REBEL LEADER, LEE—MC CLELLAN INFORMED THAT MCDOWELL WOULD NOT BE SENT TO HIS AID—EFFECT OF THE NEWS—TRYING SITUATION—GLOOMY PROSPECTS—FINAL DETERMINATION—ITS DISCOVERY BY THE ENEMY.

THE earth-works which had been thrown up on both sides were so near to each other, that no farther advance could be made without bringing on a battle. A belt of woods stretched between the hostile fortifications, concealing them from each other's view. This piece of woods was debatable ground, and it was necessary that McClellan should have it before he made his final advance. On Tuesday night, therefore, of the twenty-fourth, he made his arrangements for getting possession of it in the morning, which might bring on a general battle.

The ground which he wished to occupy lay along the line of the Williamsburg road, and was a portion of that occupied by Casey's division nearly a month before. Between this road and the rail road, on the right, was stationed Heintzelman's division, with Sumner's still farther to the right, and back, to act as emergencies might demand. Corresponding with Heintzelman's division, Sickles' Excelsior brigade

stretched away to the left of the road, joined on its extreme limit by Kearney's division. At seven o'clock in the morning, the brigades were drawn up in line of battle, and the first Massachusetts sent forward as skirmishers, supported by the second New Hampshire, and twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, with the eleventh Massachusetts acting as their reserve. Beyond the woods that hid Heintzelman's position from the enemy, was a swamp, from the farther edge of which extended a peach orchard, situated nearly opposite the spot occupied by Hooker's brigade. Still farther on, beyond the peach orchard, was a cleared space, on the farther side of which were rebel rifle pits. There were rifle pits also in front of Kearney, on the other side of the road, and the main object of the movement was to get possession of these. Kearney met with very little stubborn resistance, and moving steadily forward, brushing the skirmishers from his path as he advanced, soon had possession of the rifle pits. But on the other side of the road the contest was very severe, the weight of it falling on Hooker's brigade. His advance regiment soon cleared the woods of the enemy's pickets, and forcing them back into the swamp, followed them fiercely up, though sinking to their knees at every step, in mud and water. Artillery could not be handled here and it had to be an affair of infantry altogether, except as the Parrott guns in the rear pitched shells at hazard over the heads of our men into the woods and fields beyond them.

The swamp was finally cleared, and the supporting regiments having come up, the united force pushed on through the peach orchard, driving the rebels before them till they emerged on the open field swept by the rifle pits. Here the contest became fierce and bloody, for our troops, wholly unsheltered, had to advance against a steady, long line of fire from the rifle pits, above the tops of which only the enemy's heads could be seen as they rose to deliver their volleys at

rest. Our loss here was three to one of the rebels, yet the dauntless regiments stood their ground, and rained a perfect hail storm on the crest of the rifle pits. The enemy, at first, seemed determined not to yield the position; but at length, seeing a column from Kearney's division, moving from the rifle pits on the other side of the road to take them in flank, they broke and fled, when our troops dashed forward with a cheer, and occupied the position, and held it until an order came for them to fall back. The rebels made no attempt to follow them, and there came a lull to the contest, which lasted till eleven o'clock. At this time McClellan rode on to the field, his approach heralded by the thundering cheers of the regiments in reserve. With cap in hand, he swept with his escort along the shouting lines, and taking his position by an old well, near where Casey's head-quarters were before the battle of Fair Oaks, listened to the reports of the different generals, and their aids, and then assumed command in person, and directed the remaining operations till the close of the action. Soon after, a battery, stationed on the rail road, began to throw shells over the heads of our men into the woods and swamp beyond. The exact locality of the enemy being concealed by the forest, an officer ascended a lofty tree that overlooked the surrounding country, and signalled the battery where to direct its shells. After a sharp fire had been kept up for some time, a second advance was ordered, to retake the rifle pits which we had abandoned.

In the mean time, Couch's division under General Palmer, which had been ordered forward to the support of Hooker, came up in splendid order, while two Napoleon guns of De-Russey's battery under Captain Dusenbury, went tearing in a fierce gallop along the Williamsburg road, towards the front. It was deemed hardly possible to drag them through the swamp, where they were needed, in order to do

any service, but by dint of lifting and pulling, and the most desperate efforts, they were got across and placed in position. As the rebels saw these brass pieces glittering in the sunlight, they knew they must be captured or the ground could not be held, and moved forward in solid ranks upon them. But suddenly a strong force, as if rising out of the earth, emerged from the swamp to their support. The guns were now advanced, and the whole force moved forward over the open field. In fifteen minutes the contest was over, and our men cheering once more in the enemy's rifle pits.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle seemed over, when the enemy suddenly burst with tremendous force on the rifle pits held by Kearney. Overwhelmed by the unexpected onset, our troops gave way, retiring over the open field, till they reached the edge of a piece of woods where they made a determined stand, and resisted every attempt of the rebels to advance farther. The latter moved forward into the desolating fire with high courage, but each time they approached the edge of the woods they recoiled before the fearful volleys that met them, and at length gave over the effort to carry them, and abandoned the field, strewn thick with their dead. Birney's brigade, on the left of Kearney's division, suffered severely in this last contest.

When night had put an end to the conflict, we had driven the enemy as far as he drove us a few weeks before at the battle of Fair Oaks, and held the ground we had won. Hooker's pickets, that night, were posted within less than five miles of the rebel capital.

All night long, working parties were busy throwing up intrenchments so as to be able to hold the position we had gained. But the rebels, first in one direction then in another, kept advancing, driving in our pickets and compelling the soldiers to fling down the spade and pick, and seize their muskets.

About one o'clock, heavy and sustained firing broke suddenly through the gloom, bringing officers to their saddles, and for a time there was swift hurrying to and fro in the starlight, but the tumult soon subsided, and our forces maintained their ground. But for the terrific battle that a few weeks before had raged on this very spot, and the tremendous struggle which was believed to be close at hand, this would have been considered a severe engagement. Our loss was two hundred in killed and wounded. An importance however, far greater than its immediate results, was attached to the movement. The ground which was gained—it being immediately in advance of our earth-works, was conclusive evidence in the minds of the people that the crisis had finally come, and every quiver of the telegraph wires was watched with the most intense solicitude. The dispatches of McClellan strengthened this belief. To one written amid the roar of guns, in which he says, “our men are behaving splendidly—the enemy are fighting well also,” he makes this significant addition, “If we succeed in what we have undertaken *it will be an important advantage gained.*” When therefore the second dispatch came, saying, “The affair is over and we *have gained our point fully,*” there was no doubt that he meant to be understood as having gained the foothold he wanted, before he launched his army on the rebel Capital. So fully possessed was the public with this belief, that preparations were made in many parts of the country to celebrate the triumphant entry of our flag into Richmond. Leading presses in New York city had fire works arranged around their buildings, ready to be let off the moment the electric wires should flash the news from Washington. The near approach of the fourth of July gave increased strength to this belief. The celebration of the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence was to mark a new triumph—the downfall of the rebel Capital and the death blow to the rebellion.

The sudden arrest of all telegraphic news from the seat of war, and the profound silence that all at once fell on the army, instead of depressing public feeling, seemed rather to elevate it. "The government," said the enthusiastic, "is preparing a surprise for the people for the fourth of July." But the few, who from closely watching the course of events, had obtained a correct idea of the general plan of the campaign, were filled with alarm. They knew that if McDowell did not form a junction with McClellan, that plan was broken up and this grand outlay of labor and life was in vain.

The two governments presented a painful contrast in this terrible crisis. Letters were flowing into Washington, begging that reinforcements be sent on with all haste to McClellan. Louder than all, went up the cry from the army for help, while from the interior of Virginia came rumors that a fearful storm was about to burst on the National Capital. Should it abandon the great plan that had been so long maturing, and give up all the hopes of taking the rebel capital, or push on to the end, and leave Washington to take its chances, were the painful questions our government kept balancing. Confronted with sudden and unexpected dangers, it did not know what to do. The magnificent scheme, every part of which, a short time ago, seemed moving harmoniously to the grand desired result, had been thrown into utter chaos. Its councils were divided as to the best course to be adopted in this dire emergency. While hesitation and delay were marking its action, at Richmond every thing was moving with prodigious energy and order to one great result. Many had supposed that the comparatively feeble resistance which the rebels had made to McClellan's last attack, proved them to be weak and discouraged; but the truth was, they could not afford to waste men or time to prevent an advance they knew never would be made. For days, the rail road leading to the Shenandoah valley, had been groaning under the weight of

soldiers and munitions of war, moving towards Richmond, while from North and South Carolina, and even from Georgia, the regiments had been hurrying forward with desperate speed. McClellan was aware of this sudden concentration of the enemy's force in his front, and the anxious expression of his countenance grew daily more intense as he turned his ear northward to catch the tread of McDowell's columns. The rumor had reached the camps that they were within a day's march of them, and should it prove true all was well. Burnside too had been ordered up from Newbern, and soon perhaps the bayonets of his strong battalions would be seen moving across the Chickahominy.

While events were thus crowding to a fearful crisis, and even one day's delay might precipitate a common ruin, McClellan was informed by the Secretary of War that McDowell would not be sent to him at all. The thunderbolt had at last fallen, and an abyss, whose depths he shuddered to contemplate, opened at his feet. What now was to be done? was the anxious question, as he called his gallant corps commanders around him. To move *en masse* with his inferior force upon the strong fortifications in front would be courting destruction. Should he attempt to hold his position until troops could arrive at Washington, relieving those there which he needed in order to take Richmond? But June was drawing to a close, and the hot month of July in these pestilential swamps would diminish his army almost as fast as it could be reinforced. Beside, would the enemy wait if he did? The line of defense had been stretched northward already too far to allow it sufficient strength at the center, and at any time in that direction, the enemy could sweep round him if he had sufficient force behind the fortifications to protect Richmond in front, and the rapidity with which he was concentrating troops showed that he would very speedily be able to do this. There was but one course left open—to *retreat*. But

would the enemy let him retreat? With the first backward movement he would launch his overwhelming force upon him. It was painful enough for McClellan to see the grand edifice he had reared with so much care, and which had been cemented with some of the best blood of the land, tumble into irrecoverable fragments at his feet. But this was not the worst of it; that gallant army, which had followed him with such unwavering fidelity, and trusted him so implicitly, must be waked from its dream of victory to find that it had been beguiled into a trap, a snare, from which there might be no escape, or if one, to be traversed only over the bodies of thousands of their brave comrades. And how would the country look upon this? Whom would it hold to a strict and terrible account? The position in which he found himself was one to try the stoutest heart, and crush the very life out of a man of keen sensibilities. His fondest hopes lay crushed at his feet, and now must come the struggle for life, and if he survived, over the roar of battle and the groans of the dying, would come the bitter outcry of an angry and disappointed nation. But to retreat was his only chance of escaping utter annihilation. If he could get off all his trains and army material before the enemy discovered his intentions, so that he would have his gallant army free of incumbrance, he might hold his enemy at bay as he retired to a safe position. Quietly, and without display he commenced to do this, and though the enemy were very quickly informed by their spies of what was going on, they could not at first decide what it meant. At last however their suspicions were aroused, and they resolved to fall in overwhelming force on his flank, and, cutting him off from his supplies, make an utter end of the entire army.

NOTE.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

The exchange of prisoners is a matter very easily adjusted between two belligerent nations, but in a civil war, between the established government and that portion of it in revolt, it becomes very complicated. In the former case it is only necessary to follow an established law of nations which gives equal rights and privileges to both. In the latter, by the same law, the rebellious government is supposed to have no rights at all except those of a common humanity. Theoretically, the moment they are treated as equals on this point, independent national rights are conceded. But in this as in many other cases, theories have to bend to the stern logic of events. Thus for a long time the English commissioners refused to address Washington by any other title than "George Washington, Esq.," and when pushed hard, only as "George Washington, Esq., &c. &c. &c.," but finding they could have no intercourse with him at all except by giving him the full rank accorded him by the Continental Congress, yielded the point. So we at the outset of the war could not consent to put ourselves on an equality with the rebels by entering into any negotiations on the subject of exchange of prisoners. They had no right to take or hold prisoners—but to treat with them admitted that they had. It was worse than to acknowledge them as belligerents. If we could have had suppressed the rebellion at once, this would all have been very well, but when the war became protracted it would not do to let our brave men languish in southern prisons. On the other hand, we dare not treat prisoners that we took as rebels, and hang them as they deserved, for it would bring swift retaliation and the war thus become a mere butchery. The first privateers captured were condemned as pirates, as they were, but the moment they were placed in close confinement as felons, Colonel Corcoran and other of our brave officers taken at Bull Run, were confined in the same manner reserved for the same fate to which they should be doomed. Besides, the prisoners on both sides soon numbered by tens of thousands, and something must be done with them. Petitions from all parts of the country poured into Washington, asking for some action on this subject, and even State Legislatures took it up. At first the government undertook to avoid the necessity of negotiations with the rebel government by appointing commissioners to proceed south and attend to the wants of our soldiers in prison, but they of course were not permitted to go. Generals in the field were also allowed to make exchanges on their own responsibility, and individuals to procure their own exchange. Various devices and proposals were sought and made but all would not do—humiliating as it was, we had to come to direct negotiations on the subject.

It was designed at first to follow in this work the progress and changes that marked this delicate question, but it became so complicated and perplexing that it was abandoned. It is curious and interesting as a matter of history, but instead of treating of it in detail, we give the final result arrived at after more than a year's trifling. It is a pity that it could to have been reached sooner on account of our brave soldiers, to whom a year's confinement in southern prisons seemed a high price to pay for a theory that after all could not be carried out. The *principle* on which our government acted was unquestionably right, but as before remarked, the logic of events was too strong for it. Commissioners were therefore appointed on both sides to settle the vexed question, and the following is the result of their protracted labors :

THE CARTEL AGREED UPON

BY GEN. DIX FOR THE UNITED STATES, AND GEN. HILL FOR THE REBELS.

HAXALL'S LANDING, ON JAMES RIVER, Va., }
July 22, 1862. }

The undersigned having been commissioned by the authorities they respectively represent, to make arrangements for a general exchange of prisoners of war, have agreed to the following articles :

ARTICLE 1. It is hereby agreed and stipulated that all prisoners of war held by either party, including those taken on private armed vessels, shall be discharged upon the conditions and terms following: Prisoners to be exchanged man for man, and officer for officer; privateers to be placed upon the footing of officers and men of the navy; men and officers of lower grades may be exchanged for officers of a higher grade. And men and officers of the different services may be exchanged according to the following scale of equivalents: a General Commanding-in-Chief or an Admiral shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for sixty privates or common seamen; a Flag-Officer or Major-General shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for forty privates or common seamen; a Commodore, carrying a broad pennant or a Brigadier-General shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or twenty privates or common seamen; a Captain in the navy, or a Colonel shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for fifteen privates or common seamen; a Lieutenant-Colonel, or a Commander in the navy, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or for ten privates or common seamen; a Lieutenant-Commander or a Major shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or eight privates or common seamen. A Lieutenant or a Master in the Navy, or a Captain in the Army or Marines, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or six privates or common seamen. Masters Mates in the navy, or Lieutenants and Ensigns in the Army, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank,

or four privates or common seamen. Midshipmen and Warrant officers in the Navy, Masters of merchant vessels and Commanders of privateers, shall be exchanged for officers of equal rank, or three privates or common seamen. Second Captains, Lieutenants, or Mates of merchant vessels or privateers, and all petty officers in the Navy, and all non-commissioned officers in the Army or Marines, shall be severally exchanged for persons of equal rank, or for two private soldiers or common seamen; and private soldiers or common seamen shall be exchanged for each other, man for man.

ART. 2. Local, State, civil and militia rank held by persons not in actual military services will not be recognized, the basis of exchange being the grade actually held in the naval and military service of the respective parties.

ART. 3. If citizens held by either party on charges of disloyalty or any alleged civil offense are exchanged, it shall only be for citizens, captured sutlers, and teamsters, and all civilians in the actual service of either party are to be exchanged for persons in similar position.

ART. 4. All prisoners of war are to be discharged on parole in ten days after their capture, and the prisoners now held, and those hereafter taken, to be transported to the points mutually agreed upon, at the expense of the capturing party. The surplus prisoners not exchanged shall not be permitted to take up arms again, nor to serve as a military police or constabulary force in any fort, garrison or field work held by either of the respective parties, nor as guards of prisons, depots or stores, nor to discharge any duty usually performed by soldiers, until exchanged under the provisions of this cartel. The exchange is not to be considered complete until the officer or soldier exchanged for has been actually restored to the lines to which he belongs.

ART. 5. Each party upon the discharge of prisoners of the other party is authorized to discharge an equal number of their own officers or men, from parole, furnishing at the same time to the other party a list of their prisoners discharged, and of their men relieved from parole, thus enabling each party to relieve from parole such of their own officers and men as the party may choose. The lists thus mutually furnished will keep both parties advised of the true condition of the exchange of prisoners.

ART. 6. The stipulations and provisions above mentioned to be of binding obligation during the continuance of the war, it matters not which party may have the surplus of prisoners, the great principle involved being: *First*—An equitable exchange of prisoners, man for man, officer for officer, or officers of higher grade exchanged for officers of lower grade, or for privates, according to the scale of equivalents. *Second*—That privates and officers, and men of the different services may be exchanged, according to the same scale of equivalents. *Third*—That all prisoners, of whatever arms, of

the service are to be exchanged or paroled in ten days from the time of their capture, if it be practicable to transfer them to their own lines in that time, if not, as soon thereafter as practicable. *Fourth*—That no officer, soldier or employee in the service of either party is to be considered as exchanged and absolved from his parole until his equivalent has actually reached the lines of his friends. *Fifth*—That the parole forbids the performance of field, garrison, police or guard or constabulary duty.

(Signed,)

JOHN A. DIX, *Major-General*.

D. H. HILL, *Major-General, C. S. A.*

SUPPLEMENTARY ARTICLES.

ART. 7 All prisoners of war now held on either side, and all prisoners hereafter taken shall be sent with all reasonable dispatch to A. M. Aiken's below Dutch Gap, on the James River, or to Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river, in the State of Mississippi, and there exchanged, or paroled until such exchange can be effected, notice being previously given by each party of the number of prisoners it will send, and the number of prisoners it will send, and the time when they will be delivered at those points, respectively; and in case the vicissitudes of war shall change the military relation of the places designated in this article, to the contending parties, so as to render the same inconvenient for the delivery and exchange of prisoners, other places bearing as nearly as may be, the present local relations of said places to the lines of said parties, shall, by mutual agreement, be substituted. But nothing in this article contained, shall prevent the commanders of two opposing armies from exchanging prisoners, or releasing them on parole, at other points mutually agreed on by said commanders.

ART. 8. For the purpose of carrying into effect the foregoing articles of agreement, each party will appoint two agents to be called "Agents for the exchange of prisoners of war," whose duty it shall be to communicate with each other by correspondence and otherwise, to prepare the lists of prisoners, to attend to the delivery of the prisoners, at the places agreed on, and to carry out promptly, effectually, and in good faith all the detailed provisions of the said articles of agreement.

ART. 9. And in case any misunderstanding shall arise in regard to any clause or stipulation in the foregoing articles, it is mutually agreed that such misunderstanding shall not interrupt the release of prisoners on parole as herein provided, but shall be made the subject of friendly explanation, in order that the object of this agreement may neither be defeated nor postponed.

(Signed,)

JOHN A. DIX, *Major-General*.

D. H. HILL, *Major-General, C. S. A.*

HEADLEY'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE magnitude of the subject of the present work—the Great Rebellion in the United States—being not only the Great Event in American History, but the most fearful tragedy of modern times, is of itself calculated to render this book one of the most exciting and interesting ever offered to the public. The publishers, fortunately, have been enabled to enlist the eminent and splendid talents of the Hon. J. T. Headley, who is well known to the public as the most brilliant and popular writer of Military History of modern times. In depicting the numerous battles and warlike scenes of the present contest, his power of vigorous and stirring description finds full scope. His great and remarkable talent for condensation by which he is enabled to render his narratives vivid, comprehensive, and full, in fewer words than almost any other writer, is invaluable in disposing of the immense mass of materials relating to the present subject. To more fully qualify himself for the work, he passed several months with our armies and obtained valuable information through his acquaintance with many of the most distinguished officers of the Army and Navy.

The following testimonials to Mr. Headley's ability as an author, are a few of the many which have appeared in the leading journals of the country :

"Mr. Headley is especially graphic and powerful in narratives of exciting events. He brings his reader into the immediate presence of the act he describes ; his words have a burning, rushing power. In battle scenes he has succeeded better than any writer of the day."—*New York Courier & Enquirer*.

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HURLBUT, WILLIAMS & CO., PUBLISHERS, Hartford, Conn.

E. B. & R. C. TREAT, Chicago, Illinois.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

From Rev. Dr. ANDERSON, President of Rochester University.

"I have examined the prospectus and specimen pages of the History of the Great Rebellion, in the process of preparation by J. T. Headley. From the specimen shown, and the well known ability of the author as a military historian, I have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the public.

Rochester, Oct. 13th, 1862.

M. B. ANDERSON."

From the Hartford Daily Courant.

"The importance of preserving a correct Narrative of the events now transpiring, can not be over-estimated. Every body will want a book that will tell concisely but graphically the incidents, statistics, and general history of this war. And we are happy to announce that we have seen specimens of a work on the subject from the Publishing House of Hurlbut, Williams & Co., Hartford, Conn., (from the pen of J. T. Headley,) which is worthy of a place in every family and library of the land. The publishers have spared no expense to make this the most valuable and attractive history of the war. It is beautifully illustrated with engravings on steel, from original designs, by Darley, Parsons, and other eminent artists---embracing military and naval scenes, and portraits of officers prominent in the war, both North and South. The work is written from the stand-point of thorough loyalty and patriotism, by one who is universally acknowledged to be the most vigorous and spirit-stirring historian of the age, and who as a writer of military history, especially in the description of battles and warlike scenes, has no superior, as the thousands of readers of Headley's "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Washington and his Generals," will testify. The style of the writing, the beautiful type, large page, and accurate portraits of men of the time prominent in the war, with the beautiful "get up" of the work, make it really a "Memorial Volume"---and one to be possessed by every family, especially those who are connected by ties of relationship or affection with the men who have periled their lives to sustain the honor of the flag and the integrity of the Nation."

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From the Syracuse, N. Y. Courier and Union.

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From the Whitehall N. Y. Times.

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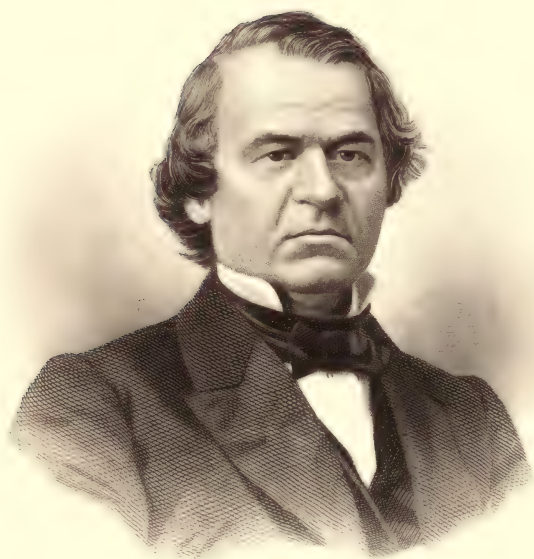
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Andrew Johnson

THE
GREAT REBELLION;

A HISTORY OF THE
Civil War in the United States.

By J. T. HEADLEY,

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"SACRED MOUNTAINS," ETC., ETC.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction and confidence that we issue this Second Volume of the History of the Great Rebellion. No other History of this mighty and memorable conflict, has won so large a favor from the American people. Mr. Headley's genius has here found a subject worthy of, and demanding its amplest resources; and he has successfully risen to the height of the great occasion. He here completes a historic record, that will be read with amazement and the deepest interest by present and future generations—the record of the sacrifices and successes of a people, sacredly cherishing the traditions and legacies of the Fathers and Founders of their Republic, and shrinking from no cost of treasure and blood necessary to subdue the most causeless and criminal insurrection against human rights and human freedom, that ever challenged a nation to the bitter and bloody arbitration of the battle field.

Ours is no dry and dreary compilation, which, even if read, can be of little profit, save to a few minds. It is not the speculations of the political theorist or philosopher, upon the causes and obscure agencies culminating in this atrocious conspiracy against the best human Government. But, it is the vivid and faithful portraiture—by an author of surpassing genius for historic delineation—of all the important events in our Civil War. From it may be got the clearest and most adequate idea of the spirit of the nation, and of the sweep and shock of its armies during these four eventful years of heroism and glory. It is a splendid and faithful panorama of a great people in arms, inspired with a sublime enthusiasm for Law and Liberty. It shows the prominent actors in the Tragedy which has held the gaze of the civilized world—some of them incompetent or un-

faithful and disappearing in defeat or dishonor—others grand, heroic, moving to victory or honorable death, blessed with the prayers and love of all true patriots, and crowned with their gratitude and homage.

The delay in the completion of the work, though a pecuniary detriment to us, will however be compensated by important advantages to our subscribers. If it had been issued at the close of the conflict, it must have been written, as were some other Histories, without the aid of the official reports of Generals Grant and Sherman—the only reliable sources of information respecting the last, great and decisive campaigns of the War.

No History can possess perfect accuracy. Authorities of apparently equal claims for credence often differ, and time not infrequently makes disclosures that modify statements and judgments once regarded correct. Special effort has been made to authenticate the statements of this work by a comparison with every accessible authority, and we are confident that it has no superior, and, we think, no equal in fidelity of historical narration.

The official reports of Generals Grant and Sherman are documents of such national and enduring interest and value, that every reader of this History will desire to have them in a permanent form. We have thought that such would be grateful to us for furnishing them, and fitly associating them with the concluding part of the History of a War, which these able Chieftains by their strategy and leadership brought to a glorious end.

We have employed the very best Artists in the production of the fine steel engravings which embellish this volume, and though these have been executed during the period of high prices, no expense has been spared to secure in them the highest degree of excellence. The engravings of the two volumes taken together constitute a series of elegant and varied illustrations unequalled in any other History of the War.

In view of its size, its valuable portraits and other illustrations, its elegant typography, and the general excellence of its mechanical execution, we are conscious of having more than fulfilled the pledges made to our subscribers, and in anticipation of their entire satisfaction, send forth this work.

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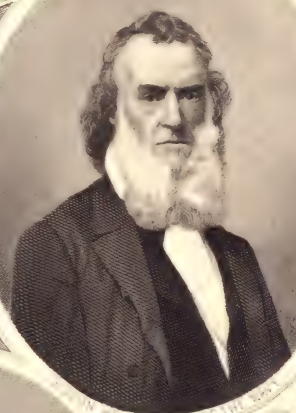
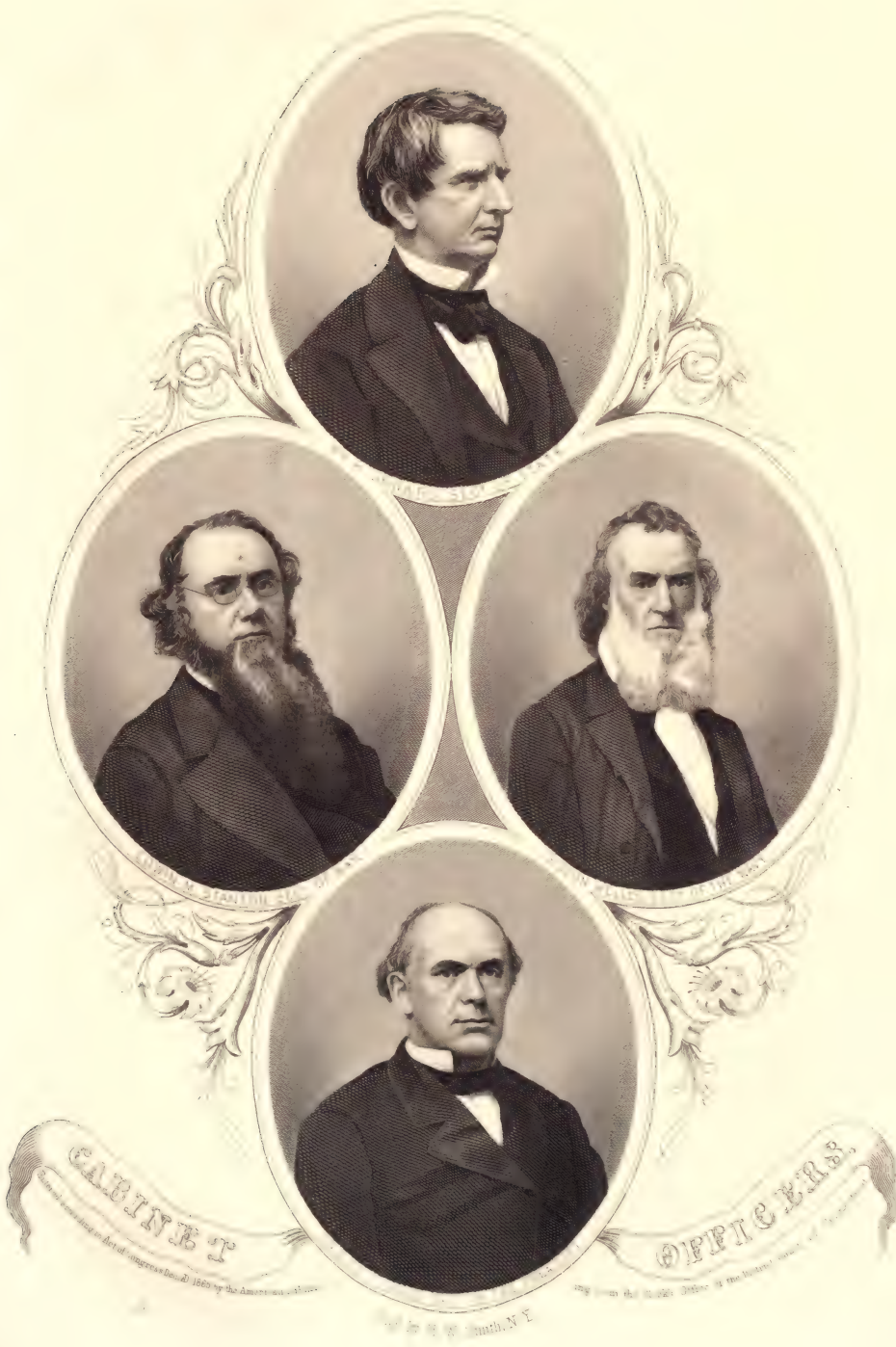
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CABINET

OFFICERS

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THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

JUNE—JULY, 1863.

THE SEVEN DAYS' CONTEST—REMARKABLE FORESIGHT—POSITION OF OUR ARMY—LEE'S PLAN—THE MOVEMENT COMMENCED—BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL—SEVERE LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—A TRAIN CUT ADRIFT—THE RETREAT—ARMY TRAIN—BATTLE OF SAVAGE STATION—BATTLE OF NELSON'S FARM AND GLENDALE—BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL—RETREAT TO HARRISON'S LANDING—FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE—LETTER OF THANKS FROM THE PRESIDENT—MC CLELLAN'S LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT ON THE POLICY THAT SHOULD BE ADOPTED IN PROSECUTING THE WAR—EFFECT OF IT ON HIMSELF.

BEFORE McClellan had fully determined that retreat would be necessary, he had decided in what direction it should be, when it became inevitable, viz., to James River, and not back to the base of his supplies at the White House.

With a foresight that seems almost like a divine premonition, he sent to Fortress Monroe to have transports carry up supplies to Harrison's Landing on James River, to be ready for his exhausted troops when they should arrive there, and with them gunboats, to co-operate with his land forces as circumstances might direct. These precautions saved him from annihilation. Having thus done all that human sagacity or foresight could accomplish, he anxiously waited the decisive movements of the enemy, which should settle at once his course of action.

To understand the exact position of our army at this time, it is necessary only to remember that the Richmond and York River railroad, running east to the White House, (the base of supplies,) and the Chickahominy River, form the two sides of a letter V—Bottom's bridge being at the point. The right arm of the V looking north is the river, which our forces occupied up to Mechanicsville north of Richmond, and the left arm is the railroad, running directly towards Richmond. The Williamsburg stage road ran alongside of the railroad, and not far from it. On the railroad, directly in front of the rebel capital, stood our intrenchments.

Here, and between the river and rebel fortifications, extending northward from the city, lay eight divisions of our army. On the opposite side of the river was General Porter, with two divisions, and the regular reserves, to guard against a flank movement from the north, which *should* have been taken care of by McDowell. The other flank, south of the railroad and turnpike, was protected by the White Oak Swamp.

This was McClellan's position; and in case of retreat, two courses lay open to him—either to fall back along the route by which he had advanced, to the White House on York River, or cross the White Oak Swamp southward, and reach the James River, where he still would be in striking distance of the rebel capital.

The various roads by which the enemy, from his central position at Richmond, could advance on the Union army, stretching from White Oak Swamp nearly to Mechanicsville, may be understood, by standing with the face toward it in Richmond and placing the right hand spread out, on the map. The thumb would represent the space between the Central railroad and Mechanicsville turnpike—the forefinger, the road to the New Bridge—the middle finger, the York

River railroad and Williamsburg turnpike running near each other—the space between this and the third finger, the White Oak Swamp—the finger itself, the Charles City turnpike south of it, and the little finger the Derbytown road, still nearer the James River. By these two latter roads, the rebels could swarm from Richmond, and fall on the heads of columns as they emerged from White Oak Swamp, should McClellan attempt to retreat towards the James River.

As soon as Lee ascertained that McDowell was not to advance to the aid of McClellan, and the country was clear around the right flank of the latter, he called in all his troops from the northern part of Virginia, including Stonewall Jackson, till he had a force in hand nearly double that of the Union army. With this, he resolved at once to fall on McClellan, and utterly destroy his whole army. The plan he adopted was a very simple one, and almost certain of success. It was to send an entire army beyond the Chickahominy, and with a single blow, crush the comparatively small force there, and keeping down its banks, get between McClellan and the White House, and thus cut off supplies and starve him into a surrender, or crush him between the two armies in front and rear—each equal to his entire force.

If in this dilemma, he should attempt to move off towards James River, through White Oak Swamp, he was to be received beyond it, by heavy columns from Richmond, which occupying all the roads, should hem him in in that direction, so that no supplies could reach him from any quarter. It was a gigantic scheme, and complete in every part, while the means were at hand to carry it into successful execution. Nothing but the most consummate generalship, and the steadiest troops, could extricate the American commander from the terrible position in which it would inevitably place him.

The main Union army, it will be remembered, was be-

tween the Chickahominy and Richmond. Fitz John Porter, however, with the fifth corps, was on the north side—his communication with it preserved by numerous bridges. The first object of the enemy was to sweep this force away, and then keep down the river in our rear. At the same time he was to attack in front, to prevent reinforcements from being sent to Porter.

The storm which had been slowly gathering, at length, on the 26th of June, burst in all its fury on the devoted army. The day was clear and warm, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Jackson moved from Ashland down the Chickahominy. Driving our advanced pickets before him, he uncovered the bridge at Brook turnpike, and General Branch, who was on the opposite side, crossed over, and wheeling to the right, kept down the north bank a little in the rear of Jackson, who gradually worked off towards the Pamunkey. The two divisions kept on till they reached Meadow Bridge, from which they also swept all obstacles, and A. P. Hill, on the other side, crossed over and joined Branch. The three columns now moved down towards Mechanicsville—Jackson in advance, stretching off towards the Pamunkey to get in flank and rear, Branch next, and Hill last, resting his right on the Chickahominy. Thus moving *en echelon*, they advanced on the Union batteries and a fierce artillery action commenced, which shook the shores of the stream, and rolled in heavy thunder peals over the city of Richmond. But our troops were in a strong position along the left bank of Beaver Dam Creek, the left resting on the Chickahominy, and the right on a thick piece of woods. Seymour's brigade held the left, reaching from the river to a little beyond Ellison's Mills—woods and open ground alternating—and Reynolds the right, mostly in the woods. Felled timbers and rifle pits strengthened the position, and the creek could be crossed by artillery, only

on two roads, along which the fight chiefly raged. Our batteries swept the ground beyond the creek, yet in face of their murderous fire, the enemy advanced intrepidly towards the stream, making his most desperate effort along the upper road, where Reynolds was posted. The struggle was fierce but short, and the rebel host surged back. Determined, however, to carry the position at whatever cost, the rebel leaders, under a fierce artillery fire along their whole line, massed their troops for another attack. With shouts and yells that rose over the roar of cannon, they again advanced, only to be mowed down with terrible slaughter from the steady murderous fire poured in from Seymour's brigade. The battle raged for six hours, or until nine o'clock at night, when the enemy retired.

McClellan now ascertained that Jackson was moving rapidly down on his communications, far to the right of Porter, and directed him to fall back, while the heavy guns and wagons were sent across the river.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

At Gaines' Mill a second position was taken, so as to cover the bridges, while Stoneman, who had been in command of a flying column to protect Porter's flank, was sent off towards the White House, to prevent its being cut off by Jackson.

The new position was the arc of a circle, and opposite the army of McClellan, on the other side of the stream. Morell's division held the left of this line, which extended about a mile and a half, its extremity resting on the slope that descended to the stream, and commanded by Butterfield. Martindale came next, and then Griffin, who touched the left of Sykes' division, which extended to the rear of Cold Harbor. Each brigade had two regiments in reserve.

McCall's division, which had been heavily engaged the day before, formed a second line in rear, with Meade's brigade on the left, near the Chickahominy, and Reynold's on the right. Seymour was held in reserve in the rear. The artillery was posted on the elevations around, and in the spaces between the divisions and brigades.

This was the position of that portion of the army which was on the north side of the stream at noon, on the 27th of June. The enemy, relying on his superior numbers, advanced with such determination upon our line of battle, that by two o'clock, Porter sent to McClellan for reinforcements and more axes, to complete his defences. General Barnard, by whom the order was sent, never delivered it,—an act of disobedience or neglect, meriting the severest condemnation,—and by three o'clock, Porter was so fiercely pushed, that the entire second line and the reserves had to be ordered forward to support the first. An half hour later, Slocum's division reached him, having been hurried across the bridges by McClellan as soon as he heard of Porter's sore need. When it came into action, Porter's whole force numbered about thirty-five thousand men, while that of the enemy was full sixty thousand, if not more. With his overwhelming numbers, he dashed now on one portion of the line, and now on another, each time repulsed with terrible slaughter. But our troops, most of which had been severely tasked by the previous day's fighting, were rapidly becoming exhausted, and at five o'clock an officer dashed into McClellan's headquarters, with an urgent demand for more reinforcements, as the day was going against them. McClellan had already sent all that he felt he could spare, for an overwhelming force was on his side of the river also, ready to swoop down on him, the moment his exhausted numbers gave them the opportunity. And yet so pressing was the danger, that he sent over French's and Meagher's brigades.

The scene which the battle field presented at this moment was one of imposing grandeur. Thirty-five thousand exhausted, beleagured men, enveloped in the smoke of their own guns, stood bravely battling against twice their number, that darkened all the surrounding country with their moving masses. The last of our reserves are in, and have been for some time, and now the enemy is moving up his own for a final assault. The thunder of artillery, which has been breaking along the whole line for four long hours, is redoubled, while the crash of musketry, fierce, rapid and incessant, tells the Commander-in-chief, that the final hour has come. Oh for but ten thousand of those forty thousand of McDowell's, fatally held back in this hour of terrible need, and the victory would be sure. But alas, they are lounging idly in their camps on the banks of the Rappahannock, while their brave comrades here, are falling thick as autumn leaves, in a vain effort to uphold the honor of the flag.

The summer sun was sinking in the western sky, which, without a cloud, looked like a sea of blood through the smoke of battle that filled all the air. In the valley, the long lines of lancers might be seen, their pennons fluttering in the breeze, waiting the pealing bugle note that shall send them headlong on the heavy battalions,—their sabre-points sending long lines of light over the green fields, dotted with groves on every side, while the gentle stream, reflecting the crimson light, murmurs gently along as though its sweet music was not drowned in the wild uproar that shakes its banks. It is a placid summer evening, and a beautiful landscape spreads away on every side, but the eye of the commander sees naught of this. His swelling heart is ready to burst, as he sees the ever-increasing flood of the enemy, and no troops with which to stem it. Oh for night to come! was his mental exclamation. But it is all in vain. The

heavy reserves are steadily pressing back Porter's left, and it begins to crumble, until the disorder reaches the very centre of the Federal lines. "There is no panic, the men do not fly in the wild excitement of fear; but deaf to every appeal, they march off deliberately, as if success were impossible." In vain the officers fling themselves in front of the troops, and shout to them to stand by their flag—in vain they offer to lead them back on the foe. On foot, his horse having been shot under him, Butterfield, surrounded by his falling staff, plants a flag and calls on his men to rally around it,—but in vain. With sword in hand, aids dash amid the broken ranks with stirring appeals, in vain. Amid the storm of shot and shell, the gallant leaders move and fall, in vain. The battle is lost, and nothing now remains but to save it from becoming a rout. Then came the order for the cavalry to charge. The bugles rang out over the horrible din and uproar, and with sabres shaking over their heads, the Fifth cavalry, shouting as they rode, dashed fiercely on the dense battalions. But they might as well have dashed on a rock. Broken into fragments by the shock, they galloped wildly back through the artillery and flying infantry, sending up a cloud of dust in their headlong passage, and increasing tenfold the hopeless disorder. Borne back for a mile, the shattered army came upon the fresh brigades of Meagher and French, standing like a wall of iron, on the field. Undismayed by the frightful wreck that came heaving wildly down upon them, they maintained their firm formation, and hurled it scornfully back, and sent up a loud hurrah that rose over the tumult and told the enemy that fresh troops were on the field. Advancing boldly to the front, they arrested the confident and on rushing enemy, and gave time for our troops to rally. Twilight had now settled over the landscape, and the enemy, having exhausted all his reserves, and weary with his long and des-

perate conflict, paused in his victorious career, and fell back, and the bloody day was ended. The slaughter had been fearful on both sides, and the trampled green sward and dusty roads were crimson with the blood of brave men, and sprinkled thickly with the dead and wounded. Twenty-three guns were left in the enemy's hands as trophies, and many prisoners, among them the gallant General Reynolds.

It was while smarting under this defeat and slaughter of his brave troops, that McClellan used the following strong and stinging language to the Secretary of War:—

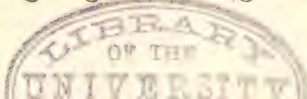
“I know that a few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the government must not, and cannot, hold me responsible for the result.

“I feel too earnestly to-night. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now, the game is lost.

“If I save this army now, I tell you plainly, that I owe no thanks to you, or to any other persons in Washington.

“You have done your best to sacrifice this army.”

This was a terrible accusation to come from a General-in-chief on the field of battle, but it is one from which the Secretary of War has never yet successfully vindicated himself. That night the entire army was transferred to the other side of the river, preparatory to the movement of the whole force to the James River. All the wagons, heavy guns, etc., were also gathered there, and General Keyes, with his corps, sent across the White Oak Swamp to seize strong positions on the opposite side, so as to cover the passage of the trains and the army. Orders were also sent to embark all the troops and stores at the White House, and destroy what could not be removed. This was done, and a whole loaded train that could not be saved, was afterwards sent adrift, with a full head of steam on, which, rushing unguided along the track,



plunged headlong into the stream, the bridge over it having been destroyed. Huge fires, caused by the burning material collected on the route to the White House, lightened the midnight heavens, leaving no fragment of the rich spoils which the enemy had fondly hoped to seize. The bridges over which our troops had passed were also destroyed, so that when morning dawned, the Army of the Potomac was all on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, while more than half of the Confederate forces were on the opposite side, and the bridges broken down between. This was a complete surprise to the enemy, and compelled him for awhile to rest—powerless to do mischief. This result had been planned by McClellan, for he needed the time it gave him, to get his immense trains across the swamp; before his army began to move. Tangled up between his corps, it would throw every thing into confusion. Only a single road crossed the swamp, along which five thousand wagons, twenty-five hundred cattle, his immense siege train, and various war material had to be transported. It required nice calculation and prompt, rapid movements to accomplish all this before the overwhelming force of the enemy would be on his rear, and rushing down, at right angles, on his line of march along the roads leading from Richmond beyond the swamp.

The 28th was a quiet day to both armies, so far as hostilities were concerned; but the Army of the Potomac was stripping itself for the race and the struggle before it. The distance to the James River was only seventeen miles, so that along that single line of road, scarcely half of the immense train would have entered the swamp when its head would be on James River. All day long it was winding, like a mighty serpent, its tedious length through the forest, whose gloomy recesses resounded with the rumbling of wheels, the lowing of cattle, and the shouts and curses of men, as they

urged on their teams. Time pressed, and the huge caravan was crowded along the hot and narrow way to its utmost speed. Wounded men lay bleeding in the wagons, or limped along beside them, while every ear was turned to catch the thunder of cannon from the pursuing foe. It was oppressively hot, yet all day and night the vast throng of wagons kept hurrying forward to give room for the army, for the peril to which it was exposed increased with every hour's delay. The moon rose over the dark forest about nine o'clock, and revealed a strange, confused, wild spectacle; but its light was dimmed by a thunder cloud, that pushing up the heavens, sent peal after peal like the roar of artillery over the alarmed multitude.

The next day was the Sabbath, but not a day of rest to that imperilled army. Early in the morning McClellan broke up his head-quarters at Savage Station, and moved across the swamp, to examine the ground beyond, for the disposition of the corps, and make sure his communication with the gunboats, without which all would be lost. He sent Slocum also across, to relieve Keyes, so that the latter could move on to James River. Porter was to follow, to make the communication sure. The whole army now began to move. Sumner, who was at Fair Oaks, started at daylight towards Savage Station, but before he reached it was attacked at Allen's field. With Richardson and Sedgwick's divisions he succeeded however in holding the rebels at bay for three hours. In the meantime, the enemy, having repaired the bridges, began to cross the Chickahominy and were now advancing towards Savage Station.

Franklin hearing of it, sent word to Sumner, who pushed on to that point and assumed chief command. It was plain that a battle must be fought here to cover the retreat.

BATTLE OF SAVAGE STATION.

Sumner, Franklin and Heintzleman were here—on whom the Commander-in-chief could rely, and he told them to hold that position till dark, and right gallantly was the order obeyed. The public property which had accumulated here was first destroyed, so as not to fall into the hands of the enemy, and then they prepared for a stubborn resistance.

In vain did the enemy move upon this noble rear guard, determined to break through to the trains beyond. It knew the mighty trust which had been reposed in it, and that it held the destiny of the army in its hands. Sumner and Franklin's commands were drawn up in line of battle, in an open field, the right stretching down the road, and the left resting on a piece of woods held by Brooks' brigade. About four o'clock the rebels, in overpowering masses, came moving down the Williamsburg road, and fell with savage fury on Burns' brigade. They could not have selected a worse point of attack, for a more gallant and stubborn commander never led troops to battle than he. Rooted to the ground—his hat pierced with balls, and bleeding from a wound in his face, he beat back the hostile battalions with a stern courage that elicited the highest praise from even the cautious Sedgwick. Hazzard and Pettit's batteries covered themselves with glory. The battle raged for five hours, or until nearly nine o'clock—the thunder of the guns breaking in successive crashes over the forest, and sending consternation through the struggling trains far ahead, and urging them on to still greater speed.

As soon as the battle was over, Sumner received orders to fall back across the swamp. He obeyed reluctantly, for his blood was up, and he wished to punish still further the

presumptuous foe. But the columns were quickly put in motion, and by midnight were all on the road to White Oak Swamp, General French bringing up the rear. All night long the brave but weary columns toiled on through the forest, and just as the rays of the sun were tipping the tree tops, the last regiment crossed White Oak Swamp bridge, and then the bridge itself was destroyed.

One of the most difficult steps of the perilous feat which McClellan had attempted to perform was now accomplished. His trains were well on towards James River; the enemy in the rear were arrested in their pursuit, and he had now chiefly the forces sent down from Richmond to contend with, which were designed to fall on him in flank and cut his army in two. The enemy on the Chickahominy had two sides of a triangle to traverse to reach him by this route, while he had but one, so that though he had to delay his march till his immense trains got away, he was able to have heavy forces guarding the roads leading from Richmond on the farther side of the swamp.

In the meantime, as soon as daylight revealed to the enemy that Sumner had abandoned Savage Station, and fallen back through the swamp, he started in pursuit, but on finding the bridge destroyed was compelled to halt on the banks of the stream. Here, planting his batteries, he opened a furious artillery fire on Franklin, who with his division had been left to defend the crossing. But Keyes handled his artillery with a skill that baffled all his efforts.

BATTLE OF NELSON'S FARM AND GLENDALE.

But while Franklin was thus keeping back the enemy that had followed through the swamp from Savage Station, a fierce battle was raging farther on towards the James River, with a rebel army under A. P. Hill which had moved down

from Richmond, between the swamp and river. The first road that intersected our line of march after crossing the White Oak Swamp was the Charles City road, and this Slocum was left to guard. Farther on towards the James, was the Newmarket road. McCall was posted on this, with Meade's brigade on his right, and Seymour's on his left; the batteries of Randall, Kern, Cooper, Diedrich and Kananah all posted in front of the infantry line. The country was open in front, leaving a clean sweep for the artillery.

About three o'clock the enemy was seen moving in heavy force upon this position, and at the same time coming down the Charles City road on Slocum. Checked here by the artillery, they, a little later, fell with desperate fury on McCall's division. Right in the face of the death-dealing batteries they advanced with grand heroic courage, and though swept by the storm of grape and canister, closed up their rent columns and still faced the fiery sleet without flinching. The slaughter was frightful, but making good the losses with fresh troops, the rebel leaders pressed this devoted division with such fury that at length it was compelled to fall back. The gallant fiery leaders, Hooker and Kearney, were hurried to the rescue, and falling with their weary, heroic columns on the shouting, victorious enemy, hurled him back stunned and astonished. The battle lasted till after dark, and again the Union troops had showed their indomitable valor. Here Burns again distinguished himself, and here the sixty-third Pennsylvania, under Colonel Hays, and the thirty-seventh New York Volunteers covered themselves with glory, for by their rapid volleys and desperate charge, they repelled the third attack, though made by overwhelming numbers. There was fighting everywhere to-day. The rebel artillery was thundering on our rear guard at White Oak Swamp bridge; where the roads crossed at right angles our line of march, a fierce battle was raging; while, at the same

time the enemy came down on Porter, already on the James to help whom, the gunboats opened with their ponderous guns, sending their awful missiles of death through the astonished hostile lines. The latter, maddened that the foe was about to escape them, resolved at whatever sacrifice of life to break through our long line at some point, and thundered on it from the middle of the swamp to the James River with frightful energy. The whole country was dark with his moving masses, and the summer sun went down in an ocean of rolling smoke, that heaved and rifted before the deafening explosions which made the earth tremble. Our wearied, hungry troops moved amid this carnival of death with a heroism that mocked at numbers, and made that last day of June one long to be remembered. The burdened earth turned red with the blood of the slain, but still our flag floated triumphantly over the field. McCall fell into the hands of the enemy, and Heintzleman, who was in chief command of the troops, began at midnight to fall back towards the James, on the banks of which our trains were now rapidly gathering. Franklin also retired, and McClellan ordered the whole army to fall back to Malvern Hill. He had selected this as the key to his position. Although he had given General Barnard, Engineer-in-chief, special orders as to the location of the troops as fast as they arrived, he on the morning of the first of July, made the entire circuit of the position himself with some of his general officers, to see that no mistake should occur.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

McClellan had been for the last three days fighting at fearful disadvantages, for his army lay scattered all the way from White Oak Swamp to the James River,—a line too long to be held throughout by his enfeebled army, and yet

which could not be shortened without peril. The communication with the river must be kept up on account of his transports, the trains be protected, the enemy in the rear held back, and all the roads coming down from Richmond strongly guarded; hence, when the enemy appeared in overwhelming numbers at any given point, the wearied troops guarding it were compelled to hold it till reinforcements could be hurried up from some other point. But now all this was changed. He had his noble army once more well in hand, and concentrated where it could strike its powerful blows like a single engine. But the rebels had also concentrated their forces, outnumbering his own, two to one, and was preparing to make one last great effort to wring victory from the hand of adverse fate.

Malvern Hill, on which McClellan had drawn up his wearied but unconquerable host, is a plateau about a mile and a half long, and three-quarters of a mile wide, with several roads, converging to a single point, running over it. On the side towards the river, the slope ended in a deep ravine, which stretched to the shore. Here Porter was posted, with one brigade in the plain, to check any flanking movement; and here, too, in the stream, were stationed the gunboats, under Commodore Rodgers, for the purpose of hurling their ponderous shells into the advancing columns of the enemy. In front were several ravines, furnishing natural obstacles to an approaching enemy, while the ground sloped away, giving a clean sweep for the artillery. On this plateau McClellan massed his splendid artillery, at least three hundred guns, frowning, like a brow of wrath, on the plain below, while on the highest point, dominating all, Col. Tyler had planted ten of his heavy siege guns. This officer had made almost superhuman efforts to save his unwieldy siege train amid the struggling mass that crowded the road through White Oak Swamp, and had succeeded with the

loss of only three guns, which had broken down, and so could not be brought off. Justly proud of his achievement, he now determined they should no longer remain useless burdens, and dragged these ten pieces to the top of the hill, that their voices should first speak in the coming conflict.

McClellan had not enough men to make his whole line of battle strong as it ought to be, and so he massed his main force to the north and east, conjecturing the weight of attack would come from that quarter—against his left wing. The pursuing force coming from White Oak Swamp, and that rushing down from Richmond, he thought, would make the attack in that direction, instead of losing time by swinging round down stream to the right wing, which would endanger their own communication with the capital.

In front of Porter's division, the artillery was so posted that the tremendous fire of sixty cannon could be concentrated on any single point, and made that grim chieftain feel that the troops which could reach him must be something more than flesh and blood. Sykes commanded his left, and Morell, his right divisions; Couch came next, and after him, Kearney and Hooker, then Sedgwick and Richardson, Smith and Slocum, strong leaders every one, on whom their chieftain could in that last trying hour rely with unbounded trust. A portion of Keyes' corps finished the line, that curved back nearly to the river again below, in a huge semicircle. The shattered, mutilated Pennsylvania reserve corps was stationed behind Porter and Couch as a reserve.

Thus stood the immortal army of the Potomac on the first of July. When all was completed, McClellan, with his brilliant staff, galloped along the mighty line, followed by the deafening cheers of his devoted battalions, who felt that they were to fight once more under his immediate eye. Seeing, at a glance, that the fury of the storm, as he had conjectured, was to burst on his left, he took his station there.

The infantry was posted down the hill, so that the artillery had a clean sweep over their heads. The scene was one of imposing grandeur, and as the bright sun looked down upon it, his rays flashed along the triple lines of steel that girdled the hill with light, while the steady ranks belted it with long dark lines—soon to be lines of fire. As far as the eye could see, banners drooped in the still air, while groups of horsemen here and there told where the respective commanders awaited the coming shock. It seemed downright madness for any troops to advance on such an infernal fire as, it was plain, could at any moment open from that plateau. But Magruder, commanding the rebel forces, relying on his overwhelming numbers, determined to carry it. Skirmishing in the plain below commenced between nine and ten in the morning, but the enemy seemed in no haste to enter on the desperate undertaking before him. At length, however, about two o'clock, a dark mass emerged on the plain and moved steadily forward on Couch's division. The artillery opened on both sides, and though ugly rents were made at every step in the enemy's ranks, they closed firmly up, and kept unfalteringly on. An ominous silence rested on Couch's division, which lay motionless on the ground. Still, on swept the hostile column, till within close musket range, when at the word of command, the division sprung to its feet and poured in one deadly volley. Before it, that compact mass was rent like a cloud, torn with an explosion in its own bosom, and was driven in shattered fragments over the field. About four o'clock the firing ceased all along the line, and the hill that for two hours had groaned on its firm foundations, under the heavy crack of artillery, lapsed into silence again. Two hours more passed by, but, about six o'clock, the plain below suddenly opened like a volcano with the fierce fire of all the rebel artillery, and, under its cover, were seen advancing the heavy columns of the

enemy. In a moment the hill was in a blaze of light, and from three hundred cannon rained a horrible tempest of shot and shell. Seeing that nothing could long stand before it, the rebel leaders ordered the troops on the double quick, to carry the hill in one impetuous rush. Brigade after brigade, emerging from the distant woods, dashed on a run across the intervening space, and swept up, in one black overwhelming tide, towards the batteries. But when they came within reach of the musketry, the volleys were too murderous for flesh and blood to withstand. The reeling lines shrivelled up before it and disappeared from sight. Still, bent on victory, the rebel leaders reformed their broken battalions; and, bringing forward fresh troops, sent them forward with drums beating and banners flying, in the same all-engulphing fire. More desperate courage was never displayed by any troops on any field than they evinced in these successive charges. Again and again, they crossed the whole line of fire of our batteries, breasting the storm of grape and canister without flinching, till close upon our line of battle, when their shouts of victory arose within short pistol shot of the coolly awaiting ranks. Then the hill side would seem to gap and shoot forth flame. One volley, and instantly the shouting troops were on them with the bayonet, sending them like scattered sheep to their cover, leaving the slope carpeted with their dead. It seemed that each repulse must be the last, and that no troops on earth could be made to advance again, on such certain destruction. But in a few moments the reformed columns would be seen emerging from the sulphurous cloud that canopied the field, and moving swiftly upon the batteries. They advanced, however, only to vanish again when they came within reach of the volleys of the infantry. In the midst of the horrible din and uproar, and this terrible slaughter, ever and anon came the deep boom of the one hundred pounders on

board the gunboats, followed by a shrieking mass rushing through the clouds of smoke—the next second to explode, like a clap of thunder, amid the ranks of the astonished foe.

The fiery sun went down on this strange scene,—his beams struggling dimly through the murky atmosphere, but still the work of death went on. As twilight deepened over the field, the puffs of smoke that shot out over the plain were illuminated with flame,—while blazing shells crossed and re-crossed each other in every direction, weaving a fiery net-work over the struggling armies. Into the midst of this pandemonium, every few minutes, fell one of the ponderous shells from the gunboats, bursting with a sound that shook the earth, and sent terror into the rebel ranks. Darkness at length closed the scene, and the shattered, bleeding host of the enemy withdrew in despair. The last blow had been struck and failed, and a loud shout rolled along the Union lines. But what a field it was! The ploughed and trampled earth, the shattered trees and buildings, and the fields strewn with dead horses, broken artillery wagons, muskets and men, looked as if all the forces of heaven and earth had been striving to see what a fearful wreck could be made.

Commodore Rodgers, of the gunboats, in a consultation with McClellan, had said that the southern shore of the river was so near at this point that should the enemy occupy it, it would be impossible to get up the supplies for the army, and as Harrison's Landing was the nearest point of safety, it had been resolved, two days previous, to fall back there. Hence, all day long, while the earth was shaking to the uproar of battle on Malvern Hill, the immense trains were hurrying forward towards Harrison's Landing. To the same point McClellan now directed the army to be moved. This was a delicate operation in the presence of the enemy, especially as the rear of the trains still blocked the road. General Keyes, with his corps, was appointed to cover the

manceuvre, and nobly did he fulfill the trust reposed in him. Colonel Averill, with his cavalry, who had done good service in the advance beyond White Oak Swamp, covered the withdrawal of the left wing under Porter, and so skillfully did he manage, that, with only his regiment and Lieut. Colonel Buchanan's brigade of regular infantry, and one battery, he so deceived the enemy, that they allowed him to hold the battle-field unmolested all the next day. General Keyes, by the way in which he took advantage of every formation of ground, and kept the trains closed up, and the army disencumbered of the countless wagons and vehicles of every description that thronged the single road over which he was compelled to move, showed executive ability equal to the management of a great battle, and won the highest praise of his commander.

The army was at last safe, and the terrible struggle that had been kept up since the 26th of June, was over. Pressed by overwhelming numbers, allowed no rest, scarcely time to snatch a morsel of food, bleeding at every step, and leaving its dead and wounded on almost every foot of ground it had traversed, this gallant army had fought its way triumphantly out of the very jaws of destruction, and now drew up along the banks of the James River, proud and defiant as ever. The mighty effort put forth by the rebel government had failed of success. At an immense sacrifice of life, it had succeeded only in compelling McClellan to adopt a better base, from which he could advance surely on Richmond. It is true he had lost 15,000 men in the terrible struggles of the last seven days, but the enemy had suffered still more heavily, and the rebel capital was crowded with the wounded and dying.

The whole movement had taken the country by surprise. Though every newspaper correspondent had said that unless the army was reinforced, its overthrow or defeat was

certain, and although the people wondered and clamored because McDowell, with nearly 40,000 men, was kept idle at Fredericksburg, and cursed the Secretary of War for keeping a part of the army from McClellan, it still would not admit defeat to be possible. It had resolved that Richmond should fall, and that the fourth of July should celebrate its overthrow. Hence, when the first news of the retreat of the army was received, it was confidently believed that it was an advance on Richmond. When the whole truth burst upon the country, it was stunned at the danger it had escaped, and filled with admiration at the valor of the army and skill of its leader, which had not merely kept at bay, but rolled back the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, even in defeat—its last blow, the greatest and most fearful of all. Murmurs and complaints were in every body's mouth, and rage and disappointment filled the land, while Richmond was ablaze with illuminations.

McClellan issued a spirited address to his soldiers, promising soon to lead them into Richmond. The President thanked him in a letter, saying, "I am satisfied that yourself, officers and men, have done the best you could. * * * ten thousand thanks for it." Two days after, when the full accounts had been received, he wrote again: "Be assured the heroism and skill of yourself, officers and men is, and forever will be, appreciated." McClellan now asked for reinforcements, which the government at Washington declared itself unable to furnish.

In this crisis of affairs he wrote a letter to the President, dated the 4th of July, in which he sketched out the policy which he thought should be adopted. This letter had an important influence on his destiny, for although it was not made public for more than a year, it was the cause of his removal from the command of the army. The main

features of the policy he recommended, were, no confiscation—no emancipation act by the government—hoping thus to bring about a reaction on the part of the South. These views made him the leader of the opposition, who immediately named him as the future candidate for the presidency.

CHAPTER II.

JULY—AUGUST, 1863.

POPE'S CAMPAIGN—POPE CALLED TO THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—HIS ORDERS—CONCENTRATION OF HIS ARMY—HALLECK MADE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF—HIS PLAN OF OPERATIONS—MC CLELLAN RECALLED FROM THE PENINSULA—HIS LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE—LEE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE BLUNDER OF HALLECK—BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN—LEE'S GREAT MOVEMENT BEGUN—ACCOUNT OF SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—BATTLE OF GROVETON—THE LAST DAY'S BATTLE—THE ARMY FALLS BACK TO THE FORTS—LEE MOVES TOWARDS THE POTOMAC—MC CLELLAN'S TELEGRAM TO HALLECK ASKING PERMISSION TO JOIN THE ARMY—PLACED ONCE MORE AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY—POPE'S FAILURE—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WHILE these momentous events were passing in front of Richmond, great changes were being introduced into the army around Washington. The President and the country, had had enough of the military strategy of the Secretary of War, and it became imperatively necessary to have some other head, to direct the corps of McDowell, Banks and Fremont, which had been taken away from the General-in-chief. General Pope was, therefore, called from the West, to take command of these, to be called the Army of Virginia, and also of all the troops, in garrison, around Washington. He entered on his duties the 26th of June, the very day on which commenced the seven days' struggle before Richmond. He began his career by issuing two orders, in which he ridiculed the idea of bases of operations and of "securing lines of retreat," declaring that he should leave that for the enemy to do. This was regarded as an indirect stab at the General-in-chief, and hence excited a great deal of ill will against him throughout the country.

Thoughtful men looked upon it as a bad omen, that he should, at the outset of the campaign, avow that he meant to disregard the soundest military maxims, and, like the First Napoleon, revolutionize the science of war.

The "Army of Virginia" numbered, at this time, about fifty thousand men fit for the field, with which Pope was to protect Washington, and co-operate, in some way, with the Army of the Potomac. This force was scattered all along, from Fredericksburg to Winchester, and his first object was to get it together. Adopting the theory, that if the enemy should attempt to advance on Washington by way of the Shenandoah Valley, it would be better, instead of meeting him there, to be more in front of Washington, so as to cut his force in two while on the march, he therefore, began to concentrate his army, in and about Sperryville. By occupying this position, he hoped to be able also, to operate on the enemy's line of communication, in the direction of Gordonsville and Charlottesville, so as to draw off a part of the army arrayed against McClellan. It has been seen, however, that the movement was too late to effect the latter object. In the meantime the President began to see that to have two distinct armies operating against the same point, and yet entirely independent of each other, with no common head but the Secretary of War whose incapacity to direct movements in the field, had been tested to his satisfaction, would only complicate the difficulties of the situation instead of removing them, sent for General Halleck to assume the chief command. This officer, who had never fought a battle, and never conducted a campaign in person, except the extraordinary one against Corinth, was, on the 12th day of July, placed at the head of the American armies, to control all the campaigns, and push the war to a speedy issue. He at once adopted a plan of campaign in accordance with the President's original policy, which

was to move on Richmond overland from Washington. Of course, it became necessary to recall the Army of the Potomac, and abandon the peninsula route altogether; and, on the 3d of August, Halleck sent an order to McClellan to withdraw his army at once, and come up to Acquia Creek, covering his movements the best way he could. McClellan was astonished at this unexpected order, saying in reply, that "it had caused him the greatest pain he ever experienced." He sent in a strong remonstrance against it, demonstrating, in the clearest manner, that it was a suicidal policy, and closing with these remarkable words: "clear in my convictions of right, strong in the consciousness that I ever have been, and still am, actuated solely by the love of my country, knowing that no ambitious or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war, I do now what I never did in my life before, I entreat that this order may be rescinded." The appeal was in vain. Halleck would not rescind the order, and McClellan, at once, began to obey it, and withdraw his army, in such a way as to save it from being cut up in its retreat. But he was not molested. Such a huge blunder, as the General-in-chief had now committed, was sure not to escape the keen watchfulness of a man of Lee's sagacity. Richmond being so unexpectedly relieved from all danger, he determined to throw his army rapidly across the country, overwhelm Pope, before the Army of the Potomac could reach him, and move boldly upon Washington.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

General Pope, being informed that Jackson was rapidly approaching the Rapidan, ordered Banks, commanding the Second Corps, nominally thirteen, but really only about eight thousand strong, to move to Culpepper Court House, where the whole army was being rapidly concentrated. On the

9th of August, he directed him to move forward towards Cedar Mountain, and take up a strong position, where he could resist the advance of Jackson, until the other corps could be brought up. Jackson, in the mean time, had already crossed the Rapidan, and occupied the sides of Cedar Mountain, in force. Banks, as he approached the mountain, about four o'clock in the afternoon, heard desultory firing from Bayard's cavalry, which was disputing the progress of the enemy, and from Crawford, who was engaged with his artillery. It was a warm August day, and the green trees that covered the mountain sides, effectually concealed the force of the enemy. From his masked batteries, Jackson immediately poured in a destructive fire on our advancing columns. Banks did not believe the enemy was in any considerable force, so, after suffering severely for a while, from the rebel batteries, he determined to charge those nearest him. General Williams held the right, and Augur the left, of the line of battle. General Prince, of the latter division, advanced his brigade from this part of the field, supported by General Geary, who moved nearly in a line with him. They swept past our artillery, entered a corn field in beautiful order, and moved steadily forward towards the hostile batteries, that all the while played fast and furiously into their exposed ranks. The brave men took the desolating fire with astonishing firmness, and, with their eyes bent on the deadly guns, kept grandly, devotedly on. But suddenly a heavy mass of infantry, till then concealed behind a low swell, rose before them and poured a fearful volley into their very faces. This unexpected fire, combined with that of the batteries, was too much for them, and they were compelled to fall back, though not till they had left nearly two-thirds of their entire number on the field. Prince, while gallantly holding his men to their murderous work, was surrounded and taken

prisoner, and Geary was borne back severely wounded. Crawford and Gordon, in a piece of woods on the extreme right, contended with equal gallantry against the same hopeless odds; but were also compelled to fall back. The battle proper, lasted scarcely more than thirty minutes, and yet, in that short space of time, General Gordon lost one-fourth of his entire brigade, and the One Hundred and Ninth Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Second New York regiments, left half their number behind them. Pope, hearing the cannonade at Culpepper, hurried forward with McDowell's Corps, to the rescue. Sigel was also ordered to close up with all possible despatch, and every preparation was made for a great battle. Darkness settled over the summer landscape; yet, all along that mountain side, occasional spots of flame would flash out, as a battery, now and then, sent its heavy shot and shell into the valley below—but before Pope could get his forces up, Jackson had retired across the Rapidan. He had accomplished his purpose—decoyed Banks into a trap, and shattered his corps into fragments, that could unite no more, till that campaign was ended; for nearly one-fourth of his entire force was killed, wounded, and missing, at the close of that short desperate struggle.

Pope blamed Banks for bringing on this disastrous battle, saying that his orders were to stand on the defensive, until he could move up his main body, and that his neglecting to do so, not only caused a useless slaughter, but saved Jackson from total annihilation. What the ultimate result of the campaign would have been, had Banks obeyed orders, it is impossible to say. We only know it was a sad beginning of a sad campaign. Pope, finding that it was impossible to hold his advanced position, on which the enemy was moving in overwhelming force, resolved to abandon it, and on the 18th and 19th, safely moving his entire army across

the Rappahannock, for several days succeeded in holding the fords against the repeated attempts of the enemy to cross. These demonstrations of Lee, however, in front, were not very determined, and evidently made to mask his grand movement, which was to turn the right wing of Pope's army. The situation was fast becoming one, that might well fill the latter with anxiety. It would not do to uncover Fredericksburg, yet to extend his lines so as to keep pace with the rebel movement to the right, rendered it so thin as to be easily forced at almost any point. A sudden freshet raising the river, so that there were but few points where it could be crossed, relieved him for a while. On the 25th only seven thousand men, the Pennsylvania reserves under Reynolds and Kearney's division, had reached him from the Army of the Potomac. But receiving word that thirty thousand more were on their way to join him, he determined to let go his hold on the lower fords of the Rappahannock, and concentrate his forces between Warrenton and Gainesville, and give the enemy battle. On the 26th he ascertained that Jackson, having passed around his right, was moving swiftly through Thorough Fare Gap, to cut off his communication with Washington. Pope had directed the approaching reinforcements to take certain positions as they arrived, which, he felt confident, would enable him to checkmate any such attempt. But he was disappointed. In fact, the whole movement of Jackson was a surprise to him. So rapid and secret had his march of nearly fifty miles, in forty-eight hours been, that his sudden appearance at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, was like an apparition. Without wagons or provisions, feeding his army on the standing corn, which the soldiers picked and roasted on the way, he had moved with the celerity of cavalry, and was now thundering in the rear of the puzzled American Commander, breaking up his head-quarters, and capturing his

papers. Burning railway trains at Bristow, the enemy moved up to Manassas Junction, Ewell's division bringing up the rear. Destroying here, Quarter-Masters' and Commissary stores, and sutlers' depots, the ragged, famished soldiers, rioted, for a while, in luxury and drinking, and satiated themselves with the finest wines. But Jackson was now in a perilous position, being between Alexandria and Warrenton, and between Pope's army and that of McClellan. Turning night into day, by the immense conflagrations he kindled here, the enemy moved off to Centreville, and crossed the famous Bull Run, pursued by Pope. Jackson would hardly have dared to make this audacious movement, had he not entertained a thorough contempt for his adversary. Pope thought he had him in a trap, and telegraphed to Washington that he could not escape. In fact, he had him secure two or three times, yet the latter always managed to get off, but in every case, through somebody's criminal neglect, or almost equally criminal blunders. The misfortune at Bristow, was owing to the refusal, on the part of Porter, to obey orders, and the dilatoriness of Sigel, who commanded McDowell's advance. So too, if McDowell had "moved forward as directed, and at the time specified, they would have intercepted Jackson's retreat towards Centreville," and cut him up badly. But, after all these mishaps, Jackson was still in his toils, as he believed. Surrounded by an overwhelming force, his only way of escape was through Thorough Fare Gap, or north to Leesburgh. But McDowell, with twenty-five thousand men, was between him and the Gap, while Kearney was pressing him so closely, that the latter alternative would be impracticable. This was the state of things on the night of the 28th. From Pope's point of view, it did seem a desperate case for Jackson. Between him and the Gap, lay twenty-five thousand men—behind him, ready to fall on him in the morning, were twenty-five thousand

more, while the rebel leader could not have had more than twenty thousand men all told. But here again, "some one blundered." Ricketts, according to Pope, made a false movement, causing King to withdraw his troops, leaving Thorough Fare Gap open, towards which Jackson was steadily falling back, and through which Longstreet was about to pour his division to succor him. Of course, a new disposition of the forces became necessary. Sigel was directed to attack the enemy at daylight, and bring him to bay. He did so and the battle of Groveton followed. It was a bloody action, and at first, seemed doubtful, but the arrival of Hooker and Kearney soon changed the aspect of affairs. The battle raged all day, and the fields and woods were thickly strewn with the dead; but, at five o'clock, Heintzelman and Reno made a furious charge on the enemy's left, which doubled it up, and forced it back, so that, when darkness put an end to the strife, we were masters of the field, but nothing more. In the attack on the enemy's left, Grover's brigade, of Hooker's division, greatly distinguished itself by a bayonet charge, which shivered the first and second lines of the enemy, and was checked only by the third.

But while Jackson was compelled to fall back, Longstreet's troops were seen pouring through Thorough Fare Gap to his relief.

Our loss in this engagement was estimated at nearly eight thousand. Again, Pope saw his enemy elude his grasp, but this time, Porter was to blame; for, if he had come up in season, Pope "would have crushed or captured" (he said) "the larger portion of Jackson's force."

The next morning, Pope again gave battle, in the last desperate hope of breaking the enemy's left. The conflict was long and sanguinary, extending on into the night. As in the battle of the day before, no decisive advantage seemed

to have been gained by the enemy, yet, at its close, Pope ordered the whole army to fall back to the fortifications around Washington, for protection. He had ridiculed the idea of securing lines of retreat, and the country had scoffed at the veteran Scott, and afterwards at McClellan, for building those elaborate works before venturing an advance movement; but now, the former was glad to take advantage of the refuge he had affected to despise, and the latter heaved a sigh of relief, that military science had not yielded to popular ignorance and conceit. Halleck, at last, discovered the bold plan of Lee, which, the constant fighting, and even the last two days' battles, had not for a moment arrested. Steadily sweeping on towards the Shenandoah Valley, all the battles he had fought, were for the purpose of clearing his line of communications, and forcing our army back into its fortifications, exhausted, bleeding, humbled, so that he could cross the Potomac into Maryland, and threaten the national Capital from the rear.

All this time, McClellan, stripped of his command, was in camp near Alexandria, a prey to the keenest anxiety. The army that he had created, and which had become endeared to him by common perils and a common destiny, was struggling in mortal combat near him—the sound of cannon constantly borne to his ears, and the earth trembling under the heavy explosions, and yet, he was not allowed to be with it. His brave troops were being mowed down, as he believed, a sacrifice to incompetency, yet he could do nothing, but send on fresh men as fast as they arrived, till he had nothing left, but the guard around his camp, and this, at last, was ordered forward also. Never was a Commander placed in a more painful position. Stripped of all command, he walked his solitary camp, borne down with grief. At last he could bear it no longer, and just before midnight, on the last day of the battle, he telegraphed to Gen. Halleck, at Washing-

ton: "I cannot express to you the pain and mortification I have experienced to-day, in listening to the distant sound of the firing of my men. As I can be of no further use here, I respectfully ask, that if there is a probability of the conflict being renewed to-morrow, I may be permitted to go to the scene of battle with my Staff, merely to be with my own men, if nothing more. They will fight none the worse for my being with them. If it is not deemed best to intrust me with the command of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share their fate on the field of battle. Please reply to this to-night." To this he received no answer.

Such an appeal was enough to move a heart of stone. Though disgraced from his high command, he did not yield to resentment, and stand aloof in scornful anger, but, from a heart wrung with anguish for his brave troops, he prayed simply that he might fly to the battle-field and share their fate. If, however, he had wished for revenge, he would have been satisfied the next day, when the terrified General-in-Chief, whose treatment of him had been so extraordinary, sent to him the following telegram: "*I beg of you to assist me in this crisis, with your ability and experience. I am entirely tired out.*" Cæsar was, at length, compelled to cry, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." The President, too, who had hoped to the last for success, at length yielded to alarm, for he was suddenly aroused at the sight of the Capital in imminent peril, and sending for McClellan, placed him once more at the head of the army. The country, at last, awoke to the humiliating fact, that Pope's campaign had been a lamentable failure. A few friends, however, endeavored to break his fall, by asserting that he failed through the willful neglect of some of the commanders, to aid him—chief among whom was Porter. Certainly, if Pope's statements are to be received as true, he was the most injured and abused Commander of his time. In the first place, at the

outset, General Hatch failed to obey orders and take Gordonsville. Afterwards, he neglected to march to Charlottesville and destroy the railroad between that place and Lynchburg, for which he was removed from the command of the cavalry of General Banks' Corps. On the top of this misfortune, came the calamitous battle of Cedar Mountain, which Pope declares was fought contrary to his orders. In the third place, when Jackson was retreating from Manassas Junction towards Centreville, Pope says, "if the whole force under General McDowell, had moved forward as directed, and at the time specified, they would have intercepted Jackson's retreat;" and he adds, "I do not believe it would have been possible for him to cross Bull Run without heavy loss." Again, directly after, when he "felt sure there was no escape for Jackson, to his great disappointment the plan all fell through," because "King's division had fallen back, leaving open the road to Thorough Fare Gap." Again, on the 29th, he would have achieved a signal victory over Jackson, but for the "strange failure" of Gen. Porter to move as he was directed. And finally, on the 30th, he says "he began to feel discouraged and nearly hopeless of any successful issue" to his operations, on account of a letter he received from General McClellan, informing him that "rations and forage were at Alexandria, waiting a cavalry escort." Beginning with a commander of cavalry, and being kept up by three corps commanders, two of whom were in the regular army, this constant disobedience to orders worked the disastrous issues over which the country mourned. If all this was true, he certainly was an injured man, and the wrongs done him received their climax, when the Administration virtually withdrew him from the field, and sent him to the Northwest, to conduct a campaign against the Sioux Indians, who had risen and massacred several hundred of the inhabitants of Minnesota. The cam-

paign, however, needs no elaborate criticism. Recalling the army from the James River was a great blunder. The removal of McClellan did not necessitate the removal of the army, for there were Generals in it besides him, who, from that point, with proper reinforcements, could have carried it into Richmond. Pope, also, was no match for Lee, least of all in a country so thoroughly known by the latter, and of which he was almost wholly ignorant. Pope comprehended neither the campaign nor the country, and the General-in-chief, at Washington, was no wiser. The former, by looking at his map, could see points, where a proper force might thwart the movements of his adversary, and hence ordered them there, without taking into consideration the probabilities, and sometimes the possibilities, of their getting up in time to carry out his plans. If the army had been endowed with wings, his campaign might have been a very successful one, but, as it was, it turned out a miserable failure, the blame of which fell wholly on him, while it should be divided between him and General Halleck.

CHAPTER III.

SEPTEMBER—1862.

ALARM AT WASHINGTON—ANTIETAM—MC CLELLAN TAKES THE FIELD—BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN—SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY—BATTLE OF ANTIETAM—HOOKER'S STRUGGLE—FATAL DELAY OF BURNSIDE—LEE'S RETREAT—PUBLIC DISAPPOINTMENT—THE ARMY RESTS—EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—SUSPENSION OF HABEAS CORPUS—ITS EFFECTS—ITS DANGERS.

THE terror inspired at Washington, by the unfortunate turn of events, was not generally known to the country. Lee was throwing his mighty columns across the Potomac, in the vicinity of Hagerstown, but whether for the purpose of moving down upon Washington on the Maryland side, or of invading Pennsylvania, or with the design to draw our troops in that direction, and then suddenly recross the river, and come down on the Capital on the Virginia side, no one knew.

Reorganizing the army, as by magic, McClellan at once took the field, moving cautiously up the Potomac, on the Maryland side. His gallant army, though foot sore and worn, were, however, full of spirit and courage, because their beloved Commander rode at their head, and were eager to meet the exultant foe, before whom they had been so reluctantly compelled to retire.

With his left wing resting on the Potomac, and his right extending far out into the country, he moved by five different parallel roads, slowly and cautiously up the river, anxiously watching the development of the rebel plans. On the thirteenth, he had reached Fredericksburg, still in ignorance of the exact whereabouts of the rebel army. But,

during the day, an order of General Lee, fell into McClellan's hands, which fully disclosed the plans of the formèr. This was all the latter had been waiting for. He was now no longer compelled to feel his way, and immediately gave orders for the entire army to move rapidly forward. Harper's Ferry, on the Virginia side of the river, was, at this time, held by Colonel Miles, with a large garrison, which, for some unexplained reason, was not allowed, at the first, to be under McClellan's charge, though being directly in the field of his operations. Before he left Washington, he had requested that the garrison be withdrawn, either to the Maryland Heights, which could be easily held, or sent to aid in covering the Cumberland Valley. This advice was unheeded, and the place kept from his control, until Jackson, with a heavy force, was already advancing against it. Two days after McClellan was informed that the place was under his command, he received a verbal report from Colonel Miles, that he had abandoned Maryland Heights, the key to the position, but that he could hold out two days longer. McClellan sent couriers back, by three different routes, to inform him that he was forcing the pass on the Hagerstown road, over the Blue Ridge, and that he would certainly soon relieve him. "Hold to the last extremity," was his urgent command. In the mean time the

BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

was raging. The rebels occupied the sides and tops of the mountain, on both sides of the road, at a point called Frog's Gap. The lofty slopes were steep, broken, and wooded, furnishing a strong position for defense, and which commanded every approach to the base of the ridge. The battle commenced at seven o'clock in the morning, by the advance of Cox's division of Reno's Corps. A heavy artil-

lery duel followed, the enemy pouring their shot and shell down from the sides of the mountains, and our batteries replying from the plain below. About noon, a short, severe conflict occurred between the infantry, over some pieces abandoned by our troops in a panic, in which the rebels were beaten. About two o'clock, the head of Hooker's column, coming to reinforce Reno, was seen moving along the turnpike. Sweeping off in a road that turned to the right, it steadily approached the foot of the mountain, amid the prolonged cheers of Reno's troops. An hour later, the line of battle was formed at the base of the ridge—Rickett's brigade on the extreme right, and Reno's on the left—and the order to advance given. The enemy opened on it with artillery, but it steadily advanced, and, at length, began to ascend the rugged slope. In a short time the whole rebel force was encountered, and then the wooded steep became wrapped in flame and smoke. For three hours, it thundered and flamed without a moment's interval, along the breast of the mountain, but nothing could stay the steady upward sweep of that magnificent line, and as the last rays of the sun were gilding the summit, our victorious flag was planted upon it, and the shout of triumph rolled down the farther side, after the fleeing enemy. Our total loss, in killed and wounded, was two thousand three hundred and twenty-five—that of the enemy was unknown. Among our dead was the gallant Reno.

The next day, the garrison at Harper's Ferry surrendered, numbering eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-three men, with nearly fifty pieces of artillery. The cavalry, about two thousand in number, under Colonel Davis, escaped previously, capturing Longstreet's train, and a hundred prisoners on its way. The unnecessary fall of this place, awakened the deepest indignation, and the blame was laid, now on Halleck, and now on Miles, and again on McClellan.

Colonel Ford, who commanded the Heights, also came in for his share of the blame. The disgraceful affair, however, is surrounded with no difficulties. Colonel Miles was not a fit man to command the place, as had been fully shown in his conduct at the first battle of Bull Run, and should not have been put there. His death, after he had hoisted the white flag, saved him from further disgrace.

The second blunder was in not putting it under McClellan's command at the first, as it was inclosed in the field of his military operations. His advice, at least, should have been taken. General Franklin was within a few miles of Harper's Ferry, to relieve it, when it surrendered. A proper officer could have held the place, though in itself it was of no consequence, in the campaign; for, if McClellan was beaten, we could not hold it, and if he drove the enemy out of Maryland, it was necessarily ours, for the latter would not attempt to retain it, as the sequel proved. The misfortune consisted in losing, at this critical period, so many men whom McClellan could have put to a useful purpose. The latter was blamed for not relieving it, at the last moment. But it fell within three days after it was placed under his command, and while his relieving columns were almost within cannon shot of it.

Although, as before stated, Harper's Ferry, as a military post, had no important bearing on McClellan's plan of the campaign, the loss of so many troops at this juncture, was a serious matter, and, in case of disaster, might increase it indefinitely. Still, no change was made in the Commander's purpose, and no delay permitted in the movement of the army. He had ascertained definitely, Lee's whereabouts and designs, and he was resolved at once to give him battle. Pushing his army rapidly forward, he, on the 15th, came upon the rebel host, drawn up in line of battle, on a row of heights that stretched along the west side of Antietam Creek.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

Antietam is a sluggish stream, emptying into the Potomac, with but a few fords, and those difficult ones; near these the enemy had taken his position. Four stone bridges crossed within the distance of about seven miles—the last one being near its mouth. The creek entering the Potomac at a sharp angle, brought the two streams so near together at Sharpsburg, that Lee's position actually stretched from one to the other—thus protecting both his flanks and his rear. The rebel leader had chosen his position admirably, for a stronger one could not well be found. Not only was he protected by these two streams, but the heights on which he was planted, were not composed of a single line of hills, which, if once carried, the battle was won, but of a succession of hills—those in rear commanding those in front. The hollows between, successfully concealed the number and movements of the hostile troops. A direct advance in front was plainly out of the question, and McClellan, having thoroughly reconnoitered the ground, resolved to attack by both flanks. Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner, were to attempt to turn the enemy's left, while Burnside, at the proper moment, was to carry the lower bridge, near the mouth of the creek, and crush the enemy's right, and then sweep along the heights towards the centre, which was then to advance and complete the victory. In accordance with this plan, Hooker, with his corps, composed of Rickett's, Meade's, and Doubleday's divisions, was ordered, on the afternoon of the 16th, to cross Antietam Creek by the upper bridge and a ford near it, attack the enemy's left, and fix himself firmly there, while Mansfield was to cross during the night, and Sumner early next morning. The passage of the stream was effected without difficulty, and the corps moved cau-

tiously down on the enemy's flank, on the further side. More or less skirmishing followed, but the firing ceased at dark, when Hooker found himself, breast to breast, with the hostile lines. The autumn night fell peacefully along the heights, but it was evident that the morning's dawn would witness the most fearful battle, thus far, of the war, and, in all human probability, settle the fate of Washington. It was clear, too, that the heaviest fighting was to be where Hooker commanded. Porter, holding the centre with Sykes, massed his troops, in a hollow, so as to be used as the exigencies of the battle might require, while his batteries above, played on the enemy.

The morning of the 17th broke somber and slow, over the heights, behind which slumbered the two great armies; for dull, heavy clouds wrapped the sky, giving a deeper gloom to the still forests around. But, in the early light, Hooker with his accustomed energy moved boldly on the foe. The men had scarcely swallowed their hasty breakfast, when the rapid shots of the Pennsylvania skirmishers announced that the fight had begun. The whole corps was soon engaged, and for half an hour it stormed and thundered miles away to the right, as though the main battle was being fought there at the outset. The contest was in an open space, made by a plowed field and a cornfield, and both armies stood up resolutely to their work. But at length, the enemy began to give way, when, "Forward!" ran along the line, and it sprang forward with a ringing cheer. Though at first retiring slowly, the rebels at this wild rush, fled precipitately, and were borne furiously back over the field, across the road beyond, and still back, till a piece of thick woods received them. Meade and his Pennsylvanians, whose blood was now up, followed fiercely after, and with a wild hurrah, dashed full on the cover. The next moment, those dark woods became a sheet of flame, bursting on those brave men.

Rent, shattered and torn before it, they reeled and staggered back. The next moment, like successive waves of the sea, the hostile lines swept out into view, cheering as they came, and carried the field like a storm. Hooker, seeing the danger, threw a brigade in the path of the foe, but it went down like frostwork, before the on-sweeping mass. "Give me," said he to Doubleday, "your best brigade." Down, on the run, came the best brigade, and reckless of shot and shell, moved straight up to the crest of the hill that crowned the cornfield, and forming in full view of the enemy, began to pour in their rapid, deadly volleys. Hartsuff, commanding, fell severely wounded; but that noble brigade held its own for half an hour, and then, finding no support coming up, dashed alone into the cornfield, and swept it with one gallant rush. Ricketts, holding the left of the line, was hard pressed, and Mansfield was ordered to his relief, but the gallant white-haired General fell in the onset. For a mile and a half, the battle raged furiously, all along Hooker's front; but at length, getting his two flanks safe, which the rebels had made almost superhuman efforts to turn, he determined to advance and end the struggle. To the right of the cornfield, was a piece of woods running out to a point which commanded the field, and he determined to take and hold it. Advancing to an eminence to reconnoiter the ground, he was struck in the foot with a bullet, and compelled to leave the field. Sumner immediately took command, and the advance commenced, the gallant Sedgwick leading; Crawford and Gordon stoutly battling in the woods; but the former, however, was compelled to give way, and his disordered troops poured like a torrent through Sedgwick's brigade, hurling it back broken and confused. The enemy, seeing his advantage, pressed fiercely on, with shouts that rose over the crash of artillery. Sedgwick, vainly striving to rally his troops under the rebel fire, was three times

wounded, but refused to leave the field, till he saw the attempt was hopeless. His Adjutant-General, Major Sedgwick, threw himself among the broken ranks in vain, and fell mortally wounded. Howard now assumed command, but his efforts were equally fruitless. Sumner undertook to reform the line, but to no purpose, and the division fell back, leaving the cornfield to the enemy. It was now noon, and at this crisis, Franklin came up and was sent to the right. He at once ordered Slocum and Smith, commanding the two divisions, to sweep the field. The latter, moving with the rapidity and resistlessness of a whirlwind, in ten minutes, cleared it of all but the rebel dead. The enemy now gave it up, and a lull in the conflict followed.

Hooker's attack had not been as successful as McClellan had anticipated. The bulk of our army had been massed on that flank, and yet the most it had been able to do, was to fix itself on the left of the enemy, while the heavy loss in officers and men, and the protracted, exhausting fighting, had left it unable to make any further forward movement.

The advance of Burnside on the left, over the bridge, which was designed to be simultaneous with that on the right, had been weak and undecided—thus allowing the enemy, with his shorter lines, to throw the weight of his force against Hooker. This delay was fatal to the success of McClellan's plan. At eight o'clock he sent an order to Burnside to carry the bridge, gain the heights beyond, and move along their crest to the enemy's rear. He himself occupied an eminence about midway between the two wings, and anxiously swept the field with his glass. Although the earthquake crash of artillery on the extreme right, showed that the heroic Hooker was throwing himself with terrible force on the enemy there, the firing on the left indicated that Burnside had not closed resolutely with the foe, and

McClellan, becoming filled with anxiety, hurried off another aid to Burnside, who dashed up to him, with the order to carry the bridge in his front, at all hazards. The aid returning with the report that the enemy still held the bridge, McClellan, now thoroughly aroused to the danger that threatened him, sent his Inspector-General, Col. Sackett, with the peremptory order to Burnside, to push forward without a moment's delay, and carry the bridge at the point of the bayonet. If he hesitated, Sackett himself was directed to stay and see it done. At last, at one o'clock, the Fifty-first regiments of the New-York and Pennsylvania volunteers, in a gallant burst, carried it with triumphant shouts. Burnside then moved across, other troops, and the enemy fell back to the heights. Hours, golden hours, big with the fate of the army and the nation, had been allowed to slip by; yet, even now, a vigorous and daring advance might save the day. Instead of this, however, Burnside, acting on his judgment, ordered a halt, and began to plant his artillery. Hearing of this, McClellan dispatched Col. Key, with orders to him to push on and carry the heights—that success was impossible unless he did—that he must not stop to calculate losses. Three o'clock came, and still the heights were not carried. Again McClellan hurried off Key, with orders to storm the heights at all hazards. At last the order was obeyed—the enemy were driven from their guns by our gallant troops, that now pushed forward with loud hurrahs, some of them even reaching the outskirts of Sharpsburg. But the advantage came too late, for heavy rebel reinforcements, that had been hurrying forward all day from Harper's Ferry, arriving at this critical moment on the field, turned the scale against Burnside, and compelled him to fall back. Seeing himself suddenly threatened with overthrow, he sent to McClellan for help. "McClellan's glass, for the last half-hour, has seldom been turned

away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows dark with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley, where fifteen thousand men are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below; are fresh, and only impatient to share in the fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals. McClellan remounts his horse, and, with Porter and a dozen of his Staff, rides away to the left, in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three soldiers talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come, when everything may turn on an order given or withheld—when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts, and purposes, and words, of the General."

"Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is, 'I want troops and guns. If you do not send them, I cannot hold my position a half an hour.' McClellan's only answer is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks, very slowly: 'Tell General Burnside, this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark, at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry.' Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back:—'Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man—*always the bridge*. If the bridge is lost, all is lost.'"^{*} The bridge was held—darkness soon covered the field, and the great battle was over. If Burnside had commenced his movement two hours sooner, there is scarcely a doubt, that night would have seen the rebel army fleeing across the Potomac. As it was, the two tired hosts lay down, front to front, along the slug-

^{*} George N. Smalley, correspondent of the Tribune.

gish Antietam, waiting for the morning, to renew the conflict. Twelve thousand had fallen on our side, and a much larger number of the enemy—a ghastly throng—covering those wooded heights, and choking the hollows. We had taken six thousand prisoners, and thirteen guns.

The next morning, McClellan determined to renew the fight, but he found his heavy batteries were nearly out of ammunition—ten thousand stragglers were scattered among the hills—supplies were to be brought up, while fourteen thousand fresh troops were on the march to join him. He, therefore, deemed it prudent to delay the attack till the next day, and spent the 18th in caring for the wounded, burying the dead, and gathering up his energies for the last decisive blow. Everything being completed, the orders were issued to commence the attack at daylight, but the enemy during the night had retreated, placing the Potomac between himself and our victorious army.

The nation was exultant over the victory. The feeling of triumph was dashed, however, because Lee's army had escaped. From the commencement of the war, certain cries, taken up by a portion of the press, had become, for a time, popular, and, like all clamors, furious and unreasonable. The first, was derision of fortifications, as though it were impossible to suppose we should ever need them. Then, there came an unthinking demand, that a retreating army, no matter whether it was ten, or a hundred thousand strong, should always be "bagged" by an equal number, though operating in a country covered with forests, crossed by rugged heights, and seamed with rivers. Next, came the outcry against siege operations, and the adoption of the motto, "to move at once upon the enemy's works." One after another, they were abandoned, as they always must be, and the operations in the field, left to those who understood their business. Thus, the next year, the public saw, without one

word of complaint, Meade's victorious army, with all its reinforcements up, sit down idly for a week on this very spot, and let Lee construct scows, and ferry his army, guns and supplies and all, over the Potomac, that seemed swollen with rains on purpose to secure the overthrow of the enemy. So, too, the clamor against the comparatively short siege of Yorktown, was changed to plaudits over the tedious sieges of Port Hudson and Vicksburg.

McClellan did not undertake to move his army at once, across the Potomac, for, he knew, if the enemy chose to retreat, he could do so without serious molestation; and if he risked another battle, it would have to be accepted under great disadvantages, and with the river, which was liable to be swollen at any time so as to be unfordable, between him and his base of supplies. On the night of the 19th, however, General Griffin, with a part of two brigades, crossed the river and carried the enemy's batteries, capturing several prisoners, and driving the rebel supports back a half a mile. He reported, on his return, that appearances indicated the retreat of Lee towards Winchester. To ascertain whether this was actually so, Porter, in the morning, sent over a detachment which advanced about a mile, when it fell into an ambush, and was driven back with great slaughter.

The balance of the month was spent in resting the over-tasked troops, bringing up supplies and ammunition, and in vain attempts to get the soldiers properly clothed, so that an onward movement could be resumed with some prospect of success. While the first month of Autumn was thus drawing to a close, the two armies still confronting each other on the upper Potomac, two proclamations were issued by the President, which had an important bearing on the future prospects of the war. One appeared on the 22d, abolishing slavery in all the States that should be in rebellion on the 1st day of January. 1863. The President had

long been urged to do this, both by politicians and ecclesiastical bodies, but he had stubbornly refused, not only on the ground of its doubtful constitutionality, but its uselessness, saying, facetiously, that it would be like the "Pope's bull against the comet." The armies freed the slaves, only as far as they advanced, and it seemed to him idle to suppose that a proclamation could achieve more than the bayonets of the soldiers. It would be time, he thought, to settle this vexed question when the rebel armies had been conquered. With these views, he had struggled hard to secure an Emancipation Act, which would allow compensation to the owners of slaves. In his preceding message, therefore, he had recommended the adoption of the following resolutions:—

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, (two thirds of both Houses concurring.) That the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures (or Conventions) of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all or any of which articles, when ratified by three-fourths of the said Legislatures (or Conventions,) to be valid as part or parts of the said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE —. Every State, wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein, at any time, or times, before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States, as follows, to wit:

The President of the United States shall deliver to every such State, bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of ——— per cent. per annum, to an amount equal to the aggregate sum of ——— for each slave shown to have been therein, by the eighth census of the United States, said bonds to be delivered to such States by instalments, or in one parcel, at the completion of the abolishment, accordingly as the same shall have been gradual, or at one time, within such State; and interest shall begin to run upon any such bond only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid. Any State having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterwards reintroducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States, the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

ARTICLE —. All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war, at any time before the end of the rebellion, shall be forever free; but all owners of such, who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them, at the same rates as is provided for States adopting abolishment of slavery, but in such way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

ARTICLE —. Congress may appropriate money, and otherwise provide for colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent, at any place or places without the United States."

He argued these resolutions at length, closing the message with the following eloquent, earnest language :

"This plan is recommended as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to all others, for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union. The subject is presented exclusively in its economical aspect. The plan would, I am confident, secure peace more speedily, and maintain it more permanently, than can be done by force alone ; while all it would cost, considering amounts, and manner of payment, and times of payment, would be easier paid, than will be the additional cost of the war, if we rely solely upon force. It is much, very much, that it would cost no blood at all.

The plan is proposed as permanent constitutional law. It cannot become such, without the concurrence of, first, two-thirds of Congress, and afterwards, three-fourths of the States. The requisite three-fourths of the States will necessarily include seven of the slave States. Their concurrence, if obtained, will give assurance of their severally adopting emancipation at no very distant day, upon the new constitutional terms. This assurance would end the struggle now, and save the Union forever.

I do not forget the gravity which should characterize a paper addressed to the Congress of the nation, by the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Nor do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I, in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust, that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me, you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves, in any undue earnestness I may seem to display.

Is it doubted, then, that the plan I propose, if adopted, would shorten the war, and thus lessen its expenditure of money and of blood ? Is it doubted that it would restore the national authority and national prosperity, and perpetuate both indefinitely ? Is it doubted that we here—Congress and Executive—can secure its adoption ? Will not the good people respond to a united and earnest appeal from us ? Can we, can they, by any other means, so certainly or so speedily assure these vital objects ? We can succeed only by concert. It is not 'can *any* of us *imagine* better ? but, 'can we *all* do better ? Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, 'can we do better ?' The dogmas of the quiet past, are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this Administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance, or insignificance, can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass, will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We *say* we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give, and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed ; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This plan not having been tried, we can only conjecture how it would have worked, and what the final result would have been. But whatever differences of opinion may be entertained of these views, no one can doubt the sincerity, or the lofty patriotism from which they sprung. Their straightforward honesty must command the respect of all, while the feeling with which they are urged, cannot fail to awaken the deepest sympathy for their unselfish author. They were not coincided in by Congress—and the President seeing no alternative, issued the following proclamation :

“I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of, practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in those States in which that relation is, or may be, suspended or disturbed ; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States, so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits ; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued ; that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free ; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States ; and the fact that any State, or people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress entitled ‘ An Act to make an additional article of war,’ approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following :

'Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter, the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war, for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be observed and obeyed as such:

'ARTICLE —. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands, for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article, shall be dismissed from the service.

'SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.'

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an Act entitled 'An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes,' approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

'SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves, of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons, found on [or being within] any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

'SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive, shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person, to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.'

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed,) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-second day of September in

the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*"

It is not to be supposed that the President ever regarded the question with indifference, or one to be disposed of by a joke; but with his eminently practical mind, he saw that the motives which influenced many, were based altogether on erroneous views, and the effect which they predicted would follow such a Proclamation, wholly chimerical. Notwithstanding all that has been said on this subject, we doubt very much whether the President, to the last, ever expected, such an edict would have any favorable effect on the war, so far as the South was concerned—on the contrary, we think he foresaw what actually occurred, that it would unite its population more firmly than ever, and give Davis more complete and absolute power. He doubtless anticipated some effect on foreign governments, which was realized; but the great object with him seemed to be, to get rid of the monstrous evil of Slavery. The madness of the South had brought it within the reach of the General Government, and if he could make its fate and that of the Rebellion one, he would, he believed, achieve the greatest and most beneficent triumph of this century. Still, with these views and wishes, constitutional and other objections interposed in his mind, which made him long hesitate. It was a very self-complacent conclusion that many ardent immediate-emancipationists came to, that Mr. Lincoln was a man of excellent motives, but had not yet grown to their stature and completeness—and that when these were attained, he then issued his Proclamation. To him, it was a momentous step to take, and one he determined not to be forced into hastily; nor, with all his philanthropic desire to see Slavery extinguished, would he have assailed it, so long as he thought the attempt would imperil the Union.

There is no evidence that he ever departed from the purpose he expressed in his letter to Horace Greeley—the Union first and foremost—Slavery afterward. When, at length, he saw that to withhold action longer would not help the Union, and when, as Commander of the armies, and not as a civil magistrate, he could, as a war measure, strike Slavery, he did, and, on the 1st of January, 1863, issued the following final Proclamation :

“ *Whereas*, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things, the following, to wit :

‘ That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free ; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

‘ That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States ; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.’

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above-mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit :

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated

as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,) and which excepted parts are for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare, that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*"

Thus was consummated the greatest event of the Nineteenth Century—the one that will forever be the distinguishing feature of this memorable war. What the final effect on the African race or the country may be, is yet an unsolved problem. But one thing is settled, Slavery is forever abolished in this free country, and the great blot on our national escutcheon removed.

The other proclamation, issued two days after, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* throughout the land, and required all persons accused of disloyal practices, to be tried by court-martial. This last was received with a storm of indignation, and the courts of some of the States denounced it as unconstitutional. The right of trial by jury is the most sacred of all political rights, and when that is finally stricken

down, liberty is dead. The opposition declared that to override thus the civil courts of a land, is the highest act of tyranny known to despotism. That civil courts must be disregarded in States in rebellion, and martial law be supreme there, was conceded by all, for it would be a farce to try a rebel in rebel courts. Having repudiated the authority of the Government, they could not act under it; and until that authority was re-established, none but military courts could exist. But to assert that the courts of New England, New York, Ohio, and the other States, in which not a band of organized rebels existed, or could exist openly for an hour, were not qualified to try every citizen accused of crime, it was argued was an insult to them. Good men, on the other hand, denied the allegation, on the ground that anything was allowable, which had for its object the overthrow of the rebellion—that extraordinary crises demanded extraordinary measures—that in the disturbed and distracted state of public feeling, it was absurd to expect that men of treasonable speech and action would receive justice in the ordinary courts. But that which excited the deepest indignation, and brought out the angry remonstrance of the Governors of New Jersey and New York, was the adoption of the system of arbitrary arrests, and imprisonment without accusation or trial, either by court-martial or otherwise. Provost-marshals, vested with almost unlimited power, acted as spies on the people, and on suspicion hurried men to prison, there to lie till the Secretary of State or Secretary of War saw fit to release them. That the abuse of this authority by the Secretaries was very great, is evident from the fact that scarcely one of these victims, after weeks or months of confinement, was ever tried for any crime whatever. The exercise of such a power was a most hazardous course on the part of the Government, and but for the President's interference with the free use of it, and the universal faith in the purity of his motives, it might, and probably would have worked

incalculable evil. He was denounced as a tyrant and despot, on every hand, by his enemies, and crimination and recrimination took the place of calm discussion and argument. The ablest papers friendly to the Administration, and the soundest thinkers, deprecated these arbitrary arrests, and feared for the result, but still repudiated the charge of tyranny and despotism, as all felt that there was not a man in the land who loved liberty more, or who would make greater sacrifices for constitutional freedom, than the President. Such papers as *The Evening Post* and *New York Tribune* condemned them, not so much on the ground of personal injustice or hardship, but because no more dangerous principle can be introduced into a republican government, than that its citizens can be deprived of liberty at the mere dictum of those in power, and for no other reason than that in their judgment the public safety requires it. It is the fundamental law of the Constitution of the United States, and of the Constitution of every State, that "*no person shall be deprived of life and liberty without due process of law ;*" and all history proves that no danger to a republic is so great, as the violation of this law. To override it on the plea of public necessity, is to adopt the policy of all despotic governments. It ought never to have been discussed or treated as a party measure, for every citizen, of whatever political faith, is equally interested in the principle involved.

CHAPTER IV.

JULY—AUGUST—SEPTEMBER.

OPERATIONS WEST—VICKSBURG—RAM ARKANSAS—MITCHELL'S GALLANT EXPLOIT—CURTIS CROSSES THE STATE OF ARKANSAS—BUELL'S CAMPAIGN—BRAGG INVADES TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY—RETREAT OF BUELL TO LOUISVILLE—IS SUPERSEDED BY THOMAS—KIRBY SMITH ADVANCES AGAINST CINCINNATI—LANE IN KANSAS—NEW-ORLEANS—BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE—DEATH OF GENERAL WILLIAMS—PORTER, WITH THE ESSEX, DESTROYS THE REBEL RAM ARKANSAS—ROSECRANS AT CORINTH.

WHILE such momentous events were passing on the Atlantic seaboard, the military movements at the West were not crowned with that success, which our previous victories had led the public to expect. The capture of Memphis brought our victorious fleet to Vicksburg, the fall of which would open the Mississippi to New Orleans. But this place, situated on a high bluff, bid defiance to our gunboats; so that, while it was hoped that we had reached the end of our labors, it was found that they had only begun.

In the middle of July, the rebel ram Arkansas, an iron-plated vessel, came down the Yazoo, and, passing triumphantly through our surprised fleet, safely anchored under the guns of Vicksburg. Flag-officers Farragut and Davis, with Porter, now held a consultation as to the best mode of destroying this powerful antagonist at its moorings. It was determined to make the attempt at four o'clock on the 22nd, by Farragut attacking the lower batteries and Davis the upper, while W. D. Porter, in the Essex, should move boldly and swiftly down on the steamer and crush it with one deadly blow. Reckless of the fire of the batteries, Porter dashed full on the

astonished rebel. The blow glanced from the mailed sides, and the Essex was carried by her momentum, high up on the river bank, where she lay for two hours or more, under the fire of seventy heavy guns in battery and twenty field pieces, besides the guns of the ram. Yet, strange to say, she eventually got off, and, passing down stream, anchored under the protection of the lower fleet of Farragut. A few days after, Col. Ellet went up the Yazoo and destroyed the rebel gun-boats Van Dorn, Polk and Livingston.

On land, but little was accomplished. In Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana, fights occurred between small forces, but having no important bearing on the main movements of the armies. The army of Curtis, which, after the battle of Pea Ridge the Spring before, attempted to cross the State of Arkansas to the Mississippi, arrived at Helena safe on the 12th of July, to the great relief of the country. It had been a long, most difficult and painful march; the cavalry, twenty-five hundred strong, on one occasion, marching sixty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

The great movement, however, at the West, during this month, was that of the army under Major-Gen. Buell, the object of which was to seize Chattanooga. His force consisted of about twenty-five thousand men, with some sixteen thousand more, scattered through Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama, mostly under the command of the gallant Mitchell. His first great object was to repair the railroad running north to Nashville, which he foresaw, contrary to Halleck's opinion, must be his base of supplies. While this herculean task was being accomplished by the force under Mitchell, he with his army marched rapidly towards Chattanooga. All this time, Morgan was on a grand raid in Kentucky. Forrest, also, with a formidable force, suddenly appeared before Murfreesboro' on the 13th, surprised and captured the garrison, consisting of fourteen hundred men, and broke up the railroad

to Nashville, which had only been completed the day before. This was a serious drawback, and Buell was blamed at the time, for the catastrophe. But the truth was, a sufficient force had not been given him to protect his front, three hundred miles long, reaching from Corinth to Cumberland Gap; he was also lamentably deficient in cavalry, though he had urged upon the Government the great necessity of his being supplied. It was plain to him, and ought to have been plain to Halleck, that the force was too small to hold the country, even if he should conquer it, to say nothing of the long line of communication to Nashville, which must be kept open. Morgan interrupted this so constantly, threatening even Nashville, that Buell sent Major-General Nelson there to take charge of affairs. In the meantime, Bragg was concentrating an army of sixty thousand men at and near Chattanooga, preparatory to an invasion of Middle Tennessee. Buell was aware of the approaching storm, and divided his inadequate force, so as to protect the most important points the best way he could. On the 20th of August, hearing that Bragg had commenced his march, and was crossing the Tennessee at Chattanooga and other points, he began to concentrate his forces at Altamont. But his supplies were getting short, when the startling news was received, that Kirby Smith, with a large army, had poured through the gaps of the Cumberland Mountains, and was invading Kentucky—having beaten Nelson and routed his army at Richmond. Even this stern and self-reliant Commander, who had never turned his back on the foe, began to be filled with anxiety at the perils that surrounded him, and to see clearly, that instead of conquering East Tennessee, it would tax his utmost skill and energy to save Middle Tennessee and Kentucky. He immediately concentrated his troops at Murfreesboro'. It was now September, and he at once marched out in search of the enemy, who retired as

he advanced, first from Glasgow, and then from Munfordsville from which he withdrew on the 20th. Buell now determined to fall back to Louisville, which was seriously threatened by Kirby Smith. He accomplished the long, tedious march without the loss of a wagon. The citizens of the place were in great trepidation, and when the tread of his advance columns sounded through the street, at midnight, the shout of "Buell has come! Buell has come!" went up, as it did on the banks of the Tennessee, at Pittsburg Landing, from our shattered, beaten forces, when they saw his trained legions sweeping to their relief. He immediately reorganized his army, and prepared to march forth against the enemy, but an order was received from Washington suspending him from chief command, and appointing Thomas in his place.

All this time, General George Morgan was grimly holding Cumberland Gap, against overwhelming odds.

While military affairs were assuming an alarming aspect in Tennessee and Kentucky—the bold advance of Smith threatening even Cincinnati, causing consternation among its inhabitants and sending them forth to the defense of the city—along the Mississippi, but little was accomplished, for Vicksburg still held out against the Federal fleet. Farther west, General Lane, having been appointed by the Government to raise an army in Kansas, issued his proclamation in August, calling on the inhabitants of Nebraska, Colorado and Dacotah to rally to his standard. Affairs remained unchanged at New Orleans under Butler's rigorous sway. He issued an order this month, assessing the inhabitants who had subscribed to the rebel defense fund, three hundred and forty-two thousand dollars. Colonel McNeil and General Blunt were dealing the guerrillas and organized bands some severe blows in Missouri; but the only battle that occurred in the West during the month was at Baton Rouge, which was attacked on the 5th by a heavy force

under Breckenridge. General Williams, commanding our troops there, formed his line of battle the night before, some distance outside of the town. But, though he was prepared to receive the expected attack, the enemy, taking advantage of a dense fog, came down at early daylight so suddenly upon him that a portion of his line gave way, and some guns were captured. He, however, rallied his troops, and gallantly led them in person against the advancing, shouting battalions, hurling them back with resistless fury. But he fell in the charge, and was borne back, mortally wounded, to the rear. The battle raged, with varied fortunes, for five hours, when the enemy fell back. The gunboats Essex and Sumter shelled the woods during the action; and after our lines were drawn in, as ordered by General Williams before he fell, two other gunboats added their fire, deterring the enemy from making another advance. The ram Arkansas, and the gunboats Webb and Music, had designed to take part in the combat, but the former, becoming disabled, was compelled to lie by. So, the next morning, Porter, in the Essex, went in search of the monster, and met it coming down to attack him. The former at once opened his guns on the formidable foe. The engine of the ram becoming disabled, it was compelled to run ashore, where it continued the combat. Porter, choosing his position, now poured a terrible fire into his adversary. The boat was soon in flames, and, deserted by her crew, drifted down stream till her magazine caught fire, when she blew up with a tremendous explosion. Thus ignobly perished this much-dreaded vessel.

Sherman at this time commanded at Memphis under Grant, who was over the Department of West Tennessee. His army lay comparatively idle during the month; but the next month, September, it seemed to rouse from its inexplicable inaction. Grant's head-quarters were at Corinth, where



he was confronted by Van Dorn and Price, who the Winter before had been beaten at Pea Ridge by Curtis.

Rosecrans, who in the middle of the preceding May had been ordered to join Halleck before Corinth, was, after the latter's elevation to the chief command, and Pope's transfer to Virginia, placed at the head of the Army of the Mississippi, as it was termed, under Grant. During the Summer he was active in the field, but accomplished nothing of importance. At this time he was established in Corinth. Suddenly he was informed that Price had advanced and taken possession of Iuka.

CHAPTER V.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER.

BATTLE OF IUKA—GALLANTRY OF GENERAL HAMILTON—FAILURE OF GRANT—ATTEMPT OF THE ENEMY TO CUT GRANT'S LINE OF SUPPLIES—BATTLE OF CORINTH—A GALLANT TEXAN—TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER OF THE ENEMY—THE VICTORY—ARRIVAL OF MC PHERSON—THE PURSUIT—THE BATTLE-FIELD—ROSECRANS PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

ROSECRANS knew that this movement was merely preparatory to an attack on Corinth itself, and, with his usual promptitude, determined at once to retake the place, and proposed to Grant to advance by one road, while he, marching by way of Jacinto, should get in rear, and prevent the force there from retreating southward. This was agreed to, and Rosecrans, having concentrated the troops of his two divisions, started on the morning of the 19th, and marching eighteen miles and a half, came within a little over a mile of Iuka. Price did not wait for his attack, but immediately marched forth to meet him. One division, Hamilton's, numbering less than three thousand men, and with but one battery, was in advance, and on this, Price with eleven thousand men suddenly moved. Hamilton had reached the brow of a hill, which fell off abruptly on both sides, when the enemy, hid in a ravine below, broke cover with a shout, and poured in a sudden volley of musketry. The woods were so dense that Hamilton could not deploy his men, and, marching them by either flank, from the only road that ran through the woods, and planting his single battery so as to command this road, received the

shock. It was fortunate for him that his position was so cramped, for it lessened the numerical advantage of the enemy, and left the contest to be decided, very much by the comparative strength of the heads of columns. The movements of the regiments into their assigned places were made with great steadiness, though under a withering fire the whole time. Each colonel had his orders to hold his ground at all hazards. It was a square, stand-up fight. The rebel onslaught was terrific. In dense masses, regiment closing in on regiment, like successive waves of the sea, they bore down on our thin line, with a desperation that threatened to sweep it to quick destruction. At this juncture, Sullivan arrived with his division, and, though no more troops could be used in front, his timely arrival prevented Hamilton from being outflanked by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. He believed he could stand pounding longest, and his brave division stood like a wall of adamant across the road. The woods on either side of it, were alive with the rolling volleys, and echoed to the shouts and yells of the combatants. The rebels, determined to force our line, moved into the desolating fire that met them, with unflinching resolution. As they came within close range, that single battery, the Eleventh Ohio, opened on them with grape and canister. The guns were worked with great rapidity, and at each discharge, gaps opened in the dense ranks, but they closed up again, and the hostile line swept steadily forward over all obstructions. At length, the Forty-eighth Indiana, pressed by three times its number—its gallant Commander cut down—fell back in disorder. This left the death-dealing battery exposed, and with an exultant shout the enemy sprang upon it. Receiving without flinching the load of canister and grape that met them, they swept over it and captured it; but not till every officer, and nearly every gunner was

killed or wounded, and scarcely a horse left standing. At this juncture, Sullivan, by a great effort, rallied a part of the right wing, and flung it like a loosened cliff on the shouting, triumphant captors, and sent them astounded back to cover. Maddened to fury by their loss, the rebels rallied, and with yells precipitated themselves upon Sullivan's diminished band, and recovered the battery. Around its guns, the battle raged with awful fury. Every flank movement of the enemy being promptly stopped, he was compelled to fight it out in front, and from five o'clock till dark, the Fifth Iowa, and Eleventh and Twenty-sixth Missouri, held that single road, with a stubbornness that scoffed at numbers. Rooted to their places—a line of fire running incessantly along their front, they stood unconquerable as fate. Three times did the Fifth Iowa, when about to be swallowed up by the ever-increasing masses, leap forward with the bayonet, and send them broken and discomfited back. When their ammunition was at last exhausted, they slowly retired, but with their faces to the foe. All this time Rosecrans listened, with intense anxiety, to hear the sound of Grant's guns on the other road, but it came not, and darkness at length closed the bloody contest. Those two brave, shattered divisions, lay down on their arms, on the ground they had crimsoned with their blood, to wait for the morning light to renew the unequal struggle. But the enemy, under cover of the darkness, stole away; and when the morning dawned, Iuka was found deserted. Rosecrans immediately started in pursuit with his cavalry, but being only three companies strong it could do little more than harass the rebel rear, and after going twenty-five miles, gave up the chase. About eleven o'clock, Grant marched into Iuka, where he should have been long before. Some unfortunate mistake had caused the delay, and thus saved the enemy

from total destruction. Rosecrans, in alluding to it, said, "The unexpected accident which alone prevented cutting off the retreat of Price, and capturing him and his army, only shows how much, success depends upon Him in whose hands are the accidents, as well as the laws of life." The total loss in this battle, was six hundred and eighty, or nearly a quarter of the whole force engaged.

Rosecrans immediately fell back on Corinth, where he again took up his head-quarters. He soon discovered that the enemy was concentrating on that place, or some other point, which would cut off his communications and compel him to evacuate it. Price, Van Dorn, and Lovell, had in fact united their entire forces, for the purpose of crushing his comparatively small army, before he could receive reinforcements. The latter, calling in all his troops from the adjacent posts, watched with the deepest solicitude the development of the hostile plan. At length, discovering that the rebels had marched around him to the eastward, and were moving down on Corinth from the north and north-east, he formed his plan, and disposing his troops to the best possible advantage, calmly awaited the attack. He knew he was outnumbered by two to one, but he relied on the strength of his position, and the indomitable character of his troops. McKean commanded the left, Davies the centre, and the gallant Hamilton the right, where Rosecrans supposed the weight of the struggle would fall. The old fortifications, thrown up by Beauregard, were too extensive for his little army to hold, and so he erected works within them.

This was on the third of October. Rosecrans' plan was to advance on the enemy, as he approached, in order to compel him to develop his lines, and then retire behind his own works, so that his batteries could sweep the rebels, as they emerged into the open ground in front. In carrying it out, more or less fighting occurred, and night found our army back in the

town, and the rebel lines drawn closely around it. Much uneasiness was felt among the soldiers, because they had been so easily driven back into the place, where the enemy's shells could reach them, but they were not aware of the motives which governed their Commander.

This was not lessened by the sound of the enemy at work all night, planting batteries within close range. At length, the long wished for, yet dreaded dawn, streaked the eastern sky, and the roll of the drum and the pealing bugle, awoke the morning echoes, and were answered by those of the enemy in the dark forests beyond.

The rebel force was massed in the angle, formed by the Memphis and Columbus railroads. The left of our army rested on the batteries extending west from Fort Robinette—the centre on a slight ridge north of the houses, and the right on the high ground which covered the Pittsburg and Purdy roads, that led away towards the old battle ground of Pittsburg Landing. The rebel plan was to move at once, with overwhelming numbers, on our batteries, and sweep them with the rush of a torrent. The sacrifice, they knew, would be great, but they were ready to make it. Four redoubts covered all the approaches, while batteries were in every place where guns could be advantageously posted, so that the whole open space in front of our lines, could be swept with a hail-storm of fire.

With daylight, skirmishing commenced, and the heavy boom of cannon, here and there, shook the field; but, as yet, the enemy's lines were invisible. They were forming in the roads running through the forest, a half a mile or more in front, and every eye was strained to catch the heads of the columns as they moved out for the final advance. The very mystery that shrouded the rebel host, hidden in those stirless woods, added impressiveness to the scene. At length, a little after nine o'clock, the fearful suspense ended, for the

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heads of the dense columns began to issue from their leafy covering. In columns of division, the whole host moved in splendid order up the Bolivar road, straight towards the murderous batteries. Long lines of glittering steel, crested the gray formations below, as, with steady step and closed ranks, they swept forward. Like a great wedge, the mighty mass at first advanced, and then slowly unfolded like two expanding wings, and swooped down on Corinth, that lay glittering in the mellow sun-light. Price on the left, and Van Dorn on the right, moved on together, but the latter, meeting with unexpected obstacles, lost a little time, and Price first caught the full fury of the storm. Right up a turfy slope, the steady columns pressed, swept by our whole line of batteries, the shot and shell tearing through them every moment with awful desolation. Like clouds, rent before the incessant flashes of lightning, those gray formations everywhere parted, showing great ragged openings that closed as quickly as made. The dead and dying darkened all the ground, but the living never faltered. With heads bent, and leaning forms, like those who breast a driving sleet, they pressed sternly forward, making straight for Rosecrans' centre. When they came within musket range, death traversed their ranks with still more frightful rapidity; yet they never faltered. The earth groaned and shook under them, and the air seemed to flow with fire around them, yet they heeded it not. Still onward and upward they came, like the march of fate. At last they reached the crest of the hill, and Davies' division gave way in disorder. Rosecrans, whose eye has never for a moment left this on-rolling mass, starts at this sudden great disaster, and dashing amid the broken ranks, heedless of the raining shot and shell, rallies them in person. But the rebels, seeing their advantage, spring forward with a shout, and Rosecrans' headquarters are inundated with the hostile troops, and the next

moment their fire is pouring into the public square of the town itself. Under this sudden change of fortune, Hamilton's division of veterans is compelled to fall back, and instantly, with a shout of victory, the rebels rush on Fort Richardson, the key of the position. A single sheet of flame bursts from its sides, and when the smoke rises, the space where they stood is clear of living men; only the dead and bleeding are left. But those brave men have not trodden Death's highway so far, to yield now, when their hands are grasping victory; and once more rallying, they precipitate themselves forward with the fury and clamor of demons. Richardson, from whom the battery was named, sinks amid his guns, and the next moment, the rebels are leaping over them. Suddenly, as if rising out of the earth, the Fifty-sixth Illinois, hid in a ravine near it, spring to their feet, and pouring in one close deliberate volley, dash across the plateau, and into the fort, and almost lift the rebels bodily out of it, so sudden and desperate and wild is their charge. Hamilton sees the charge, and "*Forward*" runs along his glorious line. Sweeping forward with terrible front, he completes the overthrow. The rebel host is at last broken. Human endurance had finally reached its limit—despair at once took the place of courage, and, flinging away their useless arms, they broke wildly for the woods. And then such a shout of victory went up, as those who heard it, will never forget to their latest day. It rolled down the line, and Van Dorn, on the left, heard it with a sinking heart. Struggling through a ravine and thickets and abattis, he was a moment too late, to have his blow fall simultaneously with that of Price, else the issue might have been different. He was now in front of Fort Robinette, within a hundred and fifty yards of which, stood Fort Williams. These had poured a deadly enfilading fire through his ranks, as he advanced, and now the former, with its ten pound Parrotts, stood right

in his path. Over this he must go, or turn back over the field, gained at such horrible sacrifice. The shout of victory borne to him from the left, sounded like the knell of doom. Price had failed at Fort Richardson, and now alone and unaided, he must carry the works before him, or all be lost. It was a mighty task, and he might well pause, before he undertook it. But instead of shrinking from it, he summoned all his energies for one desperate effort. Two brigades, one supporting the other, at close distance, and led by Colonel Rogers, of Texas, swiftly advanced straight on the fort. Instantly its guns, and those of Fort Williams, opened their fire, and shot and shell went tearing through the dense columns. But they had braced themselves up to the fearful work, they knew to be before them, and breasted the iron storm with sublime devotion. As they came within close range, and the infantry opened fire, the havoc was awful. The solid formations caved before it, as the sand-bank before the torrent, but closing up compact as iron, the diminished numbers, with their eyes bent sternly on the prize before them, kept on their terrible way. Rogers, striding at their head, seemed to bear a charmed life, and "*Forward*—FORWARD," rang clear and strong from his lips, rising even above the roar of cannon. Struggling through the fallen timber, they fell and were caught amid the branches, presenting a ghastly spectacle. Still the living never faltered—with their eyes fixed on their heroic leader, they let the volleys crash, and the devastating fire burn along their ranks, with a heroic indifference. At last they reached the ditch, and for one fearful moment paused. Rogers, still towering in front unhurt, waved the rebel flag with his left hand, holding a revolver in his right, and, still shouting "*Forward*," with one bound cleared the ditch. Springing up the slope, he planted his standard on the ramparts. The next moment he fell, banner and all, into the ditch, a corpse.

Five brave Texans, that never left their leader's side, at the same instant pitched heavily forward into the fort, sharing his fate. The Ohio brigade, commanded by Colonel Fuller, had lain flat on their faces just over the ridge, and now in close range, rose and delivered six swift volleys, and the front was clear of rebels. The supporting rebel brigade now advanced into the same volcano, bent on the same hopeless errand. Taking the close and swift volleys into their bosoms without shrinking, they kept on, till maddened into desperation, they made one wild rush on the Sixty-third Ohio, that crossed their path. But the brave fellows stood like a rock in their places, and in a moment, friend and foe were locked in a hand to hand death-struggle. Bayonets, clubbed muskets, and, when these failed, clenched fists were used. The fight was brief but awful, and the shouts and yells, and oaths and curses that rose, seemed wrenched from the throats of demons. At length the rebels gave way, when the Eleventh Missouri and Twenty-seventh Ohio sprang forward and chased them swiftly to cover.

The battle was over. No second charge could be made, for the victory was won, but at a fearful cost. Of the two hundred and fifty of the Sixty-third Ohio, one-half lay dead or bleeding, on the spot where they had fought. The shout that rocked the field, when Price recoiled, shattered and broken, from Fort Richardson, now went up from around Fort Robinette, and rolling like the waves of the sea, along the whole line of battle, swelled back into Corinth, where it was again caught up and prolonged, till the heavens shook with the loud and joyous acclaim. There had been no long battle. The whole struggle lasted scarcely more than an hour and a half. It was a whirlwind—a hurricane—then a great wild thunder crash—and all was over. And yet, in the brief struggle, what awful destruction had been wrought. Over two thousand of our own soldiers had fallen,

while over six thousand rebels had been piled on that bloody field. Death had moved through the thick-set ranks of the foe with a rapid footstep.

Forty thousand, it was estimated, composed the rebel force, while Rosecrans had but little over twenty thousand behind his works.

In front of Fort Robinette, the rebel dead lay in heaps. Fifty-six were buried in one ditch, but the brave Rogers was given a grave by himself—those stern Western men smoothing over and marking his last resting-place, with the tender care they would give the grave of a companion-in-arms. It was but a little to do; yet it was such a testimonial as the brave love to give to the brave, on whatever field they fall.

Two thousand two hundred and forty-eight prisoners fell into our hands, together with two pieces of artillery, fourteen stand of colors, and over three thousand small arms.

Rosecrans immediately rode along the whole line of battle, greeted with thundering cheers as he passed. He told his brave troops, that although they had been two days marching and preparing for battle, and had passed two sleepless nights, and endured two days' fighting, he wanted them to fill their cartridge-boxes, haversacks and stomachs, take an early sleep, and at daylight press after the flying foe.

McPherson, having arrived in the meantime at Corinth, with a fresh brigade, was immediately started in pursuit, and the roll of cannon died away in the distance, as he pressed fiercely after the retiring columns. The roads and fields were strewed with the wrecks of the fight. The rebels narrowly escaped destruction in the forks of the Hatchie, but finally got off.

The fields around Corinth presented a frightful spectacle, and for weeks after the battle, the place of slaughter could be scented miles away, by the traveler. It was a great vic-

tory, and people began to regard Rosecrans as invincible. Victory followed his standard wherever he moved, and the soldiers, with that fondness for nicknames which always characterizes them, christened him "Old Rosy."

Rosecrans believed that if Grant had supported him, as he requested him to do, he could easily have entered Vicksburg and saved the after sacrifice of men and money.

Having returned from the pursuit, he established his headquarters at Corinth, where he remained till the 25th of October. In the meantime, the Government having created the Department of the Cumberland, and the Fourteenth Army Corps, he was placed at the head of it, and departed for Louisville, where he arrived on the 30th.

With Buell's splendid army under his command, it was thought that he would immediately move on Bragg, and inflict that punishment on him, which he failed to receive at the hand of the former.

Repairing to Nashville, he took a survey of his position, and began to lay his plans for the future. Bragg, in the meantime, had assembled his army at Murfreesboro', and was strongly fortifying himself, preparatory to winter quarters.

CHAPTER VI.

OCTOBER.

BUELL RESTORED TO COMMAND—MOVES OUT OF LOUISVILLE—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—RETREAT OF BRAGG—PURSUIT—REMOVED FROM COMMAND—MORGAN AT CUMBERLAND GAP—GALLANT DEFENSE OF—CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS—IS SURROUNDED BY A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN—HIS EXTREME PERIL—GALLANT RESOLVE TO MAKE A FORCED MARCH OF TWO HUNDRED MILES TO THE OHIO—BLOWS UP THE MOUNTAIN—DESTROYS HIS SIEGE GUNS—BURNS UP EVERYTHING—FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION AND EXPLOSION—TERRIFIC SCENE—MIDNIGHT MARCH—THE RACE FOR LIFE—SUFFERINGS OF THE ARMY—ITS DELIGHT AT SIGHT OF THE OHIO—HALLECK'S TREATMENT OF MORGAN—EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENTS.

WHILE Rosecrans was thus crowning the Federal arms with success, in the neighborhood of the Mississippi, and Butler was trying to bring order out of chaos in New Orleans, and Galveston in Texas was surrendered (October 9th) to Renshaw, Commander of our fleet there, important events were occurring in Kentucky and East Tennessee. Buell's sudden removal from the head of the army at Louisville, arrested his march against Bragg, which he designed to commence the next day. Thomas, however, telegraphed to Washington, entreating the authorities there to reconsider their action, and retain Buell in the command, as the proper person to be at the head of the army. They acceded to his request, and Buell at once addressed himself to the task of driving Bragg out of Kentucky; and on the 1st of October moved out of Louisville, in five columns. Bragg, though constantly skirmishing, began to retire, with the evident intention of forming a junction with Kirby Smith, who had fallen back from his threatened attack on Cincinnati, though he had

carried the rebel flag within seven miles of the city. Buell overtook the enemy at Perryville on the 7th. A partial engagement followed, which was renewed with great severity the next morning, by the enemy suddenly falling on McCook's brigade. Repulsed at first, he repeated the attack at noon, in which the whole left corps became engaged, and was terribly pressed till night fell, when the battle ended. Terrill's brigade was driven back in a rout, and he was killed, as well as Jackson, who commanded the division. The brave, heroic Rousseau, commanding the third division, bore the chief weight of the battle, and saved the left corps from total defeat. A charge by Sheridan, at night-fall, closed the fight. This partial disaster was attributed by Buell to the neglect of McCook to send him word that he was pressed with an overwhelming force, until it was too late to reach him before night with the other wing of the army, which was separated by a distance of five miles.

Our loss in this engagement was about four thousand, leaving Buell but fifty-four thousand men with which to pursue Bragg, whose army numbered over sixty thousand. But the nature of the country was such that he could not force him to a battle, though he pressed him with unrelenting severity. At Crab Orchard, where the country suddenly changed, being barren and cut up into defiles, so that a small force could protect the retreating army, he stopped his pursuit, having captured in all, four or five thousand prisoners.

But though he had driven Bragg out of Kentucky, and thus relieved the State, the Administration pretended to be dissatisfied at his not having destroyed the rebel army, and therefore removed him from his command. Whether Halleck, and the Secretary of War, really believed that Buell had not done all that could reasonably have been expected of him, or whether it was necessary, as usual, to have some

scape goat for their own military blunders, is left to conjecture.

Cumberland Gap, which General Morgan, as before stated, had captured in the Spring, by a flank movement through Rogers' Gap, and immediately fortified, preparatory to a movement on Knoxville, was evacuated this September. The advance of Bragg into Kentucky, which compelled Buell to fall back rapidly to Nashville, left the enemy at liberty to push across the Cumberland Mountains, by various routes, and effectually cut Morgan off from his base of supplies, thus leaving him alone, to save himself as best he might. Strong in his position, he felt able to hold it against all odds, if he could be kept from starvation. He contested every foot of the advance of the enemy, and foraged the country in every direction that his forces could penetrate. In the meantime, he sent to Halleck, and General Wright of Ohio, for supplies, saying that if his communications could be kept open, he would hold the Gap against the whole rebel army. At different times he sent out five expeditions, in which he killed and captured seven hundred of the enemy, with a loss to himself of only forty men. For more than two months, he saw the storm gathering thicker and darker around him, for as Buell fell back towards Nashville, the rebel flood poured like a deluge into Kentucky, so that by the 21st of August, Morgan found Kirby Smith on the north side, and Stevenson on the south side of the Gap. Still, he kept buoyant and cheerful. Not a desponding word escaped him—he always wrote in a confident tone, but said that his supplies were getting shorter and shorter, and that even his animals were failing for want of forage. He would not stir from his position, he declared, though he had to kill his mules for food, if he could see any movement set on foot to open his communications. The country became alarmed for his safety. The very stubbornness with which he held the grim fortress,

only ensured his destruction, if no relief should reach him. He at length put his army on half-rations, and still clung to his position, though he knew a hundred thousand men environed him, and held the entire country from the Gap to the Ohio.

Thus, for thirty days, his brave soldiers were kept on half-rations; a great part of the time without bread, rice, flour or potatoes. The overwhelming enemy continued to draw closer and closer around him, every day narrowing his field for forage, until at length, starvation began to stare him in the face. What now was to be done? He could hear of no movement for his relief, and he staid, waiting for it, until every known avenue of escape was closed against him. The rebel General telegraphed to Richmond, that Morgan's army might be considered prisoners of war, for its fate was sealed. True, one route was still left open—the wild, desolate region stretching for two hundred miles directly to the north—but this was reported by the engineers impossible for any army with artillery, if indeed it were possible for an army of ten thousand men, to be supported there at all, in the length of time it would take to traverse such a country. Yet the rebels seemed to think, that a man who had dragged siege guns up and over the cliffs of Cumberland Mountains, might attempt to escape by this route; and so Humphrey Marshall was sent to block it up, and, early in September, was making his difficult way through the sterile region to the north-east. In this painful dilemma, Morgan called a council of war, in which it was decided that the only alternative was an immediate evacuation or an unconditional surrender. This being decided upon, Morgan determined to make a desperate effort to save both his army and artillery, all but the siege guns, which he resolved to destroy. It was a dreary prospect at best—that frightful march of two hundred miles, with ten times ten thousand men before, behind and on

every side of him. But he had tried his officers and men, and knew they would do anything short of a miracle, while he himself resolved to be annihilated, before he would surrender. Sending out officers to buy provisions along another route by way of Mount Sterling, who were purposely taken prisoners, he completely deceived the enemy as to his intentions. In the meantime, preparations were rapidly made to leave. The mountain was mined so as to tumble the cliffs upon the road in his rear, the heavy siege guns were destroyed, and, on the 16th, a large train started for Manchester. All that night, and the next day, the work went on. At evening, the pickets were quietly withdrawn, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gallup, with two hundred chosen men, was directed to hold the enemy in check, and, if he attempted to follow, to give the alarm by blowing up the magazine. Before he should finally leave the Gap, he was ordered to fire the military storehouse, commissary's and quartermasters' buildings, and tents, and then spring the mine that would unseat the cliffs, and hurl them into the road behind the retreating army. Five picked men were stationed at each magazine, to which the trains were already laid, and five more at a pit in which were piled several thousand stand of arms, mostly loaded, who at a given signal were to apply the torch, and set the volcano in motion. Gallup, having stationed his pickets, went forward with a flag of truce, and by adroit management effectually deceived the enemy respecting Morgan's designs. When he knew, by certain signs, that the army was well in motion, he took his leave, saying that he would call in the morning and get the answer to his flag of truce. He then visited his pickets, telling them to dispute every inch of ground, and repaired to Baird's head-quarters, where he found Morgan sitting on his horse, and with a serious, anxious face, watching his retiring columns. It was now ten o'clock at night, and the crisis of the fate of the army was

fast approaching. Turning to Gallup, Morgan said: "You have a highly important duty to perform; this ammunition and these arms and military stores must not fall into the hands of the enemy. I hope you will not be captured." "Farewell," he added, and bowing, rode off into the gloom. The night wore on, and Gallup, sending off his small force to a place of safety, directed three men—Markham, O'Brien and Thad. Reynolds as he was called—the boldest scout and spy in the army—to kindle the conflagration. As the flames rolled heavenward, he gave the signal to fire the trains. To his astonishment, no answering explosion followed, and waiting a sufficient time, he put spurs to his horse and galloped to the spot. Not a soul was to be found—all had gone forward to the main column. Seizing some burning fagots, he fired the trains with his own hands, and mounting his horse, dashed down the Gap. He had barely reached a safe distance, when the first explosion followed, sending the huge rocks in every direction. The conflagration in the valley below was now in full headway, and the scene became in describably grand. The savage precipices reddened like fire in the sudden illumination, and the whole midnight gorge shone brighter than at noon-day. Gallup, sitting on his horse, that glowed like a fiery steed in the intense glare of the flames, gazed with silent awe on the wild work his hands had wrought. Said he: "Every fissure and opening in the cliffs around me, was visible. The trees and rocks upon their sides, at any time picturesque and interesting, were now grand in their beauty. It was a scene more like enchantment than reality. I gazed, lost in admiration. But suddenly the scene changed. The large magazine, with its rich stores of powder and fixed ammunition, exploded. The explosion shook the mountains like a toy in the hands of a monster. The air was filled with dense smoke, so that I could scarcely breathe. Huge masses of rock, cartridge-

boxes, barrels of powder, and other materials, were blown to an indescribable height, and went whirling through the air in wild confusion, falling, in some instances, more than a mile from the exploding magazine. A moment after, the burning roof of a building a hundred and eighty feet long, used as a store-house on the mountain, fell in, and set fire to the shells stored there." Before the blazing embers that shot in a fiery shower heavenward had descended to the earth again, the explosion took place, sounding like a thousand cannon let off there at once, in the trembling gorge. Lighted on its way by such a sea of flame, and keeping step to such stern and awful music, did that gallant army move off into the night, and turn its face towards the distant Ohio.

But the terrific fusilade made by the discharging guns and bursting shells, was kept up there among the solitary crags until noon. The rebels beyond the ridge were filled with consternation, as they gazed on the lurid sky, and felt the earthquake shock, and knew not what the strange uproar meant. When, at last, they were informed, by an inhabitant of the region, that Morgan had evacuated the Gap, they dared not approach it till three o'clock the next day, for fear of exploding shells and mines. When they did venture near, they gazed around in blank astonishment. Silence and desolation reigned throughout the gorge, while the rocks lay piled along it, in one wild wreck, heaved there by the exploding mines.

Morgan had done his work thoroughly and well, but the mighty task before him was only just commenced. Two hundred miles of such a country as lay before him, were never before marched over, by ten thousand men, with artillery and no supplies, while a vast army was closing in upon them on every side. As if to cloud the beginning of his great endeavor with increasing gloom, towards morning a pelting rain set in, accompanied with fierce gusts of wind that swept mournfully over the swiftly advancing columns. Ten ladies,

the wives and daughters of officers, were with the army, to share its perils and its fortunes.

Morgan marched by two parallel roads, and so rapidly, that by morning his advance brigade was at Flat Lick, twenty miles from the Gap, which he had left the night before. By evening, the army was at Manchester. Here Morgan halted a day, to complete the organization of his forces, and gird himself for the long and doubtful race before him. Before he was ready to start, the enemy's bugles were sounding in his rear, while the scouts brought in the tidings that a brigade of cavalry, under the notorious Morgan, was hovering around his line of march. He learned also that Humphrey Marshall was moving to cut his line of march to the north. In fact, so perilous was his condition, that Gen. Jones, afterwards taken prisoner by us, confessed, that had Morgan delayed his retreat but a single day, his last avenue of escape would have been closed.

The storm was rapidly gathering, on every side of him, and nothing but swift marching could save him. A single inefficient or negligent officer might work his ruin; but a truer set of subordinates, or a more devoted body of soldiers, never closed around a brave Commander. Generals Spears, Carter and Baird, and Colonel De Coucy, led their respective commands, with a skill that won the admiration and praise of all. It was fortunate that he had, as topographical engineer with him, Captain Sidney Lyons, who, as State Geologist of Kentucky, had surveyed this whole region. He knew it so well, that he told Morgan that he doubted, even if he could succeed in getting his artillery trains over the terrible roads he must travel, whether he could subsist the army in such a country, during the short time it would take to traverse it.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of this extraordinary retreat. The army moved in a lengthened line, winding over the rocky, broken, sterile region like a huge serpent; the heavy rumbling of the trains and guns, the only music

of the march. When it came to a cross-road, it would rapidly concentrate, to prevent flank attacks of the enemy's cavalry, and as soon as the dangerous point was passed, unwind again, and press forward. The streams were all dry, mocking with their stony beds the thirst of the weary soldiers. Sometimes, water could be got only by pulling it up from crevices in the cliffs, eighty or a hundred feet deep; and one day, the army was compelled to march thirty-four miles in order to reach water. So constantly and dreadfully did the soldiers suffer for want of it, that they began to talk of the distant Ohio, as the end of all human desires. They suffered, too, from want of food, as the enemy destroyed everything before them on which they could lay their hands. Even the officers and women grew faint as they marched along, gnawed by the pangs of hunger. One day, all that Morgan had to sustain life was a single ear of parched corn, and on another day, all that he and his staff together had, was a dozen potatoes. Occasionally, a field of standing corn was passed, which sufficed to keep them from starvation. On one occasion, as Morgan was riding along the column, he passed the wife of one of his colonels, sitting on a log, looking faint and pale. Stopping a moment, he said: "I hope you are not ill." "Oh, no," she replied, "I am well, General." "But," she added, with a wan smile, "I have eaten but once in forty-eight hours." Famine was staring him and his gallant army in the face, but there was no murmuring, no complaint. The roads were blockaded with fallen trees and rocks, which had to be removed, or a new road cut around them; and the crack of rifles from the thickets along their line of march, and from barricades in front, and the report of forces gathering in advance, kept them ever on the alert, and hard at work, and constantly moving. The usual September storm, even a little delay, would probably have sealed the fate of the army; but the

bright autumnal weather enabled them to march steadily, and thus keep the advantage they had gained at the start, to the last. The rebel Morgan and Marshall were both in his front, and an overwhelming force in his rear, but the latter could not overtake him, while he moved so rapidly that the former had no time to concentrate a sufficient force to arrest his progress. Occasional conflicts with small bodies occurred, in which a few of his men fell, and were hastily buried in the sterile fields past which they marched.

Thus, day after day, for nearly a fortnight, this wonderful retreat was kept up, until at length, on the 3d of October, the advance brigade, as it reached a lofty swell, caught a glimpse of the lordly Ohio, rolling its glittering flood through the distant landscape. At the glad sight, a thrilling shout went up, and "The Ohio! The Ohio!" rolled like thunder down the excited line. Each regiment and brigade took it up in turn, till "The Ohio! The Ohio!" rose and fell in prolonged and jubilant acclamation for miles away, along the weary column. It recalled the time when the German army sent up in a wild shout, "The Rhine! The Rhine!" as they once more came in sight of their native stream, and joy and gladness filled every heart.

Morgan was at last safe. Right nobly had he won the race. By his foresight, energy and indomitable perseverance, he had escaped from the trap in which an inefficient General-in-Chief had allowed him to be caught. He had saved his entire train, and lost but eighty men since he moved out of the Gap. Instead, however, of congratulating him on his skill and success, in his report sent into Congress the following Winter, Halleck had the injustice to censure him for evacuating the Gap, saying that "an investigation had been ordered." No one, however, was deceived by it. The public had long known the situation of Morgan, and, that unless his communications were opened, and supplies sent him, he and his army were lost; and hence, instead

of condemning him, felt unbounded gratitude, that he had outwitted the enemy, and saved his army and guns. But the General-in-Chief was guilty of deception, as well as injustice. When he said that "an investigation had been ordered," it had not only been ordered but finished, and the report laid on his table *six weeks* previous. He himself had directed Major-General Wright to make this investigation; and, in his report, the latter said he "did not see how, with starvation staring him (Morgan) in the face, and with no certainty of relief being afforded, he could have come to any other conclusion than the one he arrived at," &c. He stated also that it was unanimously decided, in a council of war, to be the only course left, if he would avoid a surrender of his army.

When Morgan, who was at Memphis, saw Halleck's report, stung by its gross injustice, he immediately wrote to him, demanding a court of inquiry or court-martial, at once, before which he could be heard. Halleck, in reply, said "that General Wright was directed some time since to investigate and report the facts concerning that affair, and if that report shall be satisfactory, no further proceedings will be required, and you will be relieved from all blame." Morgan immediately wrote to General Wright, and found to his astonishment, that he had sent in his report the October previous, exonerating him from all blame, and that this report was in Halleck's hands when he made out his own report. That the latter should be guilty of the gross injustice of casting censure on a brave officer, in order to cover up his own short-comings, is perhaps not surprising; but that he should put on record statements, which, placed side by side, present him in such a painful aspect to the public, is certainly very remarkable. The whole campaign as planned, was a palpable blunder, and it was natural that he should put the blame of failure upon some one else; but this mode of doing it admits of no excuse.

CHAPTER VII.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE WEST—EAST TENNESSEE—ARKANSAS—BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE—FORREST'S RAID IN KENTUCKY—SURRENDER OF HARTSVILLE, TENNESSEE—BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT—EXPEDITION AGAINST VICKSBURG—SURRENDER OF HOLLY SPRINGS—ASSAULT UPON VICKSBURG—GALLANTRY OF GENERAL BLAIR—SHERMAN SUPERSEDED BY MC CLERNAND—ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—MC CLELLAN DELAYS TO MOVE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN HIM AND HALLECK—RAID OF STUART—MC CLELLAN ORDERED BY THE PRESIDENT TO MOVE—HIS ADVANCE—SUPERSEDED BY BURNSIDE—PARTING WITH THE ARMY—REVIEW OF MC CLELLAN'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

DURING this month, October, while East Tennessee had again fallen into the hands of the enemy, General Blunt, by a vigorous attack on the rebel Hindman, at Fort Wayne, Arkansas, had routed him, capturing his artillery, and thus relieved South-western Missouri from rebel depredations. In the latter part of the month, General Herron dispersed a large band of guerrillas, near Fayetteville, in Missouri. November passed without any battles of moment, though throughout the West, constant fighting was going on between detached forces. But in the last of this month, Gen. Blunt, who was fast rising into distinction, was pressing hard against the rebel forces under Hindman and Marmaduke in Arkansas. At Cane Hill, after a sharp contest, he forced the enemy to retreat. A few days after, however, learning that Hindman and Marmaduke, in conjunction, were moving from different points in heavy force to attack him, he immediately began to concentrate his troops, and on Friday, the 7th of December, gave him battle at Prairie Grove.

BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

General Herron, who, in obedience to orders from General Blunt, endeavored to join him, was attacked by an overwhelming force, but, by the most gallant fighting, held his own until Blunt formed a junction with him. It was a beautiful day, and, the battle occurring in a comparatively open country, the scene it presented was picturesque and thrilling. It lasted till night-fall, apparently without any decisive results. But the next morning it was found that the enemy had retreated. Herron and Blunt had out-generaled the enemy and defeated him, though superior in numbers, in a fair field fight. Our loss was a little over a thousand, while that of the rebels must have been nearly three times as great. Soon after, hearing that Hindman was at Van Buren, Blunt pushed on and captured it.

In Kentucky, Forrest's great-raid was the important event of the month of December. He seemed to go where he liked with his half-wild followers, sending consternation through the country. Elizabethtown was captured by Morgan on the 27th, and a large amount of property destroyed.

The shameful surrender of Hartsville, Tennessee, with some fifteen hundred men, this month, awakened the deepest indignation, and disgraced the troops left to hold it.

On the last day of the month, Forrest was defeated at Parker's Cross Roads by Sullivan, with a loss of a thousand men; but, on the whole, affairs in Kentucky and Tennessee at the close of the year, were in a very unsatisfactory condition.

The Department of New Orleans furnished nothing more important than the retirement of Butler, on the 15th of December, and the appointment of Banks in his place. The month previous, at Bayou Teche, fourteen miles from Bra-

shear City, a fight occurred between five Union gunboats and a large rebel force, supported by the gunboat Cotton, which resulted in the retreat of the enemy and the escape of the gunboat.

Up the Mississippi, however, more important events were transpiring. Grant, in command, planned an expedition to take Vicksburg, which, though it proved a sad failure, was the beginning of the great measures to open that river to our fleet. The plan was, for Sherman with his army to move straight on the place, and attempt to carry it by assault, while Grant himself was to advance against Jackson City, and attack the enemy there, to keep him from sending troops to Vicksburg.

Sherman left Memphis on the 20th day of December, and the day after Christmas, entered the Yazoo, and ascended it nearly to Haines' Bluff. Here the army was disembarked, and moved down towards Vicksburg.

The gunboats had previously, on the 26th, assaulted the eight-gun battery on the bluff, but were unable to silence it.

In the meantime, disaster had overtaken Grant, so that his co-operation became impossible. Holly Springs, on which he partly relied for supplies, was attacked and disgracefully surrendered. This brought him to a halt, and the rebel forces, that he expected to keep back from Vicksburg were left free to reinforce the place.

Sherman, however, ignorant of all this, proceeded to carry out his part of the plan, and, on the 27th day of December, advanced with his accustomed rapidity against the city, and before night drove the enemy from his outer lines. For the next two days he continued to press the assault, and on the 29th, a series of charges was made with a fury amounting almost to desperation. "Blair's brigade, in the advance, emerging from the cover of a cypress forest, came upon an intricate abattis of young trees, felled about three feet from

the ground, with the tops left interlacing each other in confusion. Beyond the abattis was a deep ditch, with quicksand at the bottom, and several feet of water over it. Beyond the ditch was a more impenetrable abattis of heavy timber. All this was swept by a murderous fire from the enemy's artillery. Yet, through and over it all, the brigade gallantly charged, and drove the enemy from his rifle pits at the base of the center hill, on which the city lay. Other brigades now came up in support, and the second line was carried; and still up the hill pressed the heroic advance."

But it was all in vain. The city was impregnable to so small a force, and reluctantly, the storming party yielded up their hardly earned conquests, Blair's brigade losing one-third of his men in the daring assault.*

Sherman now saw it was a hopeless task, and, under a flag of truce burying his men, re-embarked his army and proceeded to Young's Point. Here McClelland assumed command, and the army was divided into two corps, which were placed under Sherman and Morgan. In announcing the change of command, Sherman complimented his troops, adding: "Ours was but part of a combined movement in which others were to assist. We were in time; unforeseen contingencies must have delayed the others. We have destroyed the Shreveport road; we have attacked Vicksburg, and pushed the attack as far as prudence would justify, and, having found it too strong for our single column, we have drawn off in good order and good spirits, ready for any new move."

In the East, the year had closed disastrously to our arms. McClelland, after the Battle of Antietam, rested so long a time on the north side of the Potomac, that the President and his advisers became impatient, and urged an immediate advance

* Col. Bowman.

of the army. McClellan, in reply, stated that the troops were not in a fit condition to move, that they lacked clothing, supplies, horses, in short, could not march against the enemy, with any prospect of success. The correspondence between McClellan and Halleck at this time, is one of the most extraordinary developments of the war—the former repeating his needs, and urging that they be immediately supplied, and the latter, flatly contradicting him, affirming that he had clothing, horses, everything necessary. That the Commander of the army in the field, who had just saved Washington and won a great victory, should not know what his troops stood in want of—in fact, should be told, over and over again, that they had shoes, and clothing, and horses, right against the testimony of his own eyes, and the reports of his own officers—is a singular exhibition of want of harmony of action. The President seemed to think that Halleck was right, and, acting in accordance with the views of the latter, on the 6th of October, directed that the army move at once, while the roads were good. Four days after, the rebel Stuart crossed the Potomac with eighteen hundred men, on a raid into Pennsylvania, and so utterly was McClellan deficient in horses, that he could mount but eight hundred men to follow him—a sad comment on Halleck's assertions. It was on this account, that the rebel force, after penetrating to Chambersburg, some twenty miles in rear of the army, was able to make its way safely back to Virginia—having completed the entire circuit of the Federal forces. The successful return of this daring expedition was a cause of deep mortification, and kindled into greater strength the general desire that McClellan should move at once against the enemy.

At length, he put the army in motion, and on the 26th of October, began to cross the Potomac at Berlin, designing to move parallel with the Blue Ridge, holding each Gap as he advanced—Warrenton being the point of general direction.

By the 5th of November, he had planted his head-quarters at Warrenton—his army well in hand, and ready to close in a great struggle with the enemy—when he received a telegram from Washington, relieving him from the command of the army, and ordering him to turn it over to Burnside.

The announcement of this sudden change of leaders at this critical juncture, fell like a thunderbolt on the army and the nation, and awakened for a time the gravest fears as to its result. The reason given by Halleck—that it was done because McClellan disobeyed orders—if the true one, should have caused his removal a month before, when, directed to move at once across the Potomac, he had delayed until he thought he could do so with any prospect of success.

His parting with the army was a sad one to him and the troops, for it was the child of his creation, and common sufferings and dangers had endeared them to each other. None saw him leave, with keener regret, than Burnside himself, who did not wish to accept the position forced on him—openly declaring that McClellan was the only man fit to occupy it.

This terminated McClellan's connection with the army, and ended the first great chapter of the war. Public opinion will always be more or less divided as to his merits as a Commander, and the partisan character which the whole question at once assumed, rendered a just discussion of it impossible; and not, till the generation to which he belongs shall have passed away, will his conduct, during the two years and upwards that he was at the head of the Army of the Potomac, be judged simply by the rules of military criticism. But there are two great facts which do not admit of discussion. The first is, that the failure of the Peninsular campaign rendered a long and tedious war inevitable. The second is, that a great campaign cannot be successfully carried on, by a divided power and conflicting counsels.

CHAPTER VIII.

BURNSIDE ADVANCES ON FREDERICKSBURG—HIS DESIGN—IS DISAPPOINTED—RESOLVES TO CARRY THE HEIGHTS BY ASSAULT—TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT OF THE PLACE—A STRIKING SCENE—GALLANTRY OF THE SEVENTH MICHIGAN—THE SHARPSHOOTERS—CROSSING OF THE RIVER—THE BATTLE—THE DEFEAT—THE ARMY RECROSSES THE RIVER—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE—BURNSIDE TAKES THE RESPONSIBILITY—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN—SECOND ATTEMPT MADE AND ABANDONED—THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT—DEATH OF MITCHELL—FOSTER'S EXPEDITION INTO NORTH CAROLINA—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

TEN days after the removal of McClellan, Burnside broke up his head-quarters, and commenced a rapid march to Fredericksburg, with the design of capturing the place before Lee's main army could reach it, and thus to cut off his retreat towards Richmond, and compel him to a decisive battle in the field. But the pontoon trains, without which the army could not cross the river, did not arrive from Washington at the expected time. Consequently, it lay idly on the banks of the Rappahannock till nearly the middle of the next month. Ample time was therefore given to Lee to counteract the intended movement, and make that which at first seemed feasible, an impossibility. Still, Burnside did not abandon the project of taking the place, and, thinking that the most desperate movement would be never anticipated by the enemy—viz., a direct assault up an open slope, upon his intrenched positions, held by an ample force, with interior lines equally formidable—determined to hazard it. The country back of Fredericksburg rises in successive terraces, to the heights on which Lee's army lay intrenched.

This line of heights curves in towards the river, some three miles below the city, where it is wooded. Here the right of Lee's army rested. At this point also, Franklin, commanding our left wing, was directed to cross with his corps, and, if possible, turn the enemy's flank, while the main army was to cross directly at the city, and move in one grand assault up the heights. For two days before the battle, the banks of the Rappahannock presented a stirring spectacle. The moving of masses of troops, the far-echoing notes of the bugle, the heavy tramp of the marching columns, preparatory to the great "day of decision," the sullen thunder peals that rolled along the heights on either side of the river, dark with long rows of cannon—combined to make a scene at once grand and fearful. On Thursday, the place was bombarded, in order to drive out the sharpshooters who prevented the laying of the pontoons, and a hundred and seventy-nine guns opened at once on the town. At the commencement of this terrific cannonade, that shook the shores of the river like an earthquake, the city was enveloped in a dense fog—a spire here and there, piercing above the sleeping mass, alone revealing its locality. As the awful bombardment went on, dark columns of smoke, shooting fiercely through the white sea of mist, told where building after building was fired by the shells. About noon the, fog lifted, and, drifting gently away, revealed the city in flames. All day long, the deep reverberations shook the shore, and rolled heavily away over the trembling earth, and when the blood-red sun went down in the hazy sky, it shed a lurid light on field and river, and frowning heights, and miles of quiet tents. "As the air darkened, the red flashes of the guns gave a new effect to the scene—the roar of each report being preceded by a fierce dart of flame, while the explosion of each shell was announced by a gush of fire on the clouds. Towering between

us and the western sky, which was still showing its faded scarlet lining, was the huge, somber pillar of grimy smoke that marked the burning of Fredericksburg. Ascending to a vast height, it bore away northward, shaped like a plume bowed in the wind."

The guns, however, could not be depressed enough to reach the houses on the bank of the river, in which the sharpshooters lay concealed. If these could be dislodged, the pontoons might be laid, for the river ran so deep between its banks, that Lee could not command it with his batteries.

To do this, the Seventh Michigan volunteered to cross over in boats, under the fire of the sharpshooters, and expel them with the bayonet. In ten boats, holding twenty-five or thirty men each, the regiment pushed off with a ringing cheer, and, pulling straight into and through the pattering balls, reached the opposite shore. The Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts followed, and the rebels, popping up like rats from behind walls, rifle pits and heaps of rubbish, scampered off through the streets of the city, when three pontoon bridges were quickly laid, and soon shook to the tread of the mighty host.

By Saturday morning, the 13th, the army was across, including Franklin's Corps down the river. The fog lay heavy and still along the river and plain, and shrouded the batteries in gloom; yet heavy explosions incessantly shook its mysterious bosom, sounding the notes of preparation to the mighty columns, that, wrapped in its gray mantle, stood in battle array on the further side of the river. The battle, however, did not really commence till nearly noon, when the order to advance was given, and Couch's Corps moved forward into the fire. It is impossible to describe the din and carnage that followed. In three massive columns, our brave troops mounted the ascent, but, when they reached the second terrace, the rebel batteries, with a rapid and concentrated fire,

rained shot and shell in a ceaseless, overwhelming storm on their uncovered ranks. Horses galloping furiously across the plain—brigades streaming on the double-quick through the fiery sleet, that made great gaps in them as they passed—swaying columns bravely endeavoring to breast the storm—the ragged front of battle wildly undulating along the slope—the ceaseless crash of cannon—all combined to make a scene of tumult and carnage inconceivable, indescribable. Said Col. Stevens, in his report to the Governor of New Hampshire: “For three-fourths of an hour, I stood in front of my regiment on the brow of the hill, and watched the fire of the rebel batteries, as they poured shot and shell from sixteen different points upon our devoted men on the plains below. It was a sight magnificently terrible. Every discharge of the enemy’s artillery, and every explosion of his shells, was distinctly visible in the dusky twilight of that smoke-crowned hill. His direct and enfilading batteries, with the vividness, intensity, and almost the rapidity of lightning, hurled the messengers of death into the midst of our brave ranks, vainly struggling through the murderous fire to gain the hills and guns of the enemy.” The dead and wounded were borne back in an incessant stream to the city; not a step in advance was gained; and still the troops were pressed to the devastating fire, and Death held high carnival in front of the rebel works. “*Forward, men—steady—close up!*” fell from firm-set lips that the next moment were sealed in death; and deeds of personal daring, and heroic sacrifices were made by regiments and brigades, that will ever render them immortal. But it was vain valor and vain sacrifice. Meagher’s Irish brigade, of heroic renown, was almost annihilated. Below, down the river, the thunder of Franklin’s guns could be heard, rolling up the banks, but, after his first advance, the heavy explosions came from the same spot, showing that he was making no progress towards accomplishing the task

assigned him. Said the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*: "It was with a deep sense of relief, that I saw the sun go down, and felt that in a little while, darkness would put an end to the unequal combat. But, for a time, the fury of the fire on both sides redoubled, as the discovery was made by the combatants that their day's work was about done. For a half an hour the din was awful, and the smoke drifted through the streets as sometimes in a city, when there is a high wind and a great dust. * * * Franklin's and Jackson's guns throbbed heavily a few times on the left; and all was still on the north side of the river, save the rumbling of army wagons."

At length, silence rested along the crimson heights, and the battle was over. Not a battery had been taken; not a breastwork carried; not even the threshold of the enemy's works reached. Like men led out to execution, the brave battalions had been marched forth, only to be shot down. It was literally a "field of slaughter."

Burnside, instead of carrying the heights of Fredericksburg, by a splendid *coup-de-main*, had walked boldly, unsuspectingly, into a frightful trap, which closed on him with a swift, fatal spring. Though no impression whatever had been made on the enemy's works—showing that our frightful loss was a *dead* loss—that every life had been thrown away—yet Burnside wished, the next morning, to renew the attack, but was prevented by the remonstrance of some of his Generals.

He reported his loss at less than ten thousand, but it afterwards turned out to be double that number. Lee reported his entire loss to be only eighteen hundred.

The Sanitary Commission was promptly on the field, and again proved to the country what an admirable institution it was.

Sunday dawned warm and balmy as October, and the

birds sang along the banks of the Rappahannock, as merrily as though no scenes of death and carnage had made them as memorable as the shores of Trasymenus.

Some skirmishing and cannonading followed, but on Monday night, the wearied and bleeding army was secretly, silently transported across the river, the pontoons taken up—and the great campaign was ended.

The country was fearfully excited by this catastrophe, coming so quickly on the heels of McClellan's removal, and abuse was poured on the Government from every quarter, until Burnside publicly took the responsibility of the whole movement on himself.

Great complaint was made that the pontoons were not sent forward from Washington, in time to meet Burnside when he moved from Warrenton, so that he could have crossed at once, and taken possession of the heights, before the enemy had time to occupy them. Hooker, too, thought, if he could have had his own way, he might have seized and held them in advance. There are always supposed events after a defeat, which, had they occurred, would have made it a victory. But Lee was too good a General to allow his retreat to Richmond to be cut off by a sudden dash. He showed afterwards, when attacked by Hooker, and still later, when pressed by Grant with double his own force, that neither dash, great ability, nor overwhelming numbers, could accomplish this desired object. Still, deeply as the country was mortified at the defeat, but little condemnation of Burnside openly was heard. His unwillingness to take chief command, his modest appreciation of his own abilities, his known moral worth and true patriotism, warded off the blows, that afterwards fell fierce and fast on Hooker, who suffered a similar defeat near the same place.

Burnside soon after planned another advance movement, designed to retrieve his disasters, and had actually commenced

it, but heavy rains set in, which turned the whole country into a sea of mud, and it was abandoned.

This practically closed the campaign in Virginia for the year. The rebels, some three thousand strong, crossed the Rappahannock above Burnside, and attacked Dumfries, but were repulsed.

Further south, but little was accomplished. General Mitchell, the celebrated astronomer, who had abandoned his quiet pursuits at the call of his country, and, under Buell, acquired the reputation of a skillful, energetic General, but was afterwards relieved from his command, under the insane charge of speculating in cotton, was sent, early in the Autumn, to the Southern Department to take the place of Hunter. He immediately infused energy and life into affairs, and great results were expected from his known force of character. But he was stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, by the yellow fever, and died at Beaufort on the 30th of October. A pure and noble man, he was at the outset, so ungenerously treated by the War Department, that, during Cameron's administration, he sent in his resignation, but it was not accepted. Afterwards, though he had filled the land with his deeds, he suffered under the charge of speculating, and at last was sent to Beaufort to die.

In North Carolina, only partial, isolated blows were struck, having no direct bearing on any of the great campaigns. The principal event which marked the closing year in this Department, was an expedition against Kinston, set on foot by Foster, with four brigades under General Wessels and commanded by Colonels Amory, Stevenson and Lee. He left Newbern on the 8th of December, and on the 14th, met the enemy in force, under General Evans, about a mile from Kinston, and gave him battle. The rebels were beaten, and retreated, abandoning the town, which Foster took possession of. He rendered useless two heavy guns which he

could not bring off, and captured four field pieces. After destroying the quartermasters' stores, and burning the bridge, he proceeded to Whitehall. From thence, he continued his course, fighting as he advanced, till he came within eight miles of Goldsboro', which was only fifty miles from Raleigh, the Capital of the State. After burning trestle-work and cars, and tearing up railroad tracks, and, last of all, firing the bridge over the Neuse, under the shots of the enemy, he retraced his steps to Newbern—having advanced seventy or eighty miles into the heart of the State, and spread consternation wherever he went. Lieutenant George W. Graham applied the torch to the bridge, under the fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry, and then saved himself by jumping from it.

The total loss in the expedition, was five hundred and seventy-seven. Among the killed was Colonel Gray, of the Ninety-sixth New York regiment.

The sum total of the military operations for the year, was not satisfactory, and belied the promise of the Government, and the hopes of the people, that the war would be a short one.

But while in the East, the New Year came in gloomily, in the West, it was signaled by a battle that inaugurated a series of movements, which, in the end, were to have an important bearing on the war.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO', OR STONE RIVER—ROSECRANS AT NASHVILLE—
HIS DELAY TO MOVE—THE COUNCIL OF WAR—ROSECRANS' PARTING
WORDS—THE MARCH COMMENCED—THE ENEMY'S LINE OF BATTLE AT
MURFREESBORO'—ROSECRANS' PLAN OF BATTLE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—
BRAGG'S PLAN OF ATTACK—MORNING OF THE BATTLE—ATTACK OF THE
ENEMY—DESTRUCTION OF OUR RIGHT WING—ROSECRANS INCREDULOUS—
HIS GALLANT CONDUCT WHEN INFORMED OF HIS DISASTER—HEROIC DE-
FENSE BY SHERIDAN—FORMING A NEW LINE OF BATTLE—STUBBORNNESS
OF THE LEFT WING—SPLENDID BEHAVIOR OF HAZEN—THE CLOSE—AP-
PEARANCE OF THE FIELD—OUR HEAVY LOSS—OPERATIONS OF THE FOL-
LOWING DAYS—LAST BATTLE—MURFREESBORO' EVACUATED—ROSECRANS
CELEBRATES HIGH MASS—THE ARMY RESTS.

ROSECRANS, who had succeeded Buell in command of the Army of the Cumberland, had a high reputation for energy and skill, having never yet been beaten in a single battle. He took up his head-quarters at Nashville, and commenced the reorganization of the army.

Here he remained, apparently idle, for two months, and the country, ignorant of the circumstances that surrounded him, grew impatient. The usual pressure, which at the first had urged on McDowell, and which, like an evil genius, had followed every General since the war began, was brought to bear on him. But no power on earth could make him move till he was ready. They might supersede him, but could not force him to do that which his judgment condemned, if he was to be held responsible for the result.

At length, having settled matters somewhat to his satisfaction in Nashville—secured his communications, and accumulated thirty days' provisions, he determined to move. A consultation was held at head-quarters, on Christmas night,

which broke up at midnight. The army was to march in the morning; and as Rosecrans, in parting, took each commander by the hand, he said: "Spread out your skirmishers far and wide! Expose their nests! *Keep fighting!* Good night."

The morning, so big with fate, dawned gloomily on the army—the clouds hung like a pall over the wintry landscape—great drifts of slowly moving mist lay along the valleys—while the rain came down in torrents, that gathered in pools in the road, or ran in yellow streams along the gullies. The reveille, as it rolled from camp to camp, had a muffled sound in the murky atmosphere, and everything conspired to shed a gloom over the army. But the soldiers seemed to forget the storm in the excitement of marching on the enemy, and soon the mighty host, nearly fifty thousand strong, was sweeping along the muddy roads and across the drenched fields. Thomas led the center, McCook the right, and Crittenden the left. About noon, the clouds broke away before a stiff north-west breeze, and the sun came out to lighten up the somber landscape. But already the dropping fire of musketry, and now and then the boom of a cannon, told that the rebel "nests" were being "stirred up." All day long, the steady columns toiled on over the broken country, and at night bivouacked in the wet fields. But with darkness came again the heavy rain-clouds, and the cold storm beat on the tired army. Through the darkness and storm, Rosecrans with his escort went dashing over the country, in search of McCook's head-quarters. Their horses' hoofs struck fire among the rocks, and they swung along at such a slashing pace that one of his escort finally exclaimed: "General, this way of going like h—l over the rocks will knock up the horses." "That's true," he replied; "walk." Moving on more slowly through the impenetrable blackness, he called an orderly and said, "Go back and tell that young man he must not be profane." Reaching McCook's head-quarters

in the woods, the two entered a wagon, and sitting down on the bottom, with a candle between them, stuck in the socket of a bayonet, the point of which was driven into the floor, they consulted together of the movements for the morrow. "*Push them hard!*" were his last words as he arose to his feet. Emerging from the wagon between ten and eleven o'clock, he exclaimed, "We mount now, gentlemen." The blast of a bugle suddenly rung through the forest, rousing up the staff, some of whom, tired with being ten hours in the saddle, were dozing in their blankets, upon the rocks around. To the "Good night" of McCook, Rosecrans added, "God bless you!" and striking the spurs into his horse, dashed down the road, splashing the mud over himself, and those who pressed hard after him. Losing his way on his return, he "charged impatiently" through the woods, in the vain effort to find the right road. Amid bugle calls, and shouts, the escort got separated and confused, and lost their leader, who, with a part of his staff, wandered off alone, and at length, at one o'clock in the morning, reached his camp—having been in the saddle eighteen hours. The others did not arrive there till two hours later.*

The next day, Saturday, dawned in gloom, like the one before; the heavy clouds hung low, and a pall of mist wrapped the landscape. Slowly and uncertainly the columns felt their way on, but at one o'clock the fog lifted, and they moved off over the soft fields and along the muddy highways, driving the enemy's skirmishers before them. It was uncertain whether Bragg would make a decided stand before he reached Murfreesboro', or not, and the whole army was kept well in hand. The next day, Sunday, was a day of rest to the main army, for Rosecrans was averse to military operations on that day, unless they were absolutely necessary.

* W. D. B.'s "Rosecrans' Campaign with the Fourteenth Army Corps."

Monday morning, before sunrise, the army was again in motion, sweeping across the country in splendid order. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a signal message came from General Palmer, in front, stating that he was in sight of Murfreesboro', and that the enemy was in full flight. Rosecrans immediately sent an order to Crittenden to move a division into the town. But the report proved incorrect, and the order was revoked, yet not till Harker, with his brigade, had made a gallant dash forward, by which he was placed in a perilous position. He, however, succeeded in extricating himself from it without loss.

That night, it rained heavily—drenching the soldiers to their skins, and making the ground so soft that artillery carriages would sink, while crossing the fields, almost to their axles. The following day was dark, gloomy and depressing, and the soldiers stood shivering in their lines. Rosecrans was up at three o'clock in the morning, and the columns were pushed carefully over the broken ground, and through the cedar thickets, towards where the enemy was drawn up in line of battle. Crittenden moved forward about seven o'clock, when the enemy opened a sharp fire upon him. Rosecrans was standing, at the time, in front of his head-quarters, an orderly holding his horse near him, when a cannon ball struck in the road a short distance off, and bounded away—a second struck still nearer, and a third with a swift, rushing sound, swept past him almost in a line, taking off the head of an orderly in its flight. His head-quarters were evidently a target for some of the rebel gunners, and mounting, he rode up a slope a little way off, and halting under some trees near the road, remained there during the rest of the day. A shed was made by leaning some rails on a pole that rested in a couple of crotched sticks, and covering them with india rubber blankets. Here the staff, sheltered from the rain, wrote the orders as they were dic-

tated by their Chief. The dark columns standing noiseless in the rain—the swift marching of others into position—bodies of horse galloping over the heavy fields—the dashing away of orderlies in different directions—the scattering fire of musketry now swelling into full volleys—the heavy boom of cannon in front—the bearing back of wounded officers on stretchers, and the certainty of a great battle at hand, combined to make those who clustered around the fire in front of that rude shelter, serious and thoughtful. Some, at least, were so, and among them the accomplished Garesche, Chief of the Staff, who sat apart, under a tree, reading “*De Imitatione Christi*,” and pondering on his coming fate. As if instinctively to break the growing sadness of the scene, the Fourth Cavalry band struck up “The Star Spangled Banner,” and as the soul-stirring strains arose, and swelled over the field, each eye grew brighter, and each heart kindled with the fire that ever warms the patriot’s breast.

By evening, the different divisions were in their respective positions, though the right wing, under McCook, had suffered considerably from the determined resistance of the enemy.

The army now stood with its left resting on the Stone River, and its right stretching off into the country as far as the Franklin turnpike, making a line three miles long. The farthest brigade on the extreme right was Willich’s, and was thrown back nearly at right angles to the main line, to be ready for any flank movement of the enemy. The main part of this right wing occupied a slight ridge covered with woods, with open ground in front. At the foot of the ridge, between it and the enemy, stretched a valley, varying from forty to sixty rods in width, and covered with close cedar thickets and oak forests. The center, posted on a rolling slope, was a little in advance of the main line; while the left wing, starting in a piece of woods, crossed a broad cotton

field, and ended in another piece of woods. The army, as it thus stood in line of battle, numbered forty-three thousand and four hundred men. Behind it were half-burned clearings, cedar thickets, cultivated fields, and patches of forest.

Parallel to our line, and distant about half a mile, lay the rebel army—its right resting on the river, which took a bend northward just below the point of junction, so as to keep nearly parallel with it. Being fordable at all points, the enemy, if forced to retreat, could fall back across it, and then make it a strong line of defense. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say, its actual right lay *across* the river, divided from the main army by the stream, for here, on an eminence, was posted Breckenridge's division, directly in front of Murfreesboro'. Rosecrans' design was to have McCook keep the enemy in front occupied, either by attack or defense, as circumstances might decide, so as to prevent reinforcements being sent to Breckenridge across the river, while he was to swing two divisions, under Van Cleve, over from his left, and crush Breckenridge by a sudden assault of superior numbers. Van Cleve was directed to plant his batteries, as soon as the heights were carried, so that they would sweep the enemy's whole line of battle, and take his works in reverse, compelling him to retreat to the south of Murfreesboro', which movement would probably prove fatal to him.

The plan was a skillful one, if the enemy would only give him time to execute it. But, unfortunately, Bragg had a similar one of his own, by which he hoped to double up his adversary's right by a secret concentration of a heavy force against it. All the later part of the day, he was moving his troops in this direction, and McCook, ascertaining this from one of the inhabitants whom he had captured, sent him at evening to Rosecrans with the information. On being interrogated, he mentioned the different rebel divisions that had moved, and their leaders. Rosecrans, however, instead of altering



MAJ. GEN. J. C. FREMONT



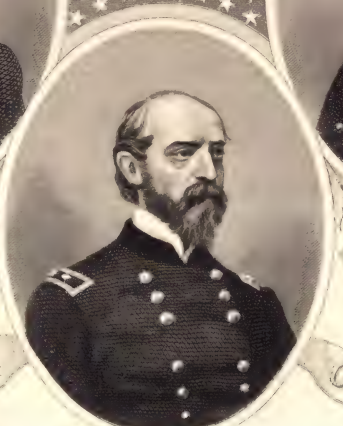
MAJ. GEN. J. POPE



MAJ. GEN. N. P. BANKS



MAJ. GEN. J. HOOKER



MAJ. GEN. G. G. MEADE



MAJ. GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS



MAJ. GEN. O. M. MITCHELL

UNION

GENERALS



his plan, to checkmate this movement, resolved to anticipate it, and instead of strengthening his right wing, directed McCook simply to build large camp fires beyond its extremity, in order to give the impression to the enemy that a fresh division had been sent there. Whether this ruse was understood or not, it produced no change in the rebel plan.

This was the position of the two armies on the night of the 30th of December. It had rained all day, and the shivering soldiers lay on the cold ground, to snatch such rest as they could get, before commencing the terrible work of the morning.

The right wing was composed of three divisions, of which Johnson held the extreme right, Davis the center one, and Sheridan the last, which joined the center of the army. With the first streak of dawn, the roll of the drum and bugle blast swelled and echoed from hill to hill along the mighty line, bright with standards and glittering bayonets that swayed and shook for three miles in the morning light, and soon, General Van Cleve's division, which was to cross over on our left, and overwhelm Breckenridge, was in motion. Wood was to follow by another ford, and lapping on to his right, and closing with him as he advanced, storm the heights held by the rebel Commander.

In the meantime, Rosecrans had High Mass celebrated in his tent, and thus having committed himself and his army to the God of battles, he stepped forth into the open air. It was a cold, wintry morning, and the officers, with their overcoats on, gathered around the fires that had been kindled in the field. It was just before sunrise, and Rosecrans was listening anxiously to hear the artillery along the heights held by Breckenridge, when there suddenly came a strange, confused sound from the extreme right, like the fearful sweep of a distant hurricane rapidly approaching. At intervals, arose the dull, heavy roar of cannon. Nearer and nearer the noise came.

until distinct and plain the rattle of musketry was heard, sounding in the distance like the crackling of flames amid dry branches. The officers of the staff grew serious and alarmed, but Rosecrans only looked up, and went on talking. It was all going on as he expected. McCook was evidently stubbornly contesting the field, according to his instructions. Alas, McCook was not fighting, but retreating.*

Bragg's order was, that at daybreak the whole line, beginning at the extreme left, with Hardee's corps, and followed by Polk's, should swing forward on our extreme right, and bear it back, crumbling it in the retreat, till our army should stand with its rear to the river. Its communications with Nashville would thus be cut off, and its destruction sure. In double lines they came on, swift and terrible as in-rolling billows. The rebel General McCown first struck Johnson, on our extreme right, who was wholly unprepared for the sudden onset, and crushed him with a single blow—sweeping over his batteries with wild hurrahs. Cleburne followed him, and striking Davis' division, hurled it also back over the field. Like a swift succeeding wave, Withers came next, and fell with the same desperation on the last division of the right wing, which was Sheridan's. If this had given way, like the other two, no power on earth could have saved Rosecrans. His splendid army was trembling in the balance, but Sheridan, though left solitary and alone of all that right wing, stood fast. The wave that burst along that astonished line, dissolving it like frost work, here met a rock, and fell back in broken surges. There was no surprise here, as in Davis' division—every man was in his place, and every gunner at his piece, long before the shock came. Right in the face of one battery, vomiting forth death, and through a cross-fire of two more, the hostile column closed in mass, and, several regiments deep, came steadily on. Through

and through it, shot and shell tore with awful havoc, but the great ragged gaps closed swiftly up, and still this mass of living valor kept rolling on, until within pistol shot of Sill's brigade, when a sheet of fire burst in their very faces. Nobly did they attempt to bear up against it, but the head of each formation crumbled away ere it was completed, and at length the whole broke and fled. Sill then shouted the charge; and away went the brigade, with a thundering cheer, chasing the enemy to cover, but its gallant leader fell, mortally wounded.

But unless Sheridan could be dislodged, the overthrow of Johnson and Davis would be of no avail, and so the enemy, rallying again with fresh forces, came on more determined than ever. At the same time, the victorious columns that had crushed two of our divisions to fragments, now bore down on Sheridan's flank, and his overthrow by the double onslaught seemed certain. But instead of retreating, he moved up to Negley, and locking on to the center, faced his troops both south and west, thus presenting two slender fronts to the enemy. At the angle he placed most of his guns, and in this position awaited the onset of the overwhelming numbers. As they came on, those batteries ploughed long lanes through the dense masses, but they still advanced—pushing their artillery forward, until the guns played on each other, within close rifle shot. The slaughter now was horrible. Three times did the determined enemy advance, and as often was compelled to fall back. Said Polk, afterwards, of these awful charges, and their deadly effect on his troops: "The horse of every officer on the field and staff of Vaughn's brigade, except one, and the horses of all the field and staff of every regiment, except two, were killed. The brigade lost one-third of its force."

But Sheridan's ammunition now gave out, and no more could be got, for the train had been captured in the wild

rout of the rest of the wing. Besides, the enemy was now all around him, in front, flank and rear, so that at last *he* also was compelled to retire, leaving nine guns, which he could not get through the dense cedar thickets, in the hands of the rebels. Still, not in panic or disorder did his brave, shattered division abandon the field—but, with even ranks, and colors flying, sullenly, savagely, fall back till it found ammunition.

The right wing was at last all gone, and the onset that had borne it backward now fell with unbroken fury on the center. But the heroic resistance of Sheridan had gained what was of vital importance—*time*. As he was retreating, thus uncovering the center, Rosecrans arrived on the field. He had staid at head-quarters after the first crowd of fugitives arrived from the battle-field with their story of defeat—not believing that any real disaster had occurred. But as the throng kept increasing, and the din swelled louder and louder, he strode backward and forward before his tent, with a disturbed, anxious look. At length, a staff officer from McCook dashed up to him, asking for help. “Tell General McCook,” he shouted back, “to contest every inch of ground,” and still continued his walk. Then came the tidings that Sill was killed, Willich killed or captured, and Kirk wounded. “*Never mind; we must win the battle,*” was the stern reply. Another aid now dashed up on a gallop, asking that Rousseau be held in readiness. Rousseau commanded the reserves. This startled Rosecrans. What! reserves before the battle was fairly begun? At last, the frightful truth *must* be squarely met, crushing as it was, that the right wing was gone, and the center fighting a hopeless battle. “Tell General McCook I will help him!” he exclaimed, and almost the next instant, Rousseau’s brave battalions were moving on the double-quick across the field. Another order flew to Van Cleve. to double-quick a brigade

to the right. All now was hot haste—artillery went bounding across the field; swift riders galloped hither and thither with orders, and Rosecrans, exclaiming "*Mount, gentlemen,*" vaulted into the saddle, and striking the spurs into his steed, launched away like a thunderbolt. His face was like ashes, his lips closed like a vice, and a dangerous light burned in his flashing blue eye. His entire staff and escort pressed after him as he dashed forward into the fire. Horses and riders go down almost within reach of his sword—but, though his life at this fearful moment is worth twenty thousand men, he flings it without a moment's hesitation into the scale. The fugitives darken the fields, and the panic-stricken trains block the roads, but nothing can stay his course. Orders seem struck like fire from his lips. Down Harker's front of battle, shot and shell shrieking through his escort, he gallops, and mounting the only eminence near, draws rein on the top. Here, a sight appalling enough to daunt the stoutest heart, meets his eye. The smoke of battle rests in clouds over the valley below, rent ever and anon with terrific explosions—the dark cedar thickets are ablaze with volleys—the fields are black with his broken battalions, among which artillery wagons are plunging—and the chaos and wreck of a lost battle-field are all around him. Seeing a hostile battery playing with deadly effect on Harker's brigade, he shouted to the Chief of Artillery, "Silence that battery!" and planting the guns himself, again galloped off through a whirlwind of shot. He was skirting the edge of a thicket, when he met Sheridan leading back his diminished, but compact and heroic column. The gallant leader, as he met him, pointed back to it, saying, "Here is all that is left, General; we have no cartridges, and our guns are empty." Rosecrans himself directed him where to find ammunition, and in a few minutes the brave fellows were again facing the enemy.

By this time, the right wing of the center, under Negley, left exposed by Sheridan's retreat, was outflanked. An aid dashed up to Thomas with the startling intelligence that the enemy was in his rear. There was no alternative, and Thomas, in a bitter tone, replied, "Cut your way out." "Men, we must cut our way out," shouts Negley. The proud Stanley closes up his strong battalions—the other commanders catch the inspiration—the Eleventh Michigan and Nineteenth Illinois move forward with the bayonet, the Twenty-first Ohio does the same, and the victorious, exultant foe is rolled back in confusion. The rear is clear, and the division falls steadily back with its guns. What was left of the army was now swung round, and stood nearly at right angles to its former position. The left still clung to its position on the river, for when that should be yielded, all would be gone. Not like Sheridan must Palmer now fight, till his ammunition is exhausted, and then fall back, but fight and die where he stands. But with the falling back of Negley, the right brigade of this division also retired for a space, and Hazen, commanding the left extremity, alone held his ground. Rosecrans but little knew, at this moment, on what an apparently slender thread the fate of his army turned. But, luckily, Hazen embraced the whole danger of the condition of things. He knew, if it came to the worst, he must die there. It was not left to him to seek a new spot on which to fight. The enemy also knew that he held the key of the whole position, and fell upon him with tenfold fury, but he stood rooted rock-fast to the ground, and swept the deep on-coming columns with a wasting fire. But, at length, his ammunition gave out, and he sent off every staff officer for more. In the meantime, whether it came or not, he determined that his brigade should stand there and die, rather than yield. He ordered one regiment to fix bayonets, and another that had none, to club their muskets, and so meet the foe. At

length, he received his ammunition, and what was needed just as much, reinforcements.

All this time, Rousseau and Sheridan had maintained a firm front. Opening their lines to let the fugitives pass through, they closed firmly again, and presented a solid wall on that broken, tumultuous field. In the meantime, Rosecrans, galloping from point to point, and followed furiously by his staff and escort, brought order out of confusion, and, infusing his own daring spirit into the troops, rapidly formed a new line of battle. He massed six batteries on the only commanding eminence near, which swept all the space over which the enemy must advance. The sun was shining brightly, and his beams revealed a waving forest of steel, as the long and glittering lines of the enemy, rank upon rank, came with awful splendor over the broken fields. The movement of the columns was swift but steady, and many a heart stood still, or trembled at what might be the issue in the coming shock. Rosecrans knew his army was at stake, but, wound up to that pitch of lofty daring which defies fate itself, he awaited it without change of countenance. As the enemy came on, in magnificent order, those six batteries opened like the very jaws of Hell, and out of them poured a wild torrent of fire and death on the astonished enemy. Rent and distorted, still the columns reeled forward, bent on victory. Rosecrans sat on his horse a moment, to watch the effect of this horrible fire, and then dashed down to Beatty's brigade, which lay on the ground in the plain below. Spurring up to the very edge of the line over which the shot were sweeping like a hail storm, he cried, "Now, let the whole line charge! *Charge home!*" Springing to their feet with a shout that rose over the wild din, they hurled themselves on the enemy. The staff officers, catching the enthusiasm of their Chief, flung themselves along the line, with loud cheers, and caps waving in the air. Before

that fierce onset, the rebel line, as it struggles to bear up against it, halts, and shakes like a huge curtain over the field—then crumbles to pieces and disappears. “There they go,” shouted Rosecrans; “now drive them home!” They did drive them home, leaving the earth piled with dead. This was the turning point of the battle, and the whole line at once advanced

But, though repulsed, the enemy did not abandon the contest. Re-forming his lines, with every reserve brought up, he again advanced in imposing array; but Rosecrans had now completed his line of battle, and neither numbers nor reckless daring could force it. About four o’clock, Bragg made his last attempt, and this time it was chiefly directed against Palmer’s division, on the river. But Hazen, with his immortal thirteen hundred, still held the ground to which they had clung with such marvelous tenacity during the day; and there, too, were the heroic Grose, Schaeffer, Hascall and Wagner, equally determined to hold that vital position to the last. Says Hazen, in his report: “About four o’clock, the enemy again advanced upon my front, in two lines. The battle had hushed, and the dreadful splendor of this advance can only be conceived, as all description must fall vastly short. His right was even with my left, and his left was lost in the distance.” But this proud array had lost its strength; the confidence of victory was wanting, and at the first volley it wheeled and disappeared.

For a time, the heavy boom of cannon rolled over the field, and, here and there, volleys of musketry showed that detachments were still fighting; yet, at sunset, the battle was over. As the blazing orb sank to rest, his last look fell on a ghastly spectacle. The earth, torn, trampled and red, lay piled with thousands upon thousands—some, still and calm, as if in sleep, others mangled and blown into fragments, while bleeding arms and legs, without owners, lay

scattered on every side. Dead horses and shattered gun-carriages helped to swell the frightful wreck, over which darkness, in mercy, soon drew its pall. Among the dead, was the young, accomplished, modest, yet lion-hearted Chief of the Staff, Garesche. He had never left the side of his Chief all day, wearing not merely a calm, but a gay and smiling air, through the wildest storm of battle. In the last attack, as Rosecrans dashed down the line, to throw the weight of his presence into the fight, a shell shrieking by him, in its flight struck Garesche in the head, carrying away all but the under jaw—and the spouting trunk, inclining gently from the saddle, fell headlong to the earth.

That night, there was a meeting of the Generals at headquarters. All acknowledged that the prospect looked gloomy enough. The enemy was only arrested, not beaten. He still held two-thirds of the battle-field, and had in his hands one-fifth of all our artillery. Seven brigadier-generals, and twenty colonels and lieutenant-colonels, were killed or missing. The rebel cavalry had gained the rear, and it was uncertain if another pound of supplies or ammunition could reach the army; while seven thousand men, or one-sixth of the whole army, had disappeared from the field. The enemy, every one thought, would renew the attack in the morning. But Rosecrans, finding that he had ammunition enough on hand for another battle, made up his mind to fight it on that very spot. Mounting his horse, he rode to the rear to examine the country, and on returning, said, "*Gentlemen, we conquer or die right here!*" It was a clear, cold December night, but, about midnight, the heavens became overcast, and the bitter rain came pitilessly down on the weary ranks, and on the dead and wounded that burdened the field.

Making some slight changes in his line of battle, and falling back a short distance to a better position, Rosecrans waited the developments of the coming morning.

But the enemy had been too severely punished to risk another determined attack, though, during the latter part of the day, there was some heavy artillery firing. In the morning, Beatty had been sent across the river with two brigades of Van Cleve's division, and occupied a hill commanding the upper ford.

Bragg, seeing that delay only increased the difficulties before him, determined, on the next day to make another bold attempt to secure a complete victory. This time, his attack was directed against the left. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a double line of skirmishers was seen to advance from the woods in front of Breckenridge's position, and move across the fields. Behind them, came heavy columns of infantry, and it was evident the rebel right wing was bearing down on the small body of troops that had crossed the river the day before. It passed the open cotton fields in three heavy lines of battle—the first column, in three ranks, six men deep—the second supporting the first—and the reserve column last. Three batteries accompanied this imposing mass, as it came down in splendid order. White puffs of smoke soon shot out from the hill-side; our single battery responded, and the roar of guns shook the shores of the stream. At first, they came on with steady step and even front, and then, like a swollen torrent, flung themselves forward on that portion of Van Cleve's division which was across the river, and bore it back and over the stream to the main body. But Rosecrans was prepared for this movement—in fact, when it occurred, was about to execute his original plan, and swing his left against Breckenridge. He hastily massed fifty-eight cannon on an eminence, where they could completely enfilade the successive columns as they advanced. Their opening roar was terrific, and the crash of the iron storm, through the thick-set ranks, was overwhelming. It was madness to face it, yet the rebel columns closed up and

pressed on; but, as they came within close range of our musketry, the line suddenly seemed to shrivel up like a piece of parchment, in the fire that met it. Yet, pushed on and cheered by the rear lines, the ranks endeavored to bear up against it and advance, but again halted; while officers, with waving caps and flashing swords, galloped along the lines, and still urged them on. They had now got so near that the men could be seen to topple over separately, before the volleys. A third and last time, they staggered forward, the foremost ranks reaching even to the water's edge. But here they stopped—it was like charging down the red mouth of a volcano. Balancing a moment on the edge of battle, they broke and fled. With a wild and thrilling shout, our troops sprung to their feet, and charged forward with the bayonet—dashing like madmen through the stream. They chased the flying foe for a half a mile, cheering as they charged, their cheers caught up by those on the other side of the river, and sent back with increased volume and power. Darkness ended the fight, and Crittenden's entire corps passed over, and, with Davis, occupied the ground so gallantly won.

That night, the rain again set in, and at daylight next morning, it was coming down in torrents, so that the camps and roads were soon one vast field of mud, rendering the movement of artillery impossible. Some sharp-shooting during the day, and a dash at night by two regiments from Rousseau's division, clearing the woods in front, comprised the fighting of Saturday.

That night, Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro, and next morning, Rosecrans spent an hour at "High Mass," giving glory to God for the victory. It was, however, dearly bought. He had lost, in killed and wounded, nearly nine thousand men, or a fifth of his entire army. He had lost, besides, fifty pieces of artillery, for which he had only a few



captured pieces to show in return. He had gained the position, and that was all.

The army now settled down into camp life, and no attempt to follow up the enemy was made for nearly six months, or till the latter part of June. He then moved forward, Bragg retreating as he advanced, and abandoning the strong position of Tullahoma, rather than risk a battle. Detached portions of the army occasionally came in collision, in which the rebels were invariably worsted, losing many prisoners. Bragg finally took refuge in Chattanooga, a place immensely strong by nature, and made still more so by art.

CHAPTER X.

JANUARY.

CAPTURE OF ARKANSAS POST—GRANT COMMENCES HIS MOVEMENT AGAINST VICKSBURG—THE CANAL—A YEAR OF DISASTER—MISSOURI—ATTACK ON SPRINGFIELD—EXPEDITIONS UP WHITE AND RED RIVERS—LOSS OF THE QUEEN OF THE WEST—LOSS OF THE ARIEL—SINKING OF THE HATTERAS BY THE ALABAMA—DISASTER AT SABINE PASS—BANKS IN NEW ORLEANS—EXPEDITIONS—CAPTURE AND LOSS OF GALVESTON—THE HARRIET LANE—WESTFIELD LOST—DEATH OF BUCHANAN—GRAND EXPEDITION THROUGH THE STATE OF LOUISIANA—CAPTURE OF ALEXANDRIA, ON THE RED RIVER.

IMMEDIATELY after the failure of Sherman's attack on Vicksburg, McClernand, who, we have seen, assumed command of the army, on the 4th of January, at Milliken's Bend, set sail for Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas River, which was considered the key to Little Rock, the Capital of the State, and to the extensive country from which hostile detachments were constantly sent to operate along the Mississippi River. Admiral Porter, with three iron-clads and a fleet of light-draft gunboats, accompanied the expedition, to co-operate with the land forces in the attack on the fort, which was known to be a strong one, and well garrisoned. The fleet reached the mouth of the White River on the 8th. Ascending this mere ribbon of water, enclosed by a dense, silent forest, from which the gray moss hung in huge festoons, it came at length to the "cut off," and passed into the Arkansas River. Slowly moving up this stream, with only here and there a wretched habitation, or a sunken scow, to break the solitude, the fleet cautiously approached the rebel position, which was hid from view by a bend in the river. Here it lay all night, flooded by the mild moonlight, while, inland, the air resounded with

the ceaseless strokes of the axe, showing that the enemy were busy in obstructing all the roads that led to the place. At daylight, the troops began to disembark, and form on the high banks. The first line of rebel works was only a half a mile distant, and soon, the fire of the skirmishers echoed along the stream. The country was entirely unknown to McClernand, and all day, Saturday, was spent in marching and countermarching, to avoid impassable swamps and bayous; and so night found the army still struggling to get into position before the place. Part of the army passed most of the cold January night in moving forward, while the remainder dragged it out without fire or tents. Sunday morning, however, dawned bright and cheerful, and, by ten o'clock, both corps of the army were in position, having completely invested the place. At noon, McClernand sent word to Porter that he was ready to attack, and, an hour later, the gunboats gallantly moved up to within four hundred yards of the rebel works, and opened fire. The garrison replied, but the tremendous concentric fire from the river and land batteries gradually overwhelmed that of the fort, and, one by one, its guns grew silent, until, at length, they ceased to respond altogether. McClernand, who had fought his way steadily forward, now ordered a general assault along the whole line, but, before it could be effected, a white flag was raised, and the place was ours. Seven stand of colors, five thousand prisoners, seventeen pieces of cannon, besides small arms and munitions of war, were the fruits of this victory. Our total loss was a little under a thousand. Morgan was assigned to the command of the place, but immediately turned it over to General A. J. Smith, as an honor due to him, for the gallant manner in which his division had borne the brunt of the conflict. The brigade of Burbridge especially distinguished itself.

General Grant now assumed immediate command of all the forces in his Department, and began to work seriously

for the reduction of Vicksburg. Being convinced, from the result of Sherman's operations, that it could not be taken from the north side, he determined to get below it, and advance from the south. For this purpose, he concentrated his entire army, on the last of the month, at Milliken's Bend, on the west shore, just above the place, and at Young's Point, a little further down, and opposite the city.

Vicksburg lies on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, on a high bluff, and near the point of a great bend in the river. General Williams had endeavored, the year before, to cut a canal across this bend, through which the boats could pass, and get below without coming under the fire of the batteries. A fleet could not come up from New Orleans, on account of Port Hudson, where the rebels had been allowed to erect strong fortifications, the previous year, though Porter had advised the Government of what was going on, and had urged the vital importance of putting a stop to it. He even offered, with a thousand men, to occupy the place himself, and hold it, with the aid of his gunboats. But the year 1862 was a year of blunders on the part of the War Department, and of great disasters in the field. The Army of the Potomac had been driven from Richmond, on the one hand, and from the Rapidan, on the other, and shattered into fragments on the heights of Fredericksburg; Buell had been forced back from Chattanooga to Nashville, and Morgan compelled to evacuate Cumberland Gap; and, to close up the sad record, Port Hudson had been allowed to become well-nigh impregnable.

Grant now sat down to the tedious work of completing this canal, and turning the Mississippi into it; and the spade and pick took the place of the musket and sword. For six weeks, his splendid army lay idle here, as if on purpose to bring the people to the stool of repentance, for having, in their pride, attempted to cast ridicule on the spade, as an

instrument unworthy of the soldier. Week after week, the only report that greeted the country was, "Digging still."

While these events had been passing on the Mississippi, the rebels had made another advance into Missouri. On the 8th of January, Marmaduke, with a heavy force, attacked Springfield, occupied by General Brown, who commanded the South-west Department of Missouri. The forces of the latter were very much scattered, so that not over fifteen hundred men, at this time, held the place. The attack commenced at one o'clock, and was pressed with fierce determination for five hours, when the enemy fell back. General Brown, while gallantly charging at the head of his body-guard, to encourage a regiment that had given way, was severely wounded, and the command devolved on Colonel Crabbe, of the Nineteenth Iowa. Our total loss was one hundred and sixty-two—that of the enemy much larger.

General Brown, when he found himself menaced by a superior force, telegraphed to Major-General Curtis for help, and, on the 9th, a part of Warren's brigade, under Colonel Merrill, started from Houston on a forced march for Springfield. By eight o'clock that evening, they had reached Beaver Creek, twenty-two miles distant. Resting here for four hours, the gallant eight hundred again started, at midnight, reaching the vicinity of Hartsville just as the wintry morning was breaking. Starting again, in the afternoon, they pushed on as far as Wood's Creek, when, learning that the enemy was trying to get in their rear, the little force fell back to Hartsville. Here, the enemy, who had been foiled in their assault on Springfield, fell suddenly upon it, to overwhelm it before succor could arrive. But, though fearfully outnumbered, the little band gallantly held its ground, and at length forced the enemy to abandon his design. Very heavy marching was done by the men—the Twenty-first Iowa, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, having

marched one hundred miles, through mud and rain, between Friday afternoon and Monday morning, and, in the meantime, fought two battles.

There were other engagements between small detachments in this State and Arkansas, during this and the following months, but no action of any importance occurred.

An expedition up the White River, under John G. Walker, captured some guns; and another, under Colonel Ellet, up the Red River, with the ram, *Queen of the West*, took three rebel transport steamers. But, on February 14th, the ram run aground, at Gordon's Landing, in full range of a rebel battery, which poured in so destructive a fire that it had to be abandoned. This was not the only naval disaster we met with in the South-west, in the latter part of this year, and the commencement of 1863. A Confederate steamer, fitted out in England, and called the *Alabama*, which had been destroying our commerce for some time, on the 7th of December, seized the California steamer *Ariel*, on her way to Aspinwall.

A sadder disaster still, befell the fleet under Commodore Bell, which was blockading the port of Galveston. On the 11th of January, in the afternoon, a strange sail was reported in the offing, and the steamer *Hatteras*, Lieutenant Blake commanding, was signaled, from the flag-ship *Brooklyn*, to give chase. After dark, he came up with the stranger, and hailed him, asking the name of the steamer. "Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vixen*," was the reply. Blake then said he would send a boat aboard. The next minute, however, even while the boatswain's whistle was ringing, came the shout, "We are the Confederate steamer *Alabama*," accompanied with a stunning broadside. Blake, who from the first had been suspicious that the stranger was the *Alabama*, was prepared for an attack, and immediately returned it. But he could throw but ninety-four pounds, to the rebel's three hundred

and twenty-four. Knowing his vessel could not stand this unequal fire many minutes, he determined to close with his antagonist, and steamed straight towards her. But the rebel commander knew his advantage, and, avoiding the blow, poured in his terrific broadsides at the distance of thirty yards. Thus, within pistol shot, Blake was compelled to fight the unequal battle. Nothing daunted, however, he cried, "Give it to them, my boys, give it to them; the Stars and Stripes must never come down!"—to which, three hearty cheers responded. But what was such a frail thing as the Hatteras, before the one-hundred-pound shot and eight-inch shells of the privateer, delivered within thirty yards? In a few minutes, her engines were a wreck, and she was on fire in two different places. "Drown the magazine," was the quick order, but the enemy was doing that for her, for she had then seven feet of water in her hold. It was a short fight, and, in a few minutes, the Hatteras lay, a helpless wreck, on the water. Still, her gallant Commander fought on, hoping against hope, for he could not bear to strike his flag. But it was all in vain. The report came that the vessel was sinking, and he reluctantly gave the order to fire a lee gun, in token of surrender. In ten minutes after the crew were got aboard of the Alabama, the Hatteras, with one heavy lurch, went to the bottom. Blake lost his vessel, but not his honor, for a more gallant fight, against hopeless odds, was never waged on the water.

In the latter part of the month, the ship-of-war Morning Light, and the schooner Velocity, blockading the Sabine Pass, Texas, were surprised by two rebel steamers, and captured. These naval successes of the enemy, caused much chagrin and complaint.

The activity which characterized the opening year, along the valley of the Mississippi, extended also to the Department of the Gulf.

Banks, as before stated, was appointed to supersede Butler, in the command of the Department of the Gulf, in December. The duties devolving upon him were of a delicate nature, for both the people of Louisiana and the North were divided in their views respecting the course that should be adopted. The enemies of Butler expected a more conciliatory course than the one he had pursued, while his friends stood prepared to denounce the first act of leniency, as certain to produce disastrous results. Hence, Banks' conduct was closely watched, and, as the result, misrepresented on both sides. His old friends at the North began to denounce him, but he kept on in the even tenor of his way. The wisdom of his course, however, soon became apparent, for, while he allayed vindictive passions, he at the same time showed that he would hold the reins of government with a firm hand.

The troops under his command constituted the Nineteenth Army Corps, and much was expected of him from his known enterprise and energy. His first movement was to send Colonel Burrill, with a detachment of troops, into Texas, who, on the 24th of the month, took possession of Galveston. But, in a week, it was recaptured by the enemy, and Colonel Burrill and his two hundred and sixty men killed or taken prisoners. At the same time, the rebels sent three powerful rams against our vessels in the bay, and, after a short, fierce fight, captured the Harriet Lane, and compelled the Commander of the flag-ship, Westfield, to blow her up, in order to prevent her falling into their hands.

On the 11th of January, he sent General Weitzel, with a land force, across Berwick Bay to Bayou Teche, accompanied by gunboats commanded by Lieutenant Buchanan. The enemy stationed here was attacked, on the 14th, and the rebel gunboat Cotton so disabled that her Commander blew her up. The loss of the land force was about thirty, while several were killed on the gunboats, and among them the

gallant Commander, Buchanan, who steamed to the front with his vessel, and fought with the greatest intrepidity.

In the Spring, while Grant was endeavoring to get below Vicksburg, Banks planned an extensive expedition into "The Attakapas Country," the garden of Louisiana, and which the rebels held in force. Berwick City, at the mouth of the Atchafalaya River, was selected as the starting point of the army, which was to move up the Teche River, strongly fortified, and protected by rebel gunboats. On the 11th of April, the main column, commanded by Banks in person, took up its line of march from Berwick City, while Grover, with his division, moved up the Atchafalaya in transports, for the purpose of passing into Grand Lake—which approached the Teche above the fortifications of the enemy—and thus cutting off his retreat. On Sunday, Banks came upon the rebel works, stretching along the shores on both sides of the river, and guarded by the gunboat *Diana*. A heavy artillery fight followed, which lasted till dark. It was renewed the next day, and soon the gunboat was compelled to retire up-stream. In the meantime, Grover was steadily moving around the rebels, to the east, who, finding themselves threatened in the rear, hastily retreated, leaving two thousand prisoners in our hands. Banks then resumed his march, and, on the 20th, reached Opelousas, a hundred and eighty miles from New Orleans, and only seventy-five from the Red River, the point at which he was aiming. Alexandria, an important and strongly fortified place upon it, was at length reached, on the 8th of May, but not until it had surrendered to Admiral Porter, who, acting in conjunction with Banks, had advanced against it with his gunboats. The latter immediately assumed command. Having marched two hundred miles, through the enemy's country, without meeting with a single repulse, after giving his army a short rest he moved down on Port Hudson from the north.

CHAPTER XI.

VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN—THE ATTEMPTS TO GET IN REAR OF HAINES' BLUFF—
LAKE PROVIDENCE ROUTE—MOON LAKE ROUTE—STEELE'S BAYOU ROUTE—
BOLD RESOLVE TO RUN THE BATTERIES—THE MARCH INLAND—THE BATTERIES
RUN—DIFFICULTIES OF THE MARCH—NEW CARTHAGE—GRAND GULF—PORT
GIBSON—GRAND RESOLVE OF GRANT—THE MARCH INLAND—BATTLES OF
RAYMOND, JACKSON, CHAMPION'S HILL, BLACKWATER—VICKSBURG INVESTED
—FIRST ASSAULT—SECOND ASSAULT—ACTION OF THE GUNBOATS.

WE left Grant, early in the Spring, attempting to get below Vicksburg, by means of the canal dug the year before, by General Williams. This scheme proving abortive, as sufficient water could not be got into the ditch, he started another project. About seventy miles above Vicksburg, and some five miles west of the Mississippi River, lies Lake Providence, which empties itself through a bayou, filled with snags, into Swan Lake; this in turn sends its waters southward; through a long, winding stream called the Tensas River, into the Black River, the last flowing on into the Red River, which effects a junction with the Mississippi below Natchez. The whole route was about a hundred and fifty miles in length. A canal five miles long had to be cut through a morass, the shallows to be dug out, the snags removed, and stumps cleared away, before the boats could be got out of the Mississippi, and sent through this long, crooked, inland course. As the work went on, predictions were uttered that a new channel for the Mississippi would be made, extending, perhaps, even to the Gulf.

The canal was at length opened, and a steamer and a few barges were got across into Lake Providence. But the Mississippi kept its old course, and, as the spring floods fell,

the new channel became a shallow creek, so that the whole project had to be abandoned.

Grant, however, with his accustomed tenacity of purpose, determined not to abandon his design to get in the rear of Vicksburg, for it could be taken in no other way. He now made a third trial on the east side of the Mississippi. About a hundred and fifty miles, in a straight line, north from Vicksburg, there is a little lake, called Moon Lake, separated from the river only by a thin strip of land. From this lake, a narrow stream, called the Yazoo Pass, leads into the Coldwater River, which flows south into the Tallahatchie, that in turn unites with the Yazoo. If he could get into the latter river, he would be able to move down in the rear of Haines' Bluff, and thus effectually turn the fortifications there, which Sherman had failed to capture. The canal to the lake was quickly cut; the waters of the Mississippi poured through it, and the steamers floated into Moon Lake. Passing out of this, into the Coldwater and Tallahatchie Rivers, they slowly felt their tortuous way towards the navigable Yazoo. It was a strange spectacle, to see these armed vessels threading their way under overarching cypress trees, and plunging into apparently interminable swamps, where never before even a canoe had floated. It was like sailing through a flooded forest, made still more dangerous by the rapid flow of the swollen waters, which the Mississippi sent with headlong fury through this new channel. The paddle-wheels, instead of being used to propel the vessels, incessantly backed water, to prevent their too rapid descent among the gigantic trees, whose overhanging branches sometimes swept the decks. The solitude and gloom of this strange, winding route, oppressed the spirits, yet the men toiled patiently on—making, upon an average, less than a quarter of a mile an hour—till they reached the Yazoo. The heaviest part of the task now seemed accomplished, and a

swift sail down to the rear of Vicksburg was anticipated. But the rebels had received information of the expedition, and, divining its object, erected, near the confluence of the streams, a fort which commanded the channel, and yet was so surrounded by bogs that the land force could not approach it. The frail wooden steamboats, of course, could not silence these batteries, and so this project, costing so much labor and time, also had to be abandoned.

Baffled, but not disheartened, Grant now made another attempt to get in the rear of the batteries on Haines' Bluff. About seven miles above where the Yazoo enters the Mississippi, Steele's Bayou is connected with the latter river. This, in turn, connects inland, north, with the Black Bayou, Rolling Fork and Sunflower Rivers, which, in their course, wind entirely around Haines' Bluff. On the 14th of March, Admiral Porter entered this bayou with a gunboat fleet, accompanied by a force of infantry under General Sherman. A portion of this, like each of the other routes which had been tried, was full of difficulties. One who accompanied the expedition, thus describes the Black Bayou: "Black Bayou, a narrow stream, heretofore navigable only by dug-outs, was made of the width of our steamers, with great labor, by felling trees and sawing stumps below the surface. Every foot of our way was cut and torn through a dense forest, never before traversed by steamers. I never witnessed a more exciting and picturesque scene than the transportation, on the last day, of the third brigade, by General Stuart. Crowded with men, the steamers, at the highest possible speed, pushed through overhanging trees and around short curves. Sometimes they were wedged fast between trees, then sailing along smoothly, a huge cypress would reach out an arm and sweep the whole length of the boats, tearing guards and chimneys from the decks. The last trip through the Black Bayou, was in a night, pitchy dark and rainy." Added to

all this, the enemy, having been apprised of our design, filled the thickets along the banks with sharp-shooters, who swept the decks with their fire, at close range, and scattered the working parties. Large trees were felled across the stream, by negroes, in advance, to retard the boats and keep them under fire, and behind them, to prevent their return. Before the expedition reached Sunflower River, the peril of being caught there in the forest, permanently, with his boats, was so great, that Porter determined to return. This resolution was not taken a moment too soon, for, if he had pushed on a few hours longer, he would have been hemmed in beyond release.

When the expedition again reached the Mississippi, Grant saw that the last hope of getting in the rear of Vicksburg, inland, from the north, was gone. Still, he would not abandon the great object for which he had struggled so long and worked so patiently. Difficulties, instead of discouraging, roused him to greater efforts. Having exhausted all the plans that ingenuity could suggest, to avoid the direct fire of the rebel batteries, which lined the river for eight miles, he at last took the bold and apparently rash resolution of running them with his gunboats and transports. Preparatory to this, the army was marched inland, towards New Carthage, below Vicksburg, on the west side of the river. In this march, General McClernand led the advance, with the Eleventh Army Corps. The swampy country, however, soon became a vast mortar bed, in which the hubs of the artillery wheels would often entirely disappear from sight, and through which the army floundered, till further progress became impossible without constructing for itself a regular military road. Bridges had to be built over the sluggish streams, and corduroy causeways made across treacherous swamps, and, in the meantime, the levee carefully guarded, lest the enemy should cut it, and turn the swampy lowland

into an impassable sea. The army thus worked its toilsome way, till at last it came in sight of New Carthage, the goal of its labors, but, alas! it was like an island in the sea, for the enemy had succeeded in cutting the levee near it, and flooding all the intervening country. Cut off from this point, McClernand resumed his march, striking the river twelve miles further down stream, making the whole distance from Milliken's Bend thirty-five miles. All the supplies and ordnance stores for the projected campaign on the other side of the river, had to be hauled over this miserable road.

This being accomplished, the next thing was to get the gunboats and transports past the Vicksburg batteries. The night of the 16th of April was fixed upon to make the attempt. Whether the frail transports could safely run the terrible gauntlet, was problematical, and it was resolved to try the experiment with only three—the *Silver Wave*, *Forest Queen* and *Henry Clay*. The plan was, for Porter to move down in single file, with his eight gunboats, and, planting them square abreast of the rebel batteries, engage them; while the transports, hugging the western shore, in their rear, covered by the smoke and darkness, were, with all steam on, to push swiftly below. A little before midnight, the gunboats, one after another, drifted out of the bend in which they lay concealed, and, showing no light from their chimneys, moved like great shadows down the noiseless current. Nearly an hour passed by, and not a sound broke the ominous stillness; and the listeners on the shore above began to think the boats had passed the batteries unseen, when suddenly there came a flash, followed by a crash that shook the shores. Lights danced along the heights of Vicksburg—soon, thunder answered thunder, and the flash of batteries, from land and water, rent the gloom, till the black midnight seemed turned into an element of fire. Still, the transports hoped to escape in the confusion, when, suddenly, a huge

bonfire blazed forth on one of the hills near Vicksburg. The rebels were prepared for just such an attempt as this, and had collected a vast amount of combustibles, which, when lighted, would make the bosom of the Mississippi, in front of the batteries, bright as day. The poor transports were instantly flooded in light, and, as they swept along the ruddy stream, presented a fair target to the gunners. The enemy penetrated at a glance the design of Grant, and shot and shell fell and burst, in a horrible tempest, around the frail things. The commanders saw that the chances were against them, but they crowded on all steam, till the gleaming waters rolled away from their prows in a torrent of foam. Soon, a heavy shot tore through the timbers of the *Forest Queen*, and then another, and she drifted unmanageably on the current. A gunboat, seeing her distress, wheeled and took her in tow, and passed down the river, greeted, at every turn of its wheels, with shots from the batteries. The *Henry Clay* was struck by a shell which set her barricade of cotton bales on fire, and she soon flamed back to the beacon light on the shore. Blazing like a mighty torch, she sent her jets of flame, capped with angry wreaths of black, curling smoke, far up into the midnight heavens. The crew leaped from the glowing furnace into their boats, and took refuge on the western bank. The *Silver Wave* alone was untouched, and, bearing seemingly a charmed life, glided serenely through the horrible tempest, till the last battery was passed, and, with her fragile form unmarred, she floated gracefully on the water. The gunboats came through safely, with only one man killed and two wounded. For over an hour, they gallantly faced the heavy batteries, and though often struck, sustained no damage that was not speedily repaired. Still, but one transport was through, and this alone could be of no service to the army. More must be brought down, and Grant resolved, though but one out of three had escaped,

to run the same fearful gauntlet with six more, slowly towing twelve barges. This was so hazardous an enterprise that the officers felt reluctant to order men to accompany the boats, and volunteers were called for. Immediately, enough stepped forward to man a fleet, and it had to be decided by lot, who the lucky ones should be. So eager were they to join in the desperate undertaking, that a boy, having drawn a successful number, was offered by a soldier a hundred dollars for his chance, which the spirited little fellow refused. He lived to tell of his share in the daring feat. With strange good fortune, the whole fleet, with the exception of the Tigress, and half the barges, passed in safety. She was struck below the water line, and being run ashore, sunk.

The army was now below Vicksburg, with transports to carry it across the river, and gunboats to protect it. And here, on the 29th of April, the Thirteenth Corps was embarked, and moved to the front of Grand Gulf, a fortified place, which Grant designed to capture and make his base. The gunboats at once engaged the batteries, and for five hours maintained a fierce fire, sometimes moving almost to within pistol shot of the enemy's guns. Grant witnessed the action from a tug, and saw with regret that the post could not be reduced from the water side, and that, from the position of things, no landing could be made near by, to take it from the shore. He therefore ordered the transports back to Hard Times, and, disembarking his troops, resumed his march down the river. At night, the gunboats again engaged the batteries, and, under cover of the fire, the transports ran past them, suffering but little damage. Grant's march through the forest had been unseen by the enemy, and, the next day, the army was ferried across the river to the eastern shore. With a patience and tenacity unparalleled, Grant had finally got his army south of Vicksburg, and over the river, and yet the mighty work he had

assigned himself had only just begun—he had reached only the threshold of the perils it embraced.

He landed at Bruinsburgh, and immediately pushed forward McClernand's corps to Port Gibson. About eight miles out, the latter met the enemy, and forced him back till dark. The next morning, he found him posted on two roads, about four miles from Port Gibson. The rebel position was admirably chosen, for the road ran mostly along high ridges, with impenetrable ravines on each side, to prevent any flank movements. McClernand, however, succeeded in pushing forward the divisions of Hovey, Carr and Smith, on the right, while Osterhaus advanced against the left. The latter was hard pressed by the enemy, but at length, being reinforced by Logan's division, he ordered a charge, and, leading it in person, fell in such fury on the rebel line, that it was shattered into fragments, and fell disorderly back. Three cannon were captured in this brilliant charge. The three divisions on the other flank, steadily forced the enemy back all day towards Port Gibson, until darkness closed the conflict. The fighting had been close and sharp, resulting in a loss on our side of some eight hundred and fifty, while we took a thousand prisoners, and five cannon. That night, the wearied troops slept on their arms. In the morning, it was found that the enemy had retreated across Bayou Pierre. A floating bridge was at once thrown across it, while McPherson pushed on eight miles to the northern fork of the bayou, which was also bridged, and the next morning, just as the sun was climbing the eastern hills, he marched with streaming banners across it.

On the 3rd, (May,) the enemy was closely pressed all day, and many prisoners taken. Grant was now in the rear of Grand Gulf, and, hearing that it was evacuated, he took an escort of cavalry, and galloped thither, fifteen miles distant, across the country, in order to make the necessary

arrangements for changing his base of supplies from Bruinsburgh to that place.

When he started down the river, he left Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, to make a feint on Haines' Bluff, in order to keep the enemy from sending a heavy force to the assistance of Grand Gulf, before he arrived there. On the day that the Thirteenth Corps landed at Bruinsburgh, Admiral Porter opened a heavy fire against the rebel works at Haines' Bluff, and Sherman landed his troops as if about to carry them by storm. Pemberton, commanding at Vicksburg, was thus prevented from sending off troops south, and Sherman, having accomplished his object, re-embarked his corps, and pressed on after Grant from Milliken's Bend.

The latter did not design, when he crossed the Mississippi, to push on as he did, but expected to stop and concentrate his army at Grand Gulf, and effect a junction with Banks, which would give him an army strong enough to resist any force the enemy might bring against him. But he received a letter from the latter, informing him that he had projects of his own on foot, and could not join him. At the same time, he heard that Beauregard was about moving from the Southern cities, west to co-operate with Pemberton. To wait till the enemy, by the various railroads, could concentrate an immense force against him, would render his defeat almost certain. To advance with only a part of his army in hand, and his base of supplies not yet established, seemed equally perilous. With characteristic boldness, he determined, however, on the latter course, trusting to the country to furnish forage for his troops. The rebel hosts, he knew, were gathering on all sides, and his only chance of success lay in attacking and beating the several armies before they could effect a junction. His blows must fall, rapid and terrible as bolts from heaven, or he was ruined. With the daring of Napoleon, he determined to enact over again that great

chieftain's famous Italian campaign, when, with fifty thousand men, he attacked in detail and beat an army of a hundred and fifty thousand, and killed and wounded, and took as prisoners, a number equal to his whole force. He knew that rapid marching and constant victories were indispensable to success in this daring movement, and the army was stripped like an athlete for the race before it. Delay was defeat; a single severe repulse, and the campaign was ended; but he did not falter a moment in his sublime determination. He set the example of self-sacrifice himself, by taking neither an orderly, camp chest, overcoat or blanket with him.

Thus cleared of every encumbrance, he ordered the advance, and his banners moved boldly inland. McPherson struck off to the north-east, while Sherman (who had arrived) and McClernand kept along the Black River—the three corps in supporting distance of each other. Grant, all the while, made demonstrations as if about to cross the Black River, and move directly to the rear of Vicksburg, which so confused Pemberton that he dared not march out to join the forces at Jackson.

McPherson, moving straight on the latter place, came, on the 12th, upon the enemy, strongly posted, near Raymond. No time could be spared, and the troops were pushed steadily forward, sweeping everything before them. Our loss here was four hundred and forty-two. The enemy fell back towards Jackson, losing heavily in prisoners. Grant now ordered Sherman and McClernand to bear off to the right, towards McPherson. On the night of the 13th, the rain fell in torrents, and continued the next day till noon, rendering the roads muddy and slippery; yet the troops, in close order, and with cheerful spirits, moved off through the deluge, making a wearisome march of fourteen miles, and at noon came upon the enemy, about two miles from the city.

Pressed in by McPherson, and threatened on the flank, the latter gave way, and left the Capital to its fate.

That evening, Grant learned that Johnston, who had been sent by Davis to take chief command of the rebel forces in this Department, had ordered Pemberton to march out from Vicksburg and attack his rear. He immediately faced about, and, leaving Sherman to destroy railroads, bridges, workshops, &c., in Jackson, moved the rest of his troops, by converging routes, west, towards Edwards' Station. The next morning at daylight, two men, who had been in the employ of the rebels, were brought to Grant, charged with important information. They had just passed through Pemberton's army, and gave the Union Commander the position of the rebel forces, and stated that they were twenty-five thousand strong. Grant immediately sent back a courier to Sherman, to leave Jackson at once, and hasten forward. Within an hour, after this prompt chieftain received the message, his troops were swiftly moving forward towards the point of rendezvous. Grant concentrated his army with wonderful rapidity. Trains, quarter-masters' stores, and everything, had to tumble out of the roads in hot haste, to give room for the marching columns. Soon, the enemy was encountered, strongly posted on a precipitous, narrow, wooded ridge, his left resting on a height, while below were open fields, in crossing which our troops would be exposed to the destructive fire of ten batteries of artillery. Hovey's division, and McPherson's corps—all but Ransom's division, which did not arrive till the battle was over—were at once disposed in and to the right of the road leading to Vicksburg. But Grant delayed the order to attack, till he could hear from McClernand, with his four divisions, which, when they arrived, would complete his line of battle. But the skirmishing in front of Hovey's division, by eleven o'clock, swelled into a battle. In the meantime, Logan had worked

around upon the left and rear of the rebels, and pressed them so vigorously that their superior numbers could no longer force Hovey back, and the latter, seeing his advantage, ordered a charge. The rebel line gave way before it, and disappeared in disorder over the ridge. A thousand prisoners, and two batteries, fell into our hands in this brilliant engagement, but the victory cost us nearly twenty-five hundred men. Grant was losing fast, and no reinforcements could be had. At daylight the next morning, the 17th, the pursuit was renewed—McClermand in the advance, who soon came upon the enemy strongly posted on both sides of the Black River. On the west, or further side, the shore rises abruptly into high bluffs, which were lined with heavy batteries. On the east side, a bayou, twenty feet wide and three feet deep, leaves the river, and sweeping in a semicircle, a mile in length, again enters the stream, enclosing a level space, on which the rebels had also planted heavy batteries, protected by a strong force of infantry. This bayou, or ditch, served as a natural rifle pit, behind which the enemy felt safe, while their guns swept the plains beyond, over which our troops would be compelled to pass. A railroad and turnpike bridge crossed both the bayou and river at this point, side by side, commanded by the hostile batteries beyond. McClermand opened a heavy artillery fire upon the position, to which the enemy vigorously responded. At almost the first fire, Osterhaus was wounded, and General A. H. Lee took his place. While the cannonade was going on, Lawler, of Carr's division, which held the right, under the protection of the river bank, succeeded in approaching near the rebel works in that direction, when the order to charge was given. Casting their blankets and knapsacks on the ground, the gallant fellows sprung forward, and, dashing across the open field on the double-quick, plunged into the muddy bayou, and, though shot and shell struck and burst

incessantly in their midst, struggled through, and with bayonets at charge, swept in headlong fury upon the rebel works. Taken by surprise at this sudden movement, the enemy at once raised the white flag, and the whole garrison, with seventeen pieces of artillery, was ours. The rebel army across the river, seeing the disaster, immediately set fire to the bridge—thus cutting off all chance of escape for any portion of their troops on the east bank—and retreated rapidly towards Vicksburg.

Sherman, in the meantime, had reached Bridgeport above, with the only pontoon train in the army, by which he effected a crossing of the river the next morning. McClernand and McPherson built floating bridges during the night, and on the 18th, the army was moving *en masse* on Vicksburg. Sherman, still holding the right, marched rapidly towards the Yazoo River, while McClernand, inclining to the south, closed in on the doomed garrison in that direction. The next day, Sherman's right rested on the Mississippi, within plain view of our gunboats, and Haines' Bluff was at once hastily evacuated by the enemy.

Vicksburg was now closely besieged, and Grant, finding his army eager for an assault, and believing the enemy to be demoralized by the staggering blows that had been dealt him, determined, desperate as the undertaking was, to attempt to carry the place by storm. The army moved gallantly to the assault, under a desolating fire, but the works were too strong to be carried. Only a portion of the army, the Fifteenth Corps, gained even a temporary advantage, and at night the troops were recalled.

The two following days were spent in bringing up supplies, and perfecting the communications, and giving a little rest to the troops, which had for twenty days been constantly marching and fighting, on short rations.

Everything being arranged, Grant determined to make another effort to carry this modern Gibraltar by assault.

Ten o'clock, on the morning of the 22nd, was the time appointed. The several corps commanders set their watches by Grant's, so that there should be perfect unity of movement, and at the appointed signal, the army, in splendid array and magnificent order, swept, awful as the ocean surge, full on the rebel works. Then commenced one of the wildest scenes of war. All along the frowning fortifications, there streamed an incessant sheet of fire, bursting through the thick smoke, on the brave, uncovered ranks below, that still pressed dauntlessly forward, heedless of the destruction that wasted them. They could see no enemy in front—only solid earthworks, clouds of rolling smoke, and waves of fire, confronted them. For two fearful hours, they struggled desperately to reach this blazing vortex, and quench its deadly fires, but struggled in vain. Just then, Grant received a dispatch from McClernand, stating that he had gained the intrenchments in front of him, at several points, and needed more troops. They were given, and the assault was pressed more vigorously than ever. McClernand, however, overestimated the amount of success gained, and the fresh attempt only helped to swell the slaughter, and the bleeding army was at length compelled to fall back, and abandon the struggle.*

Grant now gave up all attempts to take the place by storm, and sat down before it in regular siege. Porter, with his gunboats, kept watch and ward on the Mississippi, co-operating with the former by every means in his power. The gunboat Cincinnati was sunk by the rebel batteries, and fifteen men drowned, and twenty-five killed and wounded. The masts had all been shot away before she went down, yet she sunk with her flag flying—nailed to one of the stumps.

* Grant blamed McClernand for giving this false information, which provoked the latter to issue a general order, recapitulating the services of his corps, and also to defend himself in a letter to Governor Yates, which caused Grant to remove him from command, and put Ord in his place.

CHAPTER XII.

ASSAULT ON PORT HUDSON—THE SIEGE—SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—ITS SURRENDER—RESULTS OF THE VICTORY—SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON—THE MISSISSIPPI OPENED—MINOR OPERATIONS WEST—ARREST OF VALLANDIGHAM—HIS BANISHMENT—EXASPERATED STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING.

THE very next day after this unsuccessful assault of Vicksburg, Banks arrived with his army, from Alexandria, before Port Hudson. Coming down the Red River, he had crossed the Mississippi above the place, hoping to find its defenses on that side much weaker than on the south.

Forming a junction with Augur's force, that came down from Baton Rouge, he immediately began to invest the place, but, unwilling to await the slow progress of a siege, made two unsuccessful assaults on its impregnable fortifications. The troops fought bravely, and Weitzel, Sherman and Augur maintained their old renown, and the colored regiments behaved with great gallantry; but it was a useless waste of life.

Banks now sat down before it in regular siege, and day by day, pushed his batteries nearer and nearer to the rebel works, until some of them were within three hundred yards. At length, after having dismounted several pieces of the rebel artillery, and silenced others with his sharpshooters, he determined to make another attempt to carry the place by assault. Sunday, the 14th of June, was the day fixed upon, and long before daylight the artillery opened all along the line, and the Sabbath morning was ushered in by a cannonading that shook the shores of the Mississippi.

Farragut, with his gunboats, was co-operating with Banks, and his heavy guns soon opened, and helped to swell the uproar that filled all the air.

The extreme north-east angle of the breastworks was selected as presenting the least formidable obstacles to success, for much of the artillery at this point had been, during the last week, dismounted or silenced. Still, almost insurmountable difficulties presented themselves, even here. At one point, a clear field, five or six hundred yards in width, swept up to the ramparts, crossed and recrossed with narrow, deep gullies, too small to afford protection and yet too broad to be easily passed, and covered also with fallen trees and vines, thus forming a trap for the advancing troops, who all the while would be exposed to a desolating fire.

In the dull, gray light of the early morning, the Seventy-fifth New York moved rapidly forward as skirmishers, followed by the Ninety-first New York, each soldier carrying a five-pound hand grenade, which was to be thrown over the breastworks to scatter the enemy. Next came the Twenty-fourth Connecticut, loaded with sand-bags filled with cotton, to fill up the ditch for the advancing stormers. The balance of Weitzel's brigade was to press close after, to be supported by other brigades under Colonel Birge. As soon as Weitzel should make a lodgment within the enemy's works, Paine was to follow, and then the two columns were to be quickly deployed in line of battle, and move swiftly on the town and the grand citadel itself. Grover commanded these two divisions, which were to do the chief work, while Augur and Dwight made feints on the rebel left.

The assaulting columns advanced with great intrepidity—brigade after brigade dashing forward under a heavy fire—but were compelled each time to fall back. A dense fog had lain along the river, giving a more somber hue to the

gray twilight, but in the midst of the carnage, it suddenly lifted and rolled upward like a mighty curtain, and the bright sun lighted up the wild scene with noontide splendor. The assault was pressed with great valor and resolution, and the commanders held their troops to the deadly struggle till eleven o'clock, when such as could retire fell back; and the rest crouched in the gullies or hid behind trees and whatever could afford shelter, and waited for the darkness to cover the field, so that they could get out of the deadly range of the enemy's muskets. Col. Paine, being wounded, lay all day between two rows of earth, in an old cotton field, exposed to the blazing sun, and when at dark he was removed, his wounds were full of maggots. Many of the wounded soldiers lay exposed in the same way.

The loss in this assault was estimated at seven hundred and fifty. The Secretary of War's maxim, "to move at once upon the enemy's works," had now been tried quite enough, and the despised "spade" was resorted to again. Mathematical science and engineering skill, will always be found more worthy of trust than popular declamation or misguided bravery.

Banks now pressed the siege with great vigor, and being determined that Grant, around Vicksburg, should not get all the glory, planned another assault. But before it was attempted, the surrender of the latter place made further attempts to hold Port Hudson useless.

When Grant had completed his lines around Vicksburg, opening communication with the North by way of the Mississippi, so that supplies and reinforcements could be forwarded to him to any amount, the fall of the stronghold was evidently a mere question of time. Rumors, from time to time, were received, that Johnston was assembling a heavy army in his rear, to raise the siege; but the arrival of reinforcements allowed Grant to detach Sherman, with a

large force, to watch the rebel leader. In the meantime, he pressed the siege with all the energy which distinguished him. Day by day, he dug his way towards the place, and at length reached positions where his shells could be dropped into the center of the city. These, crashing through the buildings, and bursting along the streets, forced the inhabitants to seek shelter in caves, dug in the earth. For six weeks, while the army was digging slowly onward, the batteries kept playing on the devoted citadel. Provisions became scarce, and the inhabitants grew wan and thin in their narrow dens. At length, the ammunition gave out, and Pemberton, whose only hope of deliverance lay in Johnston's ability to raise the siege, began to despair, and, seeing Grant about to carry the place by assault, he, on the 3rd of July, sent two officers with a flag of truce to the Federal lines, to arrange the terms of capitulation. Grant would listen to none but unconditional surrender. A personal interview then took place between the two Generals, who met midway between the lines, under a gigantic oak, while the two armies left their places of concealment and swarmed upon the ramparts, to witness this extraordinary scene. Pemberton was the first to speak, and asked Grant what terms he proposed. "Unconditional surrender," was the prompt reply. "Never," rejoined the haughty rebel, "so long as I have a man left me." "Then," said Grant, "you can continue the defense; my army was never in a better condition to continue the siege." After some further conversation, the interview terminated without coming to a definite result, Grant saying that he would confer with his officers. He did so, and sent a note saying that the entire surrender of the place and garrison would be required, but that the troops would be paroled, and allowed to march out of the lines—the officers taking with them their regimental clothing, and the staff and field and cavalry

officers a horse each. The proposal was accepted, and on the morning of the 4th of July—our National Jubilee-day—the hostile flag came down, and the Stars and Stripes went up, over the rebel works, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the whole army.

When Johnston heard of the fall of the place, he immediately retraced his steps across the Big Black River, and Jackson once more fell into our hands.

“The result of the campaign,” said Grant, “has been the defeat of the enemy in five battles outside of Vicksburg; the occupation of Jackson the Capital of Mississippi, and the capture of Vicksburg and its garrison and munitions of war—a loss to the enemy of thirty-seven thousand prisoners, among whom were fifteen general officers; at least ten thousand killed and wounded, and among the killed, Generals Tracy, Tilghman and Green, and hundreds and perhaps thousands of stragglers who can never be collected and reorganized. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand men have fallen into our hands, besides a large amount of other public property, consisting of railroads, locomotives, cars, steamboats, cotton, etc., and much was destroyed to prevent our capturing it.” His own total loss, in killed, wounded and missing, from the time he crossed the Mississippi, he estimated at eight thousand, five hundred and seventy-five.

Four days after the surrender of Vicksburg, Gardner, the Commander of Port Hudson, sent a flag of truce to Banks, asking a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of settling the terms of capitulation. The latter would allow of no cessation, and commissioners were at once appointed, whose consultations ended in the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war. To the stirring strains of “The Star-Spangled Banner,” and “Yankee Doodle,” the army entered the place in triumph, and marched proudly along the sullen, silent rebel line. The Union flag was run up on one of the highest

bluffs, and, as its starry folds swung lazily out to the breeze, the artillery thundered forth a salute. About six thousand prisoners, fifty-one pieces of artillery, two steamers, besides a large quantity of small arms, ammunition, &c., fell into our hands.

It was a great victory, but the pleasure it was calculated to impart was marred by the reflection that but for the negligence of the Government such a fortified work would never, in the first place, have been in possession of the rebels; and, in the second place, the loss of life in securing it was wholly unnecessary, for the fall of Vicksburg, which was only a matter of time, involved the fall of this place also, without firing a gun.

But the number of guns, prisoners and materials of war captured were not the chief results obtained by these two campaigns. They opened the Mississippi in its entire length—an object which had been of paramount importance to the great North-west. It also bisected the Southern Confederacy, and cut off its large supplies of men and animals, which it had constantly received from the country west of the Mississippi. The nation was jubilant over it, for the people thought they now saw the end of the rebellion near. Grant advanced at once to the first place in general estimation, as a military leader, and deservedly so. He had, throughout this arduous, long campaign, exhibited a tenacity of purpose and a fertility of resource that few men possess, while the daring resolution to cut himself loose from supplies and reinforcements, and march boldly into the interior, depending solely on his celerity of movement to prevent a concentration of the enemy's forces, was the inspiration of true genius. The rapidity and power with which he dealt his blows, reminds one of Napoleon the Great.

As a part of this great campaign, Colonel B. H. Grierson's cavalry raid through Mississippi should be mentioned. It

was planned to create a diversion in favor of the army operating against Vicksburg, as well as to destroy railroads and other public property. It was dispatched from La Grange, Tennessee, by General Hurlburt, on the 17th of April, and on the 2nd of May arrived at Baton Rouge, having traversed the whole State of Mississippi. Nothing like this raid, in boldness and extent, had as yet been attempted, and its success covered the young Commander with laurels. These great cavalry raids became for a time quite the rage with the people, but their effect on the war was greatly overestimated, and it is questionable whether the wear and tear, on horses and men, did not damage us quite as much as the destruction of property hurt the enemy.

The other operations in the West, during the Spring and early Summer, were of a minor character. Attacks were made by the rebels on Fort Donelson and Ship Island, and quite a heavy one by Van Dorn on Franklin, Tennessee—all of which were repulsed. In the latter part of March, Morgan and Wheeler were defeated by Colonel Hall, near Milton, Tennessee, and Pegram by General Gillmore, near Somerset, Kentucky; and in various parts of Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky, conflicts were of frequent occurrence, between detached bodies of the Union and rebel troops, in most of which the former were successful. Cavalry raids, scouting expeditions, and guerrilla fights, kept these States in constant commotion, for independent parties and regiments, and bands of irregular forces, were constantly operating, outside of the main armies. These had but little bearing, however, on the great struggle, except to lay waste the country, exasperate the inhabitants, and cause great personal suffering among the people.

But no event caused greater excitement than the arrest of Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, by order of Burnside, on the charge of contempt of his orders, and resistance to

the Government in its measures to put down the rebellion. Seized at midnight in his own house, and dragged away to be tried by court-martial, his treatment was boldly denounced by the Democratic press. Indignant at these denunciations, Burnside caused the chief offender, in his Department, *The Chicago Times*, to be suppressed. This increased the excitement, and there was great danger, for a while, of an open outbreak in the West. The excitement was somewhat allayed by the President annulling the order of Burnside suppressing the *Times*. Still, the violent arrest of Vallandigham, and the refusal to grant him a trial by the civil courts, was denounced as an act of tyranny, by the opposition press East and West, and but little more was needed, at this time, to bring on a collision between the citizens and soldiers. His final trial, and sentence of banishment to the rebel lines, deepened the indignation. Congress had passed an Act the Winter before, covering just such cases as this, under which he could have been tried and punished in a manner becoming our republican notions, and without an apparent attempt to override the civil courts by the strong arm of military power.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFFAIRS EAST AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR—THE PRESIDENT'S AFFIRMATIVE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION—HOOKER PLACED OVER THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FIGHT AT SUFFOLK—ATTACK ON FORT MCALLISTER—DESTRUCTION OF THE NASHVILLE—THE FIRST COLORED REGIMENT—FIGHTS AT BLACKWATER AND KELLY'S FORD, VIRGINIA—WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, ATTACKED BY THE REBELS—ATTACK BY THE IRON-CLAD FLEET ON FORT SUMTER—DISAPPOINTMENT AT ITS FAILURE—INJUSTICE TO DU PONT.

EAST, the opening year was distinguished by the President's confirmatory Emancipation Proclamation, (previously noticed,) declaring the slaves, in certain States and parts of States, forever free. It was celebrated as a great event in many portions of the Northern States, and by the freedmen in Norfolk, Va., and Beaufort, South Carolina. The Richmond papers denounced it as the most "startling political crime, the most stupid political blunder, yet known in American history," and declared that servile insurrection was the sole object aimed at. It was also bitterly denounced by the opposition, who asserted that it would have no effect on the emancipation of the slaves; but, on the contrary, that it would effectually close the door against the long-cherished hope of a reaction at the South against the leaders of the rebellion. They said that if the army did not overthrow Slavery, no proclamation would; that it was to disappear under the tramp of our victorious battalions, or not at all.

On the 26th of January, Burnside was superseded by Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac. By those unacquainted with military men and affairs, this was hailed with delight; and the most extravagant anticipations

were entertained of the great results that the latter, with his brilliant fighting qualities, would accomplish.

The month closed, however, without any military operations of importance. A sharp fight took place near Suffolk, between a Union force under General Corcoran, and the rebels under General Roger A. Pryor, in which the latter, after a three-hours struggle, were compelled to retreat. An attack was also made on Fort McAllister, commanding the Savannah River, by Commander Worden, in the iron-clad Montauk, but it failed to produce any effect on the rebel works. On the 27th of February, however, he had the satisfaction of destroying, while aground, under the very guns of the fort, the troublesome rebel steamer Nashville. A few days after, March 3rd, Commander Drayton, with a fleet of monitors and mortar schooners, again attempted to reduce the fort, but, though a terrific bombardment, of eight hours' duration, was kept up, no material damage was done to the works.

The organization of the first colored regiment, at Beaufort, South Carolina, in the fore part of this year, caused a good deal of excitement. Under Colonel Higginson, a Unitarian clergyman, it made an expedition into the interior, and, though the blacks behaved with commendable gallantry, they afterward, under Colonel Montgomery, in an expedition to Darien, were a disgrace to the flag and to the nation.

Newbern was attacked on the 14th of March, by a rebel force under General Pettigrew, without any successful result; and Colonel Spear, on the 17th, assailed the rebel breastworks on the Blackwater, near Franklin, Virginia, but was repulsed. On the same day, a spirited cavalry fight occurred at Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, between a force under General Averill, and Fitz-Hugh Lee, of the rebel ser-

vice, which lasted for several hours, and finally resulted in the rout of the latter.

The month closed with a serious demonstration against Washington, North Carolina, garrisoned by two thousand National troops, under General Foster. The rebels, under Hill and Pettigrew, sat down before it, with strong force, and commenced throwing up fortifications.

In these minor combats, the months of January, February and March passed away, and the people waited anxiously for the settled weather of Spring to inaugurate those great movements which, it was believed, would break the power of the rebellion. In the West, as we have seen, things were at this time evidently drawing to a crisis, and corresponding movements were weekly looked for along the Atlantic slope and seaboard.

The first heavy blow of the war was struck at Fort Sumter, on the 7th of April, by Admiral Du Pont, who, with a fleet of monitors and iron-clads, endeavored to break down this barrier, which had so long kept the avenging hand from Charleston, the hot-bed of rebellion. An invention for the explosion of torpedoes, to be placed in front of the vessels, had been towed down from New York, with which, it was supposed, the iron-clads would be able to push through the obstructions opposite the fort; and the highest expectations were cherished, of a speedy downfall of the stronghold. Nine iron-clads and monitors were to make the attack, while a wooden squadron of five vessels was to lie in reserve, outside of the bar. Du Pont was not so sanguine of success as the Secretary of the Navy was known to be. As, through his glass, he surveyed the work before him, he saw that his little fleet was to be put to a test to which vessels had never before been subjected.

When it was announced that the fleet was under way, the steeples and roofs in and around Charleston became lined

with spectators assembled to witness the approaching conflict.

As the eye swept around the harbor, it was cannon here, and there, and everywhere. In front, Sullivan's Island lay on the right, and Morris Island on the left—the two extreme points curving in towards each other, till they were separated by a channel only a mile wide. Midway in this channel, built on an artificial island, stood Fort Sumter. Opposite it, on Sullivan's Island, stood Fort Moultrie, while above and below it the shore was lined with formidable batteries. On the other side of the channel, flanking it, frowned Battery Bee, on Cummings' Point, while further up towards Charleston—should the fleet succeed in passing all these obstacles—battery succeeded battery, all the way to the city. Stretching down towards the fleet, batteries lined Morris Island, and among them Fort Wagner. The sight was enough to daunt the stoutest heart, for full three hundred cannon lay shotted and trained on the channel, ready to open their concentrated fire on the little fleet the moment it came within range.

Du Pont's plan was to push rapidly past the batteries, and get to the west and north-west side of Sumter, which was known to be less impregnable than the front face. This, he was aware, would be a desperate task, for piles, torpedoes, nets, and all sorts of obstructions, had been sunk in the channel between Sumter and the shores, to hold any vessels that might attempt to pass, under the horrible fire that commanded the spot. But it was hoped that the invention of Ericsson, previously mentioned, would be able to remove these.

At noon, the signal from the flag-ship to move to the attack, was seen, and the little fleet of low, black-looking objects steamed slowly forward. It was four miles to Sumter, and the batteries on Morris Island commanded the whole distance. It had hardly got under way, when the Wee-

hawken, in the advance, with the torpedo machine attached to her bows, became tangled with the unwieldy thing, and lost an hour in clearing herself, when the fleet again moved forward. The spectators lining the shore looked on in breathless expectation—the rapid roll of the drum in Fort Sumter was heard beating to quarters, and all knew that the decisive moment had come.

The fleet moved steadily up, till opposite Fort Wagner, where, it was expected, the wild hurricane that awaited it would commence, but not a gun broke the calm of the slumbering bay. It kept on till opposite Battery Bee, and still not a cannon spoke; an ominous silence reigned over everything. This mysterious, death-like stillness foreboded mischief—still, the fleet kept undauntedly on, till it was under the guns of Sumter. As the Weehawken was rounding, to pass beyond into Charleston harbor, the crater of fire opened, and from Sumter and Moultrie, shot and shell fell thick as hail-stones from heaven. The Weehawken never stopped, but steamed steadily on, till she was suddenly brought up by an enormous hawser stretching from Sumter to Moultrie—supported by casks, and strung with nets, cables and torpedoes. The propeller got entangled in these, became unmanageable, and drifted about in the fiery tempest—her iron sides echoing under the blows of the heavy metal, that fell incessantly upon her. The other vessels, as they come up, see the danger, and sheer off to avoid it. Wheeling in the fire, they steer to the other side of the fort, to try the channel there. But here a row of piles, rising ten feet out of the water, meets their gaze, beyond which stretch other obstructions as far as the eye can reach—and beyond them still, rebel iron-clads lie ready for action. To make matters still worse, the Ironsides suddenly refuses to obey her rudder, and drifts on the heavy tide towards Fort Moultrie, getting foul of the Catskill and Nantucket.

Du Pont now clearly sees that his plan of action cannot be carried out, and he signals to the rest of the fleet to disregard his movements, which is a permission for each vessel to act as it deems best. To get *beyond* Sumter is now clearly impossible, and nothing remains but to see whether the fleet can stay long enough in the vortex of that horrible fire, to knock the fort to pieces. Tons of metal are falling, with the weight of descending rocks, upon those iron-clads; yet each gallant commander is determined to lay his vessel alongside the dark structure, and make a broadside engagement with it. The Keokuk is in advance, followed by the Catskill, Montauk and, further back, by the other vessels, till she is within rifle shot of the nearest batteries, when the conflict becomes awful. The gunners, stripped to their waists, work their ponderous guns with cool determination; and shot weighing four hundred and twenty pounds, strike, like heaven's own thunderbolts, the massive walls, sending the stones in fragments through the air. The din and uproar are so deafening that orders have to be shouted into the ear, while the thick smoke involves the shuddering sea and trembling land in impenetrable folds.

But scarcely thirty minutes had passed, when the Keokuk came limping out of the fire, and fast settling in the water. The Ironsides is pierced with red-hot shot—the Nahant gapes with thirty wounds—the turret of the Passaic is knocked to pieces so that it cannot revolve—the Nantucket can use but one gun—a rifled shot has pierced the Catskill, and five of the nine monitors must be reckoned out of the fight. All that thirty-two guns—the total number carried by the fleet—could do against three hundred, had now been done, and to keep up the contest with but fifteen or sixteen, would be downright madness. Besides, no land force was near to take possession of the fort, if silenced, and night was coming on. Du Pont therefore signaled the fleet to

retire, and the strange conflict ended. The Keokuk had hardly got out of the fire, when she went to the bottom. A council of war was called the next morning, and it was decided that it would be unwise to renew the attack.

The result awakened deep mortification, and many were determined not to acknowledge that the failure was inevitable. Though Du Pont did all that man could do, and though every subordinate officer bore himself like a hero, and fought his ship with unequalled gallantry, the public and the Navy Department were dissatisfied, and this noble Commander had to suffer for not doing impossibilities, was removed from his command, and Admiral Foote put in his place. The sickness, and finally, the death of the latter, prevented him from entering on his duties, and Du Pont, in the meanwhile, retained his position. Difficulties, however, arose between him and the Navy Department, and one of the best and most popular commanders in the navy was laid aside, and Dahlgren ultimately put in command of the iron-clad fleet. History, however, will grant the former that justice which at the time he was denied, and place the blame where it belongs.

In the meantime, a good deal of interest was felt in the fate of General Foster, who, during this month, was for some time surrounded, at Washington, North Carolina, and cut off from supplies. General Peck, also, stationed at Suffolk, had some engagements with the enemy, who were evidently manœuvring to get possession of the place.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANCELLORSVILLE—EXCITEMENT OF THE COUNTRY AT HOOKER'S ADVANCE—
HIS CONFIDENT ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS—PLAN OF THE BATTLE—THE
CAVALRY SENT OFF TO SEVER LEE'S COMMUNICATIONS—ATTACK BY "STONE-
WALL" JACKSON ON HOWARD'S CORPS—ITS DEFEAT—DEATH OF JACKSON—
SUBSEQUENT BATTLE—FREDERICKSBURG HEIGHTS CARRIED BY SEDGWICK—
ATTACKED BY LEE, AND COMPELLED TO RE-CROSS THE RIVER—HOOKER
WITHDRAWS HIS ARMY—DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE COUNTRY—FEINT ON THE
REBEL CAPITAL FROM WEST POINT—KILPATRICK'S RIDE TO THE SUBURBS
OF RICHMOND—SIEGE OF SUFFOLK—GALLANT DEFENSE OF PECK—LEE'S
INVASION OF MARYLAND—SURRENDER OF WINCHESTER—HOOKER SUPER-
SEDED BY MEADE—FEELING OF THE PEOPLE.

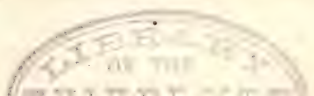
BUT the great interest centered in the Army of the Potomac, which, it was expected, would move the moment the roads would permit. Still smarting with the sense of disgrace, in the slaughter and defeat at Fredericksburg, the country was impatient of delay; and when, at the latter end of the month, the news flew over the wires, that Hooker was crossing the Rappahannock, the most intense excitement prevailed. Those who had faith in his generalship felt that the remembrance of Fredericksburg was to be wiped out, and that McClellan's, Pope's and Burnside's failures to annihilate Lee's army and capture Richmond, were to be effaced by a victory that would astonish the world, and deal a death-blow to the rebellion. Those, on the other hand, who had no faith in him as a match for Lee, were almost equally excited, believing that a catastrophe would happen. This confidence on the one hand, and fear on the other, were deepened by the following address which General Hooker made to his army after he had safely crossed the Rappahannock: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the

operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind their defenses, and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." To one class, this was the inspiration and confidence of genius—to the other, who remembered that to the question put to him by the War Investigating Committee, as to what the ill success of the Army of the Potomac was owing when in front of Richmond, he replied, "To the incompetency of its leader," his words seemed a rash boast, prophetic only of defeat.

The two great armies of the Union, West and East, were at the same time entering on movements of vital importance to the Union cause. Grant, as it has been seen, having thrown his army across the Mississippi, on the 1st of May attacked the enemy at Port Gibson, and commenced that series of extraordinary victories which brought him in the rear of Vicksburg, and insured its downfall. Hooker's army having crossed the Rappahannock, on the 2nd—the next day after the battle of Port Gibson—he fought the battle of Chancellorsville, which he had believed would force the enemy into a disastrous retreat to Richmond, and secure the conquest of that place. But the results of the two movements were widely different. The thunder of Grant's cannon, rolling up the Mississippi, proclaimed victory—the echoes of Hooker's, breaking across the Rappahannock, announced defeat and disgrace.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The main plan of Hooker seems intelligible enough. He endeavored to confuse the enemy as to the intended point of crossing, and then suddenly throw his army over the river several miles above Fredericksburg, and fix himself in a position to compel Lee to attack him, or hastily retreat



towards Richmond in order to save his communications with the rebel Capital. To threaten the latter still more, he stripped his army of its cavalry, and sent it, under Stoneman, to cut the railroads in rear of Lee. In the meantime, Sedgwick, with some twenty thousand men, was, at the proper time, to cross in front of Fredericksburg and carry the intrenched heights, and then co-operate with Hooker, as he drove the enemy before him. A part of the programme was successfully carried out. Stoneman got in the rear of Lee, and swept triumphantly on towards Richmond, tearing up the railroad as he advanced. Hooker succeeded, also, in throwing his army safely over the Rappahannock, and took up the position he desired, and began to intrench himself. He now felt that the most difficult part of his work was accomplished, and said, exultingly, that Lee's army was the "legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac."

On Saturday, May 2nd, his head-quarters were at Chancellorsville, which consisted of a single house, standing at the intersection of the Gordonsville plank-road and Orange County turnpike. This was a central point to his magnificent army of more than a hundred thousand men, and was five miles from the ford which he had successfully crossed. A small field lies in front of the house, but beyond and on every side, stretches away a tangled wilderness. Two miles out, on the plank-road, lay Howard's corps—the Eleventh, composed in part of German troops—holding the extreme right. To prevent a flank movement, it was made to front three ways. Sickles was next to him. Slocum was stationed near the house, and Meade beyond him, with the Fifth Corps. Beyond these, completing the line on the left, Couch, with the Second Corps, lay, to prevent a movement in this direction on the United States Ford.

Thus matters stood, on Saturday afternoon. Lee, perfectly aware of our position, sent "Stonewall" Jackson to execute

a grand flank movement on Hooker's extreme right, where Howard was stationed. This indomitable chieftain worked and cut his way through the tangled forest, till he overlapped Howard, and then, just at evening, fell on him like a bolt from heaven, shivering his corps, with one fierce blow, into a thousand fragments. His fierce battalions, shouting as they came, drove the panic-stricken fugitives, like a herd of frightened buffaloes, back towards the center of the army, and seemed about to get in Hooker's rear, and make an end of him, without the dignity, even, of a great battle. The latter saw his danger, and at once showed his true qualities as a Commander. A more terrible man, at the head of his own division, never trod a battle-field, and as such he must now save himself. Sickles had gallantly tried, but in vain, to make a successful stand. Howard, than whom a braver man never drew sword, galloped furiously among his broken columns, waving his empty sleeve as a banner to his men, in vain—his noble heart breaking at the disaster he was powerless to avert. A wilder wreck never strewed the ocean than that tumultuous field exhibited in the gloom of that night. In this perilous crisis, Hooker called on his old division, now Berry's, to stop this reflux tide of battle. Moving firmly into the breach, it presented a solid front, behind which Sickles, and Howard a little later, rallied a part of their troops, and arrested the further progress of the enemy. Thirty pieces of artillery were massed in front of Berry's position, and sent their terrific loads of canister without a moment's cessation, into the crowded ranks of the enemy, that pressed on, reckless of death. The moon shone brightly down on field and wood, over which rolled the white and sulphurous war clouds, like drifts of ocean mist along the trembling shore. Out of the deep shadows of the woods, and up from the open spaces flooded with moonlight, arose the shouts of men, the swift crash of musketry, and

the confused noise of foes struggling in mortal combat. But, at midnight, Jackson's victorious charge was stopped, and a lull fell on the trampled field. Hooker had placed himself where, he said, the enemy must come out and attack him. The latter had done so, and, with one tremendous blow, doubled his army up.

Hooker now changed his position, so as to make his lines more compact and solid, and better able to resist the headlong charges of the rebels. What the object of the latter was, in not pressing the battle further that night, is not plain, for an event occurred after it was over, which doubtless had an important bearing on the operations of the next morning. Jackson, whose brilliant and overwhelming charge had so paralyzed Hooker, after the conflict rode with his staff over the ground in front of the skirmishers, to make observations, and decide where he should plant his next blow, and in returning, was fired on by his own men, through mistake, and mortally wounded. This disaster was almost equivalent to a victory for us. This indomitable chieftain, at the head of his veterans, pressing up the advantage he had gained the night before, could hardly have failed to affect the fortunes of the day. He himself is reported to have said, that had he not been struck down, he would have cut off Hooker's retreat to his pontoons.

The next morning, Sunday, at five o'clock, the enemy again moved to the attack, determined to finish what they had successfully commenced. They came along the turnpike from the west, and were met by Berry's and Birney's divisions, moving forward from both sides of the road, supported by Whipple and Williams. The artillery of the latter was posted so as to command all the approaches by the turnpike. Forty pieces, under Best, swept the ground in front, and when the rebels, in solid mass, came through the woods, opened their fire with appalling fierceness. "The advancing column

was cut up and gashed, as if pierced, seamed and ploughed by invincible lightning. Companies and regiments melted away, yet still they came on. Berry and Birney advanced to meet them. They were terrible shocks. The living waves rolled against each other, as you have seen the billows on a stormy sea." Nothing, however, could resist the tremendous charges of the rebels, and Sickles' corps was gradually forced back. They could not break our steadfast lines, but still, compelled them to yield the ground. For nearly six hours, the battle raged with fearful ferocity, and then the rebels withdrew. In the afternoon, they again advanced to the attack, but pressed it less vigorously, as if weakened by their own tremendous exertions.

On this same Sabbath day, Sedgwick had carried the heights of Fredericksburg—the "light brigade" winning immortal honor in the last brilliant assault—and prepared at once to co-operate with Hooker. Had the latter been able to carry out his part of the plan and advance, after the enemy had exhausted himself in a fruitless attack on his own defenses, doubtless a great victory would have been gained. But he had been beaten, though not routed, in his own chosen position—behind his defenses—and driven back. Under these circumstances, an advance was out of the question, and he began to look about anxiously, to see, not how he might beat the enemy, but save his army. Heavy rains had set in, and the river in his rear began to rise, and though Stoneman, with his fearless troopers, was in Lee's rear, and Sedgwick's gallant battalions were shouting on the heights of Fredericksburg, it all availed nothing. Humbled and mortified, he must swallow his boastings, and march back over the river, a defeated man. With an army variously estimated at one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty thousand men, he had been beaten by sixty thousand.

Seeing Hooker so badly punished, Lee sent an over-

whelming force against Sedgwick, who, leaving a part of his force to hold the works of Fredericksburg, was with the main army advancing along the plank-road towards Chancellorsville, to co-operate with Hooker. After a severe fight, he compelled him to retreat across the river under the fire of his artillery, which threatened momentarily to break in pieces the frail bridge, that swayed and trembled under the weight of his swiftly marching columns. It was almost a miracle that this brave officer succeeded in saving his entire corps from utter destruction. The force left on the heights were also driven out of the works and over the Rappahannock, and the position, captured so gallantly, recovered by the rebels.

On Tuesday night, Hooker also recrossed the Rappahannock, without loss. Had Lee known of his movements, it could not have been done without serious disaster.

No battle of the war caused such fierce and angry discussion as this. Some asserted that Hooker retreated only because the sudden rise in the river threatened to carry away his pontoons, and cut off his communications. But if General Hooker made the important move he did, in the Spring of the year, without taking into account the probable rise of the Rappahannock, he committed a great blunder—in fact, an unpardonable one. No event was more likely to occur than this, at that season, and a movement made without anticipating it was a most unmilitary one.

Much was said of the skill and secrecy with which Hooker had thrown his army across the river at the point chosen—thus outwitting Lee; but it afterwards leaked out, through some private papers captured, that during the Winter previous, this very spot had been selected by the rebel Generals as the one where he would cross; and Chancellorsville, or its neighborhood, designated as the field where the next great battle would be fought. The truth is, Hooker escaped with less loss than he had a right to expect. If Jackson

had not fallen, it is scarcely possible that the former would have been able to recross the river without discovery and attack. On the other hand, Sedgwick saved his corps by extraordinary skill. After their brilliant success, the rebels seemed to show a great lack of generalship or enterprise.

In conjunction with Hooker's endeavor to crush Lee's army, on the Rappahannock, a feint movement was made against Richmond, by way of West Point, under General Keyes, which many thought should have been a *real* one, as Richmond was so stripped of defenders, that its capture was considered an easy matter.

Colonel Kilpatrick, under Stoneman's command, had dashed down in rear of Lee's army, destroying depots, railroads and telegraph wires in his way—scattered the detachments that obstructed his path—galloped to the very suburbs of the rebel Capital, spreading terror and confusion wherever he went, and at length, on the 7th of May, he rode into our lines at Gloucester Point. He had been five days in the saddle, and, through rain and mud, marched two hundred miles—losing, in all, but one officer and thirty-seven men. In this bold march into the interior, Stoneman had destroyed bridges, culverts, ferries, wagons and trains, and captured horses and mules, with but little loss to himself; and the most that could be, was made of it, to compensate for the mortification of Hooker's defeat; but, aside from the boldness, and skill, and energy, with which it was conducted, there was little to console the people. It was a whirlwind sweeping through the country, terrible in appearance, yet producing no lasting or very serious results, for the defeat at Chancellorsville rendered the temporary destruction of Lee's communications of no value.

Another event occurred at this time, which excited but little attention, on account of the more stirring scenes passing

on the Rappahannock. This was the raising the siege of Suffolk, by Longstreet. General Peck had been sent to command at this place, the September before, with an army of about thirteen thousand men, and for six months labored unweariedly to put it in a state of defense. It lies at the head of the Nansemond River, thirty miles above where it empties into the James River. A railroad, twenty miles long, connected it with Norfolk, from which Peck received his supplies. In April, Longstreet, with a force estimated at thirty or forty thousand men, advanced against Suffolk, designing to cut the railroad in rear of it, capture the army there, and march on Norfolk. In order to weaken the garrison, he sent a force to operate against Little Washington, which caused, as he anticipated, an order to be sent to Peck for reinforcements. He then crossed the Blackwater, and, in three heavy columns, moved confidently forward on Suffolk. Peck, advised of this movement, telegraphed to Admiral Lee, who sent up gunboats to operate in the Nansemond, and assist him in preventing this overwhelming force from crossing the stream. Longstreet, finding Peck prepared, at every point, to receive him, abandoned the attempt to take the place by surprise, and sat down before it in regular seige. Planting batteries along the stream, he first endeavored to drive the gunboats away or sink them. A fierce artillery fight followed, in which the gunboats were riddled with shot. Lieutenants Cushing and Lamson, who commanded the river fleet, clung to the enemy's batteries with a tenacity which nothing could shake loose. General Getty, commanding the third division of the Ninth Army Corps, held the line of the Nansemond, nine miles in length, and by his sleepless vigilance and skill, kept Longstreet's army from effecting a crossing. But, on the 18th of April, the enemy succeeded in establishing a battery at Hill's Point, six miles from Suffolk, which threatened to

drive the gunboats off. But this strong earth-work was surprised and captured by a brilliant night attack, made by two hundred and eighty men of the Eighty-ninth New York and Eighth Connecticut volunteers. The garrison of one hundred and thirty-seven men, and five guns, were captured in this gallant assault. Longstreet now began to strengthen his defenses. Peck, with his small force, was compelled to overtask his men, yet he held his powerful foe grimly at bay, till the 3rd of May, when the events at Chancellorsville caused Longstreet to raise his siege of twenty-four days. The skill and courage of General Peck, in thus defeating the plans of Longstreet, called forth the highest encomiums of General Dix, who afterwards asked the Government to make a separate department of this section, and place Peck over it.

Longstreet was summoned, with his defeated army, to Fredericksburg, for Lee, now he had measured strength with Hooker, and tested satisfactorily his capacity, treated him with the same contempt he showed to Pope, and resolved to march some hundred and fifty miles around him, by the Shenandoah Valley, to the Potomac, and, crossing over into Maryland, complete the invasion which the year before had been brought to such a disastrous termination by the battle of Antietam. It was a bold move, but he seemed to think that he could give his antagonist thirty thousand men more than his own army, and yet beat him on any fair field.

The country was made to believe, that though Hooker was defeated, he had inflicted such a heavy blow on the enemy as to cripple him severely; and render him incapable of any serious movement for a long time to come. But the rumors that he was swinging his superb army around Washington, towards Harper's Ferry, effectually dispelled this illusion. His movements seemed wrapped in mystery, and the country was amazed that no blow was struck against his

extended line. Lee actually moved clear around our army, as coolly and leisurely as though no enemy confronted him. By the last of the month, the people of Maryland were alarmed at the tidings that his advance troops were in the neighborhood of the Upper Potomac. On the 16th of June, Governor Bradford issued a proclamation, calling on the citizens to rally for their defense.

The first blow fell on General Milroy, at Winchester. He had been in command at this place since the last of December, the previous year, and had under him about seven thousand men, which was considered an ample force to hold the position against all the rebels known to be in the Valley. But, on the 11th of June, he received a telegram from Colonel Don Piatt, Chief of Staff, at Harper's Ferry, ordering him to fall back at once on the latter place. Milroy, instead of obeying, telegraphed to General Schenck, at Baltimore, his immediate Commander, expressing his regret at the order, and declaring that he could hold the post against all the force the "rebels could afford to bring against it." He received permission, in reply, to remain till further orders. But he soon ascertained, from his scouts, that Ewell and Longstreet, with an overwhelming force, were advancing swiftly against him, and he immediately called in all his outposts. Instead, however, of retreating, he still waited for further developments. On Sunday morning, four batteries suddenly opened on him, and ten thousand men precipitated themselves on the outwork commanding the approaches from the west, and swept it like a storm. But by the guns from the fort proper and the Baltimore battery, commanding this work, the enemy were soon driven out. An artillery fight then commenced, which lasted till eight o'clock in the evening. Milroy now called a council of war, in which it was decided to abandon the artillery and wagons, and fall back on Harper's Ferry. The troops marched out at one

o'clock in the morning, and, proceeding by a ravine around the town, struck the Martinsburg road, and pressed swiftly forward. The column, however, soon found its way blocked by the enemy, who had got in front. In attempting to cut its way through, the army became divided, and hurried forward by different routes towards the Potomac. Milroy, with one column, took the road to Harper's Ferry, and arrived there safely the same afternoon. The other column, completely disorganized, crossed at Hancock, and finally assembled at Bloody Run, Pennsylvania, twenty-seven hundred strong. At first, it was supposed that Milroy had lost a third of his army, but, in the end, only a few hundred were found to be missing. The loss in artillery and trains, however, was felt to be a great disgrace, and Milroy was put under arrest, by order of Halleck. That he committed a great error, in not obeying at once the first order he received, is very clear. But Schenck, who gave him permission to remain till further orders, was still more culpable. His excuse was, that the original order, which he received from Halleck, contained no such peremptory command as Don Piatt had dispatched. This is true, and the guilt of this disgraceful surrender must be divided between the General-in-Chief, Milroy and Schenck. The only clear, prompt military mind engaged in the whole transaction, was Don Piatt.

Lee at once crossed the Potomac, occupied Hagerstown, and pushed on to Pennsylvania, causing the most intense excitement at Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and throughout the country. The President called on the several States for their militia, and New York had the honor of sending forward the first troops. Hooker followed Lee on his right flank, and, on the 27th of June, occupied Frederick City. Cavalry fights had occurred all along, at Beverly's Ford, Brandy Station, Berryville and Aldie, some of them very severe ones, but they had no effect

on Lee's movements. He had occupied all the gaps of the Blue Ridge, through which he watched the movements of Hooker, ready at any moment to give him battle.

At Frederick, on the 28th, Hooker, by order of the War Department, relinquished the command of the army, and Major-General George G. Meade was put in his place. The announcement of this change, on the eve of a great and decisive battle, took the country by surprise, and awakened the deepest anxiety in every breast. Meade was but little known; besides, the time chosen to make this important change, was deemed ill-judged. More than this, it was currently reported that it was caused by a quarrel between Hooker, and Halleck the General-in-Chief. This disquieted the public mind, also, for everything seemed to go wrong with the noble army of the Potomac, whoever commanded it. Hence, when, soon after Meade had commenced his march, it was reported that he had cut telegraphic communication between himself and Washington, that he might not be interfered with, the whole country applauded the act. This fact is a bitter commentary on the management at Washington at that time, and shows how low in the estimation of the people, the military capacity of the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief was held.

CHAPTER XV.

JULY.

CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG—PURSUIT OF LEE—FIRST FIGHT AT GETTYSBURG—DEATH OF REYNOLDS—HOWARD ESTABLISHES HIMSELF ON CEMETERY HILL—HANCOCK SENT FORWARD TO SELECT A BATTLE-FIELD—THE SELECTION OF CEMETERY HILL—RAPID CONCENTRATION OF THE ARMY—THE PREPARATION—FIRST DAY'S BATTLE—GLOOMY PROSPECT FOR THE UNION ARMY—SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—THE GREAT, DECISIVE CHARGE—GALLANTRY OF FARNSWORTH—RETREAT OF LEE—BOTH ARMIES MARCH FOR THE POTOMAC—SUCCESS OF KILPATRICK—SERVICE OF THE CAVALRY—THE POTOMAC SWELLED BY THE RAINS—LEE HELD A WEEK ON THE NORTHERN BANK—STRANGE INACTION—THE REBEL ARMY ESCAPES—THE PURSUIT—CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WHEN Meade took command of the army, Lee was well advanced into the interior, and he immediately followed after him. The latter was very anxious respecting his communications, and sent Ewell eastward from Chambersburg, to cross the South Mountain. Early's division moved east as far as York, on the inhabitants of which he levied a large sum of money, while the rest of the corps kept on to Carlisle. Lee now determined to move upon Harrisburg, but on the night of the 29th, hearing that Meade was well across the Potomac, and had advanced as far as the South Mountain, threatening his communications, he determined to concentrate his army east of the mountains, and Longstreet and Hill were directed to march from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point, also, Ewell was ordered to hasten from Carlisle. The reports of these movements having reached Meade, he ordered Reynolds, with the First, Eleventh and Third Corps, to move forward and occupy the place. On the arrival of the latter, he found Buford's cav-

ally fighting fiercely with Hill, who was pouring his columns through the mountains, on the Cashtown road. Moving promptly around the town, he deployed his advance division, and marched steadily and sternly on the enemy, and at the same time sent back a courier to Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, to hurry forward. The conflict had hardly commenced, when Reynolds fell, mortally wounded, and the command of the First Corps devolved on Doubleday. In the meantime, at half-past eleven, Howard arrived on the field, and took chief command. The enemy were now pushed vigorously, and Doubleday handsomely entrapped and took prisoners an entire rebel brigade. The Eleventh Corps gallantly redeemed its fair fame lost at Chancellorsville, and Hill was getting severely punished, when, at two o'clock, the banners of Ewell's Corps were seen advancing to the field, along the York road, outflanking Howard's line of battle. The latter had, as he advanced to the attack, left Steinwehr's division, with its artillery, on Cemetery Ridge, in rear of the town, and when he found it necessary to fall back, with great forethought he sent to the same commanding position some more guns, and thus, almost by chance, and to protect himself from defeat, fixed the grand central point of the mighty battle that was to decide the campaign.

When the tidings of Reynolds' fall reached Meade, he immediately dispatched Hancock to represent him on the field, saying, as he departed, "If you find a good place to fight there, let me know." The latter arrived on the ground only to find the army in confused retreat, and Howard rallying his forces behind Cemetery Hill. The enemy poured tumultuously through Gettysburg in fierce pursuit, and captured some twenty-five hundred of our troops. But as they approached the ridge, they were met by a fierce artillery fire, and, after struggling a while to make head against it, fell back, and, night coming on, the conflict ended. Stuart,

with his cavalry, which had been following Hooker in Virginia, when the latter crossed the Potomac, crossed further down, so that he was at this time between Meade, and Washington and Baltimore. His presence in this region created the wildest consternation, and the streets of the former place were barricaded, and the citizens summoned to defend the place. This isolated position of his, however, was of incalculable advantage to us, for had he been present with Ewell's corps on this day, the battle of Gettysburg, in all human probability, would never have been fought.

When Hancock reported the state of affairs to Meade, and the position which Howard had selected, he immediately resolved to give battle at that point, and, having dispatched swift riders to the different corps, with orders for them to march with the utmost speed to Gettysburg, he himself set out, and reached the place a little after midnight. Lee, all this eventful night, was also concentrating his army, but, being ignorant of Meade's movements, he advanced cautiously, and all too slowly for himself. One west, and the other east of the Cumberland Mountains which separated them, the mighty columns of the two armies pressed forward, all that warm July night, towards the great battle-field of the morrow. But how unequal were the prospects! Lee was hurrying on to find a place on which to fight; while Meade, not by his own foresight, but by the foresight of Providence, had selected his, which seemed by that same Providence made on purpose for the rebel host to break itself to pieces against. The defeat and retreat of the day had forced this position on us, which, if held by the rebels instead of us, would in all probability have reversed the fortunes of that great and vital campaign.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The morning of the 2nd of July, lit up a strange and thrilling scene around that hitherto quiet inland town, the inhabitants of which, a few hours before, little thought that one of the mightiest battles of the war, and of the age, would be fought there. No teams of the farmer were moving that day. The swath in the harvest-field lay where it had fallen the evening before. The streets and the door-yards were filled with pale and anxious men and women, and all was expectation—save that the unconscious herds grazed quietly in the fields, and the summer birds sang merrily as ever among the green tree-tops. But these things were unheeded amid the mighty preparations on either side. The steady tramp, tramp, of the arriving columns, with streaming banners, and loud, defiant music—the heavy rumbling of artillery carriages, as they swept in long and ominous rows on the field—the pealing of bugles, the galloping of horsemen hither and thither, and all the fearful preparations necessary when two hundred thousand men are about to close in fierce and mortal combat, absorbed all minor interests, and made that July morning appear to those inhabitants solemn as the closing day of time.

As soon as daylight had revealed the landscape distinctly, Meade was in the saddle, and rode all over his position, to take in its capabilities, and arrange the location of his troops. His eye rested on the rebel army, marshaling in the distance, and ever and anon turned anxiously along the roads over which his own brave troops were coming. They were pressing forward at the top of their speed, brigade on brigade and division on division, till, by seven o'clock, the Second and Fifth Corps, and the balance of the Third, had reached the field, and at once marched to their appointed

places. Far back, many a weary mile, panting over the dusty roads, was the gallant Sixth, with the noble Sedgwick at its head, straining every nerve to reach the point of danger. It had started at nine o'clock in the evening, and all night long swept forward as though on a race for life. Thirty-two miles lay between it and Gettysburg, to which the urgent order of Meade was hurrying it. It accomplished the whole distance by two o'clock in the afternoon.

Our line of battle, when completed, extended for nearly five miles along a row of heights which receded to the right and left from Cemetery Hill, that stood boldly out in front, overlooking Gettysburg, and field and woodland beyond. The line was in shape something like a horse-shoe. The right was strongly protected by Wolf's and Culp's hills, very steep and difficult of ascent, while Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, held the center. At his right, across the road, on another hill, was the First Corps. Next to him, completing the right, was the Twelfth Corps, under Slocum. On the left of Cemetery Hill, was Hancock's Second Corps; next to him, the Third Corps, under Sickles—forming the left, until the arrival, in the midst of the battle, of the Fifth Corps, under Sykes. Thus stood the Union army on Thursday afternoon.

In Lee's army, Ewell occupied the left, Hill the center, and Longstreet the right. He had not designed to give battle unless attacked, when he could choose his own position, but finding himself suddenly confronted by Meade, and doubtless encouraged by the previous day's success, he determined to try the issue in a bold assault on our strong position. His army was concentrated first, and had he moved earlier to the assault, before the arrival of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, he might, perhaps, have carried our position. But the "stars fought against him."

Thinking that if he could drive back our left, he could more easily assail the higher position of Cemetery Hill, he

directed Longstreet, towards evening, to advance against it, while Hill threatened the center. Sickles, ignorant of the intention of the enemy, advanced his line a half a mile or more, when Meade rode up to post the Fifth Corps, which was rapidly approaching the field. Not liking the movement of Sickles, he began to explain to him the reasons, when the thunderbolt fell. The onset of Longstreet was tremendous. First came the crash of artillery, swelling and rolling along the whole line; and then, with firm and confident bearing, and deafening shouts, moved up the trained and steady battalions. Sickles, fighting bravely, was soon struck, and carried off the field; and the whole left wing was terribly shaken, and gradually fell back before the desperate charges of the enemy. Its fate was trembling in the balance, when the heads of Sykes' tired columns were seen approaching the field. At the welcome sight, a thrilling cheer went up. They came not a moment too soon, and the fight raged fiercer than ever. But heedless of the murderous discharges of artillery that swept their ranks, the enemy still pressed the left so desperately that it was pushed steadily back, and Meade had to order up the wearied Corps of Sedgwick, and part of the First Corps, to save himself from defeat. Met with these fresh forces, the rebels were arrested, and though refusing to abandon the struggle, could not break our line of battle. Hour after hour, the contest raged with fearful slaughter on both sides, till darkness closed over the field. The battle, however, was not over; for, later in the evening, a sudden, unexpected assault was made on our extreme right, and several rifle-pits were carried, which the enemy succeeded in holding.

That night, the prospect was gloomy enough. We had been pushed back on both wings, though all our reserves had been brought into action. The dead were piled everywhere—the army was weary, and had not been able to hold

its own. What would the next day bring forth? was the anxious question of many a brave heart. Meade, however, resolved not to retreat, but to fight it out right there, at all hazards. No better position than that could be found, and if it should be yielded, a swift and disastrous retreat would be inevitable. True, he had been fearfully weakened; so had the enemy—his army was worn out with its long marches; so was the enemy's—and here he would stand, and let God help the right.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

Early next morning, the troops stood to their arms, while crashing volleys, all along the line, foretold another day of struggle and of slaughter. On our right, the battle raged furiously from early dawn. Ewell was determined to advance from the rifle-pits he had taken the night before, and Slocum was equally resolute to recover them. Geary and Birney here met the first assaults firmly. For six hours, the struggle was desperate on both sides. The rebels seemed to laugh at death, and again and again charged through the smoke of artillery, with shouts that swelled above the uproar. Wheaton's brigade, of the Sixth, was hurried up to the rescue; and our line, which had been forced back for a moment, again advanced. More troops were pushed forward—artillery brought up on a gallop, and posted so as to enfilade the hostile ranks; and though braver men never stood upon a battle-field to die, than did Ewell's veterans here, our right had become a wall of adamant, against which the heaviest surges broke in vain. At eleven o'clock, the enemy gave it up, and his shattered, bleeding battalions fell back in despair. Silence now rested on the field, and Lee, baffled in his first design, pondered what next to attempt. He had tried both wings, and failed to break them, and on

the right had lost all he had gained the night before; while a line of earth-works had sprung up, as if by magic, all along our front. The weakest point still seemed to be the left, and he determined on a last desperate effort to crush it. For this purpose, he brought forward a hundred and twenty-seven cannon, and concentrated their terrific fire on our center and left. At two o'clock, they opened simultaneously, and there commenced one of the most awful cannonades ever witnessed on this continent. On Cemetery Hill, the storm fell with such fury that the earth was scattered in showers over the graves, and the tomb-stones shivered to atoms. Shot and shell fell and burst without a moment's cessation, and with a power that seemed able to start the very hills from their firm foundations. Our batteries responded, and, for three hours, more than three hundred cannon exploded on each other, with reverberations that shook the field, and wrapped it in white, rolling clouds, which tossed, and drifted, and settled between the contending lines, till they were hid from view, and the heavens were darkened as in an eclipse.

About four o'clock, Lee ordered a grand charge. In splendid order, and "with banners high advanced," and a courage that seemed to foretell success, the columns came steadily on. The chief attack was on the point occupied by the Second Corps. Moving forward with grand, imposing front and confident bearing, they entered the desolating fire, without flinching. It was a magnificent charge. A tempest of shot and shell, howling above their heads from the artillery in rear, swept the heights; and Hancock was soon borne wounded from the fight. Gibson succeeded to the command, and, walking along the lines, told the men to reserve their fire. On came the rebels, three lines deep, in perfect order, till within point-blank range, when the order to fire was heard. A sudden sheet

of flame, a crash, and the first line disappeared like a wreath of mist. Undismayed, the second line swept on with a cheer. Up to the rifle-pits, and over them, and up to the guns, bayoneting the gunners beside their pieces, they pressed, waving their flags and shouting the victory. But the moment of their triumph was also the moment of their destruction. They had not seen that the guns on the western slope of Cemetery Hill enfiladed this spot. These now opened with grape and canister, on the uncovered ranks. The effect was awful. Nothing human could stand such a murderous fire, and the line swayed back in terror, and then crumbled into fragments. In an instant, our men were upon them, driving them like a herd of sheep. Whole regiments laid down their arms and surrendered. They seemed appalled—overwhelmed, by the frightful butchery, from which even flight could not save them. Other charges had been made, along the line, and gallantly repulsed; and our cavalry, though not performing any grand movement, came in for its share of the glory. Kilpatrick, having beaten Stuart at Hanover, and repulsed the rebel cavalry at Hunterstown, pressed forward to Gettysburg—which he reached Friday forenoon—and made a sudden dash on Lee's right. The enemy, finding his skirmishers driven in, took a strong position between two stone walls, surmounted by a rail fence. Kilpatrick was anxious to carry this position, for if he could, he would be able to reach Lee's ammunition train. General Farnsworth, with two regiments and a portion of a third, charged it with desperate fury. Leaping his horse over the first fence, sword in hand, he was followed by his gallant band. The space between the fences was covered by a fire from both flanks and the front, yet they dashed through it with a shout, and reached the second fence, where Farnsworth fell, pierced with five balls. Still on, over the second fence, the maddened riders went, "in a whirlpool of shot

and shell," and pressed on through a horrible fire. They could not return, and so dashed on—what was left of them—for two miles, to the rebel rear, when they dispersed, and got back as they could.

But, the grand effort of the day having failed, the enemy slowly retired. No pursuit was attempted. Meade had no reserves, with which to follow up his advantage, and scarcely any ammunition. We were near defeat. Could Lee have commanded a few thousand fresh troops, even then, he might have won the day. But we had stood the pounding longest, and now a fresh corps on our part, could have driven him in disorder and rout from the field. As it was, both armies had done all they could. Lee had attacked, and failed; and now, with one-third of his forces killed, wounded or taken prisoners, his campaign was over, and nothing remained for him but to get back to Virginia with his shattered army.

On this very afternoon, what a different scene was taking place on the banks of the Mississippi! At the same hour in which the heights around Gettysburg were rocking to the thunder of cannon, and their slopes were reddening with the blood of brave men, Grant and Pemberton were quietly seated under a spreading oak, settling the terms of the capitulation of Vicksburg. While one army was being surrendered into our hands, another was retiring, beaten and humbled, from before our brave troops.

It had been a battle of the Giants—Antietam over again; and our loss amounted, in all, to twenty-three thousand and one hundred and eighty-six men. The field presented a sad wreck, and the slopes around Gettysburg were thickly covered with the dead—men of the same country and creed, and who should never have been foes.

The news of this great victory flew over the wires on the 4th, our National Jubilee-day, spreading joy and exultation, and swelling to a higher note the shouts of the people. To

the army, however, it did not bring equal exultation, for it was not known whether another battle was yet to be fought. Lee still confronted our lines, but no general movements took place. But he had resolved on retreat, and by next morning his columns were retracing their steps, over the Cumberland Mountains, on their way back to the Potomac, leaving thirteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-one prisoners in our hands—so that if his loss in killed and wounded was no greater than ours, his total loss would have been over thirty thousand. But as the attacking party, unless successful, always suffers the most, a large number must be added to this, showing that Lee had good cause for retreating, without assigning, as he did, the lack of ammunition, and the strength of our position, as the reasons.

He saved his artillery, with the exception of two or three guns, though he left twenty-five thousand small arms strewn through the fields and woods. With his splendid army thus shivered into fragments, he recrossed the Cumberland Mountains, and pressed rapidly towards the Potomac. Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, was sent in pursuit, but on reaching Fairfield Pass, he found it so strongly held that he was compelled to abandon it, and then pressed towards the Potomac on the east side of the Cumberland Mountains, to intercept Lee's march. The cavalry, moving by different routes, harassed him continually, capturing trains and prisoners, and keeping the tired troops continually on the alert. A portion of the force, under General French, destroyed the enemy's pontoon train, at Falling Waters. Kilpatrick clung to the rebel army with a tenacity that did not allow it a moment's rest. At midnight, in a furious thunder storm, he charged down the mountain, through the darkness, with unparalleled boldness, and captured the entire train of Ewell's division, eight miles long. At Emmettsburg, Hagerstown, and other places, he smote the enemy with blow after

blow. Buford, Gregg, Custis, and others, performed deeds which, but for the greater movements that occupied public attention, would have filled the land with shouts of admiration. In fact, the incessant, protracted labors of the cavalry, during this campaign, rendered it useless for some time. That it was so effective, was due to Hooker, who took great pains in its organization, when he assumed command of the Army of the Potomac.

Before Lee reached the Potomac, a heavy rain storm set in swelling the river so that all the fords were impassable. This seemed a special interposition of Providence, and the country looked to see Lee's army utterly destroyed or captured, before he could get across.

Meade, having spent the 5th and 6th in burying his dead and caring for the wounded, followed the enemy, by a flank movement, to Middletown, Md., and thence passed through South Mountain, and, on the 12th, was in front of Lee, drawn up on the heights of Marsh Run, near Williamsport. A whole week had thus been allowed to pass away, while Lee looked with anxious gaze on the turbulent waters of the Potomac, whose loud, monotonous roar seemed to scoff at his helpless condition. No sooner did the flood begin to subside, than another storm would set in, sending the water in torrents down the slopes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and keeping the stream full to the top of its banks. It was a tantalizing condition for Lee, and seemed ominous of evil, for such a sustained freshet in July was a thing unheard of. It seemed sent on purpose to destroy him—just as the early and severe Winter, in Russia, came to overthrow the grand army of Napoleon. The whole country was kept in a state of the highest excitement, for a majority of the people believed that the escape of Lee, the year before, near the same place, after the battle of Antietam, was owing to the negligence or incapacity of McClellan.

Though Lee then got off, the first night after the battle, and under cover of the darkness, his escape seemed unpardonable. Hence, it was believed that if Meade should do his duty—swelled as his army was by reinforcements, and with ample time before him—Lee could not escape. But the latter was unmolested, and, gathering timber from the neighboring country, he constructed a bridge, and, the water at length falling, he transferred his entire army, trains, and munitions of war, safely into Virginia. The cavalry took some prisoners at Falling Waters, and Gregg's cavalry attacked and harassed the enemy at Charlestown and Shepherdstown; yet the latter escaped comparatively scathless—to the chagrin, disappointment, and ill-suppressed murmurings of the people.

Meade crossed the Potomac, and moved down the Loudon Valley on Lee's flank, hoping to cross his line of march somewhere; but the latter leisurely pursued his way to the Rapidan; and the Army of the Potomac, at the close of July, took up its position on the banks of the Rappahannock, and the campaign was over. It had been a grand success by our arms, marred only by the strange delays and inaction that allowed Lee to rest a week on the northern bank of the Potomac, and then get off without a blow being dealt him.

It would not be just to pass by this great battle without alluding to the efforts of the Sanitary Commission to relieve and care for the wounded. Never before was such a prodigality of expenditure in the way of charity, witnessed on a battle-field. Its agents, trains and supplies were everywhere. Clothing, medicines, food and luxuries were in profusion. Hospitals sprung up like magic on all sides, till it had nearly fifteen thousand wounded under its kind and generous protection. Its blessed charities, distributed alike to friend and foe, shed a benign radiance over the scene of slaughter, and rescued it from half its horrors.

CHAPTER XVI.

OPERATIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR—GILLMORE EFFECTS A LODGMENT ON MORRIS ISLAND—ATTEMPT TO TAKE FORT WAGNER BY SURPRISE—GRAND ASSAULT ON THE FORT—DEATH OF COLONEL SHAW—CRUELTY TO THE OFFICERS OF COLORED REGIMENTS—MOBS IN NEW YORK CITY—HOSTILITY TO THE DRAFT—ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT, RESPECTING THE TREATMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS HELD AS PRISONERS BY THE REBELS—THE PRACTICAL SUPERIORITY OF THE PRESIDENT—CAUSES OF PUBLIC AGITATION—CONGRESS.

WHILE events of such magnitude were occurring on the banks of the Potomac, General Gillmore, who had superseded Hunter in command at Charleston, surprised, on the 10th of July, the rebels in the fortifications on the south end of Morris Island, in Charleston Harbor, and captured two hundred prisoners, eight single-gun batteries, and three mortars. General Strong, the next day, in command of the attacking party, advanced on Fort Wagner, and attempted to carry it by assault, but failed. It was a spirited affair, and is thus described by Captain Gray, the only one, of four captains, that was saved: "General Strong, with two thousand men, went up Folly River, in the Light-house Inlet, while over forty guns and mortars, in battery, which had been put in position on Folly Island, concealed by trees from the enemy's knowledge, were ready to open their unexpected fire at the right moment. The gunboats were to engage the rebel batteries on the opposite side of the island. The boats containing the troops arrived in good time, preceded by eight boat-howitzers from the gunboats. The first boat contained General Strong and Staff, and then came the battalion of the Seventh Connecticut volunteers.

“General Gillmore told Colonel Rodman that the General concluded that our battalion was the most reliable, and could be trusted, and was selected for that reason. The batteries opened at daylight, and in a short time the enemy discovered the boats, and threw shell and solid shot, trying to sink them. The shot and shell struck and burst all around us, but only one boat was struck, containing some of the Sixth Connecticut volunteers, killing one and wounding two or three.” But the batteries of Gillmore are unmasked, and pour such a terrible fire on the astonished garrison, that they fly from their guns. “The General’s boat had got two discharges of grape. Just at this moment, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman said to the General, ‘Let me land my command, and take that battery.’ The General hesitated at first, and then said, ‘Go.’ Colonel Rodman stood up in the stern of his boat, and gave the command, ‘Seventh Connecticut, man your oars and follow me!’ At the order, we all headed for the shore, and as the boats struck, every man sprang, as if by instinct, and in an instant the men were in line. We advanced rapidly to the first line of rifle-works; our skirmishers cleared it with a bound, and advanced to the second line. Our main forces moved to the first line—the foe retired, firing.” * * * “We bivouacked for the night under easy range of Fort Wagner. At about half-past two in the morning, General Strong came and called the Lieutenant-Colonel out. He soon returned, and said, ‘Turn out; we have got a job on hand.’ The men were soon out, and into line, but rather slow to time, as they were tired with the work of the day before.

“The programme was, to try to take Fort Wagner by assault. We were to take the lead, and to be supported by the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and Ninth Maine. Silently we moved up to the advance line of our pickets, our guns loaded and aimed, and bayonets fixed. We were then de-

ployed into line of battle, (we had one hundred and ninety officers and men, all told,) reached and crossed the neck of land that approached the fort—our right resting on the beach. Our orders were, to move steadily forward until the pickets fired; then follow them close, and rush for the works; and we were promised ready support. General Strong gave the order, ‘Aim low, and put your trust in God. Forward, the Seventh!’ And forward we went—being not over five hundred yards from the fort when we started. We had not gone far, before the picket fired; and then we took the double-quick, and with a cheer rushed for the works. Before we reached the outer works, we got a murderous fire from the riflemen behind the works. A few fell—a check in the line. An encouraging word from the officers, and right gallantly we reached the outer works; over them, with a will, we went, down the opposite side—across the moat—there being about one foot of water in it—right up to the crest of the parapet; and there we lay, anxiously waiting for our support to come up so far as to make it a sure thing for us to rise up and go over with a bound—our men, in the meantime, busying themselves by picking off the sharp-shooters and gunners.

“As near as I can ascertain, we were in this position from ten to twenty minutes, when both of the regiments that were to support us broke and fled, leaving us to take care of ourselves as best we might.” Of course, a retreat had to be ordered, the line of which, for a thousand yards, was swept by a murderous fire. Of the one hundred and ninety-one men, only eighty-eight—less than half—ever got back again. Of the mess of eleven officers of this gallant little band, only four were present at the next meeting. Fort Wagner was not taken, but a landing had been effected on Morris Island, and now it was generally believed that the fall of Charleston was a mere question of time. The rebels were greatly alarmed.

Seven days after, another more formidable assault was made, with similar results. Previous to making it, Gillmore had surrounded the fort with a semi-circle of batteries, about eighteen hundred yards distant. The land attack was to be assisted by the iron-clads, under Admiral Dahlgren. About half-past twelve, everything being ready, the signal was given, and, from land and water, a terrific bombardment was opened on the fort, and kept up all the afternoon. An incessant storm of shot and shell fell upon it, driving the gunners to cover. By night—no sound coming from the fort, except as our own shells exploded in and over it—it was supposed that the guns had been effectually silenced. For eight hours, this tremendous fire had been kept up; and as the sun went down, sinking in a mass of black and angry clouds, the artillery of heaven opened all along the western horizon, and the sheeted lightning cast a ghastly, fitful light over the barren waste of sand and the torn and ragged fort, that to all human appearance was garrisoned only by dead men. It was now resolved to carry it by assault, and Strong's brigade moved off to the perilous undertaking. This was composed of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) regiment under Colonel Shaw, the Sixth Connecticut, Forty-eighth New York, Third New Hampshire, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and Ninth Maine. As soon as its dusky outline could be seen moving over the sand, the guns from distant Sumter and from Cummings' Point, and last of all from the hitherto silent Wagner, opened on it with terrible fury. Nothing daunted, the brigade sprung forward on the double-quick, and dashing swiftly through the iron storm, made straight for the fort, now lit up in the gloom by its own incessant fire. A part reached the ditch, crossed it, and mounted the parapet—led by Colonel Shaw, who fell there, waving on his men. But every foot of space was swept by the fire of the garrison, and in an incredibly

short interval of time, Strong was wounded, and every commanding officer wounded or killed. The brigade, shattered, and torn into fragments, rushed wildly back into the darkness. The Second brigade, under Colonel Putnam, now advanced, and charging through the same desolating fire, mounted the ramparts, and, fighting hand to hand, actually got into a portion of the fort. But here it halted, shattered, exhausted, and powerless to advance another step. Putnam had fallen; and through the pitchy darkness, which was incessantly seamed with fire from bursting shells and exploding cannon, the broken, confused ranks—melting away as they fled—staggered, bleeding, back to their intrenchments; and the deep, silent, black midnight closed over the scene. The beach was strewn with the dead, whose dirge the waves sung as they rolled gently on the shore, while the wounded crawled away along the sand, sheltered by the darkness.

The presence of the colored troops in this assault, exasperated the garrison, and many acts of violence and cruelty were committed against their wounded officers. Colonel Shaw's body was pitched, with his negro soldiers, into the sand; and an exasperated feeling took possession of both armies. General Strong was wounded, and died soon after in New York. This repulse produced intense excitement all over the North, and charges against this or that person were made without much regard to justice. The colored regiment led the assault, and some laid the blame of defeat to this cause. It is very doubtful whether any other regiment would have succeeded better; still, placing it in this position was unwise, and cannot be justified on any military principle. To employ comparatively raw regiments—no matter whether colored or white—to do that which is regarded the hardest, most trying work the oldest veteran regiments are ever put to, is to tempt fortune and deserve defeat.

There was still another and sadder misfortune that marred the record of this month, made glorious by the capture of Vicksburg, the opening of the Mississippi, and the victory at Gettysburg. Collisions between the citizens and soldiery occurred in various parts of the North; and in New York city, they threatened, for a time, to bring back the bloody scenes of Paris in the time of the Bourbons. The offices of the Provost-Marshals were burned, telegraph wires cut, railroad tracks torn up, the Mayor's house sacked, the Colored Orphan Asylum burned, and many persons killed. The cause of these outrages was still more alarming—viz., the enforcement of the draft. A revolution at the North was far more to be dreaded than rebellion at the South, though backed by foreign intervention. Luckily, the mob lacked organization; and though, for two days, New York city seemed resting on the bosom of a volcano, whose earthquake throes extended to Albany and Boston, and even to the far West, the incipient outbreak was quelled, and the frightful chasm, that seemed opening beneath our feet, was closed. The ostensible ground of resistance, in New York, was the inequality of the draft, growing out of an erroneous enrollment. But various causes produced it. In the first place, such efforts had been made to get volunteers, that many people had come to believe that drafting was wrong. In the second place, the Government, ever since its organization, had always obtained troops by fixing the proper quota to each State, and then calling on its Governor to see that it was furnished. This policy had been accepted as the only constitutional way to raise an army. But the election of the previous Fall had given New York a Democratic Governor, and should the same state of political feeling exist in the coming Autumn, many other States might have Democratic Executives. The Administration feared that it might thus be balked in its demand for troops, just as Madison was, in the

war of 1812, by Governor Strong of Massachusetts; and so, by one bold stroke, this power was taken out of the hands of the State Executives, and put in those of Provost-M Marshals, who were scattered over the various Congressional Districts. This was a perilous innovation on a long-established rule. That it did not work untold mischief, was not owing to the wisdom of Congress, but to the patriotism of the people, of all parties. God, in his good providence, saved us from the evil effects of false impressions and bad legislation. That there is anything wrong, unjust or improper in a draft, is a miserable delusion. A Government that has no right to enforce one, does not deserve to exist. If the Government owes its subjects protection, the subjects owe it service, in return, and to that extent necessary for its self-preservation.

To prevent further troubles, Major-General Dix was called from the Department of Virginia to assume command of the Department of the East. This was a wise appointment, for men of all parties had the utmost confidence in his integrity, capacity and patriotism.

At the close of the month, the President issued the following order, which is memorable as the commencement of a series of measures which resulted in untold misery to our brave soldiers held as prisoners by the South:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, July 30, 1863. }

It is the duty of every Government to give protection to its citizens, of whatever class, color, or condition, especially those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person, on account of his color, and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age.

The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers; and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color, the offense shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession.

It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for

every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The employment of blacks as soldiers, many of whom were escaped slaves, exasperated the South, and the Confederate Government refused to regard them as prisoners of war. This, of course, necessitated action on the part of our Government; for there can be no plainer duty than that of every Government to protect its soldiers. This clear, explicit, just order, placed the matter on a right foundation; and had the Secretary of War been content to adopt it as the rule of his action, the colored soldiers would have been protected, and tens of thousands of brave men spared a horrible death. But, wishing to improve on it by a theory of his own, he broke up the cartel agreed on—which was working humanely—and filled Southern prisons with innocent victims. After a year of horrors, he was compelled to come back to the principle of this simple order, but all too late for an army of sufferers. This is but one of numerous instances which show how vastly superior the President—with his upright nature, freedom from passion, strong common sense, and clear appreciation of right—was, to the acutest lawyers and most accomplished diplomatists of the land. His practical mind seemed to seize by intuition the right course; and had he from the outset been followed, instead of pushed, we should have been saved many blunders and misfortunes.

Although this order disappeared from sight, in the long, learned discussion that followed, on the question of exchange, it reappeared at last, to vindicate the sagacity of its author.

The discussion of the Confiscation Act, and other legislative enactments having reference to the status of the slave and freedman, and the mode of carrying on the war, kept the North, during the Summer, in a state of turmoil, and

furnished the Democratic party with the materials with which to organize an opposition, that they hoped might, in the coming year, overthrow the Administration, and institute a new order of things. McClellan—whose removal from the army was believed to be owing to his hostility to this kind of legislation, and to the President's Proclamation of Emancipation—was regarded as the man on whom these opposition elements would rally in the approaching struggle.

The heavy tax on incomes, necessary to meet the frightful expenses of the Government—swelled by the direct tax on property, to raise the enormous local bounties for volunteers—also caused great excitement. The public debt, in June, amounted, in round numbers, to ten hundred and ninety-eight millions of dollars—which practically, so far as the burden on the people was concerned, was swelled to an indefinite amount by local and State taxation. What the pressure of this mighty indebtedness would be, before the war could close, at the present rate of progress, men trembled to contemplate. The inability of Congress to grapple with this subject—the madness with which it persisted in spending the time, so pregnant with the fate of the country, in empty harangues or fierce partisan warfare—disgusted and discouraged all thoughtful men of both parties. It resolved that the war should go on, and yet seemed equally resolved that politics should keep pace with it—in fact, control it. All things considered, it was the darkest Summer of the war, notwithstanding the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAVALRY ACTION OF GREGG—FOSTER'S EXPEDITION UP THE JAMES RIVER—
FIGHT BETWEEN BUFORD AND STUART—AVERILL'S OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA—
GILLMORE'S SIEGE OF WAGNER AND SUMTER—HERCULEAN LABOR—"THE
SWAMP ANGEL"—BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER OVER THE TOP OF WAGNER—
GREEK FIRE THROWN INTO CHARLESTON—REMONSTRANCE OF BEAUREGARD—
ACTION OF THE FLEET—DEATH OF RODGERS—FRENCH OPINION OF THE
SIEGE—STEADY APPROACHES TOWARDS WAGNER—ITS EVACUATION—EVACU-
ATION OF FORT GREGG—MORRIS ISLAND OURS—BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER—
REFUSAL OF DAHLGREN TO ATTEMPT TO PASS IT—VINDICATION OF DU PONT—
DESOLATION OF CHARLESTON—RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the Summer campaign of the Army of the Potomac was ended, minor engagements, in Virginia, occasionally took place, and the guerrilla General Mosby caused a great deal of trouble. His conduct called forth a stringent order from Halleck.

In August, General Foster made an expedition up the James River, with four gunboats, and when about seven miles from Fort Darling, encountered a rebel battery, and at the same time, the Commodore Barney ran upon a torpedo, which exploded under her bows, lifting them ten feet out of water, and washing overboard fifteen of her crew. Foster was aboard at the time, but escaped injury.

On the Rappahannock, Buford had a sharp fight with Stuart's cavalry, reinforced by infantry, and, after an obstinate fight, drove him back, though with a loss to himself of a hundred and forty men, sixteen of whom were killed.

In the latter part of the month, General Averill returned from an expedition through several counties in the interior of Virginia, in which he burned some saltpetre works, and

destroyed a quantity of arms and stores. He fought a superior force of the enemy, at White Sulphur Springs, and then retreated, with a loss of about a hundred men.

In the meantime, General Gillmore had pressed steadily towards Fort Sumter. After the failure of the assault on Fort Wagner, he sat down before it, in regular siege; but, while making his slow approaches towards it, he carried out the extraordinary plan of bombarding Fort Sumter over its top. There was between Morris and James Islands a marsh, covered with sea-weed, flags and rushes, which Beauregard had regarded as wholly untenable—as it was a mere bed of soft mud, in which a man would go down over his head—and so left it out, in completing the fortifications for the defense of Charleston. Yet Gillmore resolved to drive piles into this mortar-bed, and mount on them six two-hundred-pound Parrott guns, and one monster three-hundred-pounder. The timber for these piles had to be brought from Folly Island, a distance of ten miles, in rafts. To accomplish all this, without the enemy's knowledge, the work had all to be done in the night-time. The rafts were floated to their places, through the darkness, and before daylight covered with grass and sea-weed, that entirely disguised them, so that the enemy was kept in total ignorance of the work being done right under their eyes. In the night-time, also, the piles were driven into the mud. For two weeks, this strange work went on, without arousing the suspicion of the enemy. Ten thousand bags filled with sand, were carried two miles by the soldiers, to protect the guns. The monster gun broke down several trucks, before it was got into position, but by incredible labor it was finally mounted, and the "Swamp Angel," as it was called, was ready to open its fire. By the 16th of August, thirty-seven guns were in position on the artificial foundation laid in this mud-hole, within two miles and a half of Sumter,

and but little over four from the city of Charleston. One can imagine the consternation of the enemy when these tremendous batteries were unmasked. It was a new creation—a volcanic island risen out of the sea.

On the 17th, they opened their fire on Sumter. In the meantime, Dahlgren, with the Ironsides and Monitor fleet, moved up opposite Fort Wagner, and engaged it, to keep it from concentrating its fire on this new position and distracting the gunners in their bombardment of Sumter. The fleet behaved gallantly; but almost at the outset, Captain George W. Rodgers, of the Catskill, who had boldly carried his vessel to within three hundred yards of Wagner, was killed, and the vessel, with a flag of distress flying, retired out of the fight. All day long, the terrific bombardment of Sumter was maintained. An immense wall of sand-bags had been built up on the outside and inside of the fort, fifteen feet thick—making the whole mass thirty-five feet thick. The sand-bags had first to be beaten down, before the wall itself could be reached; yet, so fierce was the fire, and so heavy the metal thrown, that on the second day the naked walls were exposed, and the work of demolition went on with greater rapidity. The barbette guns were soon dismounted, some of them toppling over into the sea. Day after day, the bombardment was kept up, till, at the end of the seventh day, Sumter was a heap of ruins. The rubbish, however, falling over some of the casemates, made them more invulnerable than ever, and a small garrison there still kept the rebel flag flying.

Gillmore now sent a flag of truce to Beauregard, demanding the surrender of Charleston, and threatening, in case of refusal, to shell the city. The demand and threat both seemed so preposterous, that Beauregard dismissed the officer without a reply. Gillmore then turned the "Swamp Angel" on the city, and shells were thrown into its very heart. The

old "Greek fire" had been reproduced, and shells loaded with it were expected to burn the town. It, however, proved a failure. Still, the dropping of shells into the place aroused the indignation of Beauregard, who remonstrated against it as barbarous—saying that it was absurd to suppose that Charleston could be taken until the forts commanding the entrance to the harbor were in our possession.

The engineering skill displayed by Gillmore, and the tremendous range of his guns, astonished the civilized world. The idea of bombarding a city almost as far as it could be seen, was a novel one in carrying out siege operations. The French *Journal des Sciences Militaire* had a long article on it, which the *United States Service Magazine* published. It commences thus: "Prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity and perseverance are exhibited in the attack, as in the defense of this city, which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals. It is a duel 'to the death,' in which science calls to its aid, and puts in operation, all the modern discoveries to develop upon a gigantic scale the means of destruction and extermination. One is struck with amazement in reading, in the journals and letters from America, the details of this contest, in which the two adversaries ought to feel a mutual astonishment, as they rightfully astonish the entire world, by their daily proofs of superhuman heroism." * * * "Such a position," the writer adds, after describing Charleston Harbor, "defended by an engineer of transcendent merit—by soldiers who fear neither fatigue, suffering nor death—would seem to have been impregnable; and yet the besiegers, conducting their enterprise with incredible energy, make, day by day, slow progress, but with almost certain chances of ultimate success. It is the land artillery which plays the grand part in these brilliant and terrible operations. But what artillery, and what projectiles!—solid shot and shells, of two and three

hundred pounds, describing *trajectories* of six and eight thousand metres, striking the mark with such precision and efficacy that they penetrate the earth-work to the distance of ten metres, and break in fragments works of brick and stone six and ten metres in thickness. It is a General, unknown one year ago, who directs this combat of artillery, which has no precedent hitherto in the history of sieges. Mahomet II, it is true, employed cannon of a monstrous caliber, which terrified the defenders of Byzantium, and finished the destruction of the Greek Empire; but the 'Balistique' of the Mohammedans produced only a *soothing* effect, in comparison with that of the Americans." He then goes on to describe the bombardment and assault of Fort Wagner.

The Journal containing this chapter, which thus places the siege of Charleston above all other siege operations in the history of the world, is the highest military authority throughout Europe.

By thus occupying a distant stand-point, and viewing Gillmore's engineering skill through the military mind of the Old World, we get some correct idea of the stupendous nature of the work done before Charleston. The want of success depreciated it in the popular mind, but it stands alone and without a parallel in military annals.

On the 1st of September, another engagement took place between our iron-clads and the forts, but, like the former, was barren of results. In it, Fleet Captain Oscar C. Badger—the successor of Rodgers—was wounded by a shell.

In the meantime, Gillmore pressed steadily towards Fort Wagner. If that could be taken, Fort Gregg, on the point opposite Sumter, must also fall, and then he could plant his batteries in point-blank range of the hated structure. He, however, had no intention of trying another assault. The spade and shovel, that had risen from their formerly despised position, were to do the work. "Day after day,

our patient boys creep up, on hands and knees, to their dangerous toil, with shovel and gun rolling slowly in advance—for protection, the ‘sap roller,’ a round wicker-work filled with sticks. Gradually approaching parallels are thrown up, and each succeeding day brings our engineers nearer to the fort. They are digging their way, in spite of shot and shell, into Wagner. Although the distance from the first parallel to Fort Wagner is but six hundred yards, yet if the whole number dug were laid out in a straight line, they would reach ten miles.” Through the long, hot Summer months, the troops worked, under the broiling sun, with unflagging courage, until the parallels were at last pushed so near to the fort, that, with a single bound, the assailants could be inside the ramparts. The preparations were all made for a final assault, when the enemy suddenly evacuated it, and streamed forward towards Fort Gregg. Our exultant troops followed after, and this also was evacuated, and we had Morris Island, for which we had struggled so long. Twenty-one guns were left in our possession. We were now in fair range of Fort Sumter, and its speedy fall was eagerly looked for. Fort Moultrie was also bombarded, and though Sumter soon became a still greater heap of ruins, and Gillmore pushed his operations with a skill and energy that deserved success, it soon became apparent that we were no nearer Charleston than ever.

Here, it is worthy of notice, that though both Forts Wagner and Gregg were reduced, and Sumter so demolished as to be able to mount but a few guns, Dahlgren never attempted to carry the iron-clads past it up to Charleston. The brave Du Pont was removed because, with all these forts in the enemy’s possession, and thoroughly mounted with the most formidable cannon, he failed to make a second attempt to pass or destroy it; and yet Dahlgren, with but half the fire to encounter, did not even risk a trial. This

single fact is all the testimony any just mind needs, to prove whose views were correct. Dahlgren saw plainly that Du Pont was right, and was too good an officer to risk his vessels where certain defeat awaited him.

Though Charleston was not taken, it was almost as desolate as Edom. A Southern paper thus described its condition: "Here and there, a pedestrian moves hurriedly along, and the rattle of a cart or a dray is alone heard for a whole square. The blinds are closed; vases of rare exotics droop and wither on the lonely window-sill, because there is no tender hand to twine or nourish them. The walk glistens with fragments of glass, rattled thither by the concussion of exploding shells; here, a cornice is knocked off; there, is a small round hole through the side of a building; beyond, a house in ruins, and, at remote intervals, the earth is torn where a shell exploded, and looks like the work of a giant in search of some hidden treasure; and little tufts of bright green grass are springing up along the pave, once vocal with the myriad tongues of busy trade."

What a picture this is, of the proud "cradle of secession!" Its destruction was never very important, in a military view; but, as the hot-bed of treason—the spot where the national flag was first fired upon, and compelled to come down at the bidding of traitors—its overthrow was an object of intense desire to the North; and yet, what fate could be worse than the one she actually suffered! Behold Charleston, rocking to the shouts of the excited multitude, and echoing to the joyful peal of bells, because the brave Anderson is compelled to haul down his flag! And behold that same city now, as drawn by the pen of one of her own people—desolate, dreary and mournful!—and who will say that she has not drank to the dregs the fearful cup she so madly mixed for herself?

CHAPTER XVIII.

JULY AND AUGUST.

EVENTS AT THE WEST DURING THE SUMMER—GRANT AT VICKSBURG—RAID OF PHILLIPS—ROSECRANS AT MURFREESBORO'—ADVANCE ON CHATTANOOGA—MORGAN'S RAID THROUGH OHIO—THE PURSUIT—ATTEMPTS TO CROSS INTO VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF BUFFINGTON'S ISLAND—ROUT OF THE BAND—CURIOUS ASPECT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD—QUANTRELL IN MISSOURI—RAID INTO KANSAS—MASSACRE AT LAWRENCE—THE PURSUIT—THE FLIGHT—HIS ESCAPE.

BUT while comparative quiet reigned around the Army of the Potomac, after the battle of Gettysburg, and but minor expeditions broke the monotony along the seaboard, and the tedious bombardment of Fort Sumter went on, events of great interest were transpiring in the West, some of which were to give direction to all future operations there, and eventually pierce the very heart of the Confederacy. After Grant had captured Vicksburg, and then turned and driven Johnston out of Jackson, he took up his head-quarters at the former place, and devoted himself to the business of his Department, while the army lay quiet in order to recover its strength for future operations. A successful raid was made into Central Mississippi, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, in which sixty-five locomotives and five hundred cars were destroyed, and the communications of the rebels sadly broken up. Besides this, little was done by Grant's army.

But, up at Murfreesboro', the Army of the Cumberland was in motion. Much complaint had been made against Rosecrans, its Commander, because he lay inactive while such important events were taking place around Vicksburg;

but he determined, when he advanced, to take no backward step. Bragg was in his front, with a powerful army, and Chattanooga was a strongly fortified place, and he knew that no easy task was before him.

When his preparations were complete, he put his army in motion, and, crossing the Cumberland Mountains by four different routes, pressed forward towards Chattanooga. But while he was thus pushing his victorious columns south, two events occurred, far back of him, which, though having no real effect on his campaign, or the war, produced the most intense excitement throughout the North. These were, Morgan's raid through Ohio, and the massacre at Lawrence.

In the latter part of June, Morgan, with a brigade, lay along the banks of the Cumberland River, evidently meditating some serious movement. A Union force was dispatched to the locality to watch him, and had several skirmishes with portions of his troops. But, on the 3d of July, it was found that he had crossed the river, the day before, at Burkesville. Captain Carter had a brush with his advance, in which he was severely wounded, and his command compelled to fall back. Reinforcements were immediately sent him, which arrived just before midnight in the vicinity of Columbia, then in possession of the enemy. An attack was at once ordered, but Morgan's force being much stronger than it had been reported, the Union troops were compelled to retreat to Jamestown, from which point Colonel Wolford dispatched a courier to Somerset, to General Carter commanding the United States troops there, stating that Morgan had crossed the Cumberland, and advanced north to Columbia. A proper force was immediately sent in pursuit, and all through the moon-lit night of the 4th of July, the excited pursuers pressed gaily forward, and reached the north bank of Green River about daylight Sunday morning. Taking a hurried breakfast, they pushed on all day, and that evening,

just before dusk, were joined by the Second Tennessee mounted infantry.

Morgan, in the meantime, in his bold march, had captured Lebanon, though not until after a sharp fight, in which his brother Tom was killed. In revenge for his death, some twenty houses were burned, and the post office robbed. The Union troops captured here—numbering in all about three hundred—Morgan compelled to run on foot, in front of his mounted men, for twelve miles, to Springfield. A sergeant giving out, he was knocked on the head with the butt end of a musket, and his brains trampled out by the passing horsemen. At Springfield, the prisoners were robbed, and then paroled.

On the night of the 6th, the pursuing force was joined, at Bargetown, by General Hobson, with Shackleford's brigade, composed of the Third, Eighth, Ninth and Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, with two pieces of artillery. Hobson at once assumed command, and, pushing on to Shepherdsville, found that Morgan at that point had captured the mail train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and about twenty soldiers who were passengers in the cars. The horses here giving out, Hobson halted for a day, but at daylight, on the morning of the 8th, was again in motion, and followed the track of the rebel chieftain for thirty miles, by the letters which his band had taken from the mail-bags, and, after reading, had torn and scattered along the road. Morgan, in the meantime, had entered Elizabethtown, and, helping himself to what he wanted, struck for Brandenburg, and, by a sudden, skillful movement, captured the steamboats Alice Dean and J. T. McCoombs, by which he took his whole force across the Ohio River. Among all the bold and extraordinary movements of the war, none had been bolder or half so desperate as this. Right through the thickly settled State of Ohio, this fearless

rider proposed to take his lawless band, and, after working incalculable evil, recross the Ohio, and rejoin the rebel army in Virginia or south of the Tennessee River.

As Hobson approached the Ohio, he saw the Alice Dean, wrapped in flame and smoke, burning on the opposite shore, and the rear guard of Morgan's force rapidly disappearing in the distance.

At Brandenburg, the Leavenworth home-guards showed fight, but were overpowered, and forty-five taken prisoners. The stores and houses were plundered and the raiders cumbered themselves with useless goods, which they soon had to throw away.

Morgan was now in the Free States, and his march henceforward assumed an importance which at once attracted the attention of the whole country.

Hobson was across the river on the morning of the 10th, and at once commenced a sharp pursuit. Morgan's path now began to be beset with ever-increasing difficulties; for a powerful force was pressing on his rear, while in front the country was rushing to arms.

At Corydon, the home-guards made a short stand, losing some fifteen in killed and wounded, and two hundred prisoners, which Morgan paroled.

Stealing all the horses he could find, and levying taxes where he did not destroy, he pushed on to Blue River, and, burning the bridge behind him, swept through Paris. Reaching Vernon, where a force of twelve hundred militia was assembled, he demanded the surrender of the place. "Come and take it," was Colonel Lowe's response. Morgan surrounded the town, but, contenting himself with burning some bridges, he moved around it to Versailles, where he robbed the County Treasurer of all his money, about five thousand dollars—saying, in grim jocoseness, that he was sorry the County was so very poor. Sacking the town, he

sent out a detachment, which burned a bridge and captured a telegraph operator, while with the main column he kept on to Pierceville, burning all the bridges on the road. Near Wiseburgh, he had a skirmish with the home-guards, and at New-Ulsas, a German settlement, his soldiers captured a wagon-load of lager beer, which they carried along to drink by the way. The same night in which the pursuing force encamped at Harrison, with their horses thoroughly jaded out, Morgan's bugles were sounding north of Cincinnati. On his way, he at Miami-ville turned over a railroad train, and burned fifty Government wagons. On the afternoon of the 15th, he entered Winchester, and robbed the mail and stole thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of property and fifty horses, while the soldiers tore up all the flags they could find, and tied the fragments to the tails of mules, which they drove, with shouts and laughter, through the streets.

Morgan now struck south-east, for the purpose of reaching the Ohio, and crossing into Virginia. The country was thoroughly aroused, and troops were concentrating from various quarters to head him off and intercept his retreat. Burning the bridge at Jacktown, he kept on to Wheat Ridge, where his force separated—a part going through Mount Olive. Six miles from Jackson, the citizens blockaded the road, which detained him two hours. Here and there shooting down a man who showed hostile intentions, and pillaging and destroying like a band of savages, the force pressed forward towards the Ohio. Arriving at Jackson, Morgan sent part of his forces up to Berlin, where three thousand militia were posted, who were quickly scattered by a single shell thrown into their midst. At the little town of Linesville, the home-guards tore up a bridge and blockaded the road, by which Morgan was detained another two hours—a great gain to the pursuers, who were straining every nerve to overtake him.

In the meantime, General Judah, with a strong force, was moving up the Ohio from Portsmouth, a town a hundred and fifteen miles above Cincinnati, while gunboats patrolled the stream. It was evident that Morgan would strike for the first fordable place on the river, and try to cross into Virginia, as he was becoming sorely pressed—for, although he could supply fresh horses on the way, his men were getting worn out by their long and rapid march.

Buffington Island lies about twenty miles below Blennerhassett Island; between them are a great many shoals, that make crossing comparatively easy. For this point, Morgan now struck, hoping to get across before his pursuers were up, or he was headed off by the force pressing up the river. On Friday night, the 17th, he was at Pomeroy, thirty-five miles below the island, and the next night encamped in some corn-fields nearly opposite it. At this point, a road, coming over a range of hills two miles distant, strikes the river road nearly at right angles. Three hundred yards above the former road, was a private one, leading into the corn-fields where Morgan lay. Judah came down the pike, and, there being a dense fog, almost run upon the rebels before he was aware of their position. Morgan immediately fired on the advance column, throwing it into confusion, and was about to follow up his success with a charge, when the gunboat *Moose*, in the river, opened on him, and at the same time *Hobson's* force came up in the rear. Our artillery was soon got in position, and the battle commenced. Finding himself between three fires, Morgan moved up-stream, to escape the shells of the gunboat; but she advanced, also—clinging to him with a tenacity that soon convinced him that in reaching the river, instead of finding safety he had actually run into the lion's mouth. Seeing that it was hopeless to make a stand here, he divided his force into two columns, and a rush was made by one for the river, at a point about

a mile and a half above the island. But the gunboat, coming up, sent shot and shell into the mass floundering in the water—killing some, and turning others back, so that only about twenty succeeded in getting over.

In the meantime, Basil Duke, back from the shore, was so hard pressed that the men broke in despair—some surrendering themselves prisoners—among them Duke himself—and others taking refuge in flight. A running fight now ensued; the main body of the enemy, aiming for a point up the river, opposite Belleville, Virginia, on reaching it, plunged into the water, and began to push for the other shore. But the Moose soon came looming through the fog, and, pouring her shrapnel into the advance party, killed some, and stopped the remainder from attempting to cross. About twenty more, however, got over here. The remaining rebels now pushed on up the river fourteen miles further, to Hawkinsport, and again made an effort to cross; but the omnipresent gunboat was there, and they had to keep on in their headlong flight.

Scattering in detached bodies, the rebels now wandered hither and thither, striving in vain to break through the toils with which they were surrounded. Some two hundred succeeded in crossing at Readsville, while Morgan, with one portion, struck into Columbiana County, where his force surrendered to Colonel Shackelford.

Over two thousand were captured or killed, and all their guns, accouterments and plunder seized.

The battle-field, and line of retreat, presented one of the most curious spectacles ever seen in war. The ground was strewed, not only with guns, cartridge-boxes, &c., but with all sorts of hardware and dry-goods, and household articles, such as forks, spoons, calicoes, ribbons, and women's apparel, together with buggies, carriages, market-wagons, circus-wagons, and even quite a quantity of stationery. Such

extraordinary spoils never before fell into the hands of warriors. It seemed as if a den of thieves, where their plunder was stored, had been broken up, and not that a reputed band of heroes were retreating, under the leadership of a noted captain. Altogether, this was one of the most remarkable raids of the war, though distinguished for nothing but foolhardiness.

Morgan crossed the Ohio a hundred and seventy miles below Cincinnati, and, passing clear around that city, attempted to recross the river about a hundred and seventy miles above it. For ten days, he marched through the heart of Ohio, plundering and destroying, with apparently no other object in view than simple retaliation. He must have moved, during this time, at the rate of at least fifty miles a day, and yet did not destroy property to the amount of more than fifty thousand dollars.

THE MASSACRE AT LAWRENCE.

War, from its very nature, is cruel, but in later days, among civilized nations, it has seldom been disgraced by such atrocities as the massacres at Lawrence and Fort Pillow. Men, fitted by nature to be leaders of banditti, took advantage of the war to follow the vocation for which they seemed designed, and, gathering around them a band of men, lawless and desperate as themselves, plundered and murdered, under the pretext of carrying on a war for independence. There were degrees of crime among even this abandoned class—some leaders having more control over their followers, and being more humane than others. Over all, however, Quantrell stands pre-eminent for his barbarities and depravity. His whole career during the war, was marked by crime and violence; but in the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, he acquired a reputation that will make his name infamous to the end of time.

During the Summer, reports of intended raids on various

towns, constantly agitated the frontiers of Missouri and Kansas; but General Ewing, who commanded there, garrisoned the threatened places, and Quantrell's force, numbering some three hundred, was kept at bay. If disappointed in their intended attack on a particular place, they would break up into small predatory bands, and wreak their vengeance on isolated families or parties. Ewing scattered his force, which, in separate detachments, dogged these marauders from one haunt and locality to another. Missouri finally getting too hot for him, Quantrell determined, in August, to make a dash into Kansas. Selecting Blackwater, some fifty miles from the Kansas line, as the place of rendezvous, he, on the 19th, moved off with his mounted force, and passing through Chapel Hill, where he was joined by fifty more outlaws, pressed straight for Kansas.

Captain Pike, commanding two companies at Aubrey, forty-five miles from Lawrence, heard, on the evening of the 20th, that Quantrell had just passed five miles to the south of him; but instead of pushing on after him, he forwarded the information up and down the line, and to Ewing's headquarters. The latter at once sent forward a hundred men to Aubrey, thirty-five miles distant, with orders for the combined force to start at once in pursuit. At midnight, they mounted, and pressed rapidly forward. But Quantrell had struck across the open prairie, making it difficult to keep his track, so that they gained but little on him all night. With the start of several hours, he, by riding rapidly, reached Lawrence a little after daylight, and the tramp of his horses through the streets, and shouts of his men, aroused the terrified inhabitants to the sudden disaster that had overtaken them. The news spread like lightning through the town, and a few seized their guns and rushed forth to fight, but were shot down by the desperadoes, who had complete control of the place. Then commenced a scene of pillage

and violence which in our history finds its parallel only in Indian atrocities. Houses and banks were broken into—women were stripped of their jewelry, and everything valuable that could be transported on horseback, was dragged forth and packed for removal on fresh horses gathered in the place. As fast as houses were pillaged, they were set on fire, and soon the crackling of flames mingled with the shouts and cries of the infuriated demons. “During all this time, citizens were being murdered everywhere. Germans and negroes, when caught, were shot immediately. Many persons were shot down after they had been taken prisoners and had been assured that they would not be hurt if they would surrender. Messrs. Trask and Baker, and two other citizens, were so taken, and while being marched towards the river as prisoners, were fired upon, and all four killed on the spot except Mr. Baker, who was not expected to live. Mr. Dix had been taken prisoner, and his house set on fire, when one of the fiends told him if he would give them his money he would not be killed; otherwise he would. Mr. Dix went into the burning house, and got a thousand dollars and handed it over. He was told to march towards the river, and had not proceeded twenty steps when he was shot dead from behind. Mr. Hampson, clerk of the Provost-Marshal had a revolver, and tried to defend the few things he had saved from the Johnson House. His wife interfered, and they told him if he would surrender he should be treated as a prisoner, and be safe from harm. He surrendered, and was immediately shot from behind—the ball entering near the spine, and coming out below the kidneys in front. In one instance, the wife and daughter of a man threw themselves over his body, begging for his life; but one of the murderers deliberately thrust his revolver down between the two women, and killed the man.

“Before ten o’clock, the main body of the guerrillas

departed with their plunder, leaving a guard over the prisoners in town, and a few stragglers. The few persons wounded, were wounded at this time by the passing fiends. In the earlier part of the day, most of the persons were fired at from very near, and killed instantly.

“One of the first persons out was Colonel Deitzler. Mr. Williamson and myself helped him carry off the dead. The sight that met us when coming out, I cannot describe. I have read of outrages committed in the so-called dark ages, and, horrible as they appeared to me, they sink into insignificance in comparison with what I was then compelled to witness. Well-known citizens were lying, completely roasted, in front of the spot where their stores and residences had been. The bodies were crisp, and nearly black. We thought, at first, they were all negroes, till we recognized some of them. In handling the dead bodies, pieces of roasted flesh would remain in our hands. Soon, our strength failed us, in this horrible and sickening work. Many could not help crying like children. Women and little children were all over town, hunting for their husbands and fathers, and sad indeed was the scene when they did finally find them among the corpses laid out for recognition. I cannot describe the horrors; language fails me, and the recollection of the scenes I witnessed, makes me sick when I am compelled to repeat them.” *

These, however, are but few of the details. Twenty colored soldiers were shot in cold blood, and in circumstances of fiendish atrocity. A hundred and forty unarmed men, in all, were murdered, and twenty-four wounded. The dead lined the streets everywhere, through which roamed weeping women and children, while the air was filled with the smoke and flames of a hundred and eighty-five burning buildings. Altogether, it was a scene one would never expect to see

* William Kempf, belonging to the Provost-Marshal's Office.

in the Nineteenth Century, in a civilized and Christian land. It rivaled in atrocity the massacre of the whites in Minnesota by the Sioux Indians, and shows what desperate bands of men infested our frontiers. General Lane was in the place at the time, and narrowly escaped capture by the desperadoes. Enraged at being unable to find him, they burned his house. Many heroic deeds were performed by the women in protecting the lives of the men, and it must be said to the honor of the wretches, that they refrained from committing violence on them.

After quietly taking a lunch amid the smouldering ruins of the town, Quantrell ordered his men to mount, and lifting his hat mockingly to the ladies, bowed politely, and said, "Ladies, I now bid you good morning; I hope when we meet again, it will be under more favorable circumstances." He then put spurs to his horse, and rode away, followed by his murderous gang. He took the precaution to collect all the fresh horses he could lay his hands on, so as to be able to elude pursuit.

The troops, under Major Plumb, reached the place only to find it in ruins, and the enemy gone. Although they had pressed rapidly forward, having made more than sixty-five miles, without rest or food, since the morning before—filled with rage at the sight which met their gaze, they immediately wheeled and started in pursuit. Lane, assembling a hundred and fifty of the citizens, joined them, and all day long they pressed on the flying track of the foe. Quantrell kept a hundred of his best-mounted men as a rear-guard, who the moment our men, scattered over the prairies, came in sight, would form in line of battle. This would compel a halt of the most advanced pursuers, and by the time the main body could get up, Quantrell's gang, with the booty, would be far ahead. The rear-guard, the moment Plumb was ready to commence an attack, would pour in one volley, then break into column and gallop off at a rate that defied pur-

suit. Thus the chase was kept up till eight o'clock at night, when the rear-guard made a stand, and a skirmish followed. The guerrillas, however, finding another force, under Lieut.-Colonel Clark, crossing their line of retreat, broke and scattered in the darkness, so that the trail could not be followed.

Quantrell, seeing that he had baffled his pursuers, halted to rest; but at midnight, a body of militia broke up his camp. Aided, however, by the darkness and the uneven surface of the prairie, he got safely off, and, continuing his flight, crossed the Kansas border, and at noon the next day reached the timber near the middle fork of the Grand River, Missouri, an hour in advance of his pursuers. Here, his forces scattered. About a hundred, with Quantrell at their head, moved down the river. Lieutenant-Colonel Lazear, with two hundred men, continued to press him so closely that he was compelled to abandon most of his horses and much of the plunder he had taken from the Lawrence stores.

There had been, in the pursuit, frequent engagements with detached parties, and Ewing reported about a hundred of the miscreants killed. Though the pursuers traveled a hundred miles in the first twenty-four hours—killing many of their horses by exhaustion, and some of the men themselves died from the effect of the sun, and want of rest—yet Quantrell, by desperate riding, succeeded in escaping. Never did bloodhounds hang more unflinchingly on the track of a poor fugitive, than did these gallant soldiers and enraged citizens on the flying footsteps of this desperado, until their horses gave out. No prisoners were captured—every man being shot remorselessly down when overtaken. The perfect knowledge of the fate that awaited him, imparted a desperation to Quantrell's efforts to elude his pursuers; and, mounted on the best horse the country could furnish, he pushed him to the limit of his endurance, and thus escaped a short shrift and a quick passage to the next world—to drag out a miserable life in this.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEPTEMBER.

ROSECRANS BEFORE CHATTANOOGA—RESOLVES TO FLANK IT—HAZEN LEFT TO GUARD THE RIVER—BRAGG EVACUATES CHATTANOOGA—ROSECRANS RESOLVES TO CUT OFF HIS RETREAT—SCATTERING OF HIS CORPS—BRAGG MARCHES BACK ON CHATTANOOGA—PERIL OF ROSECRANS—RAPID CONCENTRATION OF HIS ARMY—FIRST DAY'S BATTLE—SECOND DAY'S BATTLE—ROUT OF OUR ARMY—STEADFASTNESS OF THE LEFT WING—DESPERATE FIGHTING OF THOMAS—THE CRISIS—UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE—THE GALLANT STEEDMAN—A DESPERATE CHARGE—THE BATTLE SAVED—THE ARMY FALLS BACK TO CHATTANOOGA—CAUSES OF DEFEAT.

WHILE these stirring events were occurring in Ohio and Kansas, Rosecrans, with his magnificent army well in hand, was pressing victoriously forward towards Chattanooga, and, the last week in August, drew up his columns on the banks of the Tennessee, in front of the place. It being a strong position by nature, and made more so by art, it was well-nigh impregnable against any direct attack. Rosecrans therefore determined to flank it by the west and south, and, if possible, get in Bragg's rear and cut him off from his base of supplies, so that if he did not retreat he would be forced to a decisive battle in the open field. In carrying out this plan, he took his main army over the Tennessee, a few miles below Chattanooga, and marched up the Lookout Valley, lying west of the Lookout Mountain. On the 3rd of September, he put the troops left behind—about seven thousand in number—under Brigadier-General Hazen, with orders to watch the movements of the enemy at all the crossings, and make Bragg believe that a large army was still on the north shore of the river. This force

was scattered from Kingston to Williams' Island, a distance of seventy miles, and yet, so adroitly did Hazen manage it—causing the heads of strong columns to appear simultaneously at different fords—building camp-fires at prominent points, and beating calls all along the river—that Bragg was thoroughly deceived, until the main army was far to the south of him. When he discovered it, he saw at once that he must retreat, or be cut off from his base of supplies; and, hastily breaking up his camp, he evacuated Chattanooga. The news reached Rosecrans on the 8th, and he immediately started in pursuit.

To understand the positions of the armies at this time, it is necessary to remember that the Tennessee at this point runs nearly east and west in its general direction, and the Chickamauga Creek and the Lookout Mountain hang south from it, like two great pendants—the former above and the latter below Chattanooga. Bragg retreated along the valley formed by the Creek and Mountain. Over the Lookout Mountain, on the west side, lay the Lookout Valley, up which Rosecrans was marching. The Lookout Mountain, therefore, divided the two armies. But Rosecrans' army was very much scattered at the time he heard of Bragg's retreat. McCook's Corps was far up the Valley, forty-five miles south of Chattanooga; Thomas, commanding the center, was thirteen miles back of him, down the Valley; while Crittenden was on the river, and only some eight miles from Chattanooga—two of his divisions not yet being across. Rosecrans now immediately ordered Crittenden to move around the head of Lookout Mountain, and follow up Bragg's retiring columns as rapidly as possible, by crossing the Valley of Chickamauga in a south-easterly direction to Dalton. Had Crittenden done so, he would have been cut off; for Bragg, instead of striking the railroad, as Rosecrans supposed he would, had moved directly south, and now lay about

half-way between Dalton and Lookout Mountain. Fortunately, Crittenden's movement was delayed, until Rosecrans ascertained where the enemy really was. The former was therefore ordered to follow up the Chickamauga Creek, and take position at Gordon's Mill, where the road from Lafayette to Chattanooga crossed. Rosecrans had supposed that Bragg was in full retreat, and that the chief effort should be to intercept him; but now, to his astonishment, he learned that the rebel General was not only not fleeing, but had faced about, and was preparing to march back on Chattanooga. His first, great object therefore was, to get his scattered army together, before Bragg should fall on Crittenden and cut him to pieces.

The Corps of the latter lay stretched along the Chickamauga, and extended up the Valley towards Crawfish Springs, in order to be near as possible to Thomas, who was directed to march with all haste over the mountain to his support. The latter must cross by way of Stevens' Gap, and Bragg, aware of it, ordered General Hindman to occupy and hold the Gap, while Polk should fall on Crittenden, isolated and away from all support. Had Hindman done as he was directed, Bragg would doubtless have won Chattanooga again, and hopelessly cut Rosecrans' line of communication. Why he neglected to do so, or why Polk did not attack Crittenden during the entire week he was alone in the Valley, does not appear. The double failure doubtless saved Rosecrans and the Army of the Cumberland.

Thomas, having sent forward Negley to hold the Gap, on the 8th and 9th hurried his columns across it, and, pushing down into the Valley, moved up to Crittenden's right.

McCook was over the Lookout Mountain, far to the south, when he received the order of Rosecrans to join Thomas, and at midnight put his columns in motion. Bragg was aware of his isolated position, and took measures to intercept

him on the road which it was supposed he must take. McCook, however, instead of marching directly down to Thomas, recrossed Lookout Mountain, and, hurrying down Lookout Valley, crossed again at Stevens' Gap. He lost two or three days' march by this route, but saved his army.

But, while he was urging his columns down Lookout Valley, and over its rugged heights by Stevens' Gap, events were assuming an alarming aspect along the Chickamauga Creek. A race had already commenced between the two armies, that were moving in parallel lines back towards Chattanooga. Bragg, having received the reinforcements he had been waiting for, determined to get between our army and Chattanooga, and thus cut Rosecrans' line of communications, and force him into a dangerous retreat, or give him battle on ground of his own choosing.

Whether Rosecrans would have retreated to Chattanooga without risking a battle, had McCook arrived in time, would probably have depended on circumstances; but when the latter did at length form on Thomas' right, the line had been so prolonged that it was twelve miles in length, and still ten miles from Chattanooga.

On the 18th, two fords, on our extreme left, were fiercely assailed, and our forces there driven back—showing that the enemy, though manœuvring in front, designed to outflank Rosecrans, and thus force him to a decisive battle. On that night, therefore, Thomas was ordered to break off from the center and take position on the left, leaving McCook to close up and fill his place. Thus, on the morning of the 19th, he held the left, Crittenden the center, and McCook the right—the whole stretching along the Chickamauga Creek from Gordon's Mill towards Chattanooga. The army was still in motion on the morning of the 19th, closing up its line, for no portion of it was perfectly settled in position

but the Corps of Thomas. Granger was at Rossville, four miles from the left, with a division in reserve.

Early in the morning, Wood, who was stationed at Gordon's Mill, saw low clouds of dust hovering along the roads that, beyond the Creek, run towards Chattanooga—showing that heavy columns were marching in that direction—and reported the fact to Rosecrans.

Brannan held the extreme left, Baird came next, and Reynolds next to him. Negley's division, belonging to Thomas, was holding Owen's Ford, two miles beyond Gordon's Mill. Palmer and Van Cleve, of Crittenden's Corps, held the center. Sheridan and Davis, of McCook's Corps, were marching swiftly up to close the right, when, about ten o'clock, the sudden explosion of artillery on the extreme left, told that the enemy had commenced the attack. Croxton's brigade, having been sent towards the river to reconnoiter, was furiously assailed, and the remainder of Brannan's division came to his succor. Thomas, hearing the rapid firing, rode forward to ascertain the nature of the attack, and finding the whole division hard pressed and slowly giving way, ordered Baird's division to move at once to its support. The enemy, to his surprise, was over the river, and all the advantage it was supposed to give as a line of defense was lost, and it might as well have never been chosen. No strong position was left to fall back upon, and ranks of living men and batteries, stretching for nearly four miles, through the fields and woods, stood face to face to each other. The storm that struck Brannan and Baird with such terrible fury, and rolled rapidly down the line from left to right, showed that Bragg, beginning with his extreme right, was swinging the rebel army against our whole line, with the intention, at some point, of breaking through it. Before the attack had reached the center, and while Reynolds and Johnson were struggling desperately to hold their ground, Thomas

succeeded in rallying the broken divisions of Brannan and Baird, and hurled them once more on the enemy. The suddenness and energy of the assault, that had well-nigh driven his whole Corps from the field, thoroughly aroused him. His sturdy regulars had been rolled back in confusion, and Scribner's brigade saved from annihilation only by cutting its way through a horde of rebels; and, stung by the disaster, the moment his columns were once more in position, and presented a solid front, he ordered the whole line to advance. The troops now caught the high courage and resolution of their Commander, and the deep murmur that rolled along their terrible front, foretold a fearful onset. Not sudden and headlong, but grand and awful, like the mighty march of the ocean-tide, the firm-set battalions moved sternly, steadily forward. Longstreet's veterans, flushed with success, threw themselves in their way, but could not stay that determined march for a moment. The rebel batteries, forced back, wheeled into new positions, and hurled shot and shell into the close formations in vain. The leaders flung themselves along their yielding lines, with waving swords and fiery appeals, to no purpose. The head of each opposing column that advanced to stem the awful torrent, melted away; and on, on swept the unbroken line—over abandoned guns, caissons, everything—until the field was won, and the enemy borne back nearly a mile.

But while this victory was being gained on our left, Polk and Hill had thrown themselves with such resistless impetuosity on the center, that, though fighting manfully to hold its ground, it was forced back, and the rout was fast becoming complete, when Davis came up from the right, and stopped the progress of the enemy. It was but for a moment, however. Rapidly accumulating fresh troops on the weakened point, the rebel Generals threw them forward with resistless intrepidity. Hurling Davis to the right, and Van Cleve to

the left, in their fierce onset, they boldly penetrated the gap they thus made, and for a moment the battle seemed lost. But Thomas, compelled, by the danger here, to pause and fall back, now came up; while Hazen, with twenty pieces of artillery massed at the threatened point, held the shouting enemy in check. At this juncture, too, Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry dashed up, and fell furiously on the advancing columns, forcing them back. But the rebel leaders, rallying their troops, and strengthened with reinforcements, again came on, each time swinging off and outflanking us to the right, so that Wilder was compelled to fall back. Sheridan then came up, and sending forward Bradley's brigade, restored the fight. But the attack, that had begun at our extreme left, kept drifting down our line so rapidly that Bradley in turn was nearly outflanked, and began to give way, when Negley and Wood came down the stream on the double-quick, and charging home, at once arrested the dangerous movement. Though at times on the point of complete success, the enemy had been stopped everywhere along the whole line, and the two armies now stood front to front, on ground that gave no advantage to either. Our troops had rallied everywhere with heroic determination, and the army stood in its place, immovable as a rock. Baffled in every attempt to break our line, Bragg at length, at night-fall, withdrew, and darkness closed over the trampled field, shrouding its multitude of mangled, bleeding victims from sight.

It had been a strange battle, and neither could claim a victory. The numbers engaged on either side were probably about equal. Bragg had not waited for the whole of Longstreet's Corps to arrive, nor for several thousand Georgia militia, on the way to reinforce him. The rapid concentration of our troops, made it necessary for him to attack at once, while the army was in motion. But the regular inter-

vals between our columns, which threatened at first to be our ruin—and if they had been greater, would have been—saved us; for each time the enemy struck our flank, our columns, coming up, took his flank in turn—and so on, in succession, till Negley and Wood met and stopped the last attack, and closed the battle. On our part, it was a battle without a plan. The object with Rosecrans was, to concentrate his army, and secure his communications with Chattanooga. Attacked while doing this, he had to hold the enemy at bay as best he could, and nothing but the indomitable bravery of the troops saved him from total defeat. That Saturday night was one of much suffering to the army, for it was cold and chilly, and no fires were allowed to be kindled. The soldiers sunk down on the ground, to brood over the losses of the day, and ponder on the terrible struggle that they knew must take place in the morning. Their ranks had been dreadfully thinned; no impression had been made on the enemy, and no reinforcements were near. They had taken a few prisoners, and captured three more guns than the enemy, but had been driven from Chickamauga Creek, and were where no water could be obtained, except as it was brought a great distance, from springs. Weary and thirsty, they were compelled to lie down on the trampled earth, and weary and thirsty they must fight this battle over again in the morning.

During the night, Rosecrans made some changes in his line of battle. The strong position at Gordon's Mill being no longer of any use to him—as the enemy was over the creek—he withdrew his right, resting it on Missionary Ridge. This shortened his lines by nearly a mile, and made his army face more to the south.

That night, a consultation was held at head-quarters, and the following general dispositions made for the next day: Thomas, strengthened by Johnson's and Palmer's divisions,

was to hold the position he occupied. McCook, after his pickets were driven in, was to close with his main line on Thomas' right; while Crittenden was to hold two divisions in reserve behind the point of junction, to be used as circumstances might require. Thus the army stood, on the early Sabbath morning, awaiting Bragg's attack, that all knew would not be long delayed. Suddenly, the thunder of cannon on the extreme left, announced the opening of the conflict, and the next moment, the storm broke with appalling fury on Thomas. With their usual tactics, the rebels did not feel their way into our position, but fell in one overwhelming charge upon it. The battle had hardly commenced, when its uproar became so awful, that the boldest all along the line held his breath. Along a part of his line, Thomas had thrown up a breastwork of logs and rails, in front of which ran an incessant stream of fire. Up against it the rebels moved with desperate valor. Line upon line, they came steadily on—each, as it entered that withering fire, crumbling to fragments; yet still, fresh ranks sternly advanced over the spot where the last had gone down. But all in vain did that devouring fire consume the devoted columns—in vain did it shrivel up and destroy the head of each formation. The rebel leaders kept pouring in fresh troops, determined to quench that volcano with human blood, and choke it with living victims. Rosecrans, seeing how fearfully Thomas was pressed, ordered Negley over to his help, and Wood, of Crittenden's division, to supply Negley's place; but even this did not arrest the ever-increasing flood of rebels. For awhile, Wood, in the center, was heavily pressed; but still, the weight of the attack fell on Thomas. Maddened by their repeated repulse, the rebel leaders rallied their troops for one last, decisive assault. Covered by a terrific fire of artillery, the massive columns moved steadily forward, and entering, without shrinking, the fiery sleet that swept

the field, pressed straight for that glowing breastwork. Thomas, seeing the danger, poured in his volleys with increased rapidity, and the artillerists double-shotted their guns with canister; but still, that dark gray mass, wrapped in its sulphurous shroud, never faltered, and, though bleeding and lessening at every step, crept nearer and nearer, till at last our troops began to waver. The officers strove nobly to steady them, while Thomas rode fearlessly along the undulating lines to inspire them. But it was a vain effort. Division after division crumbled away, and at length the whole wing swung back in disorder. Thomas, however, aided by his gallant lieutenants, again rallied it in a new position; and, with his right resting on Missionary Ridge, and his left on an eminence by the Lafayette road, and his center a little advanced, he sent urgent request for more troops.

It was now about noon, and Rosecrans, seeing how hard Reynolds was pressed, ordered Wood to leave his position in the center and support him. Brannan was between him and Reynolds, and to do this he had to fall back and march to the rear of the former. This left a wide gap in the lines, which, the enemy perceiving, dashed into as quick as thought. We had broken our own center—lost our own battle. Davis, from the right, moved quickly up to close the fatal opening; but he came too late. The rebel flood, breaking with resistless fury through it, smote him with one terrible blow, swinging him back with such violence that he fell to pieces with the shock. Palmer and Van Cleve, on the other side, shared the same fate. Sheridan, left alone on the right, of course went with Davis; yet, scorning to fly, he rallied his men, and for awhile made a stand, against fearful odds. Gallant, fearless and terrible, even in a lost fight, it was pitiful to see him strive with such hopeless desperation to maintain his old renown, in that wild tumult. Rosecrans

himself, whose head-quarters were directly in rear, and had been carried away in the rush, could not rally the troops; and though, with drawn sword, followed by his staff, he galloped amid the broken ranks, he, McCook and Crittenden were all borne backward in the reflux tide, and a scene of confusion and terror followed that beggars all description. Artillery and caissons, and wagons and horses, and a vast, excited multitude, with here and there only a fragmentary formation, heaved and struggled on towards the gap in the mountains, through which the road leads to Rossville. Here they became choked up, and the shouts and yells and curses, that rose in the troubled air, were more appalling than the roar of battle. For a moment, the conflict seemed over. The Commander-in-Chief was gone—the centre and right gone, and nought remained but the wearied, exhausted left wing, that had also been forced backward. Yet it alone must save the army, if it is to be saved. It was a mighty task that now devolved on Thomas, but with such division and brigade leaders as Baird, Brannan, Reynolds, Negley, Wood, Harker, Hazen, Scribner, Turchin, and others like them, he would do it, or make it the bloodiest field ever won by mortal foe. The enemy, having it all his own way in every other part of the field, and confident of complete success, now bore down with redoubled fury on this comparatively feeble band—full seventy thousand men against a few divisions. So stood the battle at noon. Thomas might well survey his desperate position with a dismayed heart. Still, he had no thought of retreating. Right there he would stand, and stand victorious or perish with the army. Gathering up his thinned and bleeding ranks, he lined the semicircular ridge, on which he stood, with a wall of fire, and set it blazing with artillery from one extremity to another. The rebels came on in overwhelming masses, but could not break through it. Battalion after battalion

moved up in splendid order, only to scatter and melt away like mist. There was no shrinking now. A high, heroic purpose had taken possession of every man, and he stood there, a willing victim, in the great sacrifice that was demanded of him. Unable to force Thomas' front, the enemy then began to swing around his flanks. On the right of Thomas, a low ridge ran at right angles to the extremity of his line, with a gorge directly in his rear; and now the rebels were seen pouring in dark masses through it. The heart of Thomas stood still at the sight. He had no troops to oppose this force, for his moving calls for help had found no response from his Commander. His army, to all human appearance, was lost. A few minutes more, and the shouting foe would be in his rear, and then a swift butchery or surrender would close the scene. Turning his eye away to the left, he saw a vast cloud of dust rising over the tree-tops, and soon after, dark columns of men moving swiftly across the fields towards him. But were they friends or foes? Captain Johnson, of Negley's Staff, having in the fight become separated from his division, just then galloped up and reported himself for duty. "Find out," exclaimed his distressed Commander, "what troops those are, moving upon me." Away dashed Johnson to fulfill his perilous mission. Thomas, to whom the moments were now fraught with life and death, watched with painful anxiety the approaching force, with his glass. Nearer and nearer they came, with the long, swinging tread of trained battalions. It is—yes, it is the battle-flag of Granger that waves and flutters in the breeze! Oh, who can tell the load that rolled from his heart as he caught the welcome sight? The firm-set lip relaxed for an instant, and a sudden gleam flashed from his blue eye. "All is not yet lost." The old flag shall yet fly over the field, and the battle-shout still roll along his shattered lines! Granger had heard, at half-past ten, the roar of the fearful

storm that was bursting on Thomas, and, as it swelled and deepened, he moved uneasily about, and turned his eye along the road to catch the form of some Staff-officer with orders to march. But none came, and being three miles distant, he was afraid when one should come it might be too late. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he called to horse, and started his columns for the scene of conflict. Leaving Colonel McCook to cover the Ringgold road, he took Mitchell's and Whittaker's brigades, under the command of Steedman, and moved swiftly forward. After going about two miles, he came upon the enemy, and halted. But quickly perceiving that it was a small force, he ordered Colonel McCook to take care of it, and pushed on to where the incessant crash and roar of artillery and musketry told him the decisive struggle was going on. He had not come a moment too soon. As his eye took in the perilous condition of Thomas, it needed no consultation to decide what was to be done. He saw the fearful danger at a glance, and moved at once to meet it. The gallant Steedman dashed forward, and seizing the regimental colors, spurred to the head of the two brigades, and waving them above him, shouted the charge. His troops were mostly new recruits, but, fired at the danger that menaced Thomas, they sent up a shout that rose over the din of battle. Where that flag went, they would go, even into the gates of death; and, sweeping swiftly forward, they met, breast to breast, the veterans of Hindman, pouring through the gorge and already shouting the victory. There was no halting, no wavering, no rallying. Right on into the desolating fire, they pressed, reckless of numbers and of death, with a loud and thrilling shout. Over the batteries, over the astounded battalions of Hindman, they went, in one wild wave. It was marvelous—the charge of those two immortal brigades. For one moment, they were lost in the smoke of battle—the

next, their standards were waving along the ridge. Like a thunderbolt they had fallen on the columns pouring through the gorge, and shivered them to fragments—like a whirlwind they had swept the ridge, clearing it of the foe. Only twenty minutes had passed—and yet, in that brief time, the battle had been saved; and in the same short interval, a thousand men on our side, or nearly a third of those two heroic brigades, had fallen. A smile, such as heroes wear, lighted up the face of Thomas, when he saw our victorious banners waving where but a moment before the standards of the enemy were advancing to his certain destruction. Hindman, enraged to see the victory so suddenly snatched from his hands, rallied to retake the position, and Longstreet's veterans were sent against it. Though Steedman, by the fall of his horse in the charge, had been bruised severely, yet he still kept the field, and with scarce a dozen pieces of artillery in all, swept the enemy with such a terrific fire that he was forced to retire. But though driven back, he returned again and again to the attack; yet those two immortal brigades stood like a blazing citadel on the heights. Baffled here, the enemy advanced on the left. Thomas saw the heavy column approaching, and, pointing to it, told Reynolds to "go in there." This gallant Commander obeyed, and, facing his troops by the rear rank, to save time, ordered them to "charge bayonets." Springing forward at the double-quick, the weary, brave fellows walked straight over the column, capturing several hundred prisoners in their fierce passage. Night was now coming on, and Steedman's brigades, which all that Sabbath afternoon, though bleeding and lessening, had stood rock-fast, had exhausted all their own ammunition, and all they could gather from the dead and dying around them. In this fearful dilemma, Thomas saw the rebels rallying for a last assault. Casting his eye along his shattered line, standing stern and dark in the

gathering gloom, he ordered it to "stand fast." Waiting till the shadowy mass came within striking distance, he shouted, "*Give them the cold steel!*" With bayonets at charge, they leaped forward at the double-quick, rending the gloom with their shout. As the rebels saw them advancing, and caught the faint sheen of their bayonets in the twilight, they turned and fled. The last blow had been struck, and a thrilling shout went up from the darkened field.

The struggle was over, and the enemy, exhausted and discouraged, sullenly withdrew. Never was a great battle more nearly lost, and then saved—not even that of Marengo. Thomas, and his brave commanders and troops, had covered themselves with glory; and Rosecrans sent him word to use his own judgment about attempting to hold his position. The former, seeing that his troops had been fearfully overtasked, and that ammunition, food and water were sadly wanting, concluded to fall back on Rossville, which place he reached in good order—the enemy hovering near, but afraid to risk another blow. A new line of battle was here formed, with the aid of McCook's and Crittenden's divisions, and the advance of the enemy awaited. But he had been too severely punished, however, to renew the attack, and the next night the whole army fell back to Chattanooga.

A bloodier Sabbath than that of the 20th of September, never closed over this land. Sixteen thousand, three hundred and fifty-one, or about a third of Rosecrans' splendid army, had disappeared, of which only five thousand were taken prisoners. Thirty-six guns, twenty caissons, and eight thousand, four hundred and fifty small arms, and other spoils, fell into the hands of the enemy; while we could show but two thousand prisoners to offset all these losses. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, however, was greater than ours; for, in their headlong advance on our batteries and positions, they had been mowed down with terrible

slaughter. But, though they got the victory, it was to them a barren one, for they failed to recover Chattanooga. The possession of that was the chief object of the campaign, and we still held it, while the enemy, after two days of desperate fighting, had gained only a few miles of useless fields and roads.

Much criticism was passed on this battle, and on the movements that preceded it, and difference of opinion will probably exist forever. It is much easier to tell the causes of a failure, than to prevent it; still, there were some grave mistakes, that ought to have been better guarded against. If it was designed or supposed that Rosecrans, after he had taken Chattanooga, would advance further into the interior, the Government at Washington should have had supporting columns much nearer that place than it did have. A portion of Grant's army should have marched long before; for it was not to be expected that that stronghold would fall without a fierce struggle, and it might be at a sacrifice of a third of the army. Such a contingency ought to have been provided for, but was not; and when that loss actually occurred, it was by the narrowest chance that Chattanooga was saved.

Again, when the enemy evacuated Chattanooga, he did not destroy the supplies or bridges along the route, thus showing one of two things—either that he had fled in such haste that he could not do it, or that he expected to return and need them himself again very soon. Rosecrans adopted the former view, and therefore strained every nerve to cut off the retreat of a demoralized enemy. In doing this, he made so wide a separation of his corps that it was sure to provoke an attack if any fight whatever was left in the enemy. But the idea that Bragg had failed to destroy supplies and bridges through want of time, was preposterous—at all events, the circumstances were sufficiently suspicious to demand the greatest caution. The result showed it; for if the rebels had not committed a great blunder, the probabilities are, we should have lost Chattanooga.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARMY AT CHATTANOOGA—GRANT PLACED IN COMMAND OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION—KNOXVILLE CAPTURED BY BURNSIDE—JOY OF THE PEOPLE—BESIEGED BY LONGSTREET—GRANT TAKES COMMAND AT CHATTANOOGA—SHERMAN ORDERED TO JOIN HIM—HOOKER EFFECTS A LODGMENT IN LOOKOUT VALLEY—HAZEN'S EXPLOIT—BATTLE OF WAUHATCHIE—SHERMAN'S ARRIVAL—THE ARMY TAKES UP ITS ASSIGNED POSITION—GRANT'S PLAN—CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS—THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—THE VICTORY—PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY—SHERMAN SENT TO RELIEVE BURNSIDE—LONGSTREET ABANDONS THE SIEGE—BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS—EXPEDITION TO SABINE CITY—EXPEDITION TO TEXAS—ITS FAILURE—THE DEPARTMENT.

ROSECRANS' position in Chattanooga soon became exceedingly precarious, though it was very strong—the flanks of the army resting on the Tennessee above and below the place. The enemy advanced against it, and occupied Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, his line stretching across Chattanooga Valley. Our communications by way of Bridgeport, on the south bank of the river, were cut off, while the sharpshooters there effectually commanded the road on the opposite side. Supplies therefore had to be hauled for sixty miles by land, over mountain roads that soon, from the Fall rains, became almost impassable. A rebel raid, in the meantime, destroyed several hundred wagon-loads of provisions, and damaged the railroad between Stevenson and Nashville, rendering the subsistence of our army uncertain; and indeed, for a time, it was doubtful whether our communications would not be entirely destroyed, and thus a retreat become inevitable. This would be extremely perilous, for the artillery and war material would have to be abandoned. Chattanooga was the key to East Tennessee,

and the army there at the same time threatened Atlanta, the grand focus of the net-work of railroads connecting the southern States of the Confederacy. If we were driven back from this place, the struggle in the Valley of the Mississippi would have to be gone over again. Hence, Grant sent a dispatch to Thomas, to hold on to the last extremity. The latter, in reply, assured him that he would keep the position at all hazards.

While affairs were in this precarious state, Rosecrans was relieved by Thomas; and in a few days, Grant, who had been placed in command of the Departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee—constituting the Military Division of the Mississippi—arrived in Chattanooga, and took charge in person. Hooker, with two corps from the East, had previously reached the vicinity of Bridgeport, thus increasing the difficulty of feeding the army.

In the meantime, however, a movement had been made which had an important bearing on Chattanooga. Burnside had, during the Summer, planned a campaign against Knoxville—the capture of which had been a great desideratum with the Government since the beginning of the war. His preparations being completed, he set his columns in motion in August. Buckner held the place with but a small force, and so secret had the movements of Burnside been kept, and so rapid was his march, that he encountered no opposition; and Colonel Foster, with the advance, entered the place on the 1st of September. Burnside himself proceeded to Kingston, where his scouts encountered the cavalry pickets of Rosecrans. The panic at Knoxville, at his sudden arrival, was great, and the rebel troops left behind them, in their flight, a considerable quantity of quartermaster-stores. The reception of our troops by the loyal East Tennesseans, who had almost begun to despair of ever seeing the old flag among them again, was most enthusiastic and touching.

They cooked everything they had for the soldiers, without ever dreaming of pay. Women stood by the roadside with pails of water, waving Union flags, and shouting, "Hurrah for the Union!"—and "Welcome, welcome, General Burnside, welcome to East Tennessee!" greeted the General, as he moved along with his Staff.

The rebel garrison at Cumberland Gap, two thousand strong, was cut off, and, on the 9th, surrendered to our forces. Burnside now occupied the East Tennessee railroad as far as Morristown, and a strong force proceeded down the road towards Chattanooga; and it was generally believed that the whole army would soon join that of Rosecrans. But the battle of Chickamauga, a few days after, and the shutting up of Rosecrans in Chattanooga, entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and it soon became evident that Burnside would have enough to do, to take care of himself—for Bragg, feeling that he was more than a match for the army at Chattanooga, sent Longstreet, with his division, to retake Knoxville. Being confident that we should be compelled to evacuate both places, the enemy expected to drive our armies back to the Ohio.

But, at this time, there was another important character moving to the scene of action. Before Grant was put over the army at Chattanooga, he, as soon as he heard of Rosecrans' disaster at Chickamauga, ordered Sherman—then on the Big Black River, twenty miles east of Vicksburg—to send a division to his aid. Sherman received this dispatch on the 22nd of September, and at four o'clock that day, Osterhaus, with his division, was on his way to Vicksburg, and the next day steaming towards Memphis. On the 23rd, Sherman received another order, to follow with his whole army. In four days, he was slowly steaming up towards Memphis. Fuel was scarce, and he was compelled to land troops to gather fence-rails and haul wood from the interior in wagons, to keep up



steam. At Memphis, he got orders from Halleck to proceed to Athens, Alabama—repairing the railroad as he went, and depending on himself for supplies. The work was at once begun, and gangs were kept employed day and night; but Sherman soon saw—as Buell did, the year before, when marching to the same destination—that this would be too slow work, and he determined to take to the highways till he could clear his front. Having scattered the enemy, he again went to work repairing the railroad, in accordance with his first orders. But a dispatch from Grant, urging him forward, made him abandon again the unwelcome task, and push on in the manner which his judgment approved.

In the meantime, Grant was getting everything ready for his arrival, when he designed to make a general assault on the enemy's strong position.

All this time, the troops and animals were suffering for the want of provisions, which the obstruction of transportation rendered extremely scarce. As was stated previously, Missionary Ridge drops like a pendant, in a south-westerly direction, from the Tennessee River, above Chattanooga, and Lookout Mountain, in the same direction from the river, below the place. Chattanooga, lying in a bend of the river between the two mountains, was overlooked and commanded by both heights, and hence, both must be taken. Hooker was selected to operate against the latter mountain; but, in order to make a lodgment on the south side of the river, it was necessary to occupy Brown's Ferry, which was three miles below Lookout Mountain, by the river, and six from Chattanooga, yet, owing to the sharp bend of the stream that here runs back almost parallel to its course, was only a mile and a half from the latter place by land. The possession of this ferry would also lessen the distance of transportation to Bridgeport. The Chief-Engineer, General W. F. Smith, proposed a plan for seizing it, which, after a reconnoissance

by Grant and Thomas, was adopted. Four thousand men being at once placed under his command, fifty pontoons, capable of holding twenty-five men apiece besides the oarsmen, and also two flatboats for carrying about a hundred more, were built, in which fifteen hundred picked men, under the gallant Hazen, were placed. It was, we have seen, six miles, by the tortuous river, to the Ferry—three miles of which were picketed by the enemy. On the night of the 27th of October, these pontoons—mere boxes—were quietly pushed off, and floated noiselessly down the current. It was very dark, and the drift of the current rendering the use of oars unnecessary, they passed unheeded by the pickets on shore. Down, around Moccasin Point, in front of Lookout Mountain, they rapidly floated, without being discovered. The landing was to be made at two different points, and here the alarm was given, and the flash of musketry lit up the darkness. This roused the neighboring camps of the enemy, but the Union troops jumped ashore, and quickly formed to repel an attack. The empty boats were then rowed swiftly across the river, to a point where stood the balance of the four thousand, who had secretly marched thither by land. These having been taken in, they were rowed back to the spot where the others had disembarked. A strong position was immediately secured, and intrenchments thrown up. The enemy, taken wholly by surprise, after a feeble resistance retreated up the Valley. The materials for a pontoon bridge, which had also been brought down by land, and concealed, were now brought out, and by noon a bridge, nine hundred feet long, spanned the river, by which supplies and reinforcements could be forwarded to our troops. The next day, the whole of the Eleventh Corps was across, and encamped in Lookout Valley. The enemy, alarmed at this demonstration, made an attempt to drive back our forces by a night attack.

BATTLE OF WAUHATCHIE.

Howard's Corps, at the time, was only a mile or so from Brown's Ferry. Geary, with his division, went into camp near Wauhatchie, three miles distant. Hooker, who was with Howard's Corps, was aroused about one o'clock in the morning, by the "muttering of heavy musketry" in the direction of Geary. The latter had been suddenly attacked by overwhelming numbers, and Hooker, anxious for his safety, ordered Howard to double-quick his nearest division, Shurz's, to his aid. "Forward to their relief, boys!" he shouted, as they streamed off on a run, through the gloom. They had not gone far, however, when suddenly there came a blaze of musketry from the hills near by, where no enemy was supposed to be. Tyndale's brigade was immediately detached, to charge the heights, while the other brigade kept on towards Geary. Steinwehr's division now came up, and the hill to the rear of Schurz, and along which the road ran, was also found to be occupied by the enemy. This, Orlan Smith's brigade was ordered to carry with the bayonet. It was bright moonlight; yet but little of the difficulties of the ascent could be seen. It was very steep, and covered with underbrush and seamed with gullies and ravines, and "almost inaccessible by daylight." Yet, right up this, two hundred feet high, in the face of a heavy fire, this skeleton brigade was ordered to charge bayonet. Flooded in the mellow light, silent as death, the Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts pressed up the slope, and at length reached the top, where they came upon rifle-pits, out of which suddenly burst a volley from nearly two thousand muskets. Overwhelmed by this awful fire, the brave fellows fell back in disorder to the foot of the hill. Though now fully aware of the difficulties before them, and that three

times their number crowned the heights, these noble regiments re-formed their lines, and again sternly breasted the hill. Shouts, and yells, and taunts, were hurled down on them, and the crashing volleys tore through them; yet, without firing a shot—with set teeth and flashing eyes—they climbed steadily up to those blazing rifle-pits, and then with one bound cleared them. The bayonet did the whole work, and not a shot was fired till the enemy was in full retreat. One volley was poured after them, and then the shout of victory arose, wild and clear, in the night air. It was an astonishing charge. No wonder Hooker said, "No troops ever rendered more brilliant service," and that the reserved Thomas declared, "The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill over two hundred feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on the top, * * * will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war."

All this time, heavy and incessant volleys of musketry arose from the spot where Geary was struggling against overwhelming numbers. The fighting here was desperate, and several times he was nearly overborne; but, with that tenacity which has always distinguished him, he still clung to his position, and at length hurled the enemy back, compelling him to take refuge on Lookout Mountain. The Valley was now ours. Geary gained new honors in this hard-fought battle; but they were dearly won, for his son, a captain, was killed.

This fight by moonlight, after midnight, amid those wild hills—that blazed the while with musketry and exploding shells—presented a strange spectacle. Hooker himself was in the thickest of it, shouting on the men.

Our forces being firmly established here, steamboats could run up to Brown's Ferry, from which it was but a mile and a half to the upper bridge, opposite Chattanooga. The

army was now relieved from the fear of starvation, unless the bridges should be carried away by rafts sent down by the enemy from above.

This was a great improvement in the condition of affairs; still, Grant felt too weak to assume the offensive against the strong works which confronted him, until Sherman should arrive.

The latter crossed the Tennessee in person, on the 1st of November, but there was no way by which to get his army over, and it had to take the long march by Fayetteville to Bridgeport. Sherman, in the meantime, pressing on, rode into Chattanooga on the 15th. Never was a man more welcome. Grant had received a summons from Bragg, to remove the non-combatants from Chattanooga, as he was about to bombard it, to which the former had returned no reply, but he now felt that he soon would be ready to send one, in the shape of his strong columns. Sherman's troops, after their long and wearisome march, needed rest sadly, and expected it, before entering on one of the most hazardous undertakings of the war. "But," said the gallant leader, "I saw enough of the condition of men and animals in Chattanooga, to inspire me with renewed energy." With a part of his command, he was directed to make a demonstration on Lookout Mountain, while, with the main army, he crossed the river and marched up above Chattanooga, opposite Missionary ridge. Returning to Bridgeport, he took a row-boat, and passed down the river, to hurry forward his weary, foot-sore divisions. Ewing's division was the force left to make the proposed demonstration on Lookout Mountain. The rest were hurried forward, but the roads were almost impassable—making the increased effort demanded at the end of such a long march, a terrible task to the soldiers. But they toiled cheerfully forward, in obedience to the orders of their beloved Commander, and, by the 23rd, were

well up, and lay concealed behind the hills opposite the Chickamauga Creek, which, skirting the extremity of Missionary Ridge, here empties into the Tennessee. One division, however, was left behind—a delay caused by the breaking of the pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry—and it was compelled to join Hooker's Corps, and operate with him in the battle that followed.

By a skillful manœuvre, he, the same night, moved a small force silently along the river, capturing every guard of the enemy's pickets but one. The next thing was, to get his army across the Tennessee—here nearly thirteen hundred feet wide. About three miles above him, and on the same side, he found a stream emptying into the river. Thither, a hundred and sixteen boats were carried, by a concealed road, and launched, while three thousand men lay ready to embark in them. An hour after midnight, on the 24th, these boats silently floated down into the Tennessee, and, passing for three miles the enemy's pickets, landed the troops on both sides of the Chickamauga Creek, which emptied into the river opposite Sherman's army. Two divisions, with artillery, were soon ferried over, and a *tete-du-pont* established. In a few hours, a bridge fourteen hundred feet long was completed, and shaking to the tread of Sherman's mighty columns. Another bridge, two hundred feet long, was flung across the Chickamauga Creek. The extreme north point of Missionary Ridge was not occupied by the enemy—his right being further back, near the tunnel through which the railroad passed. This extremity, Sherman at once seized, thereby threatening Bragg's communications. A cavalry force, in the meantime, was sent off eastward towards Cleveland.

Grant now had Sherman's army above, and Hooker's below him, and both on the same side of the river; while Thomas lay in front of Chattanooga. Missionary Ridge,

tending south-west from Sherman, passed in front of Chattanooga, where the center lay.

Bragg was amazed at this sudden apparition of a powerful army on his extreme right, and immediately made preparations to dislodge Sherman. In the meantime, Hooker, from below, moved against Lookout Mountain, and, by dark, carried the nose of it, and at once opened direct communications with Chattanooga. His advance up the steep sides of the mountain had been made with great celerity and skill. A thick fog for awhile concealed him, but, as it lifted before the sun, the cliffs above were seen crowded with the enemy, while cannon sent a plunging fire from the heights. Grant, far down in the mist-shrouded valley below, could hear the thunder of guns and crash of musketry high up in the clouds above, as though the gods were warring there. Says an eye-witness: "At this juncture, the scene became one of most exciting interest. The thick fog, which had heretofore rested in dense folds upon the sides of the mountain, concealing the combatants from view, suddenly lifted to the summit of the lofty ridge, revealing to the anxious gaze of thousands in the valleys and on the plains below, a scene such as is witnessed but once in a century. General Geary's columns, flushed with victory, grappled with the foe upon the rocky ledges, and drove him back with slaughter from his works. While the result was uncertain, the attention was breathless and painful; but when victory perched upon our standards, shout upon shout rent the air. The whole army, with one accord, broke out into joyous acclamations. The enthusiasm of the scene beggars description. Men were frantic with joy, and even General Thomas himself, who seldom exhibits his emotions, said involuntarily, 'I did not think it possible for men to accomplish so much.'" The day before, Thomas had made a strong reconnoissance in force, in his front, and, with but

slight loss, had occupied Orchard Knob, and developed the lines of the enemy. Everything was therefore now ready for the grand assault upon the rebel position. Bragg had thought that Chattanooga was his beyond a doubt; but suddenly, to the right, in front, and left of him, he saw himself confronted by three armies. Still, he believed Missionary Ridge to be impregnable, and that no force could climb its steep and rugged sides in the face of his powerful batteries.

Sherman, from his position, could glance across to Tunnell Hill, on which the rebel batteries were placed; and he looked grave, but determined, at the fearful task that had been assigned his brave troops. Before the great, decisive day (the 25th) had fairly dawned, he was in the saddle, and by the dim light that streaked the cloudy east betokening a stormy day, rode along his entire line. A deep valley lay between him and the steep hill beyond, which was partly covered with trees to the narrow, wooded top, across which was a breast-work of logs and earth, dark with men. Two guns enfiladed the narrow way that led to it. Further back, arose a still higher hill, lined with guns that could pour a plunging fire on the first hill if it should be taken. The depth and character of the gorge between, could not be ascertained. Just as the rising sun was tinging with red the murky rain-clouds, the bugles sounded "Forward!" and Corse, leading the advance, briskly descended the hill, crossed the valley under a heavy fire, began to ascend the opposite heights, and soon gained a foothold; but the spot where he stood was swept by the enemy's artillery.

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

The great battle had now fairly opened, and for more than an hour it swayed backward and forward in front of

Sherman. Bringing up brigade after brigade, this gallant Commander strove nobly, but in vain, to carry the lofty heights above him. By ten o'clock, it was one peal of thunder from top to base, while the smoke, in swift puffs and floating masses, draped it like a waving mantle. Corse, severely wounded, was borne to the rear; yet still the columns stubbornly held the ground. All the forenoon, the battle raged furiously at this point. This most northern and vital position must be held by the rebels at all hazards, for if once taken, their rear would be threatened, with all the stores at Chickamauga. Hence, Bragg massed his forces here, and at three o'clock, says Sherman, "column after column of the enemy was streaming toward me; gun after gun poured its concentric shot on us from every hill and spur that gave a view of any part of the ground." Once, he was partially forced back, but by a skillful move, he recovered his ground and drove the pursuing, shouting enemy to his cover. His men were sternly held to their terrible work; but Sherman was getting impatient for Grant to move on the center, as he told him the night before he would. From his elevated position, he could see the flags of Thomas' Corps waving in the murky atmosphere; but hour after hour passed away, and still they did not advance. The enemy was steadily accumulating his forces against him, and his troops, that had fought from early dawn, were getting weary. Grant had sat on his horse, listening to the thunder of artillery on his right, as Hooker came down like an avalanche from the heights of Lookout Mountain, and to the deafening uproar on his left, where his favorite lieutenant, Sherman, was hurling his brave columns on the batteries of the enemy; but still he did not move. Thinking, at one time, that Sherman was too hard pressed, he sent over a brigade to his help; but the latter, who had become thoroughly aroused at the resistance he met with, sent it back, saying he did not

need it. And so, hour after hour, for six miles, it flamed and thundered along those rocky crests, until at last the decisive moment, looked for by Grant, had arrived. In front of him, the steep acclivity went sheer up four hundred feet. The base was encircled with a line of rifle-pits, while the summit was black with batteries. Between him and the foot of the mountain, was an open space a mile and a half wide, which the advancing columns would be compelled to cross. He saw that it would require no common effort, and no common bravery on the part of troops, to reach and climb that steep, in the face of such difficulties, and he therefore wished Sherman to push the rebel left till Bragg, in order to save the key of his position, would be compelled to weaken his center; and also till Hooker could come up, who was detained in building a bridge. The rebel Commander, not dreaming that Grant would attempt to advance up the steep face of the mountain in front, and evidently thinking that he meant at all hazards to crush his right, and thus threaten his rear, drew away his troops from the center, till the line here became comparatively weak. This was what Grant had been waiting for, though fearful that the day would be passed before it came. But it had come at last, and Hooker being well advanced, he, from his position on Indian Hill, ordered the signal for the "Forward!" to be given. These were, six cannon shots, to be fired at intervals of two seconds. Strong and steady the order rang out: "Number one, fire! Number two, fire! Number three, fire!" "It seemed to me," says an eye-witness, "like the tolling of the clock of destiny. And when, at 'Number six, fire!' the roar throbbed out with the flash, you should have seen the dead line, that had been lying behind the works all day, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye, and leap like a blade from its scabbard." Three divisions, under the command of Granger, composed the storming force, and as

they moved off towards the frowning heights, the enemy seemed to regard it as a mere review. But, with a swift, steady motion, the glittering line swept on, and it was soon evident that desperate work was afoot. Suddenly, all along the crest of the ridge, the artillery opened, and the gallant line began to melt away. Still, it never faltered—the banners kept advancing, and at last that terrible mile and a half were past, and the columns stood face to face with the long line of rifle-pits at the base of the mountain. A sheet of fire ran along the summit, cutting with fearful mortality our exposed battalions. There was no time to stop here, for, great as was the obstacle that confronted them, it was only a barrier of mist, compared to the awful work that lay beyond; and so, with one wild cheer and a bound, they cleared it, and stood panting in the deserted ditch. And now for the ridge. “Take it if you can!” passed along the bleeding line, but it was already advancing. The brave fellows, casting one look up the steep, rocky sides, to the thirteen batteries flaming at the top, clutched their weapons with a firmer grasp, and began to mount the slope. Here can be no rush—no sudden charge. Step by step, like mountain goats, they must win their way upward. As the smoke lifted here and there, Grant saw, with inexpressible anxiety, the regimental flags, like mere crimson specks, fluttering slowly upward. Regardless of shot and shell, each vied with the other in the advance. Over their heads, from Forts Wood and Negley, and other batteries, our shot and shell flew with fearful precision, and fell crashing in the rebel works. Rocks and stones, and shells with lighted fuses, were rolled down on the torn line, and it now and then halted, under some projecting rocks, for breath. But “Forward!” again rung above the uproar, and each flag seemed to have a voice crying “EXCELSIOR.” Oh! it was a thrilling sight. Shot and shell were doing their murderous work; but

nothing short of annihilation could stop those noble battalions. Higher, and still higher, they crept, until at last, just as the sun was sinking in the west, they reached the summit, and then, as the gathered billow thunders and foams along and over the sunken ledges of the sea, they, with one wild shout and burst, swept over the deadly batteries. The next moment, cheer after cheer went up all along the smoking crest, and rolled down the crimson steep, till, to the right and left, and far below, the air trembled with glad echoes. Dismayed, and filled with consternation at the frightful calamity, Bragg, mounted on his gray horse, sped away to the rear, followed by his discomfited host. The army was now thrown forward in swift pursuit, which was kept up till late at night, and renewed next morning before daylight. As the columns swept on, wagons, guns, caissons, forage, stores, and all the wreck of a routed army, met them at every step. By night, the rear-guard of the enemy was reached, and a fight ensued, which lasted till darkness closed in. The next day, Hooker and Thomas joined in the pursuit, and the beaten enemy was smitten with blow upon blow, until further advance became impossible. In the meantime, Sherman detached Howard to move against the railroad between Dalton and Cleveland, to destroy it. This was done, and communication between Bragg and Longstreet cut off.

Our total loss in this battle, was about four thousand. We took six thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, and five or six thousand small arms. The rebel killed and wounded was not known.

Sherman was now ordered to return to Chattanooga; but, receiving permission to make a circuit by the north, as far as Hiawassee, he did so, destroying railroads and capturing stores. "This," says Sherman, "was to have been the limit of our journey. Officers and men had brought no luggage

or provisions, and the weather was bitter cold." But at this moment, Grant received a dispatch from Burnside, at Knoxville, saying that his supplies would not last a week longer, and asking for help. To reach him, nearly ninety miles distant, in that time, would require heavy marching; but Burnside and Knoxville must be saved, if human effort could do it. Grant at once ordered Granger to march; but finding that he would not have the necessary force, and, moreover, that he "moved with reluctance and complaint," he determined; "notwithstanding the fact that the two divisions of Sherman's forces had marched from Memphis, and had gone into battle immediately on their arrival at Chattanooga, to send him with his command," including Granger's. This was assigning him a fearful task, and the iron Commander, though shrinking from no effort where duty called, felt that it was asking a hard thing of his brave, exhausted men. The language he uses in regard to it, shows this, and also reveals the grand character of the man. "Seven days before," says he, "we had left our camps on the other side of the Tennessee, with two days' rations, without a change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat per man—from myself to the private included. Of course, we then had no provisions save what we gathered by the road, and were ill supplied for such a march. But we learned that twelve thousand of our fellow-soldiers were beleaguered in the mountain town of Knoxville, eighty-four miles distant; that they needed relief, and must have it in three days. *This was enough, and it had to be done.*" Noble words, from a noble man! His tired troops, though feeling that others could better make this long march, cheerfully consented to go, and that very night started forward. By daylight, they had made fifteen miles, and, on the 2nd of December, marched twenty-six, pushing the enemy, that attempted to delay their advance, before them.

In the meantime, Burnside was severely pressed. Having only some twelve thousand men, he had been obliged to fall back before Longstreet with his overwhelming force. Recrossing the Tennessee, which he had passed in his advance, and fighting as he retired, he was finally compelled to take refuge in Knoxville. Longstreet, confident of success, then sat down in regular siege before the place, knowing its reduction a certainty unless it should be relieved. Fearing its reinforcement, he made a desperate assault upon its strong works, but was repulsed with heavy loss. The near approach of Sherman now caused him to abandon his siege of twenty days. It was hoped that, being cut off from Bragg, his Corps would be captured or dispersed; but, passing around the stronghold that he could not capture, he retreated towards Virginia. Burnside pursued him, and an engagement took place at Beams' Station, but Longstreet succeeded in falling back without serious loss, and eventually opened up his communications with Richmond.

Sherman had pushed forward with great celerity. But the rebels burning the bridges in their retreat, he feared he might be delayed till Burnside would despair of succor, and he therefore ordered Colonel Long, commanding his cavalry brigade, to take his fleetest, strongest animals, and hurry forward, and be in Knoxville in twenty-four hours "*at whatever cost of life or horse-flesh.*" The distance was forty miles, and the roads horrible. But this gallant Commander accomplished the task assigned him, and the clatter of his horses' hoofs in the streets of Knoxville, on the night of the 3rd, sent joy to the hearts of the beleaguered little army. Sherman continued to advance till the night of the 5th, when a messenger arrived from Burnside, saying that Longstreet had raised the siege. Sending on Granger's two divisions to Knoxville, he then halted his army, for his work was done. He himself rode on to Knoxville, to see Burnside. He then leisurely returned, with his wearied army, to Chatta-

nooga. The work it had done was chiefly of a character not to attract public attention, but it deserved higher encomiums than though it had won a victory. With short rations, poorly protected from the weather, sometimes barefooted, it had marched four hundred miles through the enemy's country, —without sleep for three successive nights—crossed the Tennessee, borne the brunt of the fight at Chattanooga, pursued the flying enemy into Georgia, then wheeled about and, by forced marches for nearly a hundred miles, compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville, and then had marched back again.

East Tennessee was saved—in fact, a great part of the Valley of the Mississippi; for, had Knoxville and Chattanooga fallen, Grant could hardly have made a stand short of Nashville. And yet, the probabilities all were that these two places would fall. Grant knew that he could not long remain at Chattanooga with the rebel batteries crowning the heights that overlooked it; while, without help from him, Burnside must surrender. His only hope lay in the successful assault of the enemy's works. But this was a desperate measure, in which he knew the chances were against him. Still, it must be taken, or all be lost. Thanks to his brilliant strategy, and the bravery of his troops, he succeeded, and the turning point of the rebellion was gained.

While these momentous events were transpiring in East Tennessee, Banks, at New Orleans, was busy in his Department, and great results were expected from the army under his command, though no formidable rebel force confronted him.

In September, having been reinforced from Grant's army, he sent General Franklin to seize Sabine City, situated on the Sabine River. Commodore Bell, commanding the Gulf Squadron, detached four gunboats, under Lieutenant-Commanding Crocker, to co-operate with him, assisted by a hundred and eighty sharp-shooters from the army. The batteries, however, proved too powerful for the gunboats.

The Clifton and Sachem were disabled, and captured with all on board, and the expedition returned to Brashear City. The army afterward advanced, and, on the 21st of October, occupied Opelousas, and quite a severe fight occurred, Nov. 3d, near Bayou Bourbeaux—General Washburn commanding.

In September, Little Rock, Arkansas, was captured by General Steele.

In November, an important expedition was made into Texas. The garrison at Esperanza fled at our approach, after blowing up the magazine, and ten guns were captured. Brazos Island, Point Isabel and Brownsville were in Banks' hands on the 9th of November. From this point, the army marched north-east a hundred miles, to Aranzas, capturing three guns and a hundred prisoners. General A. J. Hamilton, of Texas, having been appointed Military Governor of the State, by the President, accompanied the army, and every one looked to the expulsion of Magruder—Commander of the rebel forces—and the speedy establishment of Federal authority. But not long after, the expedition was abandoned, and General Banks returned to New Orleans, followed by Hamilton. Washburn soon after left the army, and Major-General Dana was placed in chief command.

News of a projected movement against Mobile took the place of news from the army in Texas, and its failure there seemed to die out of mind. Festivities, balls and masquerades occupied the winter months in New Orleans, and military matters were kept in abeyance. Preparations were also made for an election to come off in February, and Banks devoted himself to the civil duties of his Department—not the least of which was the question of compensated labor. The large number of slaves made suddenly free must work, and to a great extent under their old masters, and therefore it was important that some just and equitable system be adopted, and power given to enforce it.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—MEADE'S ADVANCE TO THE RAPIDAN—COMPELLED TO RETREAT—GALLANTRY OF KILPATRICK AND THE CAVALRY—BATTLE OF BRISTOW STATION—SUCCESSSES AT KELLY'S FORD AND RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—MEADE'S SECOND ADVANCE TO THE RAPIDAN—THE RETREAT—WINTER QUARTERS—AVERILL'S RAID IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG—THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OF AMNESTY—PROPOSITION TO ADMIT REBEL STATES INTO THE UNION—POLITICAL EXCITEMENT—CHANGE OF PLAN IN CARRYING ON THE WAR—GRANT MADE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL—SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH THROUGH MISSISSIPPI.

IN the East, the Army of the Potomac had remained comparatively quiet, but, on the approach of Autumn, it again assumed offensive operations, for it was necessary to occupy the attention of Lee, as he was sending reinforcements to Bragg. A general advance of the army was therefore determined upon, about the middle of September. Pleasanton was directed first to cross the Rappahannock, and attack the rebel cavalry picketing the river in the neighborhood of Culpepper. Gregg crossed at Sulphur Springs, Buford at Rappahannock Bridge, and Kilpatrick at Kelly's Ford. These, moving on Culpepper, attacked Stuart, who held the town, and, after an obstinate fight, drove him out, capturing three guns. Meade now advanced, and crossing the river with his entire army, made the place his headquarters, with the cavalry guarding his flanks and rear. Lee, in the meantime, lay encamped near Orange Court House, and, though much inferior in numbers, boldly crossed the Rapidan on the 9th of October, and, by a skillful movement, completely outflanked Meade, which compelled the latter to break up his camp and retreat—losing some of his

stores in his hasty retrograde movement. Pleasanton, with the cavalry, remained behind to watch the enemy, and then slowly retired toward the retreating army. Buford had been forced back more rapidly than Kilpatrick, whose command—with Davis over the right brigade, and Custer over the left—fell back more slowly. When the latter reached Brandy Station, he found that the former, ignorant of his movements, was far in advance, leaving his right entirely exposed. To make matters worse, Stuart had passed around his left, so that Kilpatrick, with whom was Pleasanton himself, was suddenly cut off. This gallant leader saw at a glance the peril of his position, and, riding to a slight eminence, took a hasty survey of the ground before him. He then gave his orders, and three thousand swords leaped from their scabbards, and a long, loud shout rolled over the field. With a heavy line of skirmishers thrown out, to protect his flanks and rear, he moved in three columns straight on the rebel host, that watched his coming. At first, the well-closed columns advanced on a walk, while the batteries of Remington and Elder played with fearful precision upon the hostile ranks. He thus kept on, till within a few hundred yards of the rebel lines, when the band struck up "Yankee Doodle." The next instant, a hundred bugles pealed the charge, and away, with gleaming sabres and a wild hurrah, went the clattering squadrons. As they came thundering on, the hostile lines parted and let them pass proudly through. Buford was soon overtaken, and a line of battle formed; for the rebels, enraged to think they had let Kilpatrick off so easily, reorganized, and now advanced to the attack. A fierce cavalry battle followed, lasting till after dark. Pleasanton, Buford, Kilpatrick, Custer and Davis again and again led charges in person. It seemed as if the leaders on both sides were determined to test, on the plains of Brandy Station, the question of superiority between the cavalry; for

the charges, on both sides, were of the most gallant and desperate character. The dark masses would drive on each other, through the deepening gloom, with defiant yells, while the flashing sabres struck fire as they clashed and rung in the fierce conflict. At length, the rebels gave it up, and our cavalry, gathering up its dead and wounded, crossed the Rappahannock. The army fell back along the railroad, from Saturday night till Wednesday, without bringing on a general engagement. To the Second Corps, commanded by Warren, was assigned the difficult task of guarding its rear. At daylight on Wednesday, this Corps took up its march along the south side of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and moved to Bristow Station, about three miles from Manassas Junction. As the advance, under General Webb, was crossing Broad Run, about noon, there suddenly came out of the woods north of the railroad, not more than a hundred yards distant, explosion after explosion of cannon, and the next moment, the heads of the rebel columns appeared in view. The attack was totally unexpected, and was designed to throw the Corps into confusion. But Warren, whose clear head no surprise could unsettle, at once, with that tactical skill for which he is so remarkable, threw his army into position along the railroad, and awaited the onset. Hurrying up his artillery, and planting it with consummate judgment, he soon rained a terrible fire on the rebel ranks. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed after the first sudden explosion of artillery, before our batteries were throwing their shells with fatal precision into those of the enemy. So horrible was the fire, that the rebels soon left their pieces in dismay, and fled to the woods. As the smoke lifted, and disclosed six of them standing deserted in the field, Warren detailed ten men from each regiment to bring them off. They bounded forward with a shout, and seizing them and wheeling them on the retreating foe, fired a parting salute,

then dragged five of them back within their lines, amid the wildest cheering of their comrades. The rebel infantry now charged Warren's position, but were met with such a withering fire that they broke for the woods, to form again. After five hours of fighting, the rebel leaders gave it up, and retired to the woods, from which they kept up an irregular artillery fire till dark, when they fell back with a loss of some thirteen hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners, six pieces of artillery, and two battle-flags.

This was Warren's first battle as sole Commander, and the way he fought it showed the highest skill and capacity as a General. Meade, in his congratulatory order, said: "The skill and promptitude of Major-General Warren, and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second Corps, are entitled to high commendation."

Lee, having forced Meade to fall back to the line of Bull Run, destroyed the Orange and Alexandria railroad from the Rapidan to Manassas. He deserved a good deal of credit for this skillful movement, for, with an army much inferior to Meade's at the outset, he had sent off a large body to reinforce Bragg; then with his comparatively small force, had boldly assumed the offensive, and forced our army into a retreat.

On the 7th of the next month, Generals French and Sedgwick attacked a portion of the rebel army at Kelly's Ford, taking about five hundred prisoners. The Rappahannock Station was protected by several strong forts. On the north side was a fort and two redoubts, held by a force two thousand strong. Against these, French and Sedgwick next moved, with great rapidity, and, having cut off the enemy's retreat, stormed them—the Sixth Maine, Fifth Wisconsin and Fourteenth New York forming the assaulting force. As they dashed into the rifle-pits and forts, a short and bloody hand-to-hand fight followed—men actually

grasping each other's bayonets, in the close death struggle. But in twenty minutes it was over, and then a loud and thrilling cheer went up. Over sixteen hundred men, four guns, and eight battle-flags, fell into our hands.

Lee now retired to his old position behind the Rapidan, not so jubilant as when he advanced across it to drive Meade back to the Rappahannock. The latter, stung at the audacious manner in which he had been driven, by an inferior force, from the Rapidan, now made preparations to advance again, and on the 26th of November, the day after the battle of Missionary Ridge, the Second Corps, under General Warren, marched to the Germania Ford, and crossed the river in the afternoon—many of the troops wading up to their necks in the icy water. Warren then moved forward, and next day, confronted the rebel army. But General French, on the right, and Sykes on the left, marching by different routes, had not been heard from—in fact, the former had lost his way—and hence, Warren could not make the attack he contemplated. But, at sundown, he advanced his skirmishers, and, by his brilliant manœuvering, made the enemy believe that he was about to attack him, and thus gained time for the other Corps to arrive. Just before dark, the First Corps, under Newton, came up, and at daylight next morning, the Sixth, under Sedgwick. The line of battle was at once formed, and advanced, but the enemy was gone, having decamped the night before. A pursuit was immediately started, and the rear-guard overtaken. But a heavy rain setting in, accompanied by a dense fog, it was impossible to obtain accurate knowledge of the rebel position, which was a very strong one, on the west bank of Mine Run. Warren, however, determined if possible to bring on a battle, and, with an escort, advanced and made a close personal reconnoissance of the enemy's fortifications. So perilous was this bold tour along the hostile lines, that

twenty men were killed and wounded before it was completed. Warren having laid his plans, resolved to attack, and the next morning at daylight, his Corps was in motion. But the whole day was spent in manœuvering his forces, in the wooded, unknown country, to thwart the rebel attempt to get in his rear, and to obtain the required position. He reported to Meade that night, when it was resolved that a general assault on the enemy's fortifications should take place at eight o'clock the next morning. But Warren ascertained, at daylight, that the rebel lines had been entirely changed during the night, and that his force and position were such that it would be foolhardiness to make the attempt, when as yet the whole army was not up. Another plan was formed, but abandoned, and, on the night of the 1st of December, the army recrossed the Rapidan, and eventually retired to winter quarters.

Thus ended the third year of the history of the Army of the Potomac. Its last operations had not been successful, though Warren, the young and recently-made Major-General, had shown a generalship and capacity for command, which made him one of the most prominent leaders in it, and marked him out as one of the main pillars on which Grant was to rest in his great campaign.

During this month (December), a brilliant exploit was performed by General Averill, who was directed to destroy the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad. It cannot be described in fewer words than in his own language:

"I cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, at Salem, on the 16th instant, and arrived safely at this point (Edray, Pocahontas County, W. Va.,) with my command—consisting of the Second, Third and Eighth Virginia mounted infantry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania, Dobson's battalion of cavalry, and Ewing's battery at Salem.

"Three depots were destroyed, containing two thousand

barrels of flour, ten thousand bushels of wheat, one hundred thousand bushels of shelled corn, fifty thousand bushels of oats; two thousand barrels of meat, several cords of leather, one thousand sacks of salt, thirty-one boxes of clothing, twenty bales of cotton, a large amount of harness, shoes and saddles, equipments, tools, oil, tar, and various other stores, and one hundred wagons.

"The telegraph wire was cut, coiled and burned, for half a mile.

"The water-station, turn-table and three cars were burned, and the track torn up and rails heated and destroyed as much as possible in six hours. Five bridges, and several culverts, were destroyed, over an extent of fifteen miles.

"A large quantity of bridge-timber and repairing materials were also destroyed.

"My march was retarded occasionally by the tempest in the mountains, and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes, across Craig's Creek, seven times in twenty-four hours.

"On my return, I found six separate commands—under Generals Early, Jones, Fitz-Hugh Lee, Imboden, Jackson, Echols, and McCouslin—arranged in a line extending from Staunton to Newport, upon all the available roads, to prevent my return. I captured a dispatch from General Jones to General Early, giving me the position and that of Jackson at Clifton Forge, and Covington was selected to carry.

"I marched from the front of Jones to that of Jackson, at night. His outposts were pressed in, at a gallop, by the Eighth Virginia mounted infantry, and the two bridges across Jackson's River were saved, although fagots had been piled ready to ignite.

"My column, about four miles long, hastened across, regardless of the enemy, until all but my ambulances, a few wagons, and one regiment, had passed, when a strong effort

was made to retake the first bridge, in which they did not succeed.

"The ambulances and some sick men were lost, and, by the darkness and difficulties, the last regiment was detained upon the opposite side until morning. When it was ascertained that the enemy seemed determined to maintain his position up the cliffs which overlooked the bridges, I caused the bridges, which were long and high, to be destroyed, and the enemy immediately changed his position to the flank and rear of the detachment which was cut off. I sent orders to the remnants to destroy our wagons, and come to me across the river, or over the mountains.

"They swam the river, with the loss of only four men who were drowned, and joined me. In the meantime, forces of the enemy were concentrating upon me, at Callaghan's, over every available road but one, which was deemed impracticable, but by which I crossed over the top of the Alleghanies with my command, with the exception of four caissons, which were destroyed in order to increase the teams of the pieces. My loss is six men drowned, one officer and four men wounded, and four officers and ninety men missing.

"We captured about two hundred prisoners, but have retained but forty officers and eighty men, on account of their inability to walk. We took also about one hundred and fifty horses.

"My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has marched, climbed, slid and swum three hundred and fifty-five miles, since the 8th instant."

The public mind, East, had been kept in a state of excitement by other than military events. During November, the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, for the burial of

the soldiers who fell there, was consecrated, with great ceremony—Edward Everett delivering the Address.

The most important event of December, however, was a proclamation of amnesty, by the President, and a proposition for the admission of rebel States back into the Union. A full pardon was granted to all who would take the following oath, except the class afterwards mentioned.

“I, ———, do solemnly swear, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all Acts of Congress passed during the existing rebellion with reference to slaves, so long and so far as not repealed, modified or held void by Congress, or by decision of the Supreme Court; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all proclamations of the President, made during the existing rebellion, having reference to slaves, so long and so far as not modified or declared void by decision of the Supreme Court. So help me, God.”

The persons excepted from the benefits of the foregoing provisions, are: All who are, or shall have been, civil or diplomatic officers or agents of the so-called Confederate Government; all who have left judicial stations under the United States, to aid the rebellion; all who are, or shall have been, military or naval officers of said so-called Confederate Government, above the rank of Colonel in the Army, or of Lieutenant in the Navy; all who left seats in the United States Congress, to aid the rebellion; all who resigned commissions in the Army or Navy of the United States, and afterward aided the rebellion; and all who have engaged in any way in treating colored persons, or white persons in charge of such, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war, and which persons may have been found in the United States service as soldiers, seamen, or in any other capacity.

The following portion, relating to the re-establishment of the States in the Union, was met with a storm of denunciation by the opposition, as a high-handed attempt to secure electoral votes at the Presidential Election to take place the next Autumn:

“And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina, a number of persons, not less than one tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential Election of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty, each having taken the oath aforesaid and not having since violated it, and being a qualified voter by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called Act of Secession, and excluding

all others, shall re-establish a State Government which shall be republican, and in nowise contravening said oath, such shall be recognized as the true Government of the State, and the State shall receive thereunder the benefits of the Constitutional provision which declares that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.'

And I do further proclaim, declare, and make known that any provision which may be adopted by such State Government in relation to the freed people of such State, which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which may yet be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their present condition as a laboring, landless and homeless class, will not be objected to by the National Executive. And it is suggested as not improper, that, in constructing a loyal State Government in any State, the name of the State, the boundary, the subdivisions, the Constitution, and the general code of laws, as before the rebellion, be maintained, subject only to the modifications made necessary by the conditions heretofore stated, and such others, if any, not contravening said conditions, and which may be deemed expedient by those framing the new State Government.

To avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to say that this proclamation, so far as it relates to State Governments, has no reference to States wherein loyal State Governments have all the while been maintained. And, for the same reason, it may be proper to further say, that whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seats, constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the Executive. And still further, that this proclamation is intended to present the people of the States wherein the National authority has been suspended, and loyal State Governments have been subverted, a mode in and by which the National and loyal State Governments may be re-established within said States, or in any of them; and, while the mode presented is the best the Executive can suggest, with his present impressions, it must not be understood that no other possible mode would be acceptable.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the eighth day of December, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

All during the Autumn, political matters agitated the public mind almost as much as events in the field. Schenck's military orders with regard to elections in Maryland and Delaware, were denounced as an attempt to control the polls with the bayonet; and all felt that the fierce party strife that was to be waged the coming year, would test the stability of our Government more than anything that had yet transpired—and trembled to contemplate it.

The Army of the Potomac, as we have noticed, went into winter quarters near Washington, confronted by the rebel army under Lee; and Grant's army did the same at Chattanooga, in front of Bragg. The calls, from time to time, for volunteers, had amounted to a prodigious number, and still the war seemed as far from being over as ever, and it became very evident that a radical change must be made in the mode of carrying it on. Scott's original plan was, to have two great armies move simultaneously—one down the Valley of the Mississippi, and another along the Eastern coast—and driving the enemy before them, finally crush him somewhere in the Southern States. McClellan's plan was the same; and the movements West commenced almost simultaneously with his. The recall of the army from before Richmond, broke up this plan, and ever since, in the East, the Government had been occupied in defending its own Capital. This course, it was plain, must be brought to a close, or the war never would be ended. Halleck was evidently unequal to the task of grasping and carrying out a great plan; and the Secretary of War was no better. Congress, had only made matters worse, by its interference, and resolved, at last, to abandon it, and compel the Cabinet to do the same, and so passed an Act creating the office of Lieutenant-General—evidently for the purpose of giving General Grant that rank. The President at once nominated him, and his confirmation took a heavy load from the public heart. A military man, with the power to grasp and the energy to carry out a great plan, and embrace the vast field of operations, was at last at the head of the national forces, and it was plain that the day of "quid-nuncs" at Washington was over. The mighty power of the North, which had been hurled hither and thither with such blind energy, was to be held calmly in hand, and made to move like the steady, resistless tide of the ocean, on the rebel forces.

Previous, however, to the commencement of this new order of things, and as if designed by Providence as a preparation, a movement was made by Sherman into Central Mississippi. Placing a cavalry force of nearly eight thousand under General W. F. Smith, with orders to start on the 1st of February from Memphis, and to move toward Meridian, he himself, on the 3rd of February, with a force of about twenty thousand infantry and twelve hundred cavalry, and provisions for twenty days, took his departure from Vicksburg. His march was easterly, across the Big Black River, by way of Champion Hills, Clinton and Jackson. Moving rapidly eastward—scattering the astonished enemy as he advanced—by the middle of the month, he was at Meridian, the center of a network of railroads. Here he halted, and waited for Smith's cavalry, but it did not come. This officer did not start till the 11th, and had advanced only a little beyond Okalona, when he was met by the enemy. Ordering a retreat, he was attacked and defeated badly, and finally succeeded in reaching Memphis with his command completely disorganized. Sherman intended to cut off Mobile from Johnston, who had succeeded Bragg in the command of the Confederate army; confuse and cut up, as much as possible, Polk's army, that was confronting him; destroy military depots, supplies, &c.; and, if everything should work favorably, swoop down on Mobile, on which Farragut was pounding. But Smith's defeat put a stop to his movements. He did not dare to advance further without that cavalry force, and so he leisurely retraced his steps to Vicksburg, followed at a respectful distance by his cautious adversary.

This expedition was designed to be an important one, and the public expected great results from it; but the failure of the cavalry force to co-operate with it, converted it into a raid. Yet, in moving across the whole State of Missis-

sippi, for a hundred and thirty miles, he had not merely caused great destruction, and terror among the inhabitants, but had tested practically the capacity of the country to feed an army, and doubtless obtained that knowledge which afterward made him attempt the bold and daring march across the State of Georgia.





U. S. Grant



CHAPTER XXII.

GRANT AT THE HEAD OF ALL OUR ARMIES—SHERMAN APPOINTED OVER GRANT'S DEPARTMENT WEST—A SURVEY OF THE WHOLE FIELD—FARRAGUT AT MOBILE—CALL FOR FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN—BUTLER'S FAILURE BEFORE RICHMOND—THE EXPEDITION INTO FLORIDA UNDER GENERAL SEYMOUR—BATTLE OF OLUSTEE—KILPATRICK'S BOLD ATTEMPT TO LIBERATE OUR PRISONERS IN RICHMOND—DEATH OF COLONEL DAHLGREN—FORREST'S RAID IN KENTUCKY—SURRENDER OF UNION CITY—ATTACK ON PADUCAH—DASTARDLY CONDUCT OF THE REBELS—ATTACK ON FORT PILLOW—THE MASSACRE—THE REBELS ATTACK PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA—A REBEL IRON-CLAD ATTACKS THE MIAMI AND SOUTHFIELD, SINKING THE LATTER—EVACUATION OF PLYMOUTH—POPULAR INDIGNATION.

EVERYTHING now seemed ready for the great change that took place the next month, when Lieutenant-General Grant was put at the head of all the armies of the Union. The same order of the 12th of March, that gave him this high position, assigned to Sherman the command of the Department of the Mississippi—composed of the minor Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and Arkansas—in short, the command vacated by Grant. Under him, was a group of lieutenants rarely equaled, never surpassed, in any army—McPherson, Hooker, Thomas, Howard, Hurlbut, Logan and Schofield. It was a grand army, and grandly officered.

Grant, in Washington, at once went back to the original military plan of moving two armies simultaneously south—one east, and the other west of the Alleghanies. Richmond and Atlanta were the objective points, which, when once reached—the former the head, and the latter the heart of the Confederacy—the two mighty armies could steadily

approach each other, crushing and grinding whatever lay between them. As Grant, from his high position, took a glance at the work before him, what a spectacle met his gaze! Never before had one Commander surveyed such a vast field of operations, and looked over such a mighty array, subject to his single control. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande, for five thousand miles, arose the smoke of camp-fires, and stood embattled hosts awaiting his bidding. To aid him in the gigantic task before him, six hundred vessels of war lined the rivers and darkened the coast for twenty-five hundred miles, while four thousand guns lay ready to send their stern summons into rebel defenses.

Soon, the effect of Grant's grand designs began to be felt, though scarcely seen by the public eye. Railways groaned under the weight of soldiers returning to their regiments; the rivers were black with transports bearing ordnance and supplies, and the entire North trembled under the tremendous preparations going forward. It was no single isolated battle that Grant contemplated, but mighty, unceasing blows to be dealt by the colossal force under his command. It was to be a final struggle between the North and South—the last fatal interlocking of the two giants in a death grapple.

We needed a practical head like his, over the Navy Department. If the naval power of the South had borne any proportion to its land forces, this want would have been felt in a deplorable manner. But our naval strength was so overwhelmingly preponderant, that great disasters were almost impossible. But the feelings of our naval Commanders may be gathered from Farragut's dispatches from before Mobile, on the outer forts of whose Bay he was fiercely pounding, while Sherman was traversing the State of Mississippi with the hope of lending him a helping hand. In the latter part of January, he had made a bold reconnoissance

of Forts Morgan and Gaines, and, as a result of his observations, wrote to the Secretary of the Navy that he was satisfied that if he had had but a *single iron-clad*, he could have "destroyed the whole force in the Bay, and reduced the forts at his leisure." In the latter part of February, he shelled Fort Powell. Two or three months later, he wrote: "I deeply regret that the Department has not been able to give us *one* of the many iron-clads that are off Charleston and on the Mississippi. I have always looked for the latter, but it appears that it takes *us twice as long to build an iron-clad* as any one else. It looks as if the contractors and the fates were against us. While the rebels are bending their whole energies to the war, our people are expecting the war to close by default, and if they do not awake to a sense of their danger soon, it will be so." This was very plain talk, by one who stood at the head of the navy, to the Secretary, and shows how differently things would have been managed if he had been allowed to control matters.

Between the victory of Chattanooga and the next May, when Grant would be ready to begin his great simultaneous movement of the two grand armies of the republic, there was considerable activity in military affairs in various parts of the country. In January, quite a fight occurred at Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, and the rebels obtained some successes in Western Virginia. The President's proclamation, on the 1st of February, ordering a draft for five hundred thousand men to be made on the 10th day of March, showed what mighty preparations were in prospect.

Butler, having heard that Richmond was weakly garrisoned, started an expedition to liberate the prisoners there, but it turned out a miserable failure.

One of the most important expeditions—or, at least, most talked about—was one under General Seymour, that left Port Royal, the fore part of the month, for Jacksonville,

Florida. It was composed of twenty steamers, eight schooners, and about five thousand troops. It left Hilton Head on the morning of the 6th, and occupied Jacksonville the next day. Gillmore, the Commander of the Department, said the object of the expedition was: First, to procure an outlet for cotton, lumber, timber, &c. *Second, to cut off one of the enemy's sources of supplies. Third, to obtain recruits for any colored regiments. And last, "to inaugurate measures for the speedy restoration of Florida to her allegiance, in accordance with instructions received *from the President, by the hands of Major John Hay, Assistant Adjutant-General.*" The three first reasons might as well have been omitted, as the last was the true one. Seymour, in accordance with his instructions, pushed a force on to Baldwin, twenty miles from Jacksonville, while another portion was sent forward to Sanderson. These preliminary steps being taken, Gillmore returned to Jacksonville, leaving Seymour in command in the field. The latter, on his own responsibility, now determined to advance inland a hundred miles, without supplies, in order to destroy the railroad, near the Savannah River. On the 18th, the army left its camp at Jacksonville, in light marching order, with ten days' rations, and made sixteen miles, over bad roads, that day. The next day, it marched seventeen miles, and encamped at a place called Barber's. In the morning, the march was resumed, the objective point being Lake City, nearly forty miles distant; but the columns had proceeded only sixteen or eighteen miles, when the enemy's skirmishers were met. Pushing these back four miles, the army came upon the rebels in force. The columns were at once deployed, and Hamilton's battery ordered forward to within a hundred and fifty yards of the hostile line. This close proximity, of course, brought the gunners completely under the fire of the sharpshooters. It went in with four pieces, fifty horses,

eighty-two men and four officers. In twenty minutes, half of the guns, half of the officers, more than half of the men, and all but ten of the horses, were lost. The different regiments, as they came into position, were met by a murderous fire. One broke, another got out of place, and yet the conflict raged with terrible ferocity. Seymour was everywhere present, apparently reckless of death, striving to win the battle thus suddenly, unexpectedly thrown upon him; but his efforts were all in vain. He succeeded only in holding the men to a useless slaughter. From two o'clock till dark, the contest was close and deadly, when, as if by mutual consent, it ceased, and Seymour, leaving most of his wounded in the hands of the enemy, withdrew, and the troops, foot-sore and weary, marched all night to Barber's—having marched over thirty miles, and fought for four hours, since the previous morning. The next morning (Sunday), the shattered, dispirited army continued its retreat, and did not rest till it reached its old camps at Jacksonville. Over one-fifth of the army of five thousand men, and five pieces of artillery, were lost in this disastrous fight—called the battle of Olustee, because it occurred a few miles from this railroad station. The whole affair caused a great deal of indignation, and, as in the case of all foolish, unsuccessful expeditions, every one engaged in it was blamed by turns. Now the President and Hay—whom he had made Major on purpose to accompany the expedition—were blamed; now Seymour, for being ambuscaded, and now Gillmore, for allowing it to be so miserably conducted. So, too, the Seventh New Hampshire, and a colored regiment, were accused of losing the battle by their poltroonry. Of course, an investigation was called for, while the newspapers discussed it freely, without waiting for its developments. Gillmore asserted that Seymour moved inland in direct violation of his orders, and, after he started, required him, his superior,

to make a naval demonstration in his behalf. Seymour has not seen fit to tell how much the presence of Major Hay had to do with this departure from the course marked out for him by Gillmore. We suspect it would be hard to fix the blame on any one man. It was one of those shrewd little plans got up between those at Washington and some civilians and officers—the success of which was intended to astonish the country, and show that all the wisdom did not rest in military quarters. All that need be said of it is, it was a foolish expedition from the start—badly carried out, and a total, disgraceful failure.

The rebel General, Patton Anderson, soon after the battle, did an act which should be mentioned to his honor. He made out and sent in a complete list of all our prisoners in his hands, both white and colored, together with a description of the character of the injuries of each of the wounded. This conduct was the more noticeable, being in such striking contrast with the brutality shown to the blacks at Fort Wagner and other places.

In the latter part of the month, Kilpatrick started on his great raid for the relief of our prisoners in Richmond, which were reported to be in a most suffering condition. Knowing that the rebel Capital was weakly garrisoned, he thought that he might, by a sudden dash, enter it and release them before a sufficient force could be brought up to arrest his progress. His plan was submitted to the President and Secretary of War, and after due deliberation accepted, and, on the last day of February, this daring leader, with four thousand chosen men, left his camp at Stevensburg, and marched for Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan. By the aid of a daring scout named Hogan, he succeeded in capturing the entire picket stationed there, without giving the alarm. He then pushed rapidly forward, and at daylight reached Spottsylvania Court House. Elated with his successful start,

he now moved rapidly towards the Beaver Dam Station, on the Virginia Central railroad, which he reached at four o'clock, and where he went into camp for a few hours. Colonels Dahlgren and Cook, with five hundred men, had been sent across the James River, to move down its south bank and release the prisoners at Belle Isle, and then with them join Kilpatrick in the city, who was to enter it by the Brook turnpike. The latter carried the first line of rebel works, within two miles of the Capital, and opened on it with his artillery, the sound of which was to be the signal for Dahlgren to advance. The latter, however, misled by a negro guide, did not appear, and Kilpatrick, disappointed in not having his co-operation, and finding the rebel defenses stronger than he had anticipated, now spent some hours in reconnoitering to see if he could not find a weak place where he could dash in. In the meantime, the city was thrown into the wildest consternation. The bells were rung, and couriers sent off to hurry up the troops on the Chickahominy. Finding the obstacles in front of him too great to be surmounted, and the hostile forces concentrating fast, he was compelled reluctantly to abandon his bold design, and see to the safety of his command. Falling back, he swept around Richmond to the Chickahominy, which he crossed, at Meadow Bridge, and went into camp in the midst of a driving storm of sleet, and hail, and snow. Here he was attacked by a heavy force, but succeeded, after a sharp fight, in repulsing it, and moving off to Old Church, again went into camp, to wait the arrival of his scattered detachments. During the day, they all came in except Dahlgren's command. At length, hearing that the latter was over the Pamunkey, and making his way towards Gloucester Point, he moved leisurely down the Peninsula, and arrived safely at Yorktown. Dahlgren, becoming separated in the darkness from his main body, fought his way, with a hundred men, to within three miles

of King and Queen Court-House, where he fell into an ambushade and was shot down, and all but seventeen of his party killed or taken prisoners. The body of this gallant young officer was shamefully maltreated, and buried in the middle of the road by the rebels, to show their savage hate. They asserted, in extenuation of their conduct, that a paper was found in his pocket, directing that Richmond when captured should be laid in ashes and given over to plunder. This raid had a special, noble object in view, which would sanction the taking of heavy risks.

The sudden appearance of the rebels, the latter part of this same month, in the western part of Kentucky, took the country by surprise.

On the 24th of March, Forrest, in command of the rebel forces, attacked Union City, which was surrendered by Colonel Hawkins, the Commander, in a manner that called forth the bitterest condemnation. The next day, the combined rebel force, numbering in all six thousand men, attacked Paducah, which post was held by Colonel S. G. Hicks, with six hundred and fifty-five men. On the approach of the enemy, Colonel Hicks retired into Fort Anderson with his little band, resolved to hold it to the last extremity, while some gunboats in the river, commanded by Captain Shirk, moved up to his assistance. Forrest advanced to the attack, but failed to make any impression on the fort. He then sent a flag of truce to Colonel Hicks, demanding the surrender of the place, saying in conclusion, "If you surrender, you shall be treated as prisoners of war, but if I have to storm your works, you may expect no quarter." Hicks very quietly replied, that he had been placed there by his Government to defend the post, and should do it. Forrest, however, made a base use of the flag of truce, and advanced his troops, while the negotiations were going on, to advantageous positions. His sharpshooters also mingled

with the women and children that had been sent out of town to avoid danger, and picked off the officers of the gunboats, knowing that they could not be fired on without killing the women and children. They also placed women in front of their lines as they moved towards the fort—a piece of dastardly cowardice that can hardly be believed of any American.

Forrest made three desperate assaults on the place during the day, but each time was met with such a destructive fire that he was repulsed with a loss of three hundred killed and about a thousand wounded, while on our side only sixty were killed or wounded. Finding that Colonel Hicks could be neither frightened nor forced into a surrender, he withdrew, and on the 12th of next month—the anniversary of the attack on Fort Sumter—drove in the pickets of the garrison of Fort Pillow. This fort was situated on a high bluff on the banks of the Mississippi, and was garrisoned with five hundred and fifty-seven men—two hundred and sixty-two of whom were colored troops.

MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

The attack was made at sunrise. Major Booth, of the colored troops, the senior in command, was killed about nine o'clock, and Major Bradford succeeded him. Forrest pressed his attack vigorously, up to three o'clock, but without any success. The gunboat *New Era*, Captain Marshall, threw its shells with great effect into the rebel ranks, causing them to flee from one ravine into another, as she shifted from one position to another in answer to the signals from the fort. Forrest, finding that he could not carry the place by assault, resorted to a flag of truce, under cover of which, with true Mexican duplicity, he determined to gain a position that would enable him, with a single dash, to get into the fort. He

now demanded a surrender of the place, and Major Bradford asked an hour in which to consult with his officers. Forrest replied that he would give him but twenty minutes, and in the meantime moved his men along a ravine to the position he desired. Bradford rejecting the summons to surrender, the rebels made a sudden rush, and, with the cry, "No quarter!" cleared the ramparts with a bound. There was no fighting—overwhelmed by superior numbers, the troops, black and white, threw down their arms, and precipitated themselves down the steep bluff near the fort—some hiding themselves under the brush that lined the river shore—some taking refuge in the water itself, and lying with their heads just far enough out to allow them to breathe. Then commenced a scene of cruelty and murder that finds its parallel in our land only in Forts Mimms and Raisin. All of the savage was there—the thirst for blood, remorseless hate and barbarity, and fiendish yells—all but the scalping-knife. Neither sex, nor age, nor color, was spared—everything went down before that bloody onslaught. Even children were hacked to death or coolly shot down, while their tearful, despairing faces were turned pleadingly on their murderers. The sick were not spared by these fiends, who seemed determined to enact a scene that should shock the civilized world. The matter was one that demanded some official action, and the Joint Committee on the Conduct and Expenditures of the War appointed Messrs. Wade and Gooch a sub-committee to proceed to the spot, and investigate it. That we may not seem to exaggerate the conduct of the rebels, we quote a portion of the report of this Committee:

"Immediately after the second flag of truce retired, the rebels made a rush from the positions they had so treacherously gained, and obtained possession of the fort, raising the cry of 'No quarter!' But little opportunity was

allowed for resistance. Our troops, black and white, threw down their arms, and sought to escape by running down the steep bluff near the fort, and secreting themselves behind trees and logs, in the bushes, and under the brush—some even jumping into the river, leaving only their heads above the water, as they crouched down under the bank.

“Then followed a scene of cruelty and murder without a parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping-knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white nor black, soldier or civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work; men, women, and even children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten, and hacked with sabres; some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers, while being shot; the sick and the wounded were butchered without mercy—the rebels even entering the hospital-building, and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there unable to offer the least resistance. All over the hill-side, the work of murder was going on; numbers of our men were collected together in lines or groups, and deliberately shot; some were shot while in the river, while others on the bank were shot, and their bodies kicked into the water, many of them still living but unable to make any exertions to save themselves from drowning. Some of the rebels stood on the top of the hill, or a short distance down its side, and called to our soldiers to come up to them, and as they approached, shot them down in cold blood; if their guns or pistols missed fire, forcing them to stand there until they were again prepared to fire. All around were heard cries of ‘No quarter!’ ‘No quarter!’ ‘Kill the damned niggers; shoot them down!’ All who asked for mercy, were answered by the

most cruel taunts and sneers. Some were spared for a time, only to be murdered under circumstances of greater cruelty. No cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise, was omitted by these murderers. One white soldier, who was wounded in one leg so as to be unable to walk, was made to stand up while his tormentors shot him; others who were wounded and unable to stand, were held up and again shot. One negro, who had been ordered by a rebel officer to hold his horse, was killed by him when he remounted; another, a mere child, whom an officer had taken up behind him on his horse, was seen by Chalmers, who at once ordered the officer to put him down and shoot him, which was done. The huts and tents in which many of the wounded had sought shelter, were set on fire, both that night and the next morning, while the wounded were still in them—those only escaping who were able to get themselves out, or who could prevail on others less injured than themselves to help them out; and even some of those thus seeking to escape the flames, were met by those ruffians and brutally shot down, or had their brains beaten out. One man was deliberately fastened down to the floor of a tent, face upward, by means of nails driven through his clothing and into the boards under him, so that he could not possibly escape, and then the tent set on fire; another was nailed to the side of a building outside of the fort, and then the building set on fire and burned. The charred remains of five or six bodies were afterward found, all but one so much disfigured and consumed by the flames that they could not be identified, and the identification of that one is not absolutely certain, although there can hardly be a doubt that it was the body of Lieutenant Akerstrom, Quartermaster of the Thirteenth Tennessee cavalry, and a native Tennessean; several witnesses who saw the remains, and who were personally

acquainted with him while living, have testified that it is their firm belief that it was his body that was thus treated.

“These deeds of murder and cruelty ceased when night came on, only to be renewed the next morning, when the demons carefully sought, among the dead lying about in all directions, for any of the wounded yet alive, and those they found were deliberately shot. Scores of the dead and wounded were found there the day after the massacre, by the men from some of our gunboats, who were permitted to go on shore and collect the wounded and bury the dead. The rebels themselves had made a pretense of burying a great many of their victims, but they had merely thrown them, without the least regard to care or decency, into the trenches and ditches about the fort, or the little hollows and ravines on the hill-side, covering them but partially with earth. Portions of heads and faces, hands and feet, were found protruding through the earth in every direction. The testimony also establishes the fact that the rebels buried some of the living with the dead, a few of whom succeeded afterward in digging themselves out, or were dug out by others—one of whom your Committee found in Mound City hospital, and there examined. And even when your Committee visited the spot, two weeks afterward, although parties of men had been sent on shore, from time to time, to bury the bodies unburied, and rebury the others, and were even then engaged in the same work, we found the evidences of this murder and cruelty still most painfully apparent; we saw bodies still unburied (at some distance from the fort) of some sick men who had been met fleeing from the hospital, and beaten down and brutally murdered, and their bodies left where they had fallen. We could still see the faces, hands and feet of men, white and black, protruding out of the ground, whose graves had not been reached by those engaged in reintering the victims of the massacre; and,

although a great deal of rain had fallen within the preceding two weeks, the ground, more especially on the side and at the foot of the bluff where the most of the murders had been committed, was still discolored by the blood of our brave but unfortunate men, and the logs and trees showed but too plainly the evidences of the atrocities perpetrated there.

“Many other instances of equally atrocious cruelty might be enumerated, but your Committee feel compelled to refrain from giving here more of the heart-sickening details, and refer to the statements contained in the voluminous testimony herewith submitted. Those statements were obtained by them from eye-witnesses and sufferers; many of them, as they were examined by your Committee, were lying upon beds of pain and suffering, some so feeble that their lips could with difficulty frame the words by which they endeavored to convey some idea of the cruelties which had been inflicted on them, and which they had seen inflicted on others.

“How many of our troops thus fell victims to the malignity and barbarity of Forrest and his followers, cannot yet be definitely ascertained. Two officers belonging to the garrison, were absent at the time of the capture and massacre. Of the remaining officers, but two are known to be living, and they are wounded, and now in the hospital at Mound City. One of them, Captain Potter, may even now be dead, as the surgeons, when your Committee were there, expressed no hope of his recovery. Of the men, from three hundred to four hundred are known to have been killed at Fort Pillow—of whom at least three hundred were murdered in cold blood, after the post was in possession of the rebels, and our men had thrown down their arms and ceased to offer resistance. Of the survivors, except the wounded in the hospital at Mound City, and the few who succeeded in

making their escape unhurt, nothing definite is known; and it is to be feared that many have been murdered after being taken away from the fort.

“In reference to the fate of Major Bradford, who was in command of the fort when it was captured, and who had up to that time received no injury, there seems to be no doubt. The general understanding everywhere seemed to be, that he had been brutally murdered the day after he was taken prisoner.

“There is some discrepancy in the testimony, but your Committee do not see how the one who professed to have been an eye-witness of his death could have been mistaken. There may be some uncertainty in regard to his fate.

“When your Committee arrived at Memphis, Tennessee they found and examined a man (Mr. McLagan) who had been conscripted by some of Forrest's forces, but who, with other conscripts, had succeeded in making his escape. He testifies that while two companies of rebel troops, with Major Bradford and many other prisoners, were on their march from Brownsville to Jackson, Tennessee, Major Bradford was taken by five rebels—one an officer—led about fifty yards from the line of march, and deliberately murdered, in view of all there assembled. He fell—killed instantly by three musket-balls, even while asking that his life might be spared, as he had fought them manfully, and was deserving of a better fate. The motive for the murder of Major Bradford, seems to have been the simple fact that, although a native of the South, he remained loyal to his Government. The testimony herewith submitted, contains many statements made by the rebels, that they did not intend to treat ‘home-made Yankees,’ as they termed loyal Southerners, any better than negro troops.”

The testimony taken was very voluminous—covering the whole ground; and, that there might be no charge of

unfairness, the name and rank of each witness were given, together with all the questions put to him. A severe cross-examination would doubtless have caused many of the statements to be modified, and have impeached the credibility of some of the witnesses. As an example of the kind of testimony bearing hardest against the perpetrators of this enormous crime, we give a single statement made by a private :

“In about five minutes after the disappearance of the flag of truce, a general assault was made upon our works from every direction. They were kept at bay for some time, when the negroes gave way upon the left, and ran down the bluff, leaving an opening through which the rebels entered, and immediately commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of both white and black. We all threw down our arms, and gave tokens of surrender, asking for quarter. (I was wounded in the right shoulder and muscle of the back, and knocked down, before I threw down my gun.) But no quarter was given. Voices were heard upon all sides, crying: ‘Give them no quarter; kill them; kill them; it is General Forrest’s orders.’ I saw four white men and at least twenty-five negroes shot while begging for mercy; and I saw one negro dragged from a hollow log within ten feet of where I lay, and as one rebel held him by the foot another shot him. These were all soldiers. There were also two negro women and three little children standing within twenty-five steps from me, when a rebel stepped up to them and said: ‘Yes, God damn you, you thought you were free, did you?’ and shot them all. They all fell but one child, when he knocked it in the head with the breach of his gun. They then disappeared in the direction of the landing, following up the fugitives, firing at them wherever seen. They came back in about three-quarters of an hour, shooting, and robbing the dead of their money and clothes. I saw a man with a canteen upon him, and a pistol in his hand. I

ventured to ask him for a drink of water. He turned around, saying: 'Yes, God damn you, I will give you a drink of water,' and shot at my head three different times, covering my face up with dust, and then turned from me, no doubt thinking he had killed me, remarking: 'God damn you, it's too late to pray now;' then went on with his pilfering. I lay there until dark, feigning death, when a rebel officer came along, drawing his sabre, and ordered me to get up, threatening to run his sabre into me if I did not, saying I had to march ten miles that night. I succeeded in getting up, and got among a small squad he had already gathered up, but stole away from them during the night, and got among the dead, feigning death, for fear of being murdered. The next morning, the gunboat came up and commenced shelling them out, when I crawled out from among the dead, and with a piece of paper motioned to the boat; she came up, and I crawled on board.

WILLIAM F. ^{his}† MAYS." _{mark.}

It is hard to believe that native-born American citizens—men brought up in the light of the civilization of the Nineteenth Century, and educated under Christian influences, could be guilty of such deeds. Acts of violence have been committed on both sides, during this sanguinary struggle, which are undreamed of by the public. It always has been, and always will be so, in war; but such deeds as these, are not to be classed amid its ordinary cruelties, and should never find a place among the records of civilization. Their proper place is in the war song of the Indian, as he dances around the fire in which his bleeding captives are writhing.

Another event of considerable importance, occurred on the Eastern coast, at Plymouth, North Carolina, during the month. A land force of rebels made a furious attack, on the 18th, upon the garrison commanded by General Wessels,

but were repulsed. The next day, the iron-clad rebel ram—Albermarle—came down the Roanoke River, and attacked the Southfield and Miami. These two boats were fastened together at the time, and were driven straight on the hostile steamer, as she came heavily down. The latter, reckless of the heavy rifled shot, that bounded like peas from her mailed sides, moved fearlessly on the two boats, striking the Southfield—sinking her immediately, and seriously damaging the Miami. Captain Flusser was killed in the engagement. It was feared that the ram would soon have possession of the whole Sound, and that Roanoke Island would be attacked. Plymouth had to be evacuated, and the public was loud in its denunciations of the Secretary of the Navy. A resolution of inquiry was passed by Congress, requesting him to give an explanation of the matter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SANITARY FAIRS—BANKS IN NEW ORLEANS—INAUGURATION OF THE FREE STATE GOVERNMENT—THE RED RIVER COTTON EXPEDITION—PORTER'S ASCENT OF THE RED RIVER—CAPTURE OF BATTERIES BY GENERAL SMITH—MARCH OF BANKS ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO ALEXANDRIA—ADVANCE INTO THE INTERIOR—DEFEAT OF BANKS—RETREAT OF STEELE—RETURN OF THE GUNBOATS TO ALEXANDRIA—UNABLE TO GET BELOW THE FALLS—GRAND ENGINEERING SUCCESS OF COLONEL BAILEY—PASSAGE OF THE FALLS BY THE FLEET—AN EXCITING SPECTACLE—PROMOTION OF BAILEY—DESTRUCTION OF THE GUNBOATS SIGNAL, COVINGTON, AND TRANSPORT WARNER—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION—CANBY SUPERSEDES BANKS IN THE FIELD—THE LATTER RETURNS TO NEW ORLEANS—VIEW OF THE EXPEDITION.

THOUGH having no direct bearing on the war, the great Fairs throughout the country the first few months of this year, deserve a special mention. The raising of funds on such a gigantic scale for the relief of our wounded and sick soldiers, had never before been witnessed. Independent of the amount of good done, and the vast number of soldiers thus saved to the army, it created a bond between the people and the soldiers that rendered it impossible for them ever to feel that their interests were separate.

Before the great decisive movements of the Spring commenced, the country was destined to suffer one more mortification from the failure of an ill-starred expedition.

General Banks in New Orleans after adjusting the labor system and seeing to the elections, on the 4th of March inaugurated the Free State government with the most imposing ceremonies. A multitude, estimated at fifty thousand in number, assembled in Lafayette Square, where a platform had been erected, and the newly elected Governor Hahn was

installed into office amid the firing of cannon, the playing of patriotic airs, and the huzzas of the multitude.

The political machinery having been put in working order, Banks could turn his attention to affairs in the field, and in this month a combined naval and land expedition was fitted out destined to become famous as the "Red River Cotton Expedition."

Porter, with a large fleet of gunboats and transports carrying a portion of Sherman's army under A. J. Smith, left Vicksburg early in March, and proceeded towards Alexandria, where the main army, under Banks, was to meet him, after having marched across the country. The objective point in the expedition was Shreveport, in Caddo Parish, on the Red River, some six hundred and seventy miles by water from New Orleans, and a great depot for commissary stores of the rebel army. On the passage up the river, Fort De-Russey, a formidable work, was captured by a rapid land march of Smith, together with ten guns and three hundred prisoners. Alexandria surrendered to Porter without a battle, and here, on the 17th, the land force joined him, having marched a hundred and seventy miles in five days. The army by land, and the gunboats by water, now moved forward toward Shreveport, some three hundred miles distant. It was a long and weary march for the troops, and almost, equally arduous work for the gunboats to make their way up the shallow, tortuous stream. Steele, commanding in Arkansas, was to co-operate with this force, moving on Shreveport from Little Rock—having these two objects in view—to keep Price, in Arkansas from joining the rebel force under Kirby Smith in Louisiana, and to take Shreveport in rear while Banks advanced against it in front. At Mansfield, forty-five miles from it, the rebels made a stand, where our cavalry came up with them on the 8th of April. The army was scattered over the country far back in the

rear, which Kirby Smith seemed fully aware of. At first, on the 7th, the cavalry, commanded by Colonel Robinson, drove the enemy before it, and pursued him some fourteen miles, when the column came upon a body of infantry which, after a sharp contest, was also forced back. Colonel Landrum's brigade of infantry, and Colonel Lucas' of cavalry, coming up that night, the whole advanced in the morning, but on arriving near Sabine Cross-Roads, they found themselves suddenly confronted by fifteen or twenty thousand men. In the meantime General Ransom with his troops arrived, accompanied by General Banks. The latter immediately dispatched a courier to Franklin, in the rear, to hasten up with his Corps, but Kirby Smith saw his advantage, and pressed it vigorously. The cavalry in front were turned back in terrible rout, and the troops though struggling bravely to bear up against the disorder, were also at length overborne and their artillery captured—their ranks being broken by the fleeing wagon train which somehow had got in advance. But at this critical moment, when every thing seemed lost, Franklin arrived with his Corps, and waving his hat above his head fell furiously upon the exulting, shouting rebels. Two horses were successively shot under him, but leaping to the saddle of a third, he still led on his men. By his gallantry he succeeded in checking the victorious progress of the rebels for a time, but he also was at last borne back in the reflux tide. Fortunately, the Nineteenth Army Corps under General Emory, had been advised of the rout, and stood drawn up in line of battle as the fleeing army came in sight. Allowing the shattered, broken columns to pass to the rear, it closed sternly up and bravely breasted the storm till darkness put an end to the conflict.

In the meantime Smith, with the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, had reached Pleasant Hill, and drawn up his forces behind a low ridge. The next day the rebels

advanced, confident of success, and Emory, whose line of battle had been formed in front of Smith, and masked him, after dealing the enemy a heavy blow, fell back, according to pre-arrangement, when the confident, shouting foe dashed forward in pursuit. Smith's troops lay flat on the ground until the first rebel line was well up the slope, when seven thousand muskets suddenly blazed in its front, and the artillery swept the crowding columns with terrible slaughter. The rebels, stunned at the suddenness and awfulness of the blow, stopped and staggered back, and before they could recover their senses, Smith gave the order to charge, when his brave troops swept the field with a shout.

But nothing now could change the defeat into a victory, and next morning the retreat was continued. Banks sent word to Porter, acquainting him with his disaster, and directed him to fall back to Grand Ecore, whither he was retreating. From this point the retreat was continued to Alexandria without serious molestation, except at Monet's Bluff, where the rebels made an attack on him, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Here he halted to save the gunboats, which could not get over the falls above the place, on account of low water.

In the meantime Steele had advanced from Little Rock, but when near Camden his wagon train was cut off and destroyed. Marmaduke with a heavy force now confronted him, and Banks having retreated, the whole rebel force was free to operate against him, and he was compelled to fall back. At Saline Falls, however, Price pressed him so hard that he was forced to turn and give battle, and fell with such fury on his pursuers, that they let him alone during the rest of his retreat, and he reached Little Rock again in safety.

In the meantime the rebels were swarming along the shores of the Red River, both above and below Alexandria. Above, Porter was dreadfully harassed from the shores, and

things began to wear a gloomy aspect. There was no appearance of a rise in the river, and without one, Porter's entire fleet must be destroyed, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy—for forage was getting short, and the protecting army would soon have to move. With its departure all attempts to save the boats would be abandoned. In this painful dilemma Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, acting engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, proposed to build a series of dams across the rocks at the lower falls, and raise the water sufficiently to let the boats pass over the upper ones. His plan was ridiculed by the best engineers, but Bailey had tried it before, in floating logs down the western rivers, and was so sanguine of success, promising to complete the work in ten days, that Banks was requested to let him attempt it. Three thousand men, and two or three hundred wagons were put at his disposal, and the work commenced. Those quiet shores at once became a human hive, and the sound of the axe, the crash of falling trees and shouts of men, made the forests echo. The army and fleet looked on in astonishment at this new system of engineering adopted by this bold western man. On the left bank of the river, a dam, made of fallen trees, was run out some three hundred feet, and then four coal barges filled with brick were sunk at the end. From the other shore, cribs filled with stone to meet the barges, were built. The work was successfully accomplished, and the water rapidly rose. In one day more it would have been high enough to let the boats above the upper falls pass over; when, unfortunately, on the 9th of May, the pressure became so great that two of the coal barges were forced downward from their position, and swung round at right angles to the dam. The water immediately began to pour through like a cataract. Porter saw with a sinking heart the catastrophe, for he feared the men would have no heart to rebuild the dam. Determined if possible

to save some of his vessels, he jumped upon a horse and galloping up stream, ordered the Lexington to try to pass the falls. She succeeded, and then headed straight for the fearful shute in the dam. Tens of thousands lined the shores, watching with breathless interest the perilous movement. Not a sound but the low steady rush of the torrent broke the stillness as she neared the boiling maelstrom. Crowding on all steam, her gallant Commander stood and calmly watched the approaching crisis. The vessel, impelled by a full head of steam, and the swiftly descending, sloping hill of water, rushed like a mad thing toward what seemed certain destruction. Leaping into the boiling cauldron, she settled heavily in the surge, and, for a moment, seemed going to the bottom. Rolling heavily from side to side, she at length caught on a rock, and hung for an instant suspended in the torrent, then, rising slowly, swept off into deep water, and rounded quietly to. The watching, excited multitude that had not uttered a word while the fate of the vessel was held in a fearful crisis, now rent the heavens with deafening shouts. From shore to shore the wild cheers echoed, and again and again were taken up and sent in thunder toward the sky. The Neosho now tried it, but the pilot becoming frightened as the vessel approached the abyss, stopped her engine. Porter saw the fatal mistake, and watched to see her disappear in the tumultuous waters. Her hull went out of sight, and she seemed lost, but slowly lifting herself again, she heaved forward and passed through, though with a hole in her bottom. The partial success of the experiment encouraged the men to rebuild the dam; though they had been working for eight days and nights up to their necks in water, they cheerfully entered on the herculean task. Bailey now left a gap of fifty feet in the dam, to avoid the tremendous pressure of the water, and built wing dams on the falls above, so as to make a deep channel for the

current. In three days the work was accomplished, and on the 11th and 12th six gunboats and two tugs were got over the upper falls. They then one after another, with their hatches battened down, took the shute of the dam, cheered loudly by the whole army as they successively passed safely through. It was a great engineering success—the entire fleet being saved—thanks to the skill of an engineer who dared to attempt an undertaking that all had ridiculed. Porter could hardly moderate his delight at this unexpected deliverance of his fleet, and heaped encomiums on Bailey, whom the Government very properly rewarded with the star of a Brigadier-General.

Porter in his report said: "Words are inadequate to express the admiration I feel for the abilities of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey. This is, without doubt, the best engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances a private company would not have completed this work under one year, and, to an ordinary mind, the whole thing would have appeared an impossibility. Leaving out his abilities as an engineer, and the credit he has conferred upon the country, he has saved to the Union a valuable fleet worth nearly two millions of dollars. More, he has deprived the enemy of a triumph which would have emboldened them to carry on this war a year or two longer; for the intended departure of the army was a fixed fact, and there was nothing left for me to do, in case that event occurred, but to destroy every part of the vessels, so that the rebels could make nothing of them. The highest honors the Government can bestow on Colonel Bailey can never repay him for the service he has rendered the country."

The fleet, however, did not get off entirely scatheless. The gunboats *Signal* and *Covington*, having been sent down the river from Alexandria to convoy the *Warner*, a boat loaded with cotton, unexpectedly came upon a series of

rebel batteries about thirty miles from the place. These batteries were so concealed, that their existence was not dreamed of until they opened on the boat loaded with cotton—piercing her boilers almost instantly, and sending her, a helpless wreck, against the opposite bank. The rebel troops fired at the same time with musketry, killing and wounding nearly two hundred soldiers that were aboard of her. Others were killed in trying to escape to the shore. The *Signal* and *Covington* at once rounded to and pushed back to help the transport, but soon found that they had enough to do to take care of themselves. Their steam pipes were soon cut, and their boilers perforated with shot, yet they gallantly maintained the unequal contest for five hours. Lieutenant George P. Lord, commanding the *Covington*, fired his last charge of ammunition—then spiked his guns, set fire to his vessel, and with what was left of his crew, escaped to the shore. Soon the flaming boat blew up with a loud explosion. Lieutenant Edward Morgan, of the *Signal*, maintained the contest for half an hour longer, but finding that he was only exposing his men to useless slaughter, abandoned it. His decks being strewn with the wounded who had gallantly stood by him to the last, he could not consent to set fire to his vessel, and so he gave permission for all to escape as they best could. But few, however, got off, for in attempting to climb the opposite bank they became a fair mark for the sharp-shooters, and were dropped, one after another, into the river.

When Banks heard of this disaster, he sent out a body of cavalry and dispersed the rebels.

Both fleet and army now came back to the Mississippi, and Canby was sent to take the place of Banks in the field, while the latter returned to New Orleans to confine himself to the civil duties of his department. This ended his military career of which his friends had expected so much.

The expedition, whoever planned it, was a foolish one, while Banks, in carrying it out, showed a great lack of military sagacity. With the enemy in his immediate front, he was caught with his army widely scattered apart, and his trains anywhere but where they should have been. Beaten in detail, he was driven back in disgrace, and the whole expedition turned out a mortifying failure, and came very near being a great catastrophe. Its chief object seemed to have been to gather cotton, of which large quantities were known to be in this section. It was a bad speculation, however, on the part of the Government, and most disastrous to the military reputation of the Commander. If Franklin, whom the Secretary of War had sent to Banks in a fit of spleen, had been at the head of it, a different result would have been reached.

It is proper to state that though this expedition was started almost simultaneously with the movement of the two great armies under Sherman and Grant, it had no connection whatever with it. It was organized previous to the assumption of supreme command by Grant, or it never would have been organized at all. It had been sanctioned by those unfortunate strategists, Halleck and Stanton, and hence had to proceed. Nothing was left for Grant to do but to hurry it forward as fast as possible, and have it out of his way before his great movements commenced. Hence, as far back as the 15th of March, he notified Banks of the importance of capturing Shreveport at the earliest possible day, and that if he should "find that the taking of it would occupy from ten to fifteen days—more time than General Sherman had given to his troops to be absent from their command—he would send them back at the time specified by General Sherman, even if it led to the abandonment of the main object of the Red River expedition,—for this force was necessary to movements east of the Mississippi; that should his expedition prove successful, he would hold Shreveport and the Red River

with such force as he might deem necessary, and return the balance of his troops to the neighborhood of New Orleans, commencing no move for the further acquisition of territory unless it was to make that then held by him more easily held; that it might be a part of the spring campaign to move against Mobile; that it certainly would be if troops enough could be obtained to make it without embarrassing other movements; that New Orleans would be the point of departure for such an expedition; also that he had directed General Steele to make a real move from Arkansas as suggested by him, (General Banks,) instead of a demonstration, as Steele thought advisable."

Grant told him, moreover, to move as quickly as possible—abandon Texas altogether, and, leaving only a portion of his army to guard the Mississippi, to prepare to co-operate with Farragut against Mobile. This would keep a part of the Southern army away from Richmond, while the farther he went toward Shreveport, the less use he was to Grant. Hence, as we have said, the only interest the General-in-Chief took in the expedition, was to have it over with as speedily as possible.

But all these battles and expeditions in the East and West, were isolated affairs, having no bearing on the mighty movement about to be made. They caused some noise and much angry feeling and vituperation, but the burdened trains and crowded boats, steadily moving without noise and observation, southward, were the really great events of those four months. These separate successes or disasters were the mere by-play to the great drama about to open—the dim and far-off flashes along the edge of the storm-cloud, which was soon to darken all the heavens, and shake the earth with its thunder.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRANT'S DELAY IN FRONT OF WASHINGTON—THE PRESIDENT'S DETERMINATION NOT TO INTERFERE ANY MORE WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE TWO ARMIES MOVE—THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—ITS DIFFICULTIES—COMPOSITION AND STRENGTH OF SHERMAN'S ARMY—DALTON FLANKED—BATTLE OF RESACA—A FIERCE STRUGGLE—FIGHT AT DALLAS—ALLATOONA FLANKED—BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN—DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL POLK—SHERMAN DIRECTS THE SHOT THAT KILLS HIM—SHERMAN'S FIRST DEFEAT—KENESAW FLANKED—THE CHATTAHOOCHEE REACHED AND CROSSED—ATLANTA IN SIGHT.

THE long delay of Grant in front of Washington awakened much surprise, but he had resolved not to move till he was ready. No order to move at a certain day, like that of President Lincoln formerly to the Army of the Potomac, without consulting the General-in-Chief, was given. The public might grumble and grow impatient, but he had learned from experience the folly of such a course, and determined to let Grant take his own time, if he did not move till mid-summer. The lesson he had learned, had been a costly one to the country, and to our brave soldiers, but it was learned at last—that the General-in-Chief should be left to carry out his own plans without interference from politicians or the Secretary of War. This settled determination of his, neither to meddle with military movements himself, nor let others do it, filled every one with hope, and was a good augury of the future. The public settled down patiently into the conviction that Grant was to be left untrammelled, and the Secretary of War to be confined to his legitimate duties, for which he was eminently qualified.

At length the first of May, the appointed time, came, and

the two mighty armies arose from their long apparent torpor, and the knell of the Confederacy from that hour began to toll. Their movement was simultaneous, and the campaigns practically parallel; yet their starting points were a thousand miles apart, with the lofty Alleghanies between. In some respects they were widely different. Grant had but little over half as far to go as Sherman, with no flank to guard but his right, and that easily made secure by an army of occupation in the defiles of the Shenandoah Valley. Neither was he confined to a single base like Sherman, but could change it at his pleasure, as he afterward did. The latter could reach his objective point only by a single line of railway, stretching for nearly two hundred miles through a comparative wilderness, with Forrest's daring cavalry threatening both flanks and his long line of communications, which, if once permanently cut, would secure the destruction of his army. They were different in another respect; Grant could at any time fling his army, by water, in front of Richmond, when the difficulties of his task would be only just commenced, while Sherman, if he should once get in front of Atlanta, would have achieved the most difficult part of his campaign.

The eyes of the whole country were fixed on the two armies, but Grant held more fully the attention of the East, and Sherman that of the West. The South saw the coming storm and braced itself to meet it.

Sherman, at the outset, had asked for one hundred thousand men, and two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery. The disgraceful failure of the Red River expedition, interfered somewhat with this arrangement, but the War Department, by great effort, succeeded in giving him all but twelve hundred of the required number of men. His force was divided as follows:—the Army of the Cumberland, Major-General Thomas, sixty thousand, seven hundred and seventy-three men, and one

hundred and thirty guns; Army of the Tennessee, McPherson, twenty-four thousand, four hundred and sixty-five men, and ninety-six guns; Army of the Ohio, Schofield, thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-nine men, and twenty-eight guns. Kilpatrick commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland. The Confederate Army opposed to him was sixty thousand strong, including ten thousand cavalry; the latter superior to that of Sherman. Hardee, Hood and Polk commanded the three Corps, composing this army.

Sherman had a most difficult task before him. If he succeeded, he would solve a new problem in war—or rather introduce a new principle into military science, viz.:—that an army of a hundred thousand men could be marched three hundred miles from its actual base, (which was Nashville,) and yet this long line of communication be kept open. Such a thing had been considered an impossibility; and when the news of his advance reached Europe, there was no discussion among military men respecting his probable success; it was settled that he was going to certain defeat. The South also had no doubt on the subject.

The public will never appreciate the skill which Sherman showed in arranging his forces, securing his transportation, and guarding his communications—a skill that astonished and baffled his foes, and yet retained his army almost intact. By all ordinary rules, in order to guard his transportation and secure his communications as he advanced, he would have had to deplete his army and string it along his rear, till but a handful would be left by the time he reached Atlanta, if he got there at all. One of his devices to protect his line was an admirable and successful one. By a glance at the map, it will be seen that the railroad in its course to Atlanta frequently crosses streams. The bridges over these had to be protected at all hazards. The destruction of the railroad between them was comparatively of small account as it could

be repaired in a few hours. To protect the bridges, and at the same time, not materially lessen his force, he had small bomb-proof block houses, or fortifications, built near them, as he advanced, large enough to hold a few hundred men, and provisioned for a long time. These the enemy could not beat down with their cannon, nor carry by assault, nor could they starve out the garrisons. In the meantime, a few pieces of artillery completely commanded the approaches to the bridges, so that no force could advance to destroy them. He also accumulated at different points, as he advanced, vast stores of imperishable provisions, so that in case of accident, he could subsist his army until communications could be restored. Although it was necessary to the success of his campaign that the railroads should be kept exclusively for military purposes, the fact that they were, caused incalculable suffering to the people of East Tennessee.

Having thus anticipated almost every contingency that could arise, he, early in May, put his magnificent columns in motion. Johnston lay in and about Dalton, which was so strongly fortified that an attack in front would have been madness, and Sherman here began that series of movements which won for him the sobriquet of the "great flanker." Resaca lay eighteen miles south of Dalton, directly on the railroad, and he determined, if possible, to reach this by a circuitous route, and seize it, thus compelling Johnston to retreat or accept a battle, unprotected by his fortifications. McPherson's army was at once started westward on a circuit of some thirty or forty miles, through Snake Creek Gap to this point, while Thomas moved directly up in front of Dalton, as if about to force a passage there. But Dalton was covered by Rocky-Face Ridge, cleft in two by Buzzard-Roost Gap, through which ran the railroad. This narrow defile was filled with abattis, artificially flooded by a neighboring creek, and swept from end to end by artillery

posted on every commanding spur, and on a height at the farther extremity. Against this Thomas made first a feint, and then a vigorous attack, in which Veatch's division of Howard's Corps actually carried the rocky ridge, but could not, from the obstacles opposed to it, reach the gorge—while Geary's division of Hooker's Corps made a gallant, desperate push for the summit. Added to the natural obstacles and fire of the enemy, huge rocks were sent down, crashing through the trees and advancing lines with resistless fury. No decisive advantage was gained by our forces, but the enemy was kept so well occupied that McPherson was left to make his difficult march undisturbed, till he got within a mile of Resaca. If, by a sudden bold push, he could have taken this place, Johnston's army would, doubtless, have been annihilated. But, on reconnoitering, he found it too strong to be carried by assault, for the wily Johnston had provided against this possible contingency, by hurrying off troops thither. McPherson therefore fell back on Snake Creek Gap, ready to strike the rebel flank when the army should retreat. Hooker's Corps was immediately sent over to McPherson's aid, followed by all of Schofield's army, until Howard's Corps alone remained in front of Dalton. Johnston, seeing the trap that was set for him, immediately evacuated his stronghold and fell back rapidly to Resaca, when Howard entered Dalton and kept on directly in the enemy's track.

Thus was the first eighteen miles won. Sherman lost about a thousand men in these first movements.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

Reaching Resaca, Sherman found his adversary strongly posted, and he at once initiated another flank movement. The Oostenaula stream, which is here crossed by a railroad bridge, he pontooned, and then hurried off Sweeney's division,

with orders to move around, and threaten Calhoun, still farther down on the railroad, while Garrard's division of cavalry was sent to destroy the railroad beyond. There was some heavy fighting here during the first day. Judah's division of Schofield's Corps charged bravely on the enemy, but was repulsed. Cox, getting out of ammunition, ordered a charge of the enemy's breastworks in his immediate front, and carried them with a cheer. Palmer's Corps also pressed the enemy vigorously, who, after vainly endeavoring to break our centre, massed his forces against our left, and came down in one of those impetuous overwhelming assaults, for which the rebels were distinguished. Stanley caught the blow on his flank, and, for awhile, bore up firmly against it. At last, however, he gave way, and the broken confused ranks began to retire in disorder, when there suddenly arose a cheer, heard above the roar of artillery. Robinson's brigade was coming to the rescue on a run. With one terrible blow, it stopped the shouting, exultant enemy, and sent him bleeding, discomfited back to his breastworks. Darkness, at length, closed the combat, and night came down on the valley and ridges, strewn with the dead and wounded. Though no material advantage was gained, the enemy had failed to break our extended, incomplete line at any point.

Quiet reigned over the two armies that night, except that the incessant blows of the axe, and the falling of trees showed that Johnston was busy in piling obstructions in his front. Sunday morning, the 15th, dawned mild and peaceful, but by the time the sun was an hour high, the scattering fire of the skirmishers told that the day was to be one of blood, not of rest. By noon Sherman had his army well up, extending for miles in a sort of semi-circle—McPherson on the right, Thomas in the centre, and Schofield on the left, with Howard extending beyond. The rebel army—Hood on the right, Hardee in the centre, and Polk on the left, was

drawn up behind breastworks, calmly awaiting the coming shock. At a given signal, the whole army moved forward, and the battle began. Into our uncovered ranks the enemy hurled shot and shell with desolating effect, until the dead lay everywhere, but not a brigade wavered. Inch by inch the gallant regiments worked their way on, pressing heavier and heavier, every moment, the astonished enemy—determined, at whatever sacrifice, to carry the strong position that confronted them.

Hooker threw forward Butterfield's division against the enemy's strongest position, supported by Williams' and Geary's divisions, and the battle opened vigorously on both sides. Hooker fought for three or four hours and made steady headway, carrying line after line of rifle-pits, until Butterfield's division encountered a lunette of formidable size. Several attempts were made to carry this and capture its guns, which were pouring a destructive fire into our lines, but they did not succeed. The troops fought with great desperation, but as often as they advanced upon the lunette, the terrific volleys of musketry from the enemy in the fortifications hurled them back in confusion. At last Butterfield charged forward and took a position under the protecting works of the fort, and so close to the guns within, that they could be touched by the men's hands. "In the effort to gain this exposed position, the contest was a bloody one, Geary's division supporting Butterfield. Ward's brigade, which were participating in their first battle, fought with marked determination, and contributed much to secure the position."

"After vain efforts to capture the lunette, from which the enemy poured into our ranks grape, canister and shrapnel, Hooker's forces gave up the unequal contest, and during the balance of the day lay under the breastworks protected from the enemy's fire, and picking off every rebel who showed himself above the ramparts. Night found him in

this position, and he at once matured plans for capturing the works by strategy, under cover of darkness. The pioneers were brought up; the ends were dug out of the works, and the guns drawn out by the aid of ropes, under a destructive fire from the occupants of the lunette, who were driven out or captured, as our troops swarmed in through the opening in overwhelming numbers."

This Corps lost very heavily. At ten o'clock at night, Hooker began to throw up breast-works to protect himself, and in the meantime advanced his skirmish line. This in the darkness moved upon the enemy, and a night battle commenced, lighting up the gloom with flame, and sending its heavy thunder all along our expectant line. At two o'clock in the morning, the rebels gave way, and the low moans of the dying, and cries for water succeeded to the uproar that made the night hideous. In this battle the gallant Kilpatrick was wounded, and had to leave the army till his recovery.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear, but as the sun climbed the heavens it revealed the whole valley filled with smoke and fog, that lay like a great pall over the spring brightness and beauty. It was soon discovered that the rebels, not wanting to risk another battle, had evacuated their works, and were in full retreat. Our line immediately advanced, and the cavalry pressed fiercely on the enemy's rear. The latter succeeded in getting off his artillery, but was compelled to burn his wagon trains to prevent them from falling into our hands.

An officer visited the spot where the desperate hand-to-hand fight had occurred, for the lunette, and says, "this was thickly strewed with the dead and wounded. Inside and around the work, rebel and Union officers and men lay piled together; some transfixed with bayonet wounds, their faces wearing that fierce contorted look which marks those who have suffered agony. Others, who were shot dead, lay

with their calm faces and glassy eyes turned to heaven. One might think they were but sleeping. Others had their skulls crushed in by the end of a musket, while the owner of the musket lay stiff beside them with the death-grip tightened on the piece. Clinging to one of the guns with his hand on the spoke and his body bent as if drawing it, lay a youth with the top of his head shot off. Another with his body cut in two still clung to the ropes." *

Crossing the Oostenaula, Johnston partially destroyed the bridge, so that the pursuit was delayed. McPherson endeavored to throw over pontoons, and get in his rear, but was unable to do so under the heavy fire to which he was exposed, and the former got off with his army. Our loss in these two days had been heavy—about five thousand in all. That of the enemy was not probably so great, for he fought behind breastworks—but we took nearly a thousand prisoners, and eight guns, and a large quantity of stores.

The whole army at once pressed rapidly in pursuit—a portion going by circuitous roads—struggling through the rough country as it best could—fording the shallow streams—pontooning the deep ones, and hovering like a storm-cloud on the fleeing enemy. The movements were complicated and often wide apart, yet Sherman's grasping mind embraced them all, so that the entire army moved like a single piece of mechanism.

On the 17th, Newton's division had a sharp artillery fight at Adairville, near Calhoun, but Johnston never halted in his flight; and on the 18th, after some heavy skirmishing, Clinton fell into our hands. Here Sherman gave his gallant weary troops a few days rest, while he hurried forward his supplies and re-established telegraphic and railroad communication with Chattanooga.

* Captain Conyngham.

It was beautiful spring weather, and the country around being fine, a perfect carnival reigned in the camps that were scattered for miles in every direction. Racing and hunting parties were got up, and mirth and gaiety took the place of battles and marches. But the vast extent of country occupied by the army, and its wooded character, gave opportunity to the base and villainous soldiers that belong to every army to carry out a system of pillage and house burning that filled the inhabitants with terror, and spread suffering on every side. Cold-blooded murders were not wanting to complete the dark list of crimes committed by them.

Leaving a garrison here, and also one at Rome, which had been captured with all its warehouses, foundries, workshops, and fifteen hundred bales of cotton, without a fight, Sherman on the 23rd, again put his army in motion toward Dallas—that lay west of the railroad, south of Allatoona—a place strong by nature, and covered with fortifications. If this point could be reached before Johnston abandoned Allatoona, he would be cut off from Atlanta. This he must prevent at all hazards, and the rugged character of the country gave him every facility for making obstinate defense all along our line of march. Day after day more or less fighting occurred, but still swinging steadily off to the right, Sherman continued to push his victorious columns forward till he approached Dallas. The junction of the Acworth, Marietta and Dallas railroad, he was very anxious to secure, and Hooker was ordered to hasten forward and seize it. Near New Hope Church, the latter came upon the enemy in strong force, and attacked him fiercely. The Corps fought with its accustomed gallantry, and Geary's division especially distinguished itself. The rebels also fought desperately, disputing bravely every inch of ground, yet Hooker drove them steadily toward the junction. But night came on before he reached it, and a drenching, pelting rain storm set in, which arrested

the fight; and the tired Corps sunk to rest on the flooded field.

For three days now, there was constant skirmishing, and some heavy fighting between portions of the army, while Sherman was developing his line, preparatory to a general onward movement. On the 28th, Johnston, taking advantage of the somewhat disintegrated state of our army, fell furiously on McPherson, while closing in on the army of Thomas. Hardee's and Polk's Corps made the assault, which was sudden and terrible. Our men were behind rifle pits extending for two miles, waiting, as the skirmishers fell back, to receive the shock. Logan, hat in hand, rode along his division, encouraging the men, who replied with shouts. Soon after, McPherson with his staff, rode along the whole line, received with deafening cheers as he passed. The assaulting columns came down with shouts and yells, that rose over the crash of their volleys; but our troops reserved their fire until the enemy were within a few yards, when a volley from the first rank leaped forth like a sheet of lightning, cutting with its fiery blade the rebel line of battle. A second one from the rear rank instantaneously followed, and the rash, brave foe fell like grass before the swinging scythe. Rolled back before this withering fire, they rallied again and again, and came on with the same defiant shouts, charging up almost to the muzzles of the guns. But it was like the waves beating the rocks. The Army of the Tennessee never wavered, but steady and stern, stood and reaped that harvest of death, till night fell, when the baffled foe gave it up, and retired, leaving the ground covered with dead. His loss in this desperate assault was fully three thousand, while McPherson's was not over a third as great.

Sherman now paused a few days to mislead the enemy, and on the 1st of June sent McPherson around to the left on another flank movement. Johnston was confounded at

these continual flank movements—now around his right, and then around his left, ever threatening his communications with Atlanta. As before, so now he was compelled to abandon his stronghold which he had fortified with so much care, and fell back to Kenesaw Mountain, if possible a still stronger position than any he had thus far abandoned. Making Allatoona Pass a secondary base, and leaving a garrison there to hold it, and repairing the railroad behind him, Sherman prepared to advance again.

On the 9th of June "Forward" sounded from our bugles, and the conquering army took up its march for Kenesaw Mountain.

BATTLE OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

It drew up in front of this formidable height, whose crest, four hundred feet high, was seen to be lined with artillery. On the right arose other mountains, and, farther back, Lost Mountain—all dark with batteries, while every spur was alive with men, "felling trees, digging pits, and preparing for the grand struggle impending." Says Sherman, "the scene was enchanting, too beautiful to be disturbed by the rude clamors of war, but the Chattahoochee lay beyond, and I had to reach it." "By the 11th of June our lines were well up, and we made dispositions to break the line between Kenesaw and Pine Mountains. General Hooker was on its right and front, General Howard on its left and front, and General Palmer between it and the railroad." On the 14th, during a sharp cannonade, General Polk was killed, and the next morning Pine Mountain was discovered to be abandoned.

The death of Polk, as related by Captain Conyngham, reminds one of the death of Moreau, at Leipsic. Bonaparte, seeing a group of officers on a distant elevation, ordered a captain of artillery to throw a shot into it, saying, perhaps

some little Generals are there. The latter did so, and the cannon ball smote Moreau.

Sherman, riding up to a battery, took a careful survey of Pine Mountain with his glass. Then turning to Captain Simonson, he said, "Can you send a shell right on the top of that knob? I notice a battery there, and several general officers near it." "I'll try, General," was the reply. He fired. "A little too high, try again, with a shorter fuse," said Sherman. The second shell flew through the air, and entering the distant group, crashed through the side of Polk, tearing his body into fragments.

Thomas and Schofield now advanced, and found the enemy again strongly intrenched along the line of rugged hills that connect Kenesaw and Lost Mountains. On the 17th, the enemy abandoned Lost Mountain, and took position on Kenesaw; his right wing thrown back, so as to cover Marietta, and his left covering the railroad in the rear, thus contracting his lines, and leaving no weak spot open to an attack. From his high position he could look down on every movement of our troops, while his cannon thundered away upon our long line. To make matters worse, a heavy rain storm had set in, and day and night, week after week, it poured down on the exposed army, turning the narrow country roads into gulleys, and every open space into a marsh, and thus preventing any general movement. The troops suffered greatly, yet kept steadily at work. "General McPherson watching the enemy on Kenesaw, and working his left forward; General Thomas, swinging, as it were on a grand left wheel, his left on Kenesaw, connected with General McPherson, while General Schofield was all the while working to the south and east along the old Sandtown road."

Thus matters went on, amid the pelting rain, when on the 22nd, Hood made a sudden attack on Hooker's Corps. Driving in the advanced detachments, he fell furiously on

Williams' division. The onset was fierce, but failed—the enemy losing seven or eight hundred men. Sherman now determined to assault in turn; and, on the 27th, the army advanced against the stronghold. The long rain storm had cleared away, the roads were good—and a warm summer sun was shining, as the columns moved off on the desperate undertaking. The grand assault was made by the two armies of Thomas and McPherson, at two different points. Gulleys, rocks, trees, and underbrush, lay on the line of march, before the mountain, swarming now with men like bees, could be reached. Heralded by the crash of artillery, the columns moved steadily forward, and the battle soon raged furiously. Kenesaw seemed a volcano there in the summer air, while a surge of fire kept rolling steadily up its base. Troops never behaved more gallantly, and the officers held them to their deadly work with unparalleled devotion. Generals McCook and Harker fell at the head of their brigades, cheering on the men, and many other officers went down before the awful fire that swept, without cessation, the rugged slopes of the mountain. But it was vain valor, for the position was too strong to be carried by direct assault. Some brave regiments mounted half way up the slope, but only to be hurled back broken and bleeding; and at length the bugles rung out the order to cease firing, and the battle was over. Sherman had met his first defeat. His loss was severe, reaching full three thousand, among whom were many valuable officers.

If Sherman made any mistake in this remarkable campaign, it was in ordering this assault. His own reasons for making it are not satisfactory. He says, "all looked to out-flank. An army to be efficient must not settle down to one single mode of offense," &c. An army must "settle down" just to that "mode of offense" which will bring victory with the least loss of life. He thought also that the "moral

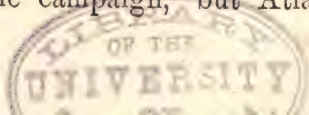
effect" of a successful assault would be good. But it is equally true that the "moral effect" of an *unsuccessful* one is bad, and the chances here were nine to one against him. Besides, he after all, had to fall back again to his old flanking system, the only wise course when it can be taken against such a strong position as Kenesaw mountain was.

Gathering up his bleeding army, and, burying his dead, under a flag of truce, he sent McPherson forward to the Chattahoochee, far in the rear of Kenesaw Mountain. As soon as Johnston was aware of this movement, he evacuated his strong position, and Sherman rode into Marietta. The result showed that this would have been the proper course at first, and that he could have had the strong position without the loss of a man.

Sherman now pressed forward, in hope of catching Johnston in the confusion of crossing the Chattahoochee. But the latter had provided against such a contingency, and covered his movements so well that no considerable advantage could be gained over him, though more or less fighting occurred all the way to its banks. On the 4th and 5th of July, the rebel army crossed the river in safety. On the 7th, Schofield effected a lodgment on the farther bank, and laid a good pontoon and trestle bridge. Sherman handled his troops with such skill, that by the ninth, he had secured three good points for crossing over his army above the enemy's *tete-du-pont*, when the latter reluctantly abandoned his last line of defense, and fell back to Atlanta.

In the meantime Rousseau, with two thousand cavalry, was sent around Atlanta, to destroy the railroad at Opelika, Ala., south, and cut off Johnston's supplies. This force was gone twelve days, and succeeded in accomplishing its object, and returned, with the loss of only thirty men.

The control of the Chattahoochee, Sherman said, "was one if not the chief object of the campaign," but Atlanta lay



only eight miles distant, and he determined to capture it. But after the heavy marching and fighting of the past few weeks, the army needed rest before entering on such a desperate undertaking, and it pitched its camps along the stream, and gave itself up to several days' repose. From a neighboring hill the steeples of Atlanta, and the smoke of its foundries could be seen. Around it stretched a beautiful country, dotted with plantations, while in every direction, the smoke of locomotives, as they sped along the plains, revealed the various lines of railroad that centered in the place.

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLANTA REACHED—HOOD'S FIRST ATTACK—HIS ASSAULT ON MCPHERSON—DEATH OF THE LATTER—HOWARD PLACED OVER THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—STONEMAN AND MCCOOK'S RAID—HOOKER RESIGNS—FIERCE ATTACK ON HOWARD—SHELLING OF ATLANTA—AN UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT—WHEELER SENT TO CUT SHERMAN'S COMMUNICATIONS—KILPATRICK DISPATCHED TO CUT HOOD'S—SHERMAN RESOLVED TO PLANT HIS ARMY ON THE MACON ROAD—BATTLE OF JONESBORO'—ATLANTA CUT OFF—HOOD EVACUATES IT—SLOCUM TAKES POSSESSION—THE REBEL ARMY PURSUED TO LOVEJOY'S STATION—REST TO THE ARMY—SUMMING UP OF THE CAMPAIGN—SHERMAN ORDERS ALL THE INHABITANTS TO LEAVE—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH HOOD AND THE MAYOR, ON THE SUBJECT.

ON the 17th of July, the whole army moved forward, fighting as it advanced, and, at length, Atlanta greeted the eyes of the weary, suffering, yet enthusiastic troops.

Johnston, at this time, was removed from command, and Hood put in his place. A new mode of conducting the campaign was now to be inaugurated. The Fabian policy was dropped at once, and the impetuous Hood, the moment he obtained the control of the army, broke into a furious offensive. On the 20th, Sherman was in the act of forming his new lines, about five miles from Atlanta, with no enemy in force apparently near, when suddenly, nearly the whole of Hood's army came pouring forward with shouts and yells, that rolled like thunder over the field. Newton's division of Howard's Corps, and Johnson's of Palmer's, received the first shock. They had just before thrown up a breastwork of rails, behind which they poured in a galling fire. Hooker's Corps, however, was entirely uncovered, yet stood like a flaming citadel in the open fields. Where this onset was

made, a gap in the lines existed, which Hood hoped to penetrate. Had he succeeded, disastrous consequences would, doubtless, have followed. But though the assault was sudden as a thunder-clap, and found our troops partially unprepared, it failed to break through our lines. The rebels threw themselves forward on our batteries with a recklessness that was frightful to behold. Their ranks melted away before the fire like the sand bank when caved by the torrent, yet the living never faltered. Over their own piled-up dead, they still crowded the gates of death with a self-devotion never surpassed. The sacrifice was great, but it did not avail, and the bleeding, shattered host fell back to its intrenchments, having lost in this short, fierce engagement, according to the estimate of Thomas, five thousand men. Our loss was about half that number.

Two days after, Hood abandoned his extensive line of defenses, falling back to his interior position of redoubts, in front of which were almost impenetrable *chevaux-de-frise*, with water between them.

While Thomas was thus pushing forward in front, McPherson, from Decatur to the eastward, was moving down the railroad toward the city.

Hood, two days after this terrible repulse, made another desperate attempt to break through the net that was steadily closing round him. Leaving just enough troops in the intrenchments to hold them, he massed his entire army against McPherson on the left, who had not yet got into position. The onset, if possible, was more terrific than that of two days before, and, at one time, came very near overwhelming the Army of the Tennessee. Blair caught the first blow, and then the shouting, yelling, frantic mass poured down on the whole line with a fury that, at first, seemed irresistible. In the meantime, a heavy force got in the rear and captured some twelve guns. The enraged gunners rushed back for

their pieces, and a bloody, hand to hand fight took place over them. In front, the rebels, with their usual daring, dashed unflinchingly through the fire that wasted them, up to the very breastworks, and planted their colors alongside of our own, and fought like tigers around them. "*For a half an hour, the two armies fought face to face each side of the same line of intrenchments, with the battle colors of the respective parties flying from the same works.*" The struggle was so close and deadly that orders were of little avail—it was a contest of the old Greeks and Romans, when everything, for a time, rested solely on the valor of the soldiers. Sherman, with Schofield and Howard, stood on an elevation that commanded a view of the battle field. Planting two batteries on two hills—one on each side of him—which poured a converging fire into the enemy, he sent word to Logan, in the centre, to mass his troops and charge. "You must retake those guns," was the stern order. No sooner did the gallant Logan receive it, than he swiftly massed his troops, and riding alternately at the heads of the columns, shouted them on. Wood's division led the charge, and a loud cheer rolled down the line, as it advanced. The enemy supposing we were thoroughly beaten, were astonished at the sight, but moved boldly out to meet the onset—the artillery, on both sides, playing over the heads of the troops. Soon, however, it ceased as the approaching lines came close together. A crushing fire, a cheer, and then we were upon and over them, scattering them in flight, and retaking part of the guns.

The struggle was a short one, but while it lasted, death reaped the field with rapid strokes. Six tremendous assaults were made on the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, but when darkness closed over the field, victory was ours. The dead lay everywhere—sometimes in ranks, as though whole companies had been swept away by a single volley. Logan reported the enemy's dead at over three

thousand, and the whole rebel loss was estimated at twelve thousand, including seventeen hundred prisoners. We captured, also, eighteen stand of colors, and five thousand small arms. Our loss was only a little over seventeen hundred. The enemy, however, succeeded in carrying off eight pieces of artillery. Our greatest loss, however, was the death of General McPherson, who fell while crossing a piece of woods, attended only by an orderly. He came unexpectedly upon a detachment of rebels, who fired upon him as he attempted to escape.

A comparatively young man, he was one of the ablest officers in the army. Long before he was known to the public, Grant leaned on him, and the enemy, who knew his worth, feared him. Noble and pure-minded, he was beloved by all. Able in council, his opinions carried great weight, while in "the high places of the field," he moved, a tower of strength. As Napoleon, when it was told him that the noble, true-hearted Duroc had fallen, so the iron-hearted Sherman, when the tidings reached him that McPherson was dead, burst into tears.

The next day, Garrard returned from a cavalry raid to Covington, forty-two miles east of Atlanta, in which railroads, bridges, cotton, stores, &c., were destroyed, he having lost but two men in the expedition.

Sherman was now able to move his lines so as to lay regular siege to Atlanta, but to cut off its supplies, it was necessary that the Macon road should be broken up. To accomplish this, Stoneman was dispatched with a cavalry force of five thousand, while McCook, with four thousand infantry was to meet him on the railroad near Lovejoy's, and co-operate with his movement. The former got in front of Macon, but on his return, he was surrounded by Iverson, and captured, with a thousand of his men. McCook performed his part of the task assigned him, but getting hemmed in by a large

force of infantry and cavalry, had to cut his way out, which he did in the most gallant style. On the whole, the expedition was a sad failure. Sherman, in the meantime, kept extending his lines and tightening his coils around the doomed place. Like a scorpion girt with fire, Hood turned and turned to find some way of escape, and on the 28th, at noon, again flung his army in a desperate assault on our lines. Again the Army of the Tennessee received the rebel assault, but, this time, under the leadership of Howard. Sherman had put him in McPherson's place, which so offended Hooker, who felt his claims were overlooked, that he resigned his position and came home. Howard had assumed direct command only the day before the battle.

Says Sherman, "The enemy had come out of Atlanta by the Bell's Ferry road, and formed his masses in the open fields, behind a swell of ground, and after the artillery firing, advanced in parallel lines, directly against the Fifteenth Corps, expecting to catch that flank in air. His advance was magnificent, but founded on an error that cost him sadly; for our men coolly and deliberately cut down his men, and, in spite of the efforts of the rebel officers, his ranks broke and fled. But they were rallied again and again, as often as six times, at some points, and a few of the rebel officers and men reached our lines of rail-piles, but only to be killed or hauled over as prisoners." These assaults continued from noon until four in the afternoon, when the enemy disappeared, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. The splendid and daring manner in which the rebel troops, right on the top of repeated defeats, were brought to the assault, speaks volumes for their bravery. After being driven for nearly two hundred miles, and then, when turning and breaking into a furious offensive, remorselessly slaughtered, it showed the highest order of bravery, and marvellous endurance, to move with confident bearing, as they did, against

overwhelming numbers, protected by breastworks. The enemy's loss, in this last attack, was estimated at six thousand, while our own was under six hundred—a great disparity, if true. Five stand of colors were taken, and two thousand muskets.

Hood now let Sherman advance his lines without interruption. He was dashing his army to pieces against the adamant wall closing around him; and he saw that some other course must be adopted, or his fate was sealed.

Sherman now began to shell the place, and, at one point, made an assault, in which he lost some four hundred men. But, on a careful examination of the enemy's works, he saw that the place could not be carried by storm without a loss that would leave him without an army, and he cast about for other means of reducing it. If he could once plant his army on the Macon road, he knew that Hood would have to leave, for this, now, was his only line of supplies. He at once resolved to do this, and the 18th day of August being chosen for the movement, the wagons were loaded with fifteen days' provisions.

But Hood, in the meantime, had formed a similar plot against Sherman. Finding himself unable to break through his lines and defeat his army, he determined to cut his communications, and starve him into a retreat. Wheeler, with all his cavalry, was sent off toward Chattanooga, to operate on the single line of railroad by which Sherman's army was fed. When this was told the latter, instead of being alarmed, he said, "I could not have asked anything better, for I have provided well for such a contingency." He knew that Wheeler would fail, while it relieved him from the annoyances of cavalry. He, therefore, resolved to cut the West Point railroad at Fairburn, and the Macon road at Jonesboro', by cavalry alone, and Kilpatrick, who had returned to duty, was dispatched with four thousand men and eight pie-

ces of artillery to carry out his plan. Although this bold rider made a complete circuit of Atlanta, yet the expedition was only partially successful. Breaking the roads was comparatively a small matter; they must be held permanently, and so Sherman returned to his original plan. The surplus wagons were sent back to his intrenched bridge on the Chattahoochee river, whither the Twentieth Corps was also dispatched, and the various movements at once commenced for carrying it out. The separate columns moved like clock-work, and reaching without delay the points aimed at, showed the highest strategic skill on the part of Sherman.

To a common observer, only a vast army could be seen marching by various roads over the country; but, in Sherman's plan, they were like the several wheels of a mighty machine, whose steady revolutions lift the ponderous hammer, which by its descending blows grinds every-thing beneath it to powder.

The West Point railroad was reached and torn up, and then the army moved eastward to Jonesboro'. On the 31st, Howard, who was on the right, arrived, while Thomas, in the centre, was at Couch's, and Schofield commanding the left, at Rough and Ready. A glance at the map, will show in what a desperate position Hood was now placed. He was completely cut off south and east, by railroad, and he must demolish this living wall, closing around him, or leave Atlanta at once. He attempted to effect the former, and S. D. Lee and Hardee, with their Corps, fell on Thomas with desperate resolution, and a fierce battle followed. The rebels fought with their accustomed gallantry, and, for a while, pressed Thomas' veterans sorely, but they were finally repulsed with a loss of some four thousand men. Davis' Corps now came up, and, at four o'clock on the 1st of September, moved majestically on the rebel position, sweeping it like an inundation, and capturing an entire brigade, with its General and eight guns.

Five thousand more were here put *hors-du-combat*, while our loss, in both engagements, was but little over two thousand. Hood's army was fast melting away, and the shattered remnant must now flee or be captured. He saw plainly that all was lost, and that night, hastily evacuated Atlanta, blowing up magazines and stores, and destroying seven locomotives and eighty-one cars.

The torch was applied, also, to a thousand bales of cotton, which made the midnight heavens lurid with flame. Lighted on his gloomy march by this sea of fire, Hood moved swiftly forward over the country toward Macon. The inhabitants of Atlanta, filled with consternation, streamed after him in every vehicle they could lay their hands on, making a scene of terror and confusion that baffles description. Slocum, of the Twentieth Corps, seven miles north, on the Chatahoochee, heard the explosions, caused by the blowing up of the cars, and saw the ruddy heavens, and suspecting the cause, sent out, at day-break, a strong column to reconnoitre. Atlanta was found deserted, and he marched in and took possession of it.

At daylight, next morning, the army started in pursuit of Hood, and kept up the chase, for thirty miles, to Lovejoy's, where he was found strongly fortified. Here it was arrested and moved back to Atlanta, for the campaign was over, and the tentless, almost shoeless, ragged soldiers needed rest. Sherman wrote, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won," and so it was—won by genius, skill, and downright hard fighting. He had given the lie to all prognostications, and stamped himself the foremost General of the age.

This extraordinary campaign cannot be summed up better than in these words of Colonel Bowman. "When we reflect upon the enormous distance traversed—upon its rugged and defensible character; it being nothing less than a penetration of the entire series of parallel Alleghany ranges—upon

the strong army and able General of the enemy, contesting our advance, inch by inch, over ground entirely known to them and unknown to us, after years of preparation in roads and fortified places—upon the fact that Sherman was obliged to rebuild bridges and railroads, as he advanced, and protect his line of supplies, all the way from Nashville to Atlanta, three hundred miles long—upon the dazzling series of victories unbroken, save at Kenesaw, which crowned our banners—upon the miraculous handling of troops, as if by mechanism, over the most wretched of roads, in the most impracticable of countries—upon the skillful and extraordinary system of supplies, of food, forage and ammunition—upon the tremendous disparity of loss inflicted on the enemy, although he fought a defensive campaign—upon the wonderful, tactical genius of the great Commander, whether on the march or in battle—this campaign must stand unsurpassed in the annals of history.” Even the momentous events transpiring East, could not overshadow this great campaign, not only great in its actual character, but also in its results. The centre of Southern railroads was reached, the Confederacy again bisected, and Sherman’s hand was feeling its great arteries.

He now placed his camp in order and showed that he had come to stay. He commenced putting Atlanta in a state of defense, and ordered all non-combatants to be removed to Hood’s lines, with their servants and effects. He asked the latter for his co-operation in effecting this. Hood acceded to his proposition, but bitterly denounced the measure as “*unprecedented, studied and ungenerous cruelty.*”

This was a charge so wholly contrary to Sherman’s character, and so repugnant to his feelings, that he replied to it. He had before shown that he wielded a trenchant pen, as well as sword. His letter to the Massachusetts agent, who asked to enter his lines to get blacks to fill up the quota of

the State, under the President's call for troops, struck a hard blow at that miserable, pseudo patriotism, that wished to keep the able-bodied whites from the war, and place its tremendous responsibilities on mercenary foreigners, or the poor, liberated blacks. His answer to Hood showed the same capacity to strike hard blows. He says:—

“GENERAL,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, of this date, at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Crew, consenting to the arrangements I had proposed to facilitate the removal south, of the people of Atlanta, who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my orders, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the measures proposed ‘unprecedented,’ and appeal to the dark history of war for a parallel, as an act of ‘studied and ungenerous cruelty.’ It is not unprecedented, for General Johnston himself very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton down, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted. Nor is it necessary to appeal to the dark history of war, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You, yourself, burned dwelling-houses along your parapet, and I have seen to-day fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable because they stood in the way of your forts and men. You defended Atlanta on a line so close to the town that every cannon-shot, and many musket-shots, from our line of investments, that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. General Hardee did the same at Jonesboro’, and General Johnston did the same last Summer at Jackson, Mississippi. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instance these cases, of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others, and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a ‘brave people.’ I say it is a kindness to these families of Atlanta, to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to; and the brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history. In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner—you, who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into civil war, ‘dark and cruel war;’ who dared and badgered us to battle; insulted our flag; seized our arsenals and forts, that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordinance sergeant; seized and made prisoners of war the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the (to you) hateful Lincoln-Government; tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into the rebellion in spite of themselves; falsified the vote of Louisiana; turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships; expelled Union families by the thousand; burned their houses, and declared, by Act of your Congress, the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South, as the best-born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it

out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time; and He will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a "brave people" at our back, or to remove them, in time, to places of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient Servant,
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General Commanding."

This policy, at the first blush, did seem cruel, and the fact that the enemy committed acts of barbarity, was no justification for Sherman's committing similar acts. It is, therefore, but right that he should be heard in his own defense. So heavily did this order fall on the innocent women and children, that the Mayor begged him, in the name of mercy, to revoke it. Among other things, he says:—

"Many poor women are in an advanced state of pregnancy; others, having young children, whose husbands, for the greater part, are either in the army, prisoners, or dead. Some say, 'I have such a one sick at my house; who will wait on them when I am gone?' Others say: 'What are we to do? we have no houses to go to, and no means to buy, build, or rent any; no parents, relatives, or friends to go to.' Another says: 'I will try and take this or that article of property; but such and such things I must leave behind, though I need them much.' We reply to them: 'General Sherman will carry your property to Rough and Ready, and then General Hood will take it thence on;' and they will reply to that: 'But I want to leave the railroad at such a place, and cannot get conveyance from thence on.'

"We only refer to a few facts to illustrate, in part, how this measure will operate in practice. As you advanced, the people north of us fell back, and before your arrival here a large portion of the people here had retired South; so that the country south of this is already crowded, and without sufficient houses to accommodate the people, and we are informed that many are now staying in churches and other out-

buildings. This being so, how is it possible for the people still here (mostly women and children) to find shelter, and how can they live through the Winter in the woods—no shelter or subsistence—in the midst of strangers who know them not, and without the power to assist them much if they were willing to do so.

“This is but a feeble picture of the consequences of this measure. You know, the woe, the horror and the suffering cannot be described by words. Imagination can only conceive of it, and we ask you to take these things into consideration. We know your mind and time are continually occupied with the duties of your command, which almost deters us from asking your attention to the matter, but thought it might be that you had not considered the subject in all of its awful consequences, and that, on reflection, you, we hope, would not make this people an exception to all mankind; for we know of no such instance ever having occurred—surely not in the United States. And what has this helpless people done, that they should be driven from their homes, to wander as strangers, outcasts and exiles, and to subsist on charity?”

Sherman felt the truth of all this, and saw that his course might be deemed harsh in the sight of the world, so, to clear himself from an unjust charge, and place the reason of his conduct on record for the future historian, he wrote the following letter:—

“ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 12, 1864.

JAMES M. CALHOUN, Mayor, E. E. RAWSON, and S. C. WELLS, representing the City Council of Atlanta:

GENTLEMEN:—I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition, to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles, in which millions, yea hundreds of millions, of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have *Peace*, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this, we must stop the war

that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war, we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way, to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

Now, I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and, therefore, deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce, or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and, sooner or later, want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go *now*, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scene of the past month? Of course, I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not suppose that this army will be here till the war is over. I cannot discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do; but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country, deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices to-day than any of you, to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure, it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of *Union*. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army, become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion, such as has swept the South into rebellion; but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a Government, and those who insist on war and its desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm, as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable; and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home, is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error, and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes or your horses, or your houses or your land, or anything you have; but we do want, and will have a just obedience to the Laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters, the better for you.

I repeat, then, that, by the original compact of government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia, which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints,

custom-houses, &c., &c., long before Mr. LINCOLN was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I, myself, have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg and Mississippi, we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands, and whom we could not see starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different; you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot, to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace, at their old homes, and under the Government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success.

But, my dear Sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now, you must go, and take with you the old and feeble; feed and nurse them, and build for them, in more quiet places, proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

Yours, in haste,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

It is a noble defense.

But, while these momentous events were passing in the West, others, calculated to move the nation to the centre, and which arrested and held the attention of the civilized world, were transpiring in the East. Amid the mighty movements, gigantic battles, and fearful slaughter, that shook and crimsoned the earth between Washington and Richmond, the news of the fall of Atlanta came like a faint and far-off echo.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NECESSITY OF UNITY OF ACTION—SIGEL IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—GRANT'S INSTRUCTIONS TO BUTLER—FOLLY OF PLACING THE LATTER IN THE IMPORTANT POSITION HE HELD—NUMBER OF THE TROOPS CO-OPERATING DIRECTLY WITH GRANT—OUR ENTIRE MILITARY FORCE—GRANT'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—COMMENCEMENT OF THE "BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS"—FIRST DAY—SECOND DAY—THIRD DAY—RETREAT OF THE ENEMY—ADVANCE OF OUR ARMY—FIGHT OF WARREN'S CORPS—DEATH OF SEDGWICK—GRAND ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS—HANCOCK'S BRILLIANT NIGHT ATTACK—FEARFUL APPEARANCE OF THE BATTLE-FIELD—A WEEK'S COMPARATIVE REST—CHANGE OF BASE, AND BRINGING UP OF REINFORCEMENTS—THE DEAD OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE simultaneous movement of the combined forces of the Republic, East and West, was a sublime spectacle. The tread of more than a half a million of men, suddenly shook the earth, as, with faces turned southward, they moved on the tottering Confederacy. All of Grant's energies, for months, had been directed to secure this unity of action, this consolidation of Northern strength. With forces far outnumbering those of the South, backed by an overwhelming navy, we yet had made but little progress toward putting down the rebellion. First a blow would be struck East, and then one West, with sufficient intervals between them, to allow the rebel leaders, with their shorter interior lines, to transfer troops from one section to another, so as always to present a force at the menaced point, nearly, if not quite equal to the one we had there.

The armies, under Halleck's and Stanton's administration, had, to use Grant's homely but expressive phrase, worked

"like a balky team." His great object, therefore, was to reverse all this, and when he had attained his object, he was ready to move; and the roll of the drum, and the pealing bugle awoke the Army of the Potomac from its long slumbers, and, for the fourth time, it turned its face toward Richmond.

As before stated, Grant had only his right flank to protect, and thus keep Lee from threatening Maryland and Washington, by way of the Shenandoah Valley. To secure this, he says:—

"General Sigel was, therefore, directed to organize all his available force into two expeditions, to move from Beverly and Charlestown, under command of Generals Ord and Crook, against the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad. Subsequently, General Ord having been relieved at his own request, General Sigel was instructed, at his own suggestion, to give up the expedition by Beverly, and to form two columns, one under General Crook, on the Kanawha, numbering about ten thousand men, and one on the Shenandoah, numbering about seven thousand men. The one on the Shenandoah to assemble between Cumberland and the Shenandoah, and the infantry and artillery advanced to Cedar Creek with such cavalry as could be made available at the moment, to threaten the enemy in the Shenandoah Valley, and advance as far as possible; while General Crook would take possession of Lewisburg with part of his force, and move down the Tennessee railroad, doing as much damage as he could, destroying the New River bridge, and the salt works at Saltville, Virginia."

A still more important co-operating force was under Butler, who commanded at Fortress Monroe. In this department, including North Carolina, were a little over fifty-nine thousand troops. On Butler's proper co-operation, Grant mainly depended for success; and it was one of those stu-

pendous follies the Administration seemed determined to commit to the last, to let this man, without military education, or experience in the field, hold so vital a command. The following were Grant's instructions to him:—

“FORTRESS MONROE, Va., April 2, 1864.

GENERAL:—In the spring campaign, which it is desirable shall commence at as early a day as practicable, it is proposed to have a co-operative action of all the armies in the field, as far as this object can be accomplished.

It will not be possible to unite our armies into two or three large ones, to act as so many units, owing to the absolute necessity of holding on to the territory already taken from the enemy. But, generally speaking, concentration can be practically effected by armies moving to the interior of the enemy's country, from the territory they have to guard. By such movement, they interpose themselves between the enemy and the country to be guarded, thereby reducing the number necessary to guard important points, or, at least, occupy the attention of a part of the enemy's force if no greater object is gained. Lee's army and Richmond being the greater objects toward which our attention must be directed, in the next campaign, it is desirable to unite all the force we can against them. The necessity of covering Washington with the Army of the Potomac, and of covering your department with your army, makes it impossible to unite these forces at the beginning of any move. I propose, therefore, that what comes nearest us of anything that seems practicable:—The Army of the Potomac will act from its present base, Lee's army being the objective point. You will collect all the forces from your command, that can be spared from garrison duty—I should say not less than twenty thousand effective men—to operate on the south side of James River, Richmond being your objective point. To the force you already have, will be added about ten thousand men from South Carolina, under Major-General Gillmore, who will command them in person. Major-General W. F. Smith is ordered to report to you, to command the troops sent into the field from your own department.

General Gillmore will be ordered to report to you at Fortress Monroe, with all the troops on transports, by the 18th instant, or as soon thereafter as practicable. Should you not receive notice by that time to move, you will make such disposition of them and your other forces, as you may deem best calculated to deceive the enemy as to the real move to be made.

When you are notified to move, take City Point with as much force as possible. Fortify, or rather intrench, at once, and concentrate all your troops for the field there as rapidly as you can. From City Point directions cannot be given, at this time, for your further movements.

The fact that has already been stated—that is, that Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be co-operation between your force and the Army of Potomac—must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River, as you advance. Then, should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments, in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and by means of transports the two armies would become a unit.

All the minor details of your advance are left entirely to your direction. If, however, you think it practicable to use your cavalry south of you, as to cut the railroad about Hick's Ford, about the time of the general advance, it would be of immense advantage.

You will please forward for my information, at the earliest practicable day, all orders, details, and instructions, you may give for the execution of this order.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Major-General B. F. BUTLER."

These instructions he subsequently reiterated, and informed him farther, that he expected him to move from Fortress Monroe the same day that Meade advanced from Culpepper, and also stated the plan which he proposed to follow.

The Army of the Potomac proper, numbered, at this time, a little over one hundred and twenty thousand men. The Ninth Corps, under Burnside, held in reserve, and numbering a little over twenty thousand men, was stationed on the road near Bull Run. His orders were, not to move until he heard that the Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rapidan, and then to move promptly.

Thus, it will be seen, that Grant had directly co-operating with him, in various directions, over two hundred thousand troops. Although our military force, at this time, was nine hundred and seventy thousand and seven hundred men, only a little over six hundred and sixty-two thousand were available for duty; hence, a third of our actual force was operating against Richmond. More or less remotely and directly, more than two hundred thousand bayonets were pointing toward the rebel Capital.

The general plan of operations, adopted by Grant, in the important campaign on which he was entering, he states to be as follows:—

"My first object, being to break the military power of the rebellion, and capture the enemy's important strongholds, made me desirous that General Butler should succeed in his movement against Richmond, as that would tend more than

anything else, unless it were the capture of Lee's army, to accomplish this desired result in the East. If he failed, it was my determination, by hard fighting, either to compel Lee to retreat, or to so cripple him that he could not detach a large force to go North, and still retain enough for the defense of Richmond. It was well understood, by both Generals Butler and Meade, before starting on the campaign, that it was my intention to put both their armies south of James River, in case of failure to destroy Lee without it."

This shows how important was the position held by Butler, and how absurd it was to place him in it. The General in the Army of the Potomac, second only to Grant, should have commanded there—one who would not have been "corked up" at the very outset.

The quotation above, however, does not give a clear view of Grant's entire plan. The success of Butler's operations against Richmond were, at the best, problematical, and his own plans had to be formed on their possible failure.

It appears, in other parts of Grant's report, that his first object was to turn Lee's left flank at Mine Run—where the latter held a strong position—and compel him to a decisive, pitched battle. If he accomplished this, he believed that, with his superior force, he could destroy him, or so utterly shatter him, that he could present but feeble resistance anywhere between that point and the rebel Capital. If Butler could capture Petersburg, destroy the South Side railroad, and work around Richmond till his left rested on the James above the city, Grant could form a junction with him there, which would leave the Capital completely invested. The course he was actually compelled to pursue, was the last one he desired. Butler not only failed in performing what was expected of him, but he, himself, also failed to get a de-

cisive battle out of Lee, and was beaten back in every attack, from the Wilderness to the James.

On the night of the 3rd of May, all was in commotion in the Army of the Potomac, and the next morning, it moved in splendid array across the Rapidan. It was divided into three Corps—the Second, commanded by Hancock, the Fifth, by Warren, and the Sixth, by Sedgwick. Two Corps crossed at Germania Ford, and the other at the United States Ford. Sheridan, commanding the cavalry, led the advance, and protected the immense trains, composed of over four thousand wagons, which were to be carried through that broken, wooded country.

This day, the army marched about twelve miles. Grant expected that his passage of the Rapidan would be stubbornly contested; but Lee seemed to think that his chances of success, with his inferior force, would be better, to attack the army while on the march, and separated in the forest—for the course, it was compelled to take, led across a wild and desolate tract of country, overgrown with stunted pines, and as unfit for a battle-field as could be imagined. This “Wilderness,” as it was called, extended from Chancellorsville up to Mine Run, where Lee lay intrenched. Besides, by the road that Grant was compelled to take, Lee could come down on him on the Orange and Chancellorsville turnpike and the Orange and Chancellorsville plank road, and strike him at right angles, while on the march. This, as soon as Grant’s plan was fully developed, he did, compelling the latter to halt, and form line of battle in the woods, so as to cover the fords over which the trains were passing. This was the last thing Grant desired. He knew the country imperfectly, and could in no way overlook it, while every highway and byway was familiar to Lee and his corps-commanders.

On Thursday morning, Warren reached the Old Wilder-

ness Tavern, ten miles south of the ford, and situated on the Germania and Chancellorsville plank road—Sedgwick being on his right with his line extending back to the river. Hancock, who had crossed five or six miles farther down the river, was directed to move forward to Shady Grove Church from Chancellorsville, but Grant, finding that a battle was to be thrown upon him on this unfortunate spot, countermanded the order, and Hancock was directed to swing round and hasten forward, by a cross-road, with all possible dispatch and close up with Warren, and form the left wing. Lee, aware of the gap here, made a desperate effort to get into it, and thus divide the armies. Previous to this, however, a part of Griffin's division had been pushed forward to ascertain the designs of the enemy, in doing which a severe fight occurred, and the force was compelled to fall back with a loss of several hundred men.

About three o'clock, Lee attempted to get between Hancock and Warren; Grant penetrating his design—and Mott's division, the advance of Hancock's Corps, just then coming up—he ordered this, with Getty's, on Warren's left, to charge the enemy, so as to hold him back until the rest of Hancock's Corps could arrive. They, at once, plunged into the woods, which were so dense that artillery was almost entirely useless, and the real

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

commenced. The woods were soon ablaze with the fire of the musketry, but every effort of the enemy to advance at this point, was baffled, and he was held sternly back until Hancock's Corps arrived and closed up the line on the left. The battle was a singular one. Says an eye-witness:—

“The fighting—who shall describe it? Not a thousand men can be seen at once, yet for miles, in the front, thou-

sands are engaged. The volleyed thunders of the combat roll among the glens and ravines, hoarser and higher than the voices of an Eastern jungle. The woods are alive with cries and explosions, and the shrill, anvil clatter of musketry. One cannon, pitched afar, times the wild tumult like a tolling bell. The smoke is a shroud about our heroes; there is not wind enough to lift it into a canopy.

“And now, out of the concealed and awful scenery, where the fight goes on, there come the ruins it has wrought, in shapes, borne in blankets and on litters—maimed, tortured, writhing; with eyes dull with the stupor of coming death; or bright with delirious fire. Listen to the hell, raging beyond and below; behold this silent, piteous procession, that emerges ceaselessly, and passes on. Into and out of the ordeal of fire; from the pride of the ranks to the suffering of the hospital, these forms have been, and come, and are of no more avail.”

Darkness, at length, put an end to the contest. Grant saw, at a glance, the peril he was in, and that Lee needed but slight success at this point to compel him to re-cross the river, as Burnside and Hooker had done before him, and he, therefore, brought over a part of Sedgwick's Corps, to which he added some of Warren's force to strengthen Hancock. Burnside's Corps, too, which had strained forward all night, was up in the morning. Grant had notified him at four o'clock, the afternoon before, that he was over the Rapidan, and directed him to hasten forward. So swiftly did he march that, says Grant:—

“By six o'clock of the morning of the 6th, he was leading his Corps into action near the Wilderness Tavern, some of his troops having marched a distance of thirty miles, crossing both the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers. Considering that a large proportion, probably two-thirds of his command, was composed of new troops. unaccustomed to march-

es, and carrying the accoutrements of a soldier, this was a remarkable march."

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

Grant, however, did not wait his arrival. He had given his orders the night before, for a general advance of the whole line, at five o'clock in the morning. The army, at this time, stretched for about seven miles through the Wilderness, and as no general survey of it could be had, much had to be left to the separate Commanders. At five o'clock, Sedgwick attacked on the right, moving with his accustomed gallantry on Ewell—on the left, Hancock burst like a torrent on the enemy, and drove him back in confusion, and, for hours, the battle roared like a tornado for seven miles through the pine forest. Grant stood under a tree and listened to the crashing volleys that receded away in the distance, while aids were constantly coming and going with reports and orders.

Still, the line of that terrific fire seemed to advance nowhere, except on the left. Hancock steadily pushed the enemy before him for a mile and a half, taking a rebel rifle-pit and five stand of colors. Wadsworth, connecting with his right, put forth desperate efforts. Apparently forgetful that he had a life to lose, he again and again led the charge in person. Two horses were shot under him, and, at length, a shot pierced his own head and he fell. His body was seized by the enemy, and he died in their hands.

But, at length, Hancock's victorious career was stopped. The rebels rallying fiercely, fell on his exhausted battalions, whose ammunition was now getting low, and bore them steadily back, until, at eleven o'clock, he occupied the ground which he held in the morning. His extreme left, for the moment, was turned, but the mischief was quickly repaired,

and a lull at this point came in the contest. But, at four o'clock, Longstreet coming up, having made a forced march of twenty five miles, Lee resolved to make one more desperate effort to turn our left and double it up on the army.

The enemy came on in four lines, and fell with such desperation on Hancock that he succeeded in breaking his firm formation, and, for a moment, the battle seemed lost. When the startling news was borne to Grant, he replied, "I don't believe it." But Gibbon's division was promptly formed in rear of the break, and the headlong torrent that was pouring through was stopped. For three-quarters of an hour, the battle raged here with terrible ferocity. Longstreet was determined to complete what he had so auspiciously begun, and hurled his columns forward with a desperation and gallantry, that could not be surpassed. Hancock, however, knowing that the battle lost here was lost everywhere, disputed every inch of ground with a stubbornness that neither valor nor numbers could overcome.

The use of so little artillery, made this one of the most remarkable battles on record—over two hundred thousand men fought in a vast jungle.

"There in the depths of those ravines, under the shadows of those trees, entangled in that brush-wood, is no pomp of war, no fluttering of banners in an unhindered breeze, no solid tramp of marching battalions, no splendid strategy of the fields Napoleon loved to fight on. There a Saturnalia, gloomy, hideous, desperate, rages confined. That metallic, hollow rack of musketry, is like the clanking of great chains about the damned; that sullen yell of the enemy, a fiendish protest and defiance. How the hours lag; how each minute is freighted with a burden that the days would have groaned to bear in other times! Still, the sad, shuddering procession, emerging out of the smoke and tumult and pass-

ing on. Still the appealing eyes, and clenched hands, and quivering limbs of human creatures, worse than helpless, whose fighting is over. The paths are full of them, the roads are thick with them, the forest seems to take up the slow movement, and move with them like giants hovering over the funeral of Lilliputians. Piled in ambulances, they move on further yet, while the torturer of battle plies on below, making more victims. Here and there, beside some path, you shall see a heaped blanket, labeled by some thoughtful bearer with the name of the corpse beneath it bore in life; here and there, you shall come across a group of men bending over one wounded, past help, and dying an agonized death. And often—too often—the shameful spectacle of one bearing a weapon, unhurt, pallid and fear-stricken, flits through an opening toward the rear, and is gone. You shall meet with soldiers, in groups of one, or two, or three, hidden in some thicket, or coolly making coffee by the road-side. And hearing the roar of the battle below, and seeing the bloody trail of the battle behind, it shall be a glad thing to see these men hunted by officers back, with curses, to the ranks, to share the dangers of their nobler comrades.

“About this battle there is a horrible fascination. It is like a maelstrom. You feel it sucking you in, and you go nearer to see men fall like those you have seen fallen. Down through the break, underneath the edges of the smoke, where the bullets are thick, and the trunks of trees, like the ranks of men, sway and fall with the smiting of shells, you have a little view of the courage and the carnage of this fight. There are the enemy, retreated to the breastworks—a ragged pile of fallen trees and heaped up earth—hiding their heads, spitting lead and flame. Here is the Sixth Corps—what you can see of it—plunging on, firing continually, tumbling over branches and limbs, sinking waist-deep

in swamps, fighting with its might, and bleeding at every pore."

The covering of the trees, and the absence of cannon, made it a very close contest—the lines often almost meeting in the fierce encounter. For seven miles, the forest was alive with the confused sounds of this awful struggle, out of which arose fierce jets of smoke, that settled in a vast and sulphurous cloud above the green tree-tops. The dead and wounded lay thick as autumn leaves along the low ridges and slopes, and in front of the hastily thrown up intrenchments, and when night put an end to the contest, the "Wilderness" was dreary and desolate indeed. After dark, the enemy made an attack on our left, in which Seymour and Shaler were taken prisoners, with a large number of troops.

The battle, on this day, was the decisive one, and at its close, it was evident that Lee had put forth his greatest effort, and just at the moment too when Grant was in a position to be beaten, if ever he could be. Still the latter was not certain that the attack would not be renewed in the morning, and he, therefore, during the evening, selected a new and stronger position, and contracted his lines. But Saturday brought no renewal of the attack, and the day was spent in reconnoissances and skirmishes along the whole line. The result of the day's operations, was a conviction, on the part of Grant, that the enemy was preparing to retreat, and he, therefore, determined, weary as his army was, to throw it forward by a rapid, night march towards Spottsylvania. If he reached this place first, Lee would be cut off from Richmond, and compelled to give him battle in the open field. Accordingly, at ten o'clock, our advance started off through the gloom.

The moon had been down for an hour, and the army passed like a mighty shadow over the sterile country. "The fires burned brightly, and at a distance, upon the wooded

hillsides, looked like the lights of a city. Standing upon an eminence, at the junction of the Germania, Chancellorsville, and Orange Court-House roads, along which the tramp of soldiers, and the rumble of wagon trains, made a smothered din, one could almost imagine himself peering down through the darkness on the streets of a metropolis, in peace. Back in the forest, from the hospitals, from the trees, from the roadside, the wounded were being gathered in ambulances for the long, night journey. That part of the army, not on the move, was slumbering by its fires, waiting for the signal."

Lee, however, was soon made aware of the movement, and dispatched Longstreet, an hour later, to the same point. The two exhausted columns marched by parallel roads, but Longstreet had the shortest distance to go in the race, and reached Spottsylvania first.

BATTLE OF SUNDAY, MAY 8TH.

Warren's Corps was in the advance, in the march for this vital point, and Bartlett's brigade, of Griffin's division, was ordered to attack the place at once, on the supposition that only cavalry held it. But, to his astonishment, this Commander run into Longstreet's whole Corps, and was shivered to fragments—one regiment, the First Michigan, losing three-fourths of its number in fifteen minutes. Robinson's division, on the left, finding itself confronted by an overwhelming force, also gave way in disorder.

At that critical moment, Warren, with his Staff, arrived on the field, and fired at the sight of the disordered ranks, spurred forward and seizing a division flag, rallied the troops by his gallant bearing, and held them firmly to the shock, until the other portions of his Corps could arrive. From eight till twelve—for four hours—he maintained the unequal

struggle, and, at length, gained an open space which led up to the rebel line of battle, that stretched through a piece of woods.

Two fresh divisions coming up—Crawford's and Getty's—an attack was made on the enemy's position just at evening, and after an hour and a half of severe fighting, the first line of breastworks was carried, though with heavy loss to us. The next morning Grant saw his line advanced to within less than three miles of Spottsylvania Court-House, and well intrenched.

MONDAY.

This was a sad day, for it took from the army one of its ablest Commanders. Sedgwick having gone out in advance to superintend the placing of some batteries, noticed that one of the gunners dodged, as the sharp whistle of a bullet sounded near. Amused at the man's nervousness, he said, pleasantly, "Pooh, man, you can't hit an elephant at that distance"—referring to the nearest enemy in sight—when the bullet, of a sharp-shooter ensconced in one of the neighboring trees, entered his eye, and passed directly into his brain. The blood gushed from his nostrils, and with a serene smile on his face, he fell into the arms of his Assistant Adjutant-General. A noble man, a strong leader, a great General, and one of the firmest props of Grant, he fell where he always preferred to fall, on the field of battle, with his face to the foe.

Monday was a day of comparative quietude, though there was constant skirmishing. Hancock had crossed the Po and thrown up intrenchments, working all night by the light of lanterns, hung in the blossoming cherry trees. Heavy cannonading occurred at intervals, along the line, and an attack of the enemy was expected, but was not made in any force or determination.

Both armies were fearfully exhausted. For the last three days, the line of battle had been constantly formed, and, for forty-eight hours, many of the troops had been without rest or regular rations.

Soldiers had never shown greater endurance on any battlefield, and the "three days' battle in the Wilderness" will remain to all time, as an evidence of the superiority of American troops—when once inured by long service—to any others in the world.

On this day, Sheridan, with the cavalry force, started on a raid to sever Lee's communications with Richmond. The very next day he sent a dispatch to the Secretary of War, stating that he had "turned the enemy's right, and got into their rear; had destroyed from eight to ten miles of railroad, two locomotives, and three trains, and a very large quantity of supplies; and that since he had got into their rear, there was great excitement among the inhabitants and with the army. The enemy's cavalry had tried to annoy his rear and flank, but had been run off, and he had recaptured five hundred of our men—two of them colonels."

From this point he moved on, spreading destruction in his path, until he reached the suburbs of Richmond, and actually entered the first line of works. But finding it impossible to proceed farther, he wheeled about and crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, having suffered but slight loss in his daring ride. But, like every movement of the kind, since the war commenced, it was of no practical importance, for it had no effect whatever on Lee's movements.

On Tuesday, the 10th, Grant having finished his reconnoissances, and got his army into position, determined to assault the enemy's works. It was ordered to take place at five o'clock in the afternoon, and all day long the artillery beat in a steady, awful storm on the rebel position—in some

places setting fire to the forest, that smoked and flamed above the dead and wounded. More or less fighting occurred all along the lines, and at about four o'clock, the enemy came out and attacked Barlow's division, which occupied a flanking and somewhat isolated position over the stream, and compelled it to re-cross and join the Second Corps. This delayed the proposed attack for an hour and a half, so that it was sundown before the columns began to advance.

During this interval, however, the cannonading was terrific, and shot and shell fell in a ceaseless shower on the rebel works. At half past six, Grant and Meade, with their staffs, took positions on an eminence that overlooked, to some extent, the field of operations, and the signal—twelve cannon shots—sounded the advance. With cheers that rose over the crash of cannon, the assaulting columns at once leaped forward and pressed over the broken field. Through patches of wood—over ridges, across swampy holes and ravines—swept at every step by a destructive fire—the dark lines steadily advanced, although the brave battalions crumbled away like frost-work before the enfilading fire that ploughed through the ranks. It was a vain effort, however, and it was soon evident that the troops were held to a useless slaughter—those strong works could not be carried. The only success, of importance, was achieved by the Sixth Corps, that, since the death of Sedgwick, had been commanded by General Wright.

“About three hundred yards in front, the enemy occupied a work very strongly constructed, as high as a man's head, and loop-holed at the top. The party organized to attack this work, was disposed by General Russell and led by Colonel Upton. It consisted of a portion of the First division, the Vermont brigade of the Second division, and some picked troops of General Neill's command, who were massed,

on the eve of the attack, to the left and front of three batteries—Cowan's, McCartney's and Rhodes'. Some companies of the Forty-ninth New York regiment had occupied, during the afternoon, a work in advance of the general line, and just to the left of the line of march of the column of attack. As the column pressed forward, these companies moved by the left flank, engaging a battery of the enemy on the right of his work.

"The batteries of McCartney, Cowan and Rhodes opened on the work, over the heads of the attacking column, which moved steadily on in the face of a terrific blaze of musketry, with arms a-port, and without firing a shot, up to the very face of the enemy's position. It poured—a flood of savage faces and plunging bayonets—over the crest of the work and into the midst of the enemy, capturing, in an instant, nine hundred and fifty of the very men who had stampeded the brigades of Shaler and Seymour, on Friday night, in the Wilderness, and sending a scattering volley after a host of flying rebels. Twelve guns, also, came into our possession."

Shouts of laughter greeted these prisoners, as they were run back into our lines at full speed, before the bayonets of their captors. Darkness, at length, closed the conflict, and our bleeding lines retired from the hopeless struggle. Our losses this day were fearful, and the moon that night, looked down on hetacombs of brave men, piled everywhere around the rebel works and over the fields.

The next day was spent in skirmishing and manœuvring. In the afternoon, a heavy storm set in, followed by a dark and foggy night. Hancock took advantage of the darkness and rain to change his position, and, unobserved by the enemy, planted himself on his right flank. Between four and five o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a pouring rain, the troops moved silently forward against a salient or

angle of the enemy's works, held by Johnson, which here were exceedingly strong, with a wide ditch in front. Barlow's division had the advance, Miles' brigade leading. The assaulting columns moved swiftly, and in dead silence, forward, and without a cheer or a shot, swept in one dark flood over the ramparts, capturing almost the entire division of Johnson.

Hancock now turned the captured artillery on the enemy, and drove them back for nearly a mile. But here they rallied, and a long and bloody fight followed. The other Corps were brought up, and a desperate effort was made to turn this brilliant success into a complete victory; and all through the forenoon, in the midst of the pelting rain, the fearful conflict continued to rage. At noon the storm broke, and the sun came out, but, alas! not to light us to victory. The first advantage was the last, of any importance, that was gained, and after hours of heavy fighting, it was evident that the enemy's position could not be carried. The rebels, fighting with a desperation never surpassed, made five successive charges to re-take the works that had been carried by Hancock. The two armies were rapidly concentrated around this single spot—the one to retake, and the other to hold the captured works—hence, the struggle and the slaughter here were awful.

“Column after column of the enemy penetrated to the very face of the breastwork, to be hewn down and sent back like a broken wave. Column after column still came on, dealing death and meeting it, and making way for other columns and others still; and all the day long, against this rush of a foe, that seemed disdainful of life, the angle was held by our troops, fighting, falling, but unyielding, to the close. Our artillery made havoc on that day; from dawn to dusk, the roar of the guns was ceaseless; a tempest of shell shrieked through the forest, and plowed the field.

“When the night came, the angle of those works, where the battle had been hottest and from which the enemy had been finally driven, had a spectacle for whoever cared to look, that would never have enticed his gaze again. Men in hundreds, killed and wounded together, were piled in hideous heaps—some bodies that had lain for hours under the concentric fire of the battle, being perforated with wounds. The writhing of the wounded beneath the dead, moved these masses at times; at times, a lifted arm or a quivering limb, told of an agony not yet quenched by the Lethe of death around.”

Says another correspondent:—“The angle of the works at which Hancock entered, and for the possession of which the savage fight of the day was made, is a perfect Golgotha. In this angle of death the dead and wounded rebels lie, this morning, literally in piles—men in the agonies of death groaning beneath the dead bodies of their comrades. On an area of a few acres, in the rear of their position, lie not less than a thousand rebel corpses, many literally torn to shreds by hundreds of balls, and several with bayonet thrusts through and through their bodies, pierced on the very margins of the parapet, which they were determined to retake or perish in the attempt. The one exclamation of every man who looks on the spectacle is, ‘God forbid that I should ever gaze upon such a sight again.’”

Hancock’s achievement was a brilliant one, and, for a time, promised success, but as it turned out, it was a useless waste of life.

Grant’s losses, since he crossed the Rapidan, had been fearful—a whole army had disappeared—and it was necessary that these should be repaired, and now for six days the army had comparative rest, while reinforcements were hurried up from Washington. The manner in which the troops came pouring in showed the forecast of Grant. He had

anticipated no easy victory—he knew Lee and his gallant veterans, and hence prepared for the frightful loss of life which had now taken place. These gathering hosts showed too the almost exhaustless resources of the North, and that they were at last being employed by a man who knew how to use them.

Grant a few days before, had telegraphed to the Secretary of War, “I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all Summer,” and it was evident that he meant to. This was said in no spirit of obstinacy, as it was generally supposed—it was a mere re-affirmation of judgment on the plan he had adopted, notwithstanding the frightful sacrifices of life the carrying it out had demanded.

The base of supplies, in the meantime, had been changed to Fredericksburg. Manœuvering of the forces, skirmishing and heavy artillery firing, kept the troops on the alert, but Grant had resolved not to dash his army to pieces again on the strong works before him.

The ceaseless energy with which he had pushed the enemy, had not left him sufficient time to bury his dead properly, and the “Wilderness” presented a shocking spectacle, with its uncovered, or but partially interred bodies, scattered amid the shattered trees of the forest and wreck of the fight.

During these seventeen fearful days, Sherman’s army had been sending up its victorious shouts amid the mountains of Georgia, as it hewed its way toward Atlanta, and Butler causing consternation among the inhabitants of Richmond, as the sound of his cannon broke over the rebel Capital.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BUTLER'S ADVANCE TO CITY POINT—BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN—BERMUDA HUNDRED—POSITION OF THE ARMY—KAUTZ'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION—TORPEDOES—RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD SEVERED—BUTLER'S DISPATCH—OPERATIONS AGAINST DRURY'S BLUFF—DILATORINESS OF BUTLER—REFUSES TO INTRENCH HIMSELF ON THE RAILROAD—MORNING ATTACK OF THE ENEMY—CAPTURE OF HECKMAN AND HIS BRIGADE—GILLMORE AND BUTLER ON THE SITUATION OF THE ARMY—RETREAT TO BERMUDA HUNDRED—TOTAL FAILURE OF THE PENINSULA MOVEMENT—GRANT'S OPINION OF BUTLER'S CONDUCT—BUTLER'S TREATMENT OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS—BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A CHAPLAIN—NAVAL OPERATIONS ALONG THE COAST—IN FLORIDA—LOSS OF THE COLUMBINE—INVESTMENT OF NEWBERN—REBEL IRON-CLADS—GALLANT FIGHT OF SMITH WITH THE ALBEMARLE IN ALBEMARLE SOUND—CONDUCT OF THE SASSACUS—STEELE IN ARKANSAS.

IN accordance with Grant's orders, General Butler, on the 4th of May, moved his army from Fortress Monroe, to co-operate, by an advance on Richmond, with the former, and keep reinforcements back from Lee. While Grant was entering on the terrific "Battles of the Wilderness," and its dreary solitudes were echoing to the roar of his guns, Butler with his army on transports, guarded by iron-clads, was steaming up the James River, toward City Point, that lay about fifteen miles below the rebel Capital. A landing was made at this place without opposition, and soon the army was planted securely on the narrow strip of land, known as Bermuda Hundred.

The river here takes a sharp bend, so that the army rested both its right and left flank on it, though, by the stream, they were many miles apart. A line of intrench-

ments was also stretched across the neck, while either extremity was protected by gun-boats. A more secure position could not have been selected. The difficulty was that while an army here could repel a large force, a small one, on the other hand, could coop it up so as to render it inoperative. It was like a cavern, the mouth of which could be defended by a few men within, against great odds without; and, on the other hand, a few men could prevent any egress from it.

Simultaneous with the advance of the army, a cavalry expedition, under General Kautz, was sent off to strike the Richmond and Weldon railroad, at a point some eighty miles distant, and destroy a bridge three thousand feet long, and then act as circumstances might dictate.

A strong fleet of gun-boats and iron-clads, under Admiral Lee, co-operated with the army. It was known that torpedoes had been sunk in the river, and hence they were dragged for in advance. But, notwithstanding the utmost precaution was taken, about noon, on the 6th, one that had escaped discovery, exploded under the Commodore Jones, near Four Mile Creek, utterly destroying the vessel, and killing and wounding half of the crew. A party of marines and sailors immediately landed at the point and discovered three galvanic batteries sunk in the ground. Two men also were captured in a battery near.

One of these being interrogated respecting the locality of the torpedoes, at first professed entire ignorance, but being placed in the advance boat of those dragging for them, and told that he would be blown up with the rest, he became more communicative, and stated where those he knew of were placed. He said, moreover, that the one which exploded under the Commodore Jones contained two thousand pounds of powder—that the large ones were exploded by galvanic batteries, but the smaller ones, either by contact or a line

from shore. Those that were sunk, were put down by Hunter Davidson, formerly of the United States Navy, who commanded a boat named the Torpedo, which was built for this especial service.

The next day, the 7th, the tug gun-boat Shawsheen, while looking for one of these submarine terrors, near Turkey Bend, came under the fire of a rebel battery, and was destroyed, and most of the officers and crew captured.

First Assistant-Engineer Young sent to the department a sketch of these galvanic batteries, by which the torpedoes were exploded, which is curious, as a part of our naval history during a war, that brought into service so many new missiles of destruction.

He says:—"The galvanic batteries were formed of nine zinc cups, each one battery, or a set of cups being placed on shelves directly over the other. In each zinc cup was placed a porous clay cup. In the zinc cup, and outside the porous cup, was placed the sulphuric acid and water, and inside the porous cup was placed the nitric acid. The zinc of one cup was connected to the cast-iron of the other, by a clamp and thumb screw. The negative wires led directly to the torpedoes, (one to each.) The positive wires ran along near a foot-path, parallel with the river, for about two hundred feet, and terminated at a sub-battery. In this sub-battery, were two large wooden plugs, with a hole about one-half inch in diameter in each; these holes being filled with mercury; the positive wires connecting from the torpedoes to the bottom of these plugs; the positive wires, from the charged batteries, being inserted in the mercury at the top of its respective plug, to form the connections and explode the torpedoes. The wires from the river bank to the torpedoes were supported by a three inch rope, being stopped to rope about every four feet. At a distance of every fifteen feet of the rope, were some five or six feet of three-quarter

link chain to assist in keeping it on the bottom. The wires were covered with gutta percha, about one-quarter inch thick. The battery used is generally known as the Bunsen battery."

With such infernal mechanism lining the banks of a narrow river, and connecting with vast masses of gun-powder, lying concealed on the bottom, and all under the control of hidden operators on shore, the navigation of the stream was made most perilous. We had not a Commander afloat who would not rather at any time engage a hostile fleet, of vastly superior force, than carry his vessels, without an enemy in sight, up such a river. There is something infinitely more appalling in sailing over such hidden engines of destruction, than there is meeting any danger face to face.

About the time the rebel batteries opened on our fleet—destroying the Shawsheen—a fight commenced on land. Butler moving out his army toward the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, the rebels attacked him. The day was excessively warm, but, about eleven o'clock, the enemy opened with artillery, and a sharp cannonade was kept up along the lines.

While the left and centre were thus engaged, a brigade, on the right, under Colonel Barton, pressed forward, and striking the railroad, succeeded in tearing up the track for some distance, and setting a bridge on fire. But being heavily pressed in turn, it was compelled to retire.

The action continued with more or less severity till four o'clock in the afternoon, when the order was given for the army to fall back to the lines held in the morning.

On the 9th, Butler again moved forward to break up more effectually this important railroad. With General Smith's Corps, on the left, and Gillmore, with the Tenth Corps, on the right, the columns began their march at daylight, and passed cautiously through the thick woods in front,

without meeting the enemy. About nine o'clock, Smith struck the railroad at Port Walthall Junction, and Gillmore at Chester Station, and the work of destruction commenced. But little resistance was made by the enemy, and it was evident that he had been taken wholly by surprise.

Butler now determined to advance on Petersburg, and the army, the same afternoon, moved forward. The place was held by Beauregard with a large force, who had been ordered up from the south to take charge of affairs around Richmond.

Butler, elated with his easy success, and fully believing that he could hold possession of the railroad communication between Richmond and Petersburg, sent the following telegram to Washington, summing up his achievements, and announcing the separation of Beauregard's forces from those of Lee:—

“MAY 9, 1864.

Our operations may be summed up in a few words. With one thousand and seven hundred cavalry we have advanced up the Peninsula, forced the Chickahominy, and have safely brought them to our present position. These were colored cavalry, and are now holding our advanced pickets toward Richmond.

General Kautz, with three thousand cavalry, from Suffolk, on the same day with our movement up James River, forced the Blackwater, burned the railroad bridge at Stony Creek, below Petersburg, cutting in two Beauregard's force at that point.

We have landed here, intrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold out against the whole of Lee's army. I have ordered up the supplies.

Beauregard, with a large portion of his force, was left south by the cutting of the railroads by Kautz. That portion which reached Petersburg under Hill, I have whipped to-day, killing and wounding many, and taking many prisoners, after a severe and well-contested fight.

General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's force.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Major-General.”

More or less fighting occurred between the hostile forces, without bringing on a decisive battle, and Butler, at length, determined to advance against Fort Darling, located on

Drury's Bluff. The batteries here were the main obstacle that prevented our gun-boats from moving as near to Richmond as the depth of water would allow, and if they were once silenced, it was believed that the advance of the fleet would compel the evacuation of the rebel Capital.

Butler having reached Kingsland Creek, formed line of battle on the south-east side, in view of James River. The fleet, in the meantime, moved to the vicinity of the fort to co-operate with the land forces.

The news of Hancock's brilliant success at Spottsylvania, reached the army on this day, causing immense cheering all along the front.

For five days there had been more or less fighting, and much of the time in a pouring rain, but no decisive advantage had been gained by either side. Butler succeeded in taking some of the outer works of Fort Darling; and from the daily bulletins, published by war correspondents, the public expected the speedy capture of this stronghold. Foiled here, Butler attempted to get toward Petersburg—the fall of which had been prematurely announced—but meeting with strong opposition, he, on Monday, changed front, and moved toward Richmond. His line, at this time, was three miles long, extending from the James River to the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. He had been molested so little in the occupancy of this road, that he seemed to think the enemy had abandoned all hope of re-occupying it, and hence neglected to take those precautions which a skillful Commander would have adopted.

Gillmore, one of the ablest engineers of the age, and of much experience in the field, advised him to throw up intrenchments so as to be able to hold this important position against any attack of the enemy. But Butler, in a pompous manner, replied, that he was acting on the *offensive*, and not *defensive*, and refused to follow his advice.

Gillmore, clearly, did not believe that the rebels had abandoned all hope of re-taking this important railroad, and the event proved the correctness of his opinion. The movement to City Point had evidently been a surprise, and had Butler advanced at once, before the enemy recovered from it, Petersburg, if not Richmond, could have been easily captured.

But the five days, or more, that he had been campaigning in the open country, had been improved by Beauregard in hurrying up troops, which, the moment they were well in hand, he meant to hurl with resistless fury on our army. Monday morning, the 16th, was selected for the assault, and a better time could not have been chosen. The night had been exceedingly dark, and toward morning a dense fog wrapped everything in impenetrable gloom. Shrouded in this, the enemy came noiselessly down on our unsuspecting line, striking it first on the right flank. Heckman's brigade was posted here, on which the onset came with the suddenness of a thunder-clap.

The fog lay so thick over the fields, that a person, a few rods distant, was invisible; hence the proximity of the enemy was unknown till his unearthly yells rose out of the mist, right in the face of the brigade. Heckman, than whom a braver man never lived, dashed through the gloom, shouting to his men to stand firm, and succeeded, by great effort, in rallying a portion of his brigade, whose loud cheers soon answered the defiant yells of their assailants. So dense was the fog, that the troops were brought breast to breast, before they could see each other, and the fight became a hand-to-hand contest. Wholly unable to see the ground occupied by the enemy, Heckman could not tell what disposition to make of his regiments—in fact, was totally ignorant of the strength of the force opposed to him.

Under such circumstances, the contest could not be other-



wise than a short one. The rebels knew the exact position of the brigade, and swiftly overlapping it, took it in rear, and captured nearly the whole, and with it its leader, the gallant Heckman. Two regiments of Gillmore's Corps had been detached from it, and, under Weitzel, lay in rear of the brigade as a reserve. These, aroused by the firing and yells, that rent the fog in advance, sprung to their arms, and were led, by Colonel Drake, swiftly forward toward the spot where the conflict was raging. Charging fiercely on the exultant foe, they bore him back, and rescued some three or four hundred of our prisoners. The rebels rallying, charged back, but could not move those noble regiments from their places.

The battle raged furiously here, for a long time, for both sides brought up reinforcements to this vital point. The contest, however, was not confined to the right flank, but drifted steadily down the line for two miles and a half.

"The rebel plan of massing brigade after brigade, in line of battle, and hurling them in rotation against us, was here tried with very bad results. General Smith, with that forethought which is characteristic of him, anticipating some such move on the part of the enemy, had ordered a large quantity of telegraph wire to be intertwined among the trees and undergrowth which lay in front of our position. Wister and Burnham received the order and obeyed it. Heckman failed, unfortunately, to get it. When, therefore, the rebels charged upon our intrenchments, in the dull light, hundreds of them were tripped down, and unable to tell the cause. As they lay upon the ground, our musketry-fire kept many of them from ever rising more. As with the first line, so with the second. They met the same fate. The third line fared no better, and this simple agency of a telegraphic wire, interlaced among the trees, played more havoc in the rebel

ranks than anything else. The dead lay like autumn leaves before the front of Wister and Burnham."

About eight o'clock, there was a lull, and Butler, now thoroughly alarmed, ordered a retreat. For the first time in his life, he had experienced a real rebel charge, and his confidence in his own powers seemed suddenly to vanish. Notwithstanding the disaster that had overtaken the army, Gillmore was not disposed to abandon so readily this position on the railroad, the holding of which was so necessary to ultimate success; and when he received the order to fall back, sent an urgent remonstrance to Butler to withdraw it, saying that he believed he could hold his position. Receiving, in reply, a peremptory order to retreat, he reluctantly obeyed, and the army fell back to its intrenched position at Bermuda Hundred.

Thus, in a single morning, the whole value of the Peninsula movement was lost, and might as well have not been undertaken at all, for the rebels not only had possession of the railroad again, by which they could forward troops and supplies to Lee, but had cooped up Butler in his strong position, so that he was as powerless to make any aggressive movement, as though locked up in an iron cage. There never was a movement begun with such a promise of success, that ended so disgracefully.

Grant saw a most important part of his great plan thus suddenly broken up, thereby increasing four-fold the magnitude of the work before him. The chagrin and feeling with which he received the news, may be gathered from the manner in which he alludes to the subject in his official report. He says:—

"On the 16th, the enemy attacked General Butler in his position in front of Drury's Bluff. He was forced back, or drew back, into his intrenchments between the forks of the James and Appomattox Rivers—the enemy intrenching

strongly in his front, thus covering his railroads, the city, and all that was valuable to him. His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations, directly against Richmond, as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked. It required but a comparatively small force of the enemy to hold it there."

A little farther on, referring to the same lamentable affair, he says:—

"The army sent to operate against Richmond, having hermetically sealed itself up at Bermuda Hundred, the enemy was enabled to bring the most, if not all, the reinforcements brought from the south by Beauregard, against the Army of the Potomac. In addition to this reinforcement, a very considerable one—probably not less than fifteen thousand men—was obtained by calling in the scattered troops, under Breckenridge, from the western parts of Virginia."

The public was not aware, at first, of the extent of the misfortune, and rested comparatively satisfied with the announcement that Butler's "position was impregnable." It was as much as the position of a war correspondent was worth, in the Army of the James, to breathe one word in disparagement of Butler's skill, or express a doubt of the wisdom of his movements.

This had a striking illustration in the case of a chaplain in Gillmore's Corps. In a private letter to the editor of *The Evening Post*, he stated some very unwholesome truths, respecting this unfortunate battle. This was published anonymously, but Butler having discovered its author, under a trumped-up charge of his being absent without leave, got the unsuspecting clergyman within his department, and, unable to make him consent to unsay the truth, and state a falsehood, threw him into confinement among rebels and negroes, where he kept him for more than a month, subjected to

exposures that well nigh destroyed his life. Refusing to grant him a trial, in direct violation of his duty; refusing, also, to allow him to hold religious service with his fellow-prisoners, he continued his unmanly persecutions until powerful friends of his victim, from without, took up the case, when he was compelled to release his despotic grasp, and let the injured man go free to paint his persecutor in his true colors.

Kautz's cavalry raid, which started two or three days before this disastrous battle, accomplished its work successfully. The damages inflicted upon the enemy have been described as follows:

"Going direct to Walthall Junction, the depot of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad was destroyed, together with its contents. Moving on to Chester Station, a similar scene was enacted.

"Marching on to the Richmond and Danville road, the depot at the coal mines, with a large number of cars, was demolished. The same occurred at Tomahawk Station. At Powhatan, a locomotive and train were destroyed, together with the railroad buildings. When the Third New-York and Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry approached Chola, on the line of the Lone road, their further progress was contested by a rebel infantry regiment stationed there. After a brisk fight, our men drove the rebels. In the short engagement, but few were killed or wounded, on our side.

"The rebels having retired, the command pushed on, after destroying considerable of the property, a train of cars, and a locomotive included. The expedition then struck for the South-side road. Here, at Black's and White's, another train was destroyed, with a large amount of commissary stores. At Wellsville and Wilson's Station, railroad property was demolished.

"At Lawrenceville, the Court-House of Brunswick County, a large amount of corn, tobacco and flour, belonging to the Confederate Government, and which had been taken from farmers, for taxes, was burned.

"On the Nottaway River, near Jarrett's Station, a pontoon bridge was destroyed. The part of the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, which was tapped by the former raid, had been repaired, but this time the raiders broke it more effectually. At all the stations, where the expedition halted to destroy depots, the railroad track was torn up for several miles on each side. Bridges were leveled, not only on the railroads, but on several turnpikes.

"There were large quantities of commissary stores all along the line of the road, which were rendered thoroughly useless for the Confederates. The work done by this expedition was most effectual; four railroads being rendered useless to the rebels, to say nothing of what else was done, which will cripple them very materially.

"Our men penetrated within four miles of Richmond, and three of Petersburg. Encounters with the enemy occurred on several occasions, but they always were compelled to retire."

With small loss, the force again reached City Point, on the evening of the 18th.

Butler now being "corked up," but little interest was felt by Grant, in his action, for he knew that nothing more could be done in that direction until he should arrive with the Army of the Potomac. There was plainly, now, but one way to form a junction with Butler, and that was to march to the spot where he lay helpless. The Army of the James being "hermetically sealed," it must remain useless to him until, by his presence, he could unseal it.

The rebels, emboldened by their success, endeavored to get possession of the James River, below Butler, and cut

off his supplies; they accordingly attacked both Fort Powhatan and Wilson's Wharf, but were repelled by the monitors under Admiral Lee.

But, while the month of May will be forever marked in our calendar for the mighty military movements it witnessed, East and West, its record would not be complete without giving the naval operations along our coast.

When Grant set in motion our great armies, it was understood that the navy should, at the same time, threaten the rebel ports, not yet in our possession, and thus keep from Lee reinforcements that otherwise would reach him. With all our borders at peace, the entire military force of the North was available, and could be sent in any desired direction. At the South, this state of things was reversed, and with fewer men to bring into the field, she had to keep back many, even of these, to protect the few ports that still remained to her.

At Mobile, Farragut lay waiting for one or two iron-clads to boldly force his way into the bay, while expeditions up the rivers of Florida kept detachments of troops there, which Lee would soon be in sore need of. In one of these up the St. John's, we lost the steam tug, Columbine, which fell into the hands of the enemy. Our batteries and iron-clads were also pounding away on the defenses of Charleston harbor—holding strong garrisons there to defend the place.

Thinking that we had drawn away our forces from Newbern, to fill up our armies, the rebels organized an expedition against it, and in the fore part of the month, news was received that it was closely besieged by the enemy, and fears were entertained that it might fall into his hands, but he was driven back in disgrace.

Although nothing but disaster had overtaken the Southern navy from the outset, two formidable rams, on the eastern coast, this Spring, caused a good deal of alarm to our ship-

ping. One, at Wilmington, was reported to be a powerful vessel, and a strong force was kept watching her. The Albemarle, that had wrought such mischief to the Miami and Southfield, in Albemarle Sound, was decoyed out of the Roanoke River, by Melancthon Smith, senior officer in the Sound, and attacked by eight steamers. The gun-boat Bombshell, which accompanied it, was captured, and the ram was compelled to retire from the conflict, apparently, somewhat damaged. The Sassacus behaved nobly in the combat. Laying herself alongside her formidable antagonist, she poured in her heavy shot at close quarters. After the capture of the Bombshell—she being some distance off, and the ram lying broadside too—Roe, the Commander, “ordered full steam on and open throttle, and laid the ship fair for the broadside of the ram, to run her down. The Sassacus struck her fairly just abaft her starboard beam, in the position, in the rear of the house or casemate, with a speed of nine or ten knots, making twenty-two revolutions with thirty pounds of steam. As I struck, (he says,) she sent a one hundred-pounder rifle-shot, through and through, from starboard bow to port-side, at the berth-deck. The collision was pretty heavy, and the ram careened a good deal,—so much so that the water washed over her deck, forward and aft the casemate. At one time, I thought she was going down; I kept the engine pushing, as I hoped, deeper and deeper into her, and also hoping it might be possible for some one of the boats to get up on the opposite side of me, and, perhaps, enable us to sink her, or, at least, to get well on to her on all sides. I retained this position full ten minutes, throwing grenades down her deck hatch, and trying in vain to get powder into her smoke-stack, and receiving volleys of musketry, when the stern of the ram began to go round, and her broadside port bearing on our starboard bow, when the ram fired, and sent a one hundred-pounder, Brook’s rifle-shot,

through the starboard side, on the berth-deck, passing through the empty bunkers into the starboard boiler, clear through it, fore and aft, and finally lodging in the ward-room. In a moment, the steam filled every portion of the ship, from the hurricane-deck to the fire-rooms, killing and stifling some, and rendering all movements, for a time, impossible."

Just before receiving this shot, he sent a one hundred-pounder, solid shot, against the monster, which broke into fragments against his mailed sides, one of the pieces actually bounding back upon his own deck. The flag-ship, *Mattabesett*, and the *Wyalusing*, engaged the ram with equal gallantry, laying their vessels alongside of it, with a boldness never surpassed in any naval combat. They rained their heaviest shot and shell on the huge structure, at close quarters, cutting away the flag, but failing to reach any vital part.

In *Arkansas*, Steele pushed Price at every point and forced him into disastrous retreat.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SURVEY OF GRANT'S POSITION—SIGEL'S FAILURE IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—SPOTTSYLVANIA FLANKED—THE RACE FOR THE NORTH ANNA RIVER—HANCOCK'S AND WARREN'S CORPS—FIGHT OF THE LATTER AT JERICHO FORD—GALLANTRY OF GRIFFIN—ASSAULT OF A REDAN BY HANCOCK—GALLANT CHARGE—THE ENEMY FALLS BACK TO THE SOUTH ANNA—STRENGTH OF HIS POSITION—TRANSFER OF BASE TO PORT ROYAL—GRANT AGAIN FLANKS THE ENEMY AND CROSSES THE PAMUNKEY AT HANOVERTOWN—MOVEMENT TO COLD HARBOR—BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—GRANT RESOLVES TO TRANSFER THE ARMY TO THE JAMES RIVER—A DELICATE OPERATION—GILLMORE'S FAILURE TO TAKE PETERSBURG—LEE DECEIVED—THE JAMES SAFELY CROSSED—ATTACK ON PETERSBURG BY SMITH—OUTER WORKS CARRIED—VARIOUS ASSAULTS—BUTLER AGAIN CUTS THE RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD, AND AGAIN DRIVEN BACK—LAST GRAND ASSAULT—THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN—GRANT'S SAGACITY AND JUDGMENT VINDICATED.

DURING the time that Grant lay before Spottsylvania, waiting for reinforcements to come up, and recruiting his overtasked army, he had ample time to survey his position. As, he said, "during three long years the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia had been confronting each other," and "in that time they had fought more desperate battles than it probably ever before fell to the lot of two armies to fight, without materially changing the vantage-ground of either." It was not a pleasant reflection to think of these terrible struggles and fearful losses—all made without giving him any "*vantage ground*."

To make matters worse, Butler had totally failed in his co-operative movement, so that, practically, he must be left out of any plan Grant might adopt to reach Richmond. Sigel also had miserably failed in the Shenandoah Valley, and the

prospect was that he must look to himself, and his gallant army alone, for success. The part this officer performed in the grand campaign cannot be better given than in the following few sentences of Grant:—

“The movement of the Kanawha and Shenandoah Valleys under General Sigel, commenced on the first of May. General Crook, who had the immediate command of the Kanawha expedition, divided his forces into two columns, giving one, composed of cavalry, to General Averill. They crossed the mountains by separate routes. Averill struck the Tennessee and Virginia railroad, near Wytheville, on the 10th, and proceeding to New River and Christiansburg, destroyed the road, several important bridges and depots, including New River bridge, forming a junction with Crook at Union, on the 15th. General Sigel moved up the Shenandoah Valley, met the enemy at New Market, on the 15th, and after a severe engagement, was defeated with heavy loss, and retired behind Cedar Creek. Not regarding the operations of General Sigel as satisfactory, I asked his removal from command, and Major-General Hunter was appointed to supersede him.”

Grant having, at length, established his base of supplies, and received his reinforcements, gave orders for the army to move on the 18th. Still determined, if possible, to get a field-fight out of Lee, he planned a flank movement around the right of the rebel army to the North Anna River. If he succeeded in reaching this point first, it would place him in Lee's rear, cut off his communications, and compel him to evacuate the strong works at Spottsylvania.

The movement was postponed, however, on account of an unexpected attack of Ewell, who came out of his intrenchments and assailed our right, so that it did not commence till the night of the 21st.

To mask it more effectually, Hancock and Wright were

previously ordered to attack the rebel left, as though it were Grant's intention to turn that flank. After losing several hundred men in this feint, the former was shifted over, by night, to our extreme right, and at once commenced his march for the North Anna. Torbert's cavalry, in the meantime, moved off ten miles east of Spottsylvania, on the Fredericksburg railroad, to clear the country for the march. Hancock at first struck off with his Corps east to Massaponax Church, then wheeled south, and moving rapidly forward all night, and all next day, reached Bowling Green at evening—the head of his column being seventeen miles from Spottsylvania.

Lee, however, having in some way obtained information of this movement, and penetrating Grant's design, at once proceeded to checkmate it. At midnight, the reveillé was beat in the rebel camp, and, by one o'clock, Longstreet's Corps was pushing on through the darkness toward the North Anna. In the presence of such an enemy as Lee, Hancock's movement was a perilous one, for it exposed him to a flank attack while on the march.

To guard against this, he took a somewhat circuitous route, which, of course, gave Longstreet all the advantage in the race, as he, moving directly to the rear, had a much shorter line to traverse.

Warren broke off from the main army a few hours after Hancock started—taking, for a while, the same road. With a promptness, that could hardly have been surpassed had there been a mutual understanding, Ewell's Corps at once moved off in the same direction. Saturday afternoon, Burnside followed the other two Corps, leaving Wright—in command of Sedgwick's old Corps—alone in front of Spottsylvania.

Hill, with his Corps still remaining behind in the intrenchments, at once came out and attacked him, evidently for the

purpose of ascertaining the actual force left behind. Breaking through our skirmish line he was received with such a terrible artillery fire that he dared not push his attack, and fell back to the cover of the works.

That night Wright followed the rest of the army, when Hill also moved off, and Spottsylvania, in front of which such rivers of blood had flowed, was left silent and deserted.

The country, over which these two mighty armies now marched, seeking a new battle-field, had thus far escaped the ravages of war, and sprouting wheat and clover fields, and quiet farm-houses, greeted the eyes of the weary soldiers as they toiled forward toward the North Anna. From the outset, it was plain that, unless the movement could be kept secret for several hours at least, we could not reach the desired point, before the enemy. As he started almost simultaneously with us, there could be but one result to the race, and when, on Monday, the heads of our columns approached the North Anna, the enemy was found to be there in position.

This river was sixty-five miles from the Rapidan, and but twenty-five from Richmond, but though distance had been overcome, the obstacles that intervened between Grant and the rebel Capital, remained great as ever. Hancock struck the stream near where the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad crosses it—Warren, who had the right, four miles farther up, at Jericho. Griffin's division of the latter Corps, in advance, at once plunged into the stream, and waist-deep, floundered over the rocky bed to the farther bank. The enemy apparently not expecting that any part of our force would cross so high up, had no troops to oppose the passage here. The rest of the Corps rapidly followed, and Griffin moving swiftly over an open space, a third of a mile wide, took position in a piece of woods, and soon encountered a heavy skirmish line of the enemy.

The rebel leaders, made aware of Warren's movement, hurried up reinforcements to this point, and, at five o'clock, fell furiously on Griffin—coming on in two lines of battle, and suddenly opening with three batteries on his uncovered ranks. But Griffin, with his accustomed gallantry and firmness, held his position, and gave the on-sweeping battalions such a murderous fire, that the attack in front was soon abandoned, and the rebel Commander detached a brigade to make a detour and fall on his right flank. Cuyler, who commanded here, had not yet got into position, and his brigade gave way before the sudden onset.

This was a critical moment for Griffin, but with that promptness which has always distinguished him, he quickly ordered up three regiments of Bartlett's brigade, and restored the line. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, ran into the rebel brigade while on the march. With great presence of mind, he quickly moved his forward companies into line, and poured in a sudden volley, while one of his men seized the rebel leader by the collar, and pulled him into our lines a prisoner. Caught in flank and rear, by the fire of the regiment, the rebel brigade broke and fled.

The brilliancy and success of this engagement called forth a congratulatory order from Meade. A failure here, at the outset, would have complicated matters much, and for a few moments, it seemed inevitable.

While, on the right, this conflict was passing on the south bank of the stream, Hancock, on the left, was engaged in a desperate fight on the north side. Here, on either bank, the rebels had, long before, erected strong works, which now swept the shores with a destructive fire. Hancock saw, at once, that there must be no delay; that the redan on the side nearest him, must be taken at all hazards, by assault. This perilous task was assigned to Birney's gallant division.

"On the left, was the brigade of Colonel Egan; on his right, Pierce's brigade, and General Mott's brigade on the right of Pierce. The Fourth brigade (the Excelsior, commanded by Colonel Blaisdell, of the Eleventh Massachusetts) came up partly in the rear, its left to the right of the redan. To cover the assault, three sections of artillery were put in position, and replied to the artillery fire of the enemy. On the left of Birney's division, was Barlow's division, the left of which connected with the right of Gibbon's division, while Tyler's heavy artillery division was held in reserve.

"An hour before sundown, on Monday, the assault was begun and most brilliantly executed, by Birney's command, which swept across the open space at double quick, under a storm of artillery and volleys of musketry. Two regiments of the Excelsior brigade, (the Seventy-first and Seventy-second New-York,) first reached the redan, the garrison of which ran precipitately, as the menacing line of fixed bayonets came sweeping along. Making a foothold in the parapet with their muskets, the brave fellows clambered up and simultaneously planted their colors on the rebel stronghold.

"Thirty rebels, unable to get away in time, were captured in the ditch. The total loss in this brilliant exploit, the very rapidity and daring of which astonished and paralyzed the rebels, did not exceed a hundred men, and secured us the possession of the bridge, across which a portion of Hancock's Corps immediately crossed, and held the bridge-head during the night."

Wright's Corps, crossing at Jericho's Ford, took position in rear of Warren. The enemy being swept from the line of the stream, Burnside's Corps, on the 25th, crossed over between Hancock and Warren. The Army of the Potomac now lay south of the North Anna, with the exception of Hancock's Corps, which was unable to cross, as the rebels

had burnt the bridge, when they found they could no longer hold it.

Grant now changed his base to Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, and a long, sad train, containing our wounded, was soon winding its way to that point. In the meantime, he pushed on his advance columns three miles toward the South Anna, which was found to be the real rebel line of defense—having evidently been selected, long ago, and strongly fortified.

For the last few days, the heat had been overpowering, and the troops were much exhausted; still there seemed no end to their labors. Wherever they moved, strong defenses sprung up in their faces, behind which the enemy mocked at their efforts to force him into a decisive engagement.

Lee lay here with his centre advanced, and his flanks thrown back, and strongly protected, hoping that Grant would dash his army against the intrenchments, as he did at Spottsylvania. But the latter, after a thorough reconnoissance of the position, was satisfied, he said, that it was stronger than any the enemy had hitherto taken up, and so, on the night of the 26th, he withdrew his army to the north bank of the North Anna, and again moved around Lee's right flank, crossing the Pamunkey at Hanover town. Sheridan, with Merritt's and Torbert's divisions of cavalry, cleared the advance for the Sixth Corps, which this time took the lead—Hancock bringing up the rear.

Some sharp fighting occurred before the Corps effected a lodgment on the opposite bank; and on the 28th, Sheridan had a severe cavalry engagement with Fitz-hugh Lee—driving him from the field. The whole army now rapidly crossed and advanced toward the Chickahominy. Grant, therefore, transferred his base from the Rappahannock to the White House, which had become a historic place to the Army of the Potomac.

In the meantime finding, as he said, Butler "hermetically sealed," at Bermuda Hundred, and that the position could be held with a less force than the one under him, he ordered W. F. Smith to join him with the Eighteenth Corps, by way of the White House. The troops were placed on transports, which, passing down the James, advanced up the York River to the White House, from which point, it was scarcely fifteen miles to the Army of the Potomac.

On Monday, the 30th, Grant pushed energetic reconnoissances, which showed the enemy to be in full force, in front; when Warren, on the left, made an effort to get possession of the Mechanicsville pike, but failed. Grant now determined to seize Cold Harbor, for the purpose of forcing the Chickahominy at that point, by carrying, if possible, the enemy's works between him and it.

On Tuesday night, Warren's Corps, holding the extreme right, was transferred to the left, where, the next day, it was joined by the Eighteenth Corps from the White House. The rest of the army came up this day, and a sharp conflict ensued for the position of Cold Harbor. We finally carried it, though with a loss of two thousand men. It was an important point to hold, for nearly all the roads leading out of Richmond converge here, as well as those coming from the White House. Hence, Lee made a great mistake in not securing it in advance, and holding it all hazards.

Grant now determined to give battle the next day; and Hancock's Corps which, after the withdrawal of Warren's, held the extreme right, was brought over to the extreme left, during the night. He had to fight his way into position, so that he was not ready to advance until afternoon. The attack was ordered to commence at five o'clock, but just before the hour arrived, the heavens grew black as night, and a heavy thunder cloud rapidly pushed its way across the sky. Its dark bosom was incessantly riven by lightning,

and the thunder boomed louder than artillery, above the waiting armies. The wind swept by in fierce gusts, bending the trees like wands, in its path, and everything betokened a wild and stormy evening. Soon the burdened clouds opened, and the rain came down in a perfect deluge, turning the fields into standing pools, and swelling the Chickahominy into a turbid flood.

The order for the attack had, therefore, to be countermanded, and the drenched army went into bivouac for the night. A new order was issued, fixing the attack at half-past four in the morning.

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

Hancock's Corps was on the extreme left, Wright's next, the Eighteenth, under Smith, next, then came Warren, and last, Burnside, holding the extreme right. The rebel army was drawn up in front of the Chickahominy, two lines deep, with a heavy skirmish line well advanced. It was irregular, in order to conform to the ridges, woods and swamps, over or across which it extended. Between the two armies, lay a low, swampy region, made worse by the thunder storm of the night before—and this was to be the battle-field.

The morning was dark and gloomy, and a gentle rain was falling, as the firm-set lines moved out from behind their breastworks, and began to advance over the field. The skirmish line pushing rapidly forward, soon encountered that of the enemy, and their sharp, irregular volleys awoke the morning echoes. The next minute the artillery opened, and from right to left, for miles along the Chickahominy, the deep reverberations rolled like heaven's own thunder of the night before.

The advance of that mighty host, as the long lines of glittering steel rose and fell along the uneven ground, was a

magnificent spectacle. Hancock, on the left, first came up to the enemy's works. Barlow, with four brigades, formed his extreme left; and this gallant Commander carried his troops for half a mile, through woods and over open spaces, under a heavy fire, square up to the rebel works.

These were the immortal brigades that made the gallant dash into the works at Spottsylvania, and here, enacting over again their heroic deeds, they sprung with a shout over the enemy's parapets, capturing the guns, colors, and several hundred prisoners. This was the key to the rebel position, and could this gallant charge have been properly supported, Lee's army, in all probability, would have been driven over the Chickahominy. The latter was aware of this, and had guarded well against such a catastrophe, for Barlow had not yet turned the captured guns upon him, when a heavy force, under Hill, was seen advancing to retrieve the disaster.

These bold brigades saw the approach of these overwhelming numbers without fear, but the position they had gained was so far in advance, that it was exposed to a deadly, enfilading fire from the rebel artillery, that now ploughed through them with awful havoc. Two of their leaders, Brooks and Byrnes, fell mortally wounded; other officers were fast disappearing; and shattered, rent, and bleeding, they, at length, fell back, bringing with them a part of their prisoners, but not the captured guns.

The whole of Hancock's Corps advanced simultaneously with Barlow's division, and came like it, upon the rebel works, and made desperate efforts to carry them. Deafening yells, rising from behind the hostile intrenchments, answered with shouts all along our lines—incessant explosions of artillery, and crashing volleys of musketry—the long, low sulphurous cloud hanging in the damp air above the combatants—the never-ceasing stream of the wounded, borne

back to the rear, made that summer morning one of gloom and terror to the beholder.

The Sixth Corps, under a desolating fire, swept the first line of rifle-pits, in its front, and with five batteries played furiously on the rebel position, but could make no serious impression on the main works. Warren and Burnside, on the right, suffered less than the rest of the army, especially the latter, who did little more than keep up a heavy artillery fire. The brunt of the battle was borne by Hancock's Corps, which, also, gained most of the advantage that was even temporarily secured.

The Army of the Potomac had again flung itself against the rebel works in vain, and rent and bleeding, fell back, though not to its original position. A lull came in the battle, and the anxious question asked by all was, "Will the assault be renewed?" Grant and Meade stood on a naked eminence in consultation; the latter, nervous and emphatic in his manner; the former, cool and imperturbable as ever, looking gravely, sternly on the embattled hosts and the ensanguined field.

Intervening woods hid much of the country, and, apparently, wishing to ascertain for himself the true condition of things, he called for his horse, and, mounting it, rode down to Hancock's head-quarters, and after consulting with him, went over to Wright's. All this time, occasional firing was heard along the lines, for they were still in close proximity, especially on the left—Barlow being on one side of a ridge, and the enemy on the other, not more than fifty yards apart.

The war correspondent of the *Times*, in speaking of the position of the lines, and their nearness to each other, at some points, relates the following singular incident, which we give in his own words.

"One portion of our line retained all day a position within

fifteen yards of the rebel works. This heroic band was the brigade of Colonel McKean, a brigade of Gibbon's division of Hancock's Corps, and numbering about eight hundred men. The conduct of these eight hundred, is as splendid a stroke of heroism as ever lit up the story of 'the glory we call Greece and the grandeur we call Rome.' Through the live-long day, these men held their line, within fifteen yards of the enemy, and all his forces could not dislodge them. Repeatedly, during the day, the rebels formed double columns of attack to come over the work and assail them, and the officers could be heard encouraging their troops, saying to them 'There are only four or five hundred of them—come on.' But the moment the rebels showed themselves above their parapet, a line of fire flashed out from behind the earthen mound, where those eight hundred heroes stood in a new Thermopylæ, and many a rebel threw up his arms and fell prone, under their swift avenging bullets.

"The sequel of this bit of history is as curious as the deed itself—for while the rebels dared not venture out to assail McKean's men, neither could he, nor his command, recede from the perilous position. He could not get back to us—we could not go forward to him. In this dilemma, the ingenious device was hit upon of running a 'sap,' or zig-zag trench, up from our line to his. In this way, a working party were able to dig up to where they lay, begrimed with powder and worn down with fatigue, and a few hours ago they were brought safely away—'all that was left of them, left of six hundred!' But McKean, their gallant leader, he came not away alive. Since eleven in the morning, he had lain behind the bulwark his valor defended—a corpse. While preparing to resist a rebel assault, he fell, pierced by the bullet of a sharp-shooter, and, after living for an hour or two, in an agonizing death-in-life, begging his staff-officers to put an end to his misery, his

heroic soul forsook the turmoil of this weary, warring world."

The two armies remained in this relative position, all day, neither making any decided demonstration. But, just after dark, the rebels came down on Hancock's Corps in one of their tremendous charges. Our brave troops, however, had moved too often on formidable works, without flinching, to be driven from behind their own intrenchments, by any force; and as the dark mass became well defined in the grey gloom, they poured in volley after volley of musketry, with a coolness and precision, that made the hostile lines melt away as though swallowed up by the night, while the deadly batteries tore huge gaps through the dim formations.

The assault, however, was a most gallant one, and the great openings made in the ranks were closed up with steadiness and a noble devotion; and they pressed forward until they reached the breastworks, and poured their fire over the very parapets—some even getting upon them, but only to fall dead before the terrible fire that met them. Their shouts of defiance rung over the din of battle, and the order "*Forward, FORWARD,*" rose steady and strong through the darkness, but all their efforts to carry the intrenchments were vain. Our troops had been compelled again and again to attack the enemy behind their breastworks, and been repulsed, and now they had their revenge, and hurled the assailants back with terrible slaughter.

This ended the battle of Cold Harbor, or, as it has been sometimes called, of Chickahominy. Grant had failed here as at Spottsylvania, and it was plain that he could not force the Chickahominy. It then became a serious question what the next move on this mighty chess-board would be.

The aspect of affairs here had materially changed since McClellan, two years before, attempted to move on Richmond from the same point. *He* found no trouble in crossing

the Chickahominy; indeed, had but little difficulty in advancing two miles beyond it. But that campaign taught the rebels wisdom; and now strong works dotted the country in every direction, and for five miles out of Richmond, every available point was fortified.

It was very plain, therefore, that Richmond could not be taken in this direction, and but one of two courses remained for Grant to pursue—either to retrace his steps far enough to turn Lee's *left* flank, and so come down on Richmond from the north, or continue on as far as the James River, and join Butler.

The former course would cover Washington and save the Government from its former fears for its safety; but, in this case, the Fredericksburg railroad would be the line of communication, over which his supplies must pass, while the length of it would require an army to protect it.

Grant, therefore, resolved to keep on to the James. He, however, remained for more than a week in front of the rebel position, gradually working his way, with the spade, toward it, as though he intended another assault; but in the following paragraph he gives the true reason of his delay:—

“I therefore determined to continue to hold substantially the ground we then occupied, taking advantage of any favorable circumstances that might present themselves, until the cavalry could be sent to Charlottesville and Gordonsville, to effectually break up the railroad connection between Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley and Lynchburg; and when the cavalry got well off, to move the army to the south side of the James River, by the enemy's right flank, where I felt I could cut off all his sources of supply, except by the canal.”

To withdraw such a vast army from the immediate front of the enemy, was a dangerous undertaking; for it was hardly to be expected that it could be done unobserved

by him, and he would not fail in case of discovery to attack both in flank and rear.

Hitherto all of Grant's movements had been by his left flank, and made in the same way; at night, the Corps holding the extreme right would throw out a strong picket line in front, to cover its movements, and then fall back, and marching in rear of the army, take position on the extreme left. The next Corps would follow in the same manner, until, by this simple process, the army was advanced the entire length of its line, some eight or ten miles. But Grant was now not to advance his lines so as to lap the enemy's flank and threaten his rear, but, if possible, to swing loose entirely from him, and make a rapid march of fifty miles, with all his trains and artillery. To secure himself in case of attack, while doing this, he gradually concentrated his lines until, in front, they were scarcely more than four miles long. This, consequently, forced the several Corps back, until the army assumed the form of a square, in its main outline; all along the sides of which, and beyond, strong earth-works were thrown up to protect the flanks.

Having completed all his preparations, and Sheridan, with his cavalry, being off, he, on the night of the 12th, silently withdrew from the enemy's front. Wilson's cavalry and the Fifth Corps crossed the Chickahominy, at Long Bridge, and proceeded to the White Oak Swamp, to cover the crossing of the rest of the troops. The Eighteenth Corps, in the meantime, marched back to the White House and again embarked in the transports for Bermuda Hundred.

With such secrecy and dispatch did the Army of the Potomac move away, that its departure was not known by Lee till next morning, when it was miles away. It marched below the White Oak Swamp instead of through it as it did under McClellan and by different roads stretched forward toward the James River. Meade, to whom was intrusted

the management of the army, in this delicate movement, evinced the highest skill, and everything went on with the precision and regularity of machinery. There was some skirmishing on the way, but none serious enough to check the onward movement; and the grand army swept steadily and swiftly forward and crossed the James River without molestation. This probably would hardly have happened, if Lee had been aware of Grant's plan; but supposing his design was to advance on Richmond by the way of Malvern Hill, he disposed his forces to meet this imaginary movement.

Two days before Grant broke up his camps at Cold Harbor, a demonstration was made against Petersburg by Kautz's cavalry, and an infantry force under Gillmore. The cavalry penetrated beyond the outer works, but not being supported by the infantry, was compelled to retire. Gillmore thought the works too strong to be carried by assault, and, hence, did not make the attempt, for which he was much blamed.

Grant having deceived Lee, as to his intentions, determined to capture Petersburg before the latter could throw reinforcements into it; and hence, before the army was over the river, planned an assault upon it. As the failure of this well-laid plan, on the success of which everything, for the time, depended, has been the cause of much dispute, we let General Grant give his own account of it. He says:—

“After the crossing had commenced, I proceeded by a steamer to Bermuda Hundred, to give the necessary orders for the immediate capture of Petersburg.

“The instructions to General Butler were verbal, and were for him to send General Smith immediately, that night, with all the troops he could give him without sacrificing the position he then held. I told him that I would return at once to the Army of the Potomac, hasten its crossing, and

throw it forward to Petersburg, by divisions, as rapidly as it could be done; that we could reinforce our armies more rapidly there than the enemy could bring troops against us. General Smith got off as directed, and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg, before daylight next morning, but, for some reason, that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his command only, he made the assault, and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg, from the Appomattox River, for a distance of two and a half miles, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery, and three hundred prisoners. This was about seven o'clock, p. m. Between the lines thus captured and Petersburg, there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear—the moon shining brightly—and favorable to further operations. General Hancock, with two divisions of the Second Corps, reached General Smith just after dark, and offered the service of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named Commander, who he naturally supposed knew best the position of affairs, and what to do with the troops. But, instead of taking these troops, and pushing at once into Petersburg, he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured works, which was done before midnight.

“By the time I arrived the next morning, the enemy was in force. An attack was ordered to be made at six o'clock that evening, by the troops under Smith, and the Second and Ninth Corps. It required until that time for the Ninth Corps to get up and into position. The attack was made as ordered, and the fighting continued, with but little intermission, until six o'clock the next morning, and resulted in our carrying the advance and some of the main works of the

enemy to the right (our left) of those previously captured by General Smith, several pieces of artillery, and over four hundred prisoners."

It seems that this sudden victory was gained by the skirmish line alone, which, at a single bound, captured thirteen redoubts, sixteen guns and several colors, with three or four hundred prisoners. The colored troops took three of the redoubts, and six of the guns.

As soon as Lee was made aware of the danger threatening Petersburg, he had the garrison reinforced with the troops nearest it; in doing which, he weakened the force on the railroad in front of Butler. The latter informed of this, immediately sent out a few thousand men, under Terry, who succeeded in reaching the road, and tore up the track for three or four miles, but was in turn driven back by Longstreet's Corps.

For not holding this important road, gained thus a second time, Butler again receives the lash of the Lieutenant-General. He says:—

"As soon as I was apprised of the advantage thus gained, to retain it I ordered two divisions of the Sixth Corps, General Wright commanding, that were embarking at Wilcox's Landing, under orders for City Point, to report to General Butler, at Bermuda Hundred, of which General Butler was notified, and the importance of holding a position in advance of his present line, urged upon him.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, General Butler was forced back to the line the enemy had withdrawn from in the morning. General Wright, with his two divisions, joined General Butler on the forenoon of the 17th; the latter still holding, with a strong picket line, the enemy's works. But instead of putting these divisions into the enemy's works to hold them, he permitted them to halt and rest some distance in the rear of his own line. Between four and five o'clock in

the afternoon, the enemy attacked and drove in his pickets, and re-occupied his old line.

"On the night of the 20th, and morning of the 21st, a lodgment was effected by General Butler, with one brigade of infantry, on the north bank of the James, at Deep Bottom, and connected the pontoon bridge with Bermuda Hundred."

On Thursday, the assault was made on the rebel lines, and no permanent success gained. The next morning, Friday, at daylight, Burnside, with Miles' division of the Second Corps, made an attack on the right of the enemy's line, capturing three redoubts, and five hundred and fifty prisoners. The Second Corps was then thrown forward, and struggled nobly to gain the works, but failed.

On the right, Neill's division of the Sixth Corps, and Martindale's of the Eighteenth, pushed the enemy handsomely, for some distance, but gained no material advantage. We had lost, probably, six thousand men during these two days, which showed that the fighting had been very severe.

This was the condition of things when Grant arrived at the scene of action. The result thus far, of his grand *coup-de-main*, was most deplorable. Two lines, however, of the enemy's works had been captured, and so, on Saturday, he resolved to carry the third and last, by general assault. Three times during the day did the gallant battalions move steadily up in the face of a deadly fire, and were swept down by thousands, but each time failed to gain the coveted position.

Grant succeeded in occupying and holding a ridge that completely commanded Petersburg, into which he could hurl his shells, but the "Cockade City," as it was called, was of no consequence whatever, so long as the rebels held the heights beyond. The city lay in a hollow, with two ridges on either side, frowning with hostile batteries, and dark with

earth works. Hence, the place was commanded by both parties, and, therefore, could be occupied by neither till the strong works on one or the other side were carried.

It was now very plain that the campaign had ended for the present, and a second one, of siege operations chiefly, was to commence.

It must be confessed that the sum total of this frightful campaign, of a month and a half, was anything but satisfactory. As Grant said, no material advantage had been gained. Nearly a hundred thousand men had disappeared in its progress, and now, at the end of the long marches and bloody battles, he found himself twice as far from Richmond as he was when on the Chickahominy. The distance, however, was a small matter—the obstacles that intervened between him and the coveted prize were well-nigh insurmountable. Assault after assault, the determined character of which was attested by the ghastly piles of dead, had been made in vain, and that, too, while the works were incomplete and, comparatively, weakly garrisoned. But Lee's army was now well up, and, as at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, lay behind the strong works.

The prospect, at this time, was enough to discourage any heart less resolute than Grant's. He had failed, at the outset, in the effort to get a decisive battle out of Lee. That of the Wilderness was only a drawn one. He had been repulsed at Spottsylvania with terrible loss. The same calamity had overtaken him at Cold Harbor. Sigel had failed in the Shenandoah Valley. Butler had twice lamentably failed in front of Bermuda Hundred. Smith and Gillmore had both failed; and to crown the climax, his last grand assault had failed, and the anxious inquiry arose, "What is next to be done?" Besides all this, those who had, at the outset, condemned the campaign across the country, now pointed to the result as the fulfillment of their prophecies.

Some of the English papers called him the great butcher, and the rebel press tauntingly asked why he did not take his army by transports to the James, instead of dragging it through rivers of blood across the country. It was said, and truly, that he could have put his army where it now was, without the loss of a man, had he adopted McClellan's course. It was said, moreover, and with equal truth, that he had lost two to one of the enemy in this long and bloody march, and, sadder than all and incapable of contradiction, he had not won a single decisive battle, but on the contrary, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, had been repulsed in every attack.

This seemed a gloomy summing up of the campaign, and, at first sight, conclusive that it was wrong throughout. There could be, apparently, no dispute that he erred egregiously in not following McClellan's plan of operations against the rebel Capital. Yet, after events showed that such a conclusion was entirely false, and fully vindicated the wonderful sagacity and sound judgment of the Lieutenant-General. He was not responsible for the condition in which two years of mismanagement had placed things. When McClellan undertook the Peninsula campaign, Richmond, from Hanover to Petersburg, was poorly fortified, so that when threatened on this long line, the Confederate Government was compelled to call in all its troops for the defense of its Capital. Hence, McClellan's declaration that Washington was best defended at Richmond, was true.

But matters were now reversed—the rebels, admonished of their danger in this direction, had, for the last two years, been erecting elaborate defenses, and guarding every point, so that there could be no strategy that did not involve hard fighting and terrible losses. Besides, the strength of the works around Richmond enabled a comparatively small force to hold the place, so that a portion of the army could

operate against Washington, or threaten Maryland and Pennsylvania by way of the Shenandoah Valley. This was actually done, and, as we said, after events abundantly vindicated the wisdom of Grant's course.

Granting that we lost nearly one hundred thousand men, from May to July, and Lee but fifty thousand, yet Grant received reinforcements to the full amount of his losses, and sat down before Petersburg with an army as large, in fact larger than the one with which he crossed the Rapidan, so that he was as strong as though, at the outset, he had transferred his army by water to Petersburg. Notwithstanding this, Lee was able to hold his works and yet dispatch twenty thousand men, under Early, to ravage the Shenandoah Valley, thunder at the very gates of the Capital, and sever its great line of communication with the North—in short, spread such ruin and consternation that, though the Nineteenth Corps opportunely arrived from New Orleans, Grant was compelled to detach one of his own veteran Corps to the defense of Washington.

Now, if the fifty thousand men strewing the fields and crowding the hospitals, along the track of Lee's army, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, had been alive, to have swelled that twenty thousand, under Early, to seventy thousand men, what force would Grant have been compelled to send back to the National Capital? In other words, if twenty thousand rebels required the presence there of two Corps, how many Corps would seventy thousand men have required? The answer is very obvious. The whole army would have been recalled—the siege of Richmond raised, and the campaign have proved a failure.

Hence the course which Grant took was the only one that could bring success. True, it required frightful slaughter, but it was a saving of life in the end. Lee could not replenish his army as fast as we could ours.

Grant's perseverance in the course he marked out, was not, as many supposed, the result of obstinacy, but of sound judgment, which subsequent events fully confirmed. He had reduced Lee so that he could not dispatch sufficient troops up the Shenandoah Valley to make him loose his death-grip on Richmond, and had effected it in the only way possible.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIFFICULTIES OF GRANT'S POSITION—HIS PLAN TO SEVER THE COMMUNICATIONS OF RICHMOND—SHERIDAN'S EXPEDITION—HUNTER'S—AVERILL'S AND CROOK'S—THE ENEMY DEFEATED AT STAUNTON—HUNTER AT LYNCHBURG—HIS DISASTROUS RETREAT—THE ENEMY IN POSSESSION OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—WILSON'S EXPEDITION—DEFEAT OF THE SECOND AND SIXTH CORPS NEAR THE WELDON RAILROAD—A GLOOMY PROSPECT—OPERATIONS ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST—CAPTURE OF THE WATER WITCH—FEDERAL OFFICERS PLACED UNDER FIRE AT CHARLESTON—MR. LINCOLN RENOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT—OPENING OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

THE problem now left for Grant to solve, was one of the most difficult ever presented to a Commander. As before remarked, every part of his great plan had failed, except the killing of a certain number of the enemy. Getting his army on the James was not accomplishing anything of moment, because it could have been placed there at any time by transports. Richmond was neither invested, nor even approached—at least, it was no nearer than Butler's Army of the James, as it was called, had been to it for a long time. To dig his way from five to twelve miles to the rebel Capital, was a process too long to be attempted until every other measure had failed.

In carrying out his siege operations, therefore, it was plain that the first step to be taken was to sever the communications which united Richmond with the other parts of the Confederacy.

The Peninsula was in our possession, but this only shut the rebel Capital off from the sea. There were four channels of communication, with the interior, which Grant did not

control. First, the railroad to Fredericksburg, connected with which was the railroad to Gordonsville, running south to the James River. Second, the James River canal, running along the James River, which, though but little spoken of by the Northern press, was the great channel for the transportation of provisions of all kinds to Richmond. Third, the railroad running south-west to Danville. Fourth, the Weldon railroad running directly south.

So long as any one of these channels of communication was left open, Richmond could not be regarded as invested; hence it was necessary that they all should be severed. This was the herculean task which Grant had assigned himself. To have captured Petersburg, and thus hold the Weldon road, and be in striking distance of the South-side road connecting with the Danville road, would have simplified it much. But the failure to do this, complicated matters greatly, and increased the magnitude of the work before him.

If he had succeeded, as he anticipated, in getting possession of the communications south of Richmond, and holding them by his army, the failure to destroy the other lines would not have been so disastrous—but he failed in every direction. Sheridan, whom he had sent off, before he left Cold Harbor, failed to accomplish the object of his expedition; while Hunter, in the moment of victory, and just as he seemed about to seize Lynchburg, had to flee over the mountains. Hence, new expeditions had to be started, and other efforts made to carry out the great plan.

As before remarked, Sheridan started off a few days previous to the evacuation of Cold Harbor, to break up the Virginia Central railroad—the first of the channels of communication above mentioned—and, if possible, co-operate with Hunter, in the neighborhood of Lynchburg. He crossed the Pamunkey on the 7th and meeting with no resistance, moved rapidly forward, and on the 10th crossed the North Anna,

and encamped at Buck Child's, about three miles from the Trevillian Station.

His intention was, he says, "To break the railroad at this station, march through Mechanicsville, cut the Gordonsville and Charlottesville railroad, near Lyndsay's House, and then to march on Charlottesville; but, on our arrival at Buck Child's, I found the enemy's cavalry in my immediate front.

"On the morning of the 11th, General Torbert, with his division, and Colonel Gregg, of General Gregg's division, attacked the enemy. After an obstinate contest they drove him from successive lines of breastworks, through an almost impassable forest, back on Trevillian Station.

"In the meantime, General Curtis was ordered, with his brigade, to proceed by a country road so as to reach the station in the rear of the enemy's cavalry. On his arrival at this point, the enemy broke into a complete rout, leaving his dead, and nearly all his wounded, in our hands; also, twenty officers, five hundred men, and three hundred horses."

That night he encamped at Trevillian Station, and on the morning of the 12th, commenced destroying the railroad up to Louisa Court-House. He was occupied in this work until three o'clock in the afternoon. But the enemy, in the meantime, had not been idle, and Sheridan suddenly found himself confronted by a large force, protected by rifle-pits. He at once advanced to give battle, but a careful reconnoissance showed that the enemy's works were too strong to be carried by assault. On the right, however, the bugles sounded the charge, and a portion of his troops entered the works but were quickly driven out.

Night, at length, closed the contest. The next day trains of cars, bearing rebel reinforcements, came down to prevent the capture of Gordonsville, and Sheridan was compelled,

reluctantly, to wheel about and fall back toward the White House. Wade Hampton followed him, though at a respectful distance.

At the Pamunkey, the rebel leader made a detour and attacked Sheridan's trains at the White House, but Abercrombie, commanding there, maintained his ground until Sheridan came up, when the enemy was driven off. Resting his command here a short time, he started with all his trains and guns, for the James River, to join Grant.

Hampton followed, and attacked him on the Chickahominy, but without obtaining any advantage. On the 24th, near Charles City Court-House, he again attacked him, and made a desperate effort to capture his trains. A sharp contest followed, and the rear-guard was badly cut up; but Grant sending a brigade of infantry to Sheridan's relief, he was able to get off with all his guns and trains, though he lost some five hundred men. The next day he crossed the James, under cover of the gun-boats, and joined the main army.

The success of the expedition was very much magnified at the time, for, notwithstanding Sheridan beat the enemy in every encounter, it was a total failure as a part of Grant's great plan. Gordonsville was not reached, and the few miles of railroad destroyed were easily repaired, so that this line of communication remained to Lee. Butler's movement against the Richmond and Petersburg road, as we have seen, had failed, and Kautz's raid, on the Danville road, inflicted no permanent injury. Transient success, but ultimate failure, characterized, also, Hunter's expedition. When he was ordered to supersede Sigel, he hastened to Cedar Creek, where the demoralized army lay, and found two thousand of the troops without shoes, and one thousand without arms, they having thrown them away in their flight.

Re-organizing the command and receiving reinforcements,

he moved forward upon Staunton, and the day before Sheridan started on his raid with the intention of co-operating with him, had a severe battle with the rebels, under General Jones, and defeated him utterly, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners, and several guns. The next day, he was joined by Averill, who had been raiding in South-western Virginia, on the line of the Lynchburg and East Tennessee railroad. This Commander started simultaneously with Sheridan; one object of his expedition being to make a diversion in favor of General Crook, who was operating on the Virginia and East Tennessee road, and who succeeded in breaking it up and destroying a vast amount of stores.

Averill moving rapidly, from point to point, destroyed stores and trains, and spread terror and consternation on every side. He, at length, met Morgan with a force estimated at five thousand men, at Cave Mountain Gap, five miles from Wytheville.

The rebels were strongly intrenched, and it was evident that their position could not be forced.

"Scarcely had the rebels, thus impreguably ensconced, been revealed in front, ere two heavy lines of skirmishers, strongly supported, were discovered rapidly advancing, and in splendid style, over a clearing, and upon our right flank. The two discoveries were almost simultaneous. General Averill at once took in the perilous situation; to retreat was ruin, to advance certain destruction, to surrender was never thought of. Nothing was to be done but to hold his ground, make desperate, stubborn resistance, and during it to await the cover of the night.

"The gallant Colonel Schoonmaker, commanding the Second brigade, was, with the Fourteenth Pennsylvania and First Virginia, (mounted,) hurriedly thrown out across to the right of the road on a rise, there to meet the approaching columns, which they nobly did, receiving the fire of the

enemy—presenting a front of twice their own—at close range, and returning it so rapidly, and with such deadly effect, that repeated attempts to charge upon them failed. Colonel Schoonmaker made no attempt to advance, but held his position under a constant fire for one hour, when, upon a threatened flank movement on his right, by the rebel cavalry, General Averill ordered him to fall back across the road, and on the right of the second column, which had been formed there, consisting of the Thirty-fourth Ohio and Second and Third Virginia, all dismounted, under the command of Brigadier-General Duffie. He had suffered considerably, and was compelled to leave his dead and badly wounded on the line where they had fallen. The movement was made leisurely, and in excellent order. It was greeted with exultant shouts by the rebels, who pressed rapidly forward as far as the abandoned line, but the now united columns, presenting a solid and unflinching front, delivered with rapidity and withering precision a fire which prevented further advance, and temporarily staggered into confusion the opposing ranks.

“From the outset of the fight, both columns, while holding in check the vastly superior force in front, were subjected, at easy musketry range, to the cross-fire of the infantry and artillery at the Gap. The terrible position of General Averill’s command, no description can convey the correct idea of. They were on a cleared section with a force double their own to the left, and another double their own to the front, with no cover of hills or woods to fall back to, and with but the one thing to do—to maintain their position under the heavy and continuous fire of shot and shell. The gallantry of General Averill and his Staff shone conspicuously during the terrific ordeal, as did that of every officer and man in his command. Not one was seen to falter. The Second Virginia, on the left of the second column, and in

close range of the Gap, constantly under murderous fire, extorted the admiration of the enemy, and won that of its own command by its splendid conduct. It was firm as a rock; every movement was executed with the ease and precision of a dress-parade, and the moral effect of its splendid bearing infused the strength of another regiment. On the field, as in general orders, it received from General Averill the warmest praise.

“General Averill was constantly at the front of the first column, and on its falling back, at the front of the command, encouraging and stimulating it to the noble heroism displayed by his own fearless exposure and dauntless courage. About midway of the fight, he was struck in the middle of the forehead by a musket ball, which, glancing, passed off over the left eye, inflicting a deep wound; with the blood flowing profusely, his face undistinguishable from gore, he continued in his saddle until, by weakness, he was compelled to retire to the rear. Here the blood was staunched, the wound dressed, and, after a few moments’ rest, he was again in the saddle and at the front, there remaining until the close of the fight.”

When night closed the contest, Averill withdrew, leaving his dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

“When Walker Mountain was reached, it was found that there was but a bridle-path over it, and the wearied men dismounting, dragged themselves and their jaded horses up the steep ascent. The advance reached the top at midnight, and here the guide irrecoverably lost his way. To continue in the pitchy darkness was impossible. The order was given to halt, and the worn-out men and horses, stretched in single file from base to summit, on the precipitous, rocky mountain’s side, lay down to rest.

“Singularly enough, yet confirmatory of the terrible punishment the enemy had received, they were not disturbed,

and at daylight were on the march again. The mountain was passed, and a forced march made, during the day, of thirty-two miles, to Dublin. Here was a sad disappointment, for, though the good work of destruction which General Crook had done, was seen, yet he was not met. Remaining over night, an early march was made of seven miles to New River; it was greatly swollen, but was crossed with the loss of two men, four horses, and destruction of all the ammunition, and ten miles further on, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad was struck at Christiansburg. Some scattering rebel forces were found here, but were charged on and driven through and beyond the town, giving no after trouble.

"The depot here, stored with large amounts of flour, bacon and forage, was burned, the telegraph office instrument and wires destroyed, the railroad torn up and the rails rendered useless, and the bridge, two miles below, burned. Two field-pieces were captured in the village. The command occupied the town over night, moving nineteen miles to Gap Mountain the next morning, where fifteen hundred rebels, under Colonel (or General) W. E. Jackson, were found strongly posted in a gap, and strengthened by two pieces of artillery.

"General Averill's command was now entirely without ammunition. What little was left, after the battle at Cave Mountain, had been destroyed while crossing New River. A fight, therefore, was hopeless. So, by a strategic and hasty movement, he turned the enemy's left flank, seeking a bridle-path over the mountain, and thence to Sinking Creek Valley, twelve miles distant; Jackson making no pursuit. On the next day, the 14th, he pushed on twenty-nine miles toward Union, and, within five miles thereof, fell in with the rear-guard of General Crook's command. It was a gladdening sight and hailed vociferously."

The two commands now joined Hunter. The latter, after

the battle near Staunton, occupied the town. Destroying here a vast amount of property, he advanced with his force, now about seventeen thousand strong, to Lexington, which was held by McCausland. The latter finding himself threatened in flank and rear, evacuated the place, and Hunter marched in and sat down, to wait the arrival of Sheridan from Gordonsville, which point, we have seen, he was unable to reach.

Receiving no tidings from him, he moved forward toward Lynchburg, the grand end of his expedition. If he could reach and hold this place, one very important part of Grant's plan would be carried out, and the supplies for Richmond sadly interfered with.

On his arrival before the town, he found it too strong to be carried by assault; but on the 18th, the very day the Army of the Potomac was moving against Petersburg, he made an attempt to capture it, but was repulsed. Sheridan having failed to destroy the Virginia Central road, Lee was able to transport troops rapidly from Richmond and its vicinity to the point of danger, and hurried off Ewell's Corps, with a part of Hill's and Breckenridge's command.

Hunter, at this time, was fifteen days' march from his base of supplies, and hence depended, for subsistence, on the country. Advised of the approach of this formidable force, he, on the 19th, commenced to retreat down the Valley. He had not proceeded far, however, when he found himself so closely pressed by the enemy that escape, in this direction, was hopeless. He, therefore, hastily abandoned a great part of his trains and guns, and struck across the mountains to Kanawha Valley, from whence he designed to return by the way of the Ohio River.

Thus, of course, Grant lost the use of these troops for several weeks. Hunter not only failed to accomplish the object of his expedition, but being compelled to flee over the

mountains, he left the Shenandoah Valley as defenseless as though his entire army had been captured.

The enemy, now between twenty and thirty thousand strong, marched down it, unopposed, sending consternation into Washington. The failure of Hunter was another sad blow to Grant, whom fate seemed determined to try to the uttermost. Though disappointed, he did not blame him as he did Butler, yet says:—

“Had General Hunter moved by way of Charlottesville, instead of Lexington, as his instructions contemplated, he would have been in a position to have covered the Shenandoah Valley against the enemy, should the force he met have seemed to endanger it. If it did not, he would have been within easy distance of the James River canal, on the main line of communication between Lynchburg and the force sent for its defense. I have never taken exception to the operations of General Hunter, and I am not now disposed to find fault with him, for I have no doubt he acted within what he conceived to be the spirit of his instructions and the interests of the service. The promptitude of his movements and his gallantry should entitle him to the commendation of his country.”

The effort, by Sheridan and Hunter, to destroy, permanently, the enemy's communications, north and west, having failed, it was hoped that success would crown Grant's measures to sever those farther south. While the latter was fleeing over the mountains to the Kanawha Valley, a strong cavalry expedition was sent out against the Weldon and Danville railroad—the success and result of which, Grant sums up in a few words. He says:—

“On the 22nd, General Wilson, with his own division of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and General Kautz's division of cavalry of the Army of the James, moved against the enemy's railroads south of Richmond. Striking the

Weldon railroad, at Ream's Station, destroying the depot and several miles of the road and the South-side road—about fifteen miles from Petersburg, to near Nottoway Station, where he met and defeated a force of the enemy's cavalry; he reached Burksville Station, on the afternoon of the 23d, and from there destroyed the Danville railroad to Roanoke bridge, a distance of twenty-five miles, where he found the enemy in force, and in a position from which he could not dislodge him. He then commenced his return march, and on the 28th met the enemy's cavalry in force at the Weldon railroad crossing of Stony Creek, where he had a severe but not decisive engagement. Thence he made a detour from his left, with a view of reaching Ream's Station, (supposing it to be in our possession.) At this place he was met by the enemy's cavalry supported by infantry, and forced to retire with the loss of his artillery and trains. In this last encounter, General Kautz, with a part of his command, became separated, and made his way into our lines. General Wilson, with the remainder of his force, succeeded in crossing the Nottoway River, and coming in safely on our left and rear. The damage to the enemy, in this expedition, more than compensated for the losses sustained by us. It severed all connection by railroad, with Richmond, for several weeks."

It is possible that the damage sustained by the enemy would "compensate" for our loss, though we apprehend that, on a careful estimate, the balance remaining in our favor would be hardly worth mentioning. The evil done was soon remedied, and Grant learned what Sherman found out at Atlanta, that the breaking up of railroads, by cavalry, inflicted only temporary inconvenience. They must be *held* to be of permanent service.

A more serious movement was made at this time against the Weldon railroad, by the Second Corps and Griffin's divis-

ion of the Fifth, with this latter Corps itself in reserve. The Second Corps moved to the left, on Monday night, and the next day, the 22nd, marched rapidly southward until it came upon the enemy at the Jerusalem plank road. An engagement followed, when the Corps fell back into position for the night. The Sixth Corps now came up and formed on its left, when a consultation was held between the Commanders, and it was resolved to attack the enemy at day-break next morning. There being some misunderstanding with regard to orders, the two Corps did not move forward in unison, but independent of each other.

Barlow, with his immortal brigades, dashed into the woods, in his front, and pressing on, soon opened a gap between his left and the right of the Sixth Corps. Having advanced far enough, he was about to intrench himself when he was startled by a heavy firing on his flank and rear. Hill moving up his Corps to check our advance perceived the fatal gap in our lines, and quick as thought, dashed into it—a whole division driving like a storm through it. Struck in flank, Barlow's division was rolled up like a piece of paper, and several hundred men taken prisoners. Mott's flank being now uncovered, he, also, was compelled to fall back with heavy loss. Gibbon's turn came next, and his whole line of intrenchments was carried, and the army seemed about to break in utter rout.

But Miles' reserve division coming up opportunely, Gibbon rallied his division on it, and the enemy being apparently exhausted by his own efforts, the two Corps were enabled to form a new line of battle. The order for the whole line to advance was then given, when the enemy slowly retreated. The army proceeded, however, but a short distance, when it halted and passed the night in intrenching, while the rebels intrenched on the other side of the railroad.

Our loss in this engagement was probably two thousand,

while four guns and several stand of colors were left in the enemy's hands.

On Thursday, Wright, having ascertained that the enemy was weak on the extreme left, sent three Vermont regiments to occupy the railroad there. Before they reached their destination, however, they were furiously attacked and driven in confusion back to the main body, losing many prisoners. Flushed with success, the rebels now came down with loud yells on our whole line, and compelled it to withdraw to the cover of breastworks.

For the balance of the month, nothing more was done at this point, and the two armies seemed once more at a deadlock.

Grant had now felt his way all around Richmond, but could find no entrance to the rebel Capital. Every expedition to sever its communications had succeeded in inflicting only temporary damage, and, to an ordinary observer, nothing more could be done. Not a gleam of success lightened the dismal prospect; and added to all, came the news that the enemy was thundering down the Shenandoah Valley. Nothing, however, could shake the iron resolution of Grant, and he cast about for some new mode of reaching the enemy, while his artillery kept pounding away on the rebel intrenchments.

While the month of June was thus closing without witnessing any material success to the Army of the Potomac, Sherman had met his first repulse at Kenesaw and was burying his dead in the mountains of Georgia. In other parts of the West, the enemy was active, and the country was infested with guerilla parties. Marmaduke was operating along the Mississippi, and Shelby on the Arkansas.

The defeat of Sturgis in Mississippi, with the loss of twelve guns—the surrender of Hobson at Cynthiana, with fifteen hundred men, and the raid of Morgan through Ken-

tucky, had no effect on Sherman's grand movement. The defeat of the latter at Mount Sterling, by Burbridge, reflected great credit on the latter.

Nothing, of especial interest, occurred along the Atlantic coast, during the month, except the capture of the Water Witch, by the rebels, and the placing of Federal officers under our own fire at Charleston.

The Water Witch, attached to the Fernandina, in Ossabaw Sound, was captured early on the morning of the 3rd of June. The night had been dark and squally, so that an object could not be seen twice the ship's length, except by the flashes of lightning. About two o'clock in the morning, the officer of the deck saw, by the uncertain light, a boat ahead, filled with men, and hailed it. The reply was, "Who the h--ll are you hailing?" followed by a volley of musketry. He immediately sprung his rattle, when from six other launches, which now swept out of the gloom, arose loud yells of defiance. The next moment, wrathful visages were seen, by the vivid flashes of lightning, peering over the railing, as the enemy climbed swiftly on board. Pendergrast, the Commander, was by this time on deck, and to his inquiry, "What is the matter," received the reply, "Rebels, rebels," from the rebels themselves. Instantly shouting, "Call all hands to repel boarders," "slip the chain and start the engine," he sprang to his state-room for his arms. When he reached the deck again, a motley crowd was struggling upon it, cursing and firing—the flashes of fire-arms and flashes of lightning mixing strangely in the turbulent scene.

Making his way to the hurricane-deck, he was struck by a cutlass and fell, for a moment, insensible. Recovering himself, he leaped upon the hurricane-deck, and rang the bell for the engineer to go ahead, hoping to swamp the boats alongside; but the engine made only a single revolution, and then stopped.

In the darkness and suddenness of the attack, no time was given to organize any resistance, and it was a short hand-to-hand fight. Most of the crew seemed paralyzed with fear, and made but feeble defense, and the rebels soon had entire possession of the vessel.

That a vessel, occupying the position she did, should be taken by surprise, argued, in the eyes of the Department, great criminality on the part of the Commander, and he had to bear the weight of its indignation.

The rebel Commander, in Charleston, indignant at our bombardment of the place, thought he would put a stop to it by placing fifty of our officers, some of them Major-Generals, in confinement, at a point reached by our fire. The following correspondence explains this diabolical act:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, }
 GEORGIA AND FLORIDA. }
 CHARLESTON, June 13, 1864. }

GENERAL:—Five Generals and forty-five Field Officers, of the United States Army, all of them prisoners of war, have been sent to the city for safe keeping. They have been turned over to Brigadier-General Ripley, commanding the First Military District of this department, who will see that they are provided with commodious quarters in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of whom are women and children.

It is proper, however, that I should inform you that it is a part of the city which has been for many months exposed, day and night, to the fire of your guns.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed,)

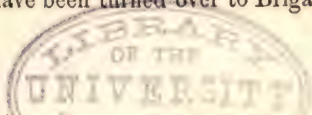
SAMUEL JONES, Major-General Commanding.”

Major-General J. G. FOSTER, Commanding United States Forces on coast of S. C., C. S.”

“HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH. }
 HILTON HEAD, S. C., June 16, 1864. }

Major-General SAMUEL JONES, Commanding Confederate Forces, Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida:—

GENERAL:—I have to acknowledge the receipt, this day, of your communication, of the 13th instant, informing me that five Generals and forty-five Field Officers, of the United States Army, prisoners of war, have been sent to Charleston for safe keeping; that they have been turned over to Brigadier-



General Ripley, with instructions to see that they are provided with quarters in a part of the city occupied by non-combatants, the majority of which latter, you state, are women and children. You add that you deem it proper to inform me that it is a part of the city which has been, for many months, exposed to the fire of our guns.

Many months since, Major-General Q. A. Gillmore, United States Army, notified General Beauregard, then commanding at Charleston, that the city would be bombarded. This notice was given that non-combatants might be removed, and thus women and children spared from harm. General Beauregard, in a communication to General Gillmore, dated August 22, 1863, informed him that the non-combatant population of Charleston would be removed with all possible celerity. That women and children have been since retained by you, in a part of the city which has been for many months exposed to fire, is a matter decided by your own sense of humanity.

I must, however, protest against your action, in thus placing defenseless prisoners of war in a position exposed to constant bombardment. It is an indefensible act of cruelty, and can be designed only to prevent a continuance of our fire upon Charleston. That city is a depot for military supplies. It contains not merely arsenals, but also foundries and factories for the manufacture of munitions of war. In its ship-yards, several armed iron-clads have already been completed, while others are still upon the stocks in course of construction. Its wharves and the banks of the rivers, on both sides of the city, are lined with batteries. To destroy these means of continuing the war is, therefore, our object and duty. You seek to defeat this effort, not by means known to honorable warfare, but by placing unarmed and defenseless prisoners under fire.

I have forwarded your communication to the President, with the request that he will place in my custody an equal number of prisoners, of the like grades, to be kept by me in positions exposed to the fire of your guns, so long as you continue the course stated in your communication.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed,)

J. G. FOSTER, Major-General Commanding."

Foster's request was complied with, and the rebels were soon glad to abandon this barbarous mode of carrying on war, and to propose an exchange of prisoners.

Outside of military operations, nothing caused so much excitement, this month, as the re-nomination of Mr. Lincoln by the Republican party, as the candidate for the Presidency, in the election to come off in the ensuing Fall.

The two great political parties were organizing for a political campaign which was to be almost as bitter and deadly as that which was carried on in the field.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUILDING AND FITTING OUT OF THE ALABAMA IN AN ENGLISH PORT—COMPLAINT BY OUR GOVERNMENT—THE TWO YEARS' CRUISE—RETURNS TO CHERBOURG, FRANCE—BLOCKADED BY WINSLOW—SEMMES CHALLENGES WINSLOW—MORNING OF THE COMBAT—SPECTATORS COMING DOWN FROM PARIS TO WITNESS IT—THE ALABAMA STEAMS OUT OF THE HARBOR—THE COMBAT—LUDICROUS BY-PLAY ON THE KEARSARGE—SUPERIOR FIRING OF THE FEDERAL SHIP—SURRENDER OF THE ALABAMA IN A SINKING STATE—PICKING UP OF THE CREW AND CAPTAIN BY THE ENGLISH YACHT DEERHOUND—THE DEERHOUND SAILS OFF WITH THE PRISONERS TO SOUTHAMPTON—SEMMES' REPORT OF THE FIGHT—HIS SLANDERS AND FALSEHOODS—THE TWO VESSELS COMPARED—DEFENSE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE ENGLISH YACHT—EXCITEMENT IN EUROPE OVER THE ENGAGEMENT—WINSLOW AND THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

BUT while the month of June was pregnant with such great events in our own borders, there occurred a sea-fight on the other side of the Atlantic, that will ever occupy a prominent place in our naval history. On Sunday, the 19th of June, the same Sabbath that followed the last grand assault on Petersburg, and while we were gathering up our wounded, and burying our dead, that fell in front of the rebel works, and while Sherman was lying at the base of Kenesaw Mountain, preparing to storm its impregnable defenses, the Kearsarge and Alabama were engaged in mortal combat, off the quiet port of Cherbourg, in France. The Alabama, with other vessels, had been built by private enterprise, in England, ostensibly for neutral powers, or commercial purposes, but, after clearing the English coast, took

in their armaments and crews, and hoisting the Confederate flag, preyed upon our commerce.

The Alabama was a powerful steamer, a swift sailer, and carrying guns of the heaviest kind. She had been a bold, successful cruiser for two years, though she had carefully avoided a contest with our war vessels, except in the single instance, when she attacked and sunk the Hatteras, which was no match for her, off Galveston harbor. Standing fearlessly along the track of our commerce, on the Atlantic, she had made the ocean lurid with the flames of burning merchantmen. Our fastest vessels had been sent in search of her, and the Vanderbilt had steamed half-way round the globe in the vain effort to capture her.

Down the coast of the Eastern Continent, around the Cape of Good Hope, into the Indian Ocean, she had proudly flaunted her hated flag, and destroyed our merchantmen. She with others, had well-nigh driven our ships from the ocean, so that our commerce was carried on almost entirely in foreign bottoms.

Her launch from an English dock-yard, had caused the most serious complaints to be made, by our Government, against Great Britain; such conduct being denounced as a breach of neutrality. The discussion of the question is not ended yet, and though the steamer lies at the bottom of the sea, she may, in the end, be the cause of the gravest difficulties between the two nations.

Unable to carry her prizes into any port, she plundered them of what she needed, sparing some, on the captains' giving bonds to pay a certain sum of money after the establishment of Southern independence, and burning the rest on the high seas. She had been the terror of our commerce, as far as the Indian Ocean, from which she had just returned and entered the port of Cherbourg for repairs. Captain Winslow, commanding the Kearsarge, had long been in search of her,

and the moment he heard of her arrival, set sail, and lay off the mouth of the harbor, for the purpose of following her to sea when she again left port, and forcing her to a combat.

On the 14th, Semmes sent Captain Winslow the following challenge:—

“CONFEDERATE STATES’ STEAMER ALABAMA, }
CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864. } ”

SIR—I hear that you were informed by the United States Consul that the Kearsarge was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the United States Consul that my intention is to fight the Kearsarge as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than till to-morrow evening, or after to-morrow morning, at the farthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient Servant,

R. SEMMES, Captain.

He very much mistook the Commander of the Kearsarge, if he supposed it was necessary to send a challenge to get a fight out of him. He had come to Cherbourg for no other purpose, and intended, by no means, to leave till he could follow the bold corsair out on the deep, and there sink him, or be sunk himself.

The Sabbath morning, of the 19th of June, broke in all the loveliness of early Summer over the rippling sea. A gentle breeze drifted lazily in from the ocean, and the sun, half shorn of his brightness, looked down through a hazy atmosphere, on the town and port, and revealed the Kearsarge gently swaying to the easy swell, as she lay three miles off the entrance, watching the movements of her antagonist. News of the expected fight had spread to Paris, and, in the morning, an excursion train came down from the French Capital loaded with passengers, eager to witness the combat. The boatmen of the port swarmed like hackmen around the terminus of the railway, offering the services of their boats to those who wished “to see a genuine naval battle,

that was to come off during the day." A photographer, with all his apparatus and materials, perched himself on a church tower, to take an impression of the contest. Spectators swarmed upon every spot, commanding a view of the harbor and sea beyond, while boats flew about in every direction as on a great holiday.

The bells of the churches of Cherbourg had not yet done pealing, when the rebel steamer cast off her fastenings and began to steam slowly out of port. Semmes had taken the precaution to send ashore sixty chronometers that he had taken from his prizes, his money, and bills of ransomed vessels; thus showing that he was fully aware of the desperate character of the conflict that awaited him. As the steamer slowly drifted past the end of the mole, crowded with human beings, a great shout rent the air, and "God speed you," rolled over the waters. The next moment the drums were heard beating to quarters.

The iron-plated frigate, *Couronne*, accompanied her to the limit of the French waters, while the English yacht, *Deerhound*, followed in her wake out to sea. This was about half-past ten, and Winslow, as soon as he descried his adversary approaching, turned his ship's head seaward, to avoid the question of jurisdiction, and to draw the *Alabama* so far off that, in case of being disabled, she could not get back into port, and thus escape capture. The *Alabama* followed after, till the former was about seven miles from shore, when Winslow turned short about, and steered straight for the privateer, intending to run her down. The latter immediately sheered off and slowed her engines, presenting her starboard battery to her enemy. While the *Kearsarge* was still a mile off, there suddenly came sharp puffs of smoke from the side of the *Alabama*, followed by the heavy, dull reports of the guns that rolled heavily away over the shuddering waters.

The ponderous shell and shot flew over the Kearsarge and cut up her rigging, but did no serious damage. Winslow made no reply, but ordered the engineer to put on more speed, and the gallant steamer rolled the foam away from her bows as she dashed silently forward to a close death-grapple with her antagonist. In two minutes came another broadside—and then another; yet not a gun of the Kearsarge replied. Coming head on to the rebel steamer as she lay with her broadside to, she was in great danger of being raked, and so when about a half a mile distant, Winslow sheered in order to bring his own broadside to bear—and the battle commenced.

The firing now was rapid and incessant, and the two guns of the Kearsarge, carrying eleven-inch shell, sent their ponderous missiles with terrible accuracy into the hull of the Alabama. Winslow, fearing that his antagonist might after a while make again for the shore, ordered a full head of steam on, with directions to run under the stern of the Alabama and rake her. Semmes, however, discovered his design and sheered off so as to keep his broadside bearing on his antagonist. Hence the two vessels kept moving in independent circles round a common, yet ever changing centre. Sailing at the rate of nearly eight miles an hour, they thus swung steadily around each other, wrapped in the smoke of their own guns—the Alabama getting deadly blows from the calm and accurate firing of the Kearsarge, while the latter received no material injury for nearly twenty minutes. At length a sixty-eight pound Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks, below the main rigging, and exploded on the quarter-deck, wounding three of the crew of the pivot gun, and among them a seaman named William Gowin, who, though suffering acutely, wore a smile on his face as he was brought to the surgeon. "It is all right," said he; "I am satisfied, for we are whip-

ping the Alabama;" adding "I willingly will lose my leg or life, if necessary."

In the meantime the fight went on, and as the heavy broadsides shook the deck, he would comfort his two wounded comrades by telling them that "victory was certain;" and as ever and anon the cheers of the guns' crews on deck were borne to his ears, as they saw a shot planted in a vital part of the Alabama, he would wave his hand over his head, and with a smile lighting his pallid features, give a faint, answering cheer. His heroic spirit kept in this buoyant state till long after the victory, and he passed away, reiterating again and again as the sands of life ran low, "I am willing to die, for we have won a glorious victory."

Winslow fought his ship as coolly as though engaged in a simple manœuvre, telling the officers not to let the men fire too rapidly, but take deliberate aim. "Point," said he, "the heavy guns below rather than above the water line, and sweep the decks with the lighter ones."

In addition to her regular and effective armament, the Kearsarge had a twelve-pounder boat-howitzer, which was totally useless in the fight. This was put in charge of two old quartermasters, "the two Dromios" of the ship, with orders not to fire until directed to do so. But those rollicking old salts had no idea of remaining idle while their messmates were stripped to such deadly work, and having, as they said, all the fun. So without waiting for orders, when the heavy guns began to thunder over the sea, they loaded and fired their solitary howitzer as though the fate of the combat depended on their activity. Though perfectly aware of the harmlessness of their shots, they peppered away with all the gravity of men in dead-earnest, pausing between each discharge to curse and swear at each other in the most approved man-of-war style. Standing thus apart and firing

their pop-gun in any direction with the most perfect gravity, and then pausing to abuse each other roundly, while the enemy's heavy shells were screaming and bursting above and around them, they made such an exceedingly ludicrous by-play, that the crew burst into peals of laughter. The officers, seeing in what excellent humor for cool fighting this farce kept the men, and amused at the mock earnestness and droll abusive language of these old weather-beaten favorites of the ship, did not interfere with them, and they kept on firing till they had exhausted the entire box of ammunition.

In the meantime the vessels, moving steadily in their respective circles, kept pouring in their heavy broadsides; the Alabama firing twice to the Kearsarge once; yet, so bad was her gunnery that out of over three hundred shots only twenty hit her antagonist, and only some fourteen of these pierced her hull—not killing a single man, and wounding but three. On the other hand, the slow and accurate firing of the Kearsarge told with terrible effect on the enemy. One shot alone killed and wounded eighteen men. Her two hundred pound shells, pierced the rebel ship at the water line, and bursting within, opened huge gaps, through which the water poured in torrents. The rudder of the latter was soon rendered useless, and by the time the vessels had made seven complete circles, report was made to Captain Semmes that his ship was sinking. He immediately hoisted sail, and ordered all steam on, hoping to be able to reach the French coast; but, finding the steamer fast settling in the water, he hauled down his colors and dispatched a boat to the Kearsarge to state that he had surrendered. In the meantime, he lowered the boats that had not been shot away, to receive the sick and wounded; but before all could be got off, the stern of the steamer sunk deep in the sea, lifting her bow into the air as though making a last effort to escape destruc-

tion,—her mainmast breaking short off in the struggle—and then with one heavy lurch she went to the bottom. The parted waves closed with a loud splash above her form, as with all her guns, and some of her brave defenders she disappeared from sight forever. Thus perished this terror of the seas, after a fight of only an hour and two minutes. Amid the foam that tossed above the spot where she went down, appeared a mass of human heads struggling for life, and among the strong swimmers was Captain Semmes himself. The Yacht Deerhound having now approached within hailing distance of the Kearsarge, Winslow begged the Commander to go to the assistance of the drowning men, as he had but two boats. The latter did so, picking up Semmes and many of the crew, and carried them, together with the officer who had surrendered the ship, to Southampton.

Semmes in his report, by implication, charges Capt. Winslow with inhumanity. He not only declares that he fired on him after he struck his flag, but says: "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after my ship went down. Ultimately, the steam yacht Deerhound, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. About this time the Kearsarge sent one, and then tardily another."

Now Mr. Lancaster, who was evidently hand and glove with the rebel Commander, contradicts this statement. His log book says, "At half past twelve, we observed the Alabama to be disabled, and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her, and in passing the Kearsarge were *requested to assist in saving the Alabama's crew.*" And again, in a published letter, he says, "when we passed the Kearsarge, the captain cried out, 'For God's sake do what you can to save them.'" It was unquestionably very morti-

fying to Semmes to lose his ship; but that is no reason why he should endeavor to slander a gallant opponent. Again he says, "the enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, and battery, and crew; but I did not know till the action was over that she was also iron-clad." This assertion is not borne out by the following figures:

| | <i>Alabama.</i> | <i>Kearsarge.</i> |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Length over all, | 220 feet, | 214 1-4 |
| Length on water line, | 210 " | 198 1-2 |
| Beam, | 32 " | 33 |
| Depth, | 17 " | 16 |
| Horse power—two engines, 300 each, | | 400 h. p. |
| Tonnage, | 1,150 | 1,031 |

Thus much as to the size and tonnage of the two ships.

The armament of the *Alabama* was one seven-inch rifle-gun; one eight-inch smooth bore sixty-eight pounder; six thirty-two pounders.

That of the *Kearsarge* was two eleven-inch smooth bores; one thirty pounder rifle; four thirty-two pounders.

It will be seen by these figures, that the *Alabama* was the larger ship, and had one more gun than the *Kearsarge*, although the weight of the latter's broadside was the greater. The simple truth is, two more equally matched ships could not well be found. The "iron plating," which Captain Semmes makes so much of was simply some spare chain cable hung over the sides of the vessel midships, and boxed over with planking. This had been done a year before, and was well known in every port where she had since touched. Semmes was also aware of it, for he spoke about it some days previous to the fight, saying, "that the chains were only attached together with rope-yarn, and would drop into the water when struck with the first shot." If

Capt. Semmes wishes his character as a fighter to be judged by his reputation as a man of veracity, we fear his capture and firing of helpless merchantmen will furnish his greatest laurels.

In speaking of the conduct of the Deerhound, Captain Winslow says: "I could not believe that the commander of that vessel could be guilty of so disgraceful an act as taking our prisoners off, and, therefore, took no means to prevent it." The act of Mr. Lancaster was so generally condemned on both sides of the water, that this gentleman deemed it incumbent on him to make a public defense.

He says, "I had the earnest request of Captain Winslow to rescue as many of the men as were in the water, as I could lay hold of, but that request was not *coupled with any stipulation to the effect that I should deliver up the rescued men to him as his prisoners*. If it had been, I should have declined the task, because I should have deemed it dishonorable—that is, inconsistent with my notions of honor—to lend my yacht and crew for the purpose of rescuing those brave men from drowning, only to hand them over to their enemies for imprisonment, ill-treatment, and, perhaps, execution."

Now, there are several things to be noticed in this curious portion of his defense. First, a falsehood in the expression of fear that they might be delivered over "to execution." The war had been going on for over two years, and our Government had, at the very outset, in the first capture of a privateer, decided that the crews of such vessels should be treated as prisoners of war. In the second place, we are called upon to admire this gentleman's peculiar "notions of honor," which would have prevented him from "rescuing those brave men" from death, to hand them over as "prisoners," to a nation, distinguished for its humane treatment of the captured.

One would think that a proper sense of "honor" would prompt a man to give the poor fellows, at least, the choice of being rescued, or of drowning. We are quite sure the spent swimmers did not take his view of the case, as they cried for help, and struck out toward the boats. His logic, however, is more peculiar than his "notions of honor," or his veracity. He says that Captain Winslow accompanied his request to help save the sinking crew, "*with no stipulation* to the effect that I should deliver up the rescued men to him as prisoners." That is to say, because Captain Winslow did not wait to draw up a contract that he should deliver into his hands men that had already given themselves up as prisoners of war, there was no obligation resting on him to do so. To see the full beauty of this logic, let us suppose it had been property, not prisoners of war, floating on the sea; and Captain Winslow had requested the Commander of the yacht to assist him in saving it. By Mr. Lancaster's code of morals, after he had loaded his vessel down with a choice assortment, he would have steered away for Southampton with his spoils, and when called to account for them, have replied that Captain Winslow made "no stipulation with me to deliver up his goods." His high notions of honor would have compelled him to keep them—in other words, turn thief because "no stipulation" was made that he should not be one.

After clearing himself, as he supposes, from all blame, by this extraordinary defense, he says, that "the hero's (Captain Winslow's) forbearance," for not bringing him to, with a shot, when making off with the prisoners, may be "imagined in the reflection that such a performance as that of Captain Wilkes, who dragged two 'enemies,' or 'rebels,' from an English ship, would not bear repetition." Our fear, on the contrary, is, that such conduct, on the part of a member of "The Royal Yacht Squadron," will not "bear repetition."

This novel engagement, in which such heavy metal was thrown, caused much excitement in Europe. That the Kearsarge, without ever coming nearer than a quarter of a mile of her antagonist—a vessel of war heavier, even, than herself—should sink her in one hour, was a warning to the English Admiralty which, it was urged, they had better not disregard. There was not an eleven-inch gun in the English navy, yet the Kearsarge had two of these, throwing metal of two hundred pounds weight. Said one writer in the English press:—

“When the Kearsarge was recently at Cork, the Commander of her Majesty’s ship, Hawke, was instructed by the Admiralty to report as to the construction and fitting up of the American cruiser, and more particularly as to her armament. He replied that the Kearsarge had no more effective guns than the ordinary sixty-eight pounder of the British navy. The Kearsarge is fitted up with a special contrivance for raising and lowering her great guns, so that they may be mounted on deck, or kept snugly below, as occasion requires.

“It is a curious speculation whether, when the Commander of the Hawke visited the vessel, a smart ‘Yankee trick’ was played upon him by this contrivance, or whether he made an actual blunder as to the armament.”

Captain Winslow paroled his prisoners, which brought on him the condemnation of the Navy Department. In one letter to him, Mr. Welles says that it is reported, in the English papers, that he “has paroled the foreign pirates captured in the Alabama,” and adds, “I trust you have not committed this error of judgment.” In another, he says, “in paroling the prisoners, however, you have committed a grave error.”

This is a fair specimen of the wise blunders constantly committed by our Navy Department; the head of which

changes with every Administration, and who receives his appointment without reference to his knowledge of naval matters, but solely on political grounds. A serious war with one of the great maritime nations of Europe, will work a change, we apprehend, in this respect, and give us, at least, something in the Navy to correspond with Lieutenant-General in the Army.

The following reply of Captain Winslow, exhibits the vast difference between theoretical and practical knowledge:—

“I beg the Department will consider the circumstances in which this vessel was placed at the termination of the action with the Alabama. The berth-deck, contracted as it is, with insufficient storage for our own men, was covered with bedding of the wounded, the quarter-deck was similarly crowded, and the forward part of the ship, on the spar-deck, was filled with prisoners under guard.

“The ship was damaged both in rigging and hull. A shot had entered the stern-post, raising the transom-frame, and binding the rudder so hard as to require four men at the helm. It was, therefore, important that an examination should be made of the damages sustained. On our arrival at Cherbourg, I received information from our Consul at London, that the Florida was in the Channel, on the French coast, and, at the same time, information came that the Yeddo was out, and the Rappahannock was expected to follow; and, in addition to this, that the St. Louis had sailed for Madeira.

“The Kearsarge had been acting alone and independently for the last nine months, and I was not aware that any of our cruisers had been ordered in the Channel. It became, therefore, in my mind, of the utmost importance that the Kearsarge should at once be put in a state to meet these vessels, and protect our commerce. This could not be done with prisoners on board equaling the half of our crew, and

the room occupied by the wounded taken to the exclusion of our own men; to have kept them would have required a quarter-watch as guards, and the ship would have been wholly ineffective, as a man-of-war, to meet this emergency which threatened.

"Under these circumstances, and without an American vessel in port by which any arrangement could be made for transshipping the prisoners outside, I felt it my duty to parole them."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. CHASE'S RESIGNATION—WANT OF A FINANCIAL SYSTEM—LOW STATE OF PUBLIC CREDIT WHEN HE ENTERED ON THE DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE—ESTIMATE OF EXPENDITURES FOR 1862—ISSUES OF FIVE-TWENTY BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES—FIRST LOAN MADE IN NEW YORK—LOAN TAKEN BY THE BANKS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND BOSTON—SALE OF BONDS, &C.—CUSTOMS TO BE PAID IN GOLD—SUSPENSION OF THE BANKS—STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES—PUBLIC DEBT AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR—OPENING OF THE YEAR 1863—AN EXCISE LAW RESOLVED UPON—RAISING OF MONEY IN THE MEANTIME—ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY—NATIONAL BANKING LAW—ITS EFFECT IN NEW YORK—GOLD BILL—STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR—PUBLIC DEBT—MR. FESSENDEN SUCCEEDS MR. CHASE—CONDITION OF THE TREASURY AND MEANS AT ITS DISPOSAL—PUBLIC DEBT WHEN HE RESIGNED IN MARCH, 1865.

OUTLINE OF OUR FINANCIAL HISTORY DURING THE WAR.

THE first day of the month of July, 1864, was signalized by an event in the political field, that caused almost as much sensation as the news of the proposed invasion of the rebels. This was the announcement of the resignation of Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury

In a war of the magnitude of the one in which we were engaged, the question of finance was really the vital one; for all knew that money would give out before men would. Mr. Chase had never perfected and carried out any financial system whatever; his system had been one of expedients, based on the assumption that the war was always just on the eve of closing, and that it was only necessary to raise money on the public credit to meet a present emergency. In short, the Government appeared, in the eyes of the world, very

much like a shaky railroad company, willing to mortgage its present property and future prospects, to get over present difficulties; or that of a heavy operator, who is willing to make any sacrifices, if he can only be tided over a dangerous crisis.

Still, in the new and unexpected condition of things, in which the Secretary of the Treasury found himself—the sudden and frightful call on the Government for money, and in our want of credit in the foreign market, it was hard to see what other course could be pursued. Fabulous sums were needed to carry on the gigantic war into which we had been forced, and there seemed no way to raise them except by the system of expedients which was adopted. The resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury, therefore, in the very crisis of our affairs, created a profound sensation, and various causes were assigned for it—some asserting that despair of meeting the enormous demands of the Government, was the motive—others, that personal disagreement with the President, in the matter of appointments; others, still, that he was a candidate for the Presidency, and could not support his successful rival; and still, others, that it was in consequence of the repeal of the “Gold Bill,” as it was called.

Although the present work was designed to be only a history of the more important military events of the war, yet a brief account of the financial measures, by which it was carried on, seems necessary to its completeness.

As the financial policy was not changed, on the resignation of Mr. Chase, and Mr. Fessenden, who succeeded him, simply completed what was already begun, a history of our finances, under the former, is the history of them during the war.

Some faint idea of the difficulties that beset Mr. Chase's path, at the outset, may be gathered from the fact, that in

the December previous to his inauguration into office, Howell Cobb, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, put into the market five million dollars of treasury notes, payable in one year, and received bids for only a half a million, at twelve per cent.

If such was the credit of the Government, and such the difficulty in raising a small sum of money when war was threatened, one can imagine the prospect before the new Secretary, when war, the end of which no one could see, had actually commenced, and when, according to his own estimate, not five millions of dollars, but three hundred and nineteen millions, would be needed the first year to meet the wants of the Government.

Congress, which adjourned the first week in August, 1861, passed an act authorizing him to borrow two hundred and fifty million dollars by the issue of bonds not to be redeemed for twenty years, and bearing a no greater interest than seven per cent.; also to issue fifty million dollars in seven and three-tenths per cent. treasury notes, payable in three years, and of United States notes without interest, and payable on demand. A direct tax of twenty million dollars was also ordered to be levied—while the customs were increased. Of this, one hundred and eighty million dollars were appropriated to the Army, thirty millions to the Navy, and three millions to purchase and hire vessels.

It was an easy matter to authorize the Secretary to borrow money by the issue of interest-bearing bonds, and treasury demand notes, but it was another thing to find lenders. If it had been a foreign war in which we were engaged, we could have borrowed an unlimited amount of money abroad; but, in a war, which, in the eyes of other nations would end in the total disruption of the Government, not a dollar could be obtained. It must be raised at home or not at all, and obviously, to obtain the enormous

sums that would be needed, the only course to be pursued was the one adopted by the Emperor of France,—viz.: make it a people's loan, by distributing it in small sums over the entire country. This could be done only through agencies established at every important point, to receive subscriptions. But it would take some time to get the machinery in complete working order and prepare the Seven and three-tenths treasury notes. In the meantime money was needed, and the Secretary therefore resorted to a temporary loan of five million dollars for sixty days, giving the Twenty-years' bonds as collateral security. This was taken up in a few hours in New York. He then visited the three great commercial cities on our Northern sea-board—Philadelphia, New York and Boston—and after a frank interview with the heavy capitalists, succeeded in getting the Banks to take fifty million dollars of the Seven-thirties at par; of which New York alone took more than two-thirds. It was left optional with the Banks to take two more issues to the same amount.

The various agencies established were very successful, so that thirty-eight millions of the fifty millions of dollars were taken up. The Banks then took the second issue of fifty million dollars, bearing date October 1st, 1861. In the meantime the demand notes, as they were called, were put in circulation, and a vast amount of State loans thrown upon the market, which so diverted the investment by the people in the treasury notes that the Banks refused to take the third issue of fifty million dollars, preferring the Twenty-years' six per cent. stock at a discount, that made it equivalent to a seven per cent. stock at par.

On the 1st of January, 1862, only a little over fifty million dollars of the treasury notes had been subscribed for, outside of the Banks, while twenty-four million dollars of demand notes had been issued, and fifty millions of Twenty-years' stock—though this sum had not been realized. Two

years' six per cent. notes to the amount of fourteen million, nineteen thousand, three hundred and forty dollars and sixty-six cents had also been issued, and nearly thirteen million dollars had been borrowed on sixty days six per cent. notes—making in all one hundred and ninety-seven million, two hundred and forty-two thousand, five hundred and eighty-eight dollars and fourteen cents.

The tax of twenty million dollars gave us no revenue. It was apportioned to the several States, but of course was collectable only in the loyal ones; and in most cases as the amount they had already furnished in equipping the national troops equaled the amount of the tax, they were given credit for it, so that the only effect of the tax was to pay a debt which might have been deferred. In the firm belief that the war would be a short one, the Government had expended its wealth with an extravagance never before witnessed in any nation, and which, if persisted in for any length of time, whatever other national resources we might possess, threatened to end the war by national bankruptcy.

In the beginning of the year 1862, fifty million dollars of paper money had been set afloat, redeemable in coin, and receivable for customs. Government stocks were at a discount, and in the general panic and upheaving, the Banks, utterly indifferent to the laws under which they had been organized, suspended specie payment, and yet went on doing business as before. The increase of the army, and the lavish expenditures had raised the expenses of the Government to about two million dollars per day; and yet the first step had not yet been struck toward putting down the rebellion. The Army of the Potomac lay in front of Washington—the Mississippi was closed nearly up to the Ohio, and the lines of the enemy, with scarcely a break, extended along the southern border of the Northern States from Missouri to the Atlantic.

The financial prospect under these circumstances was appalling, and the question, "Where is all the money needed, to come from?" was one which might well stagger any Secretary of the Treasury. Congress might authorize loans, but who would take them, unless they could see some certain method adopted by which the interest would be paid. Direct taxation to the amount needed was not to be thought of, for the Constitution required that a direct tax should be laid according to population, which, as between the Eastern and Western States would be grossly unjust. It was very plain to men familiar with the financial history of Governments, that we must fall back on some system of *internal* taxation. But the excise laws of England were odious to our people, and regarded as fit only for an oppressive Government, and hence the party in power feared to enact them, lest it should be overthrown in the next election. Besides, the perfection of a system of internal revenue required time, while the Government was in pressing need of money, for it was heavily in arrears, both to the army and to contractors.

Still hugging the miserable delusion that the war would be over in a few months, Congress cast about for some way to raise enough for immediate wants, thinking that if these were once met, the danger would be over, and then the Government could gather up the raveled ends of its financial schemes, and once more bring order out of chaos.

The only method of immediate relief, therefore, seemed to be the issue of paper money—the last desperate resort of Governments on the verge of bankruptcy. So in the last of February the Secretary was authorized to issue one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in notes, in such denominations as he chose, down to five dollars. But knowing that paper money depreciated just in proportion to the amount issued, Congress saw that the public loan would not be taken if the interest was payable in paper, for a seven per cent. stock

might actually turn out by this depreciation to be worth no more than an ordinary two or three per cent. stock, and it therefore enacted that the interest on the public debt should be paid in coin. This, of course furnished a strong inducement to invest in public securities, for the more paper depreciated the higher coin would go, and hence the higher the rate of interest would be. But the next question was, "Where shall the Government get this coin?" To go into the market and buy it, would stimulate speculation so that it could be obtained only at ruinous rates. It was therefore decreed that all customs should be paid in coin. This was in effect enacting over again the old protective tariff; for importers being compelled to go into market and buy their gold, its rise would be inevitable. Practically, therefore, the duties would be increased indefinitely, causing a corresponding rise in the price of goods. This of course would stimulate home manufacture. As from the embargo of 1812, and the protective tariff afterward, New England was made a manufacturing country, so now, by this practically high tariff all her machinery was set in full motion.

Another ingenious device was adopted for obtaining money for present use. The war had locked up a vast amount of wealth ordinarily invested in trade. But the holders, like every body else, believed the war was to be a short one, and therefore preferred that their capital should lie idle for a while, so that with peace it could be employed again in the more remunerative way of trade and commerce, than by being invested in Government securities at a fixed rate of interest. To get hold of this, the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to receive twenty-five million dollars on deposit to be paid on ten days' notice, and to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable in gold. The bait took, and the whole amount was so quickly taken, that Congress authorized the reception of one hundred mil-

lion dollars, interest payable in paper. Fruitful in all kinds of shifts, it also authorized the Secretary to issue certificates of indebtedness to the public creditors, bearing interest of six per cent.—at first payable in gold, but afterward in paper.

The Department had had for use during the year, two hundred and thirty-five million dollars—all but ten millions granted by the tariff law—being in seven and three-tenths three years' bonds, legal tender, and certificates of deposit. It had besides, one year six per cent. certificates to issue to any amount it chose.

The debt at the close of the fiscal year, as ascertained, was five hundred and fourteen million, two hundred and eleven thousand, three hundred and seventy-one dollars, while gold was at ten per cent. premium. There should be added to this, however, probably over a million dollars of arrears not yet audited. On this debt, twenty-two million dollars of interest in gold was to be paid. It had now become very evident that the war was not to be terminated speedily, and hence that these various expedients to raise money for present emergencies would not answer. No matter how unpopular a system of internal taxation might be for the party in power, it must be resorted to or the war be abandoned for want of means to carry it on. Congress therefore resolved to pass an excise law that should tax the entire industry of the country, and levy a tax on all incomes over six hundred dollars. We had taunted England with her oppressive taxation, saying that the poor man was taxed even for the light of heaven, and after his eyes had closed on that light forever, the very nails in his coffin were taxed, little dreaming that our boasted Republic would so soon follow her example.

But there was no help for it. Under this law stamp-du-

ties were to be paid on all transactions and legal demands, and a three per cent. tax on all manufactures.

Such a law was something entirely new to our legislators, and it required time to perfect it—besides, the income tax was not to be collected till June of 1863. In the meantime, money must be had, for the Secretary had estimated that the expenditures, for the fiscal year of 1863, would be six hundred and ninety-three million, three hundred and forty-six thousand, three hundred and twenty-one dollars, independent of the public debt of ninety-five million, two hundred and twelve thousand, four hundred and fifty-six dollars.

This, however, was an under-estimate, for the military necessity, which soon after required the calling out of six hundred thousand men, swelled these expenditures so that Congress, instead of making an appropriation to meet the Secretary's estimate of nearly seven hundred million dollars, made one of eight hundred and eighty-two million, two hundred and thirty-eight thousand, and eight hundred dollars. To raise this amount, it authorized the issue of five hundred million dollars of six per cent. stock, redeemable in five to twenty years, and also an issue of notes for one hundred million dollars, which could be exchanged at par for the stock, making in all seven hundred million dollars. To make up the balance, the Secretary was empowered to issue fractional notes, under a dollar, to any amount.

This, apparently, reckless issue of Government paper, created general distrust, and gold, which only reached, the year before at any one time, one hundred and thirty-six and one-half per cent., touched, this year, one hundred and seventy-two and one-half per cent. To keep up the public credit, it was ordered that the Five-twenty bonds should not be sold at less than market value, while the holders of Government notes were allowed to exchange them for the bonds at par.

When Congress again met, the debt was stated to amount to fourteen hundred million dollars, without computing the enormous arrears that could only be guessed at, and which somehow must be met. In the beginning of the actual year the Secretary was authorized to issue one hundred million dollars of paper money, in order to meet the present obligations of the Government. He now asked Congress to amend the law respecting the sale of the Five-twenty bonds, fixing July as the limit, beyond which Government notes could not be converted into them at par. A law was also passed authorizing five hundred million dollars six per cent. stock to be issued, redeemable within forty years, but not till after ten—also, the issue of four hundred million dollars of notes, as low as ten dollars, to be legal tenders, bearing six per cent. interest in paper, and redeemable in three years. To these were added one hundred and fifty million dollars more, into which the smaller interest-bearing notes could be converted.

The unbounded license given to the Secretary to issue fractional paper currency was now taken away, and the amount fixed at fifty million dollars.

This enormous issue of paper bewildered the public, and it seemed as though nothing short of a miracle could save the nation from hopeless bankruptcy. Abroad, there was not the slightest doubt that we were rushing headlong into financial ruin.

Another law was passed which caused great excitement, completely revolutionizing the whole banking system of the country. This was the NATIONAL BANKING LAW, authorizing Banks, in all the States, secured in Government stocks, to circulate notes redeemable in Government paper. This circulation was limited to three hundred millions of dollars, based on the same amount of Government securities. But there were already more Banks in the country than the wants

of the community required, and it was plain that these must be converted into National Banks, or be killed, or the system would fail of success. The change could be easily made, for it was only necessary to change the securities which they held into Government securities.

But many of the States preferred their own banking system, especially the great State of New York, which compelled its Banks, in the main, to be secured by the State stocks. It had so perfected its banking system, that should every Bank in the State fail, its notes would be redeemed dollar for dollar. Besides, by making its own stock the basis of banking, it enhanced the value of it, so that whenever it wished to make a loan, the Banks not only took all the stock with avidity, but the competition was so great to secure it, that it was always at a large premium—its six per cent. stock, having a long time to run, going, in some instances, as high as seventeen per cent. above par. Thus its banking system not only made loans easy, but caused them to be taken at a premium that materially lessened the interest. To change it, therefore, was to depreciate at once the value of its own securities. This depreciation would, also, cause a great loss to the Banks, for the stocks held by them could not bring, in the market, the prices they had paid for them. Hence, in every way the law was distasteful to the State.

To force the State Banks to change into National Banks, Congress passed a law taxing their notes ten per cent. As it had long ago been decided that Government securities were not taxable, the States could not retaliate by taxing the National Banks—at least, it was very questionable whether any State legislation could offset this discrimination against the State Banks, and so the latter gradually converted themselves into National Banks. This, of course,

required the absorption of a large amount of Government securities.

But, independent of its being a present benefit, this system, if let alone by new administrations, will be a lasting one, by giving us a uniform currency throughout the country; a desideratum acknowledged by every business man.

Under the agencies and commissions authorized by the Treasury Department, the sale of the Five-twenties went briskly on, and the Secretary extended the limit in order to dispose of the whole. The deposits on five per cent. certificates filled up the limit of one hundred millions of dollars, so that for the last three months of the fiscal year, ending with June, the Treasury was well supplied.

Gold fell nearly a half, goods went down, and in the very midst of our troubles, everything seemed about to revive. At its close the debt was one thousand and ninety-eight million, seven hundred and ninety-three thousand, one hundred and eighty-one dollars, without reckoning in the arrears, amounting probably to two hundred millions more. The interest on the funded debt was forty-two million, two hundred and seventy-eight thousand and two dollars, and seventy-three cents. Unfunded, one hundred and eighty millions of dollars.

At the beginning of the fiscal year of 1864, there were over four hundred and eleven million dollars of outstanding legal tender money. The constant forcing of paper issues on the market depreciated necessarily its value, and again raised the price of gold. Still the financial resources of the country had been developed in a manner that astonished the most hopeful, showing an amount of available wealth never dreamed of before. Our unparalleled prosperity for so many years had induced an extravagant, expensive mode of living, so that the extraction of these vast sums from the

people produced comparatively little suffering—it demanded only the practice of a wholesome economy.

The total revenue from all sources this fiscal year was one hundred and eleven million, three hundred and ninety-nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-six dollars. Added to this, we borrowed seven hundred and seventy-six million, six hundred and eighty-two thousand, three hundred and sixty-one dollars; making in all eight hundred and eighty-eight million, eighty-two thousand, one hundred and twenty-eight dollars with which to meet an expenditure of eight hundred and ninety-five million, seven hundred and ninety-six thousand, six hundred and thirty dollars. It was impossible to estimate very closely the expenditures of the year 1864, for the constant depreciation of paper brought up the price of every thing the Government would have to buy. It was plain that the taxes would not meet it, and therefore the Government must go on borrowing. The Secretary stopped in January the sale of the Five-twenty bonds. Having previously issued fifteen million dollars more of legal tender notes, he now, with the stoppage of the sale of these bonds issued one hundred and fifty million dollars more of these notes, bearing interest.

In the meantime, the amount of customs largely exceeded the estimate, so that after paying the interest on the public debt a surplus of gold was left, which by law was to be applied to the purchase of one per cent. of the public debt as a sinking fund.

This whole surplus was eventually sold in the market, and the premium obtained credited to the Government. It seemed a very discreditable thing for the Government to go into the market to speculate on its own depreciated paper, but the object was to bring down the price of gold, which speculators were forcing up to a ruinous rate. But the most remarkable effort to bring down the price of gold this year,

remarkable from the enormous *advance* it produced, was what was called the "Gold Bill." Congress having passed a resolution increasing the duties on imported goods fifty per cent., for sixty days, to take effect on the 28th of April, large entries of goods were made, which increased the demand for gold, and hence caused it to advance in price. To stop its farther advance, the "Gold Bill" was concocted, which forbade any one to sell exchange for specie at more than ten days time, and no where except over the counter of the individual banker. This law was odious not only as infringing on personal rights, but it crippled bankers, by making them afraid to act as their business relations required. It besides, exposed them to informers, who were ready to make complaints on any pretense, as half the fine would go to them. Moreover, the short term fixed by the law for which a contract for exchange might run, interfered sadly with the ordinary shipping business done in New York for the West. Fifteen or sixteen days were required to complete arrangements between even Chicago and New York, hence foreign exchanges were at a dead stand-still. If, for instance, certified checks could not be used, it was difficult to see how ordinary business could be carried on. It is true that the Solicitor of the Treasury finally gave it as his opinion that the Act did not require the "formal delivery of the notes in currency by the buyer to the seller," for the amount of gold or bullion purchased on the day in which the contract was made, but that a bona-fide check for the amount in United States notes or currency was valid payment, and also, that although the law "prohibits contracts for the purchase or sale and delivery of foreign exchange, except on conditions of immediate payment in full of the agreed price thereof on the day of delivery in United States notes, or national currency," yet, "that a payment for exchange in gold coin of the United States was a legal and

valid payment;" thus relieving bankers from their greatest fears. Still gold went steadily up, till at the close of the fiscal year it stood at *two hundred and ninety*. On the last day of the fiscal year this absurd bill was repealed, and the same day Mr. Chase resigned and Mr. Fessenden took his place.

The total receipts of this year, from receipts of customs, loans, taxes and every source, were two hundred and sixty million, six hundred and thirty-two thousand, seven hundred and fifty-seven dollars, while the expenses, and interest on this debt, amounted to eight hundred and sixty-five million, two hundred and thirty-four thousand and eighty-seven dollars. The revenue, therefore, fell short six hundred and four million, six hundred and one thousand, three hundred and seventy dollars of meeting the expenditures. This enormous balance was borrowed as we have seen, on bonds of various kinds, notes, certificates of indebtedness, fractional currency, &c., the whole amount so borrowed being seven hundred and thirty million, six hundred and forty two thousand, four hundred and ten dollars and ninety-seven cents; of which, one hundred and twelve million, five hundred and twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and twenty-six dollars and five cents were expended in repayment of the public debt, leaving over six hundred and eighteen millions to be applied to the expenditures. The receipts from customs this year, reached the large sum of one hundred and two million, three hundred and sixteen thousand, one hundred and fifty-three dollars, while the interest to be paid in coin was only fifty-three million, six hundred and eighty-five thousand, four hundred and twenty-one dollars, leaving over forty-eight and a half millions in gold in the public treasury, which, as we previously stated, was sold, and a premium of over nineteen million dollars obtained, and put down as miscellaneous receipts.

When, in 1864 Mr. Fessenden came into office, he found as we have seen, the Government paper worth only thirty-five cents on the dollar, with customs falling off. But the tax law had been revised and now promised to furnish a larger amount of money than before, while a five per cent. extra income tax was levied on the incomes of the year before, which of course would increase the amount of revenues. There were nearly nineteen million dollars in the Treasury, when he accepted the office of Secretary, while under laws previously passed, he had a right to borrow, first, thirty-two million, four hundred and fifty-nine thousand, seven hundred dollars—that portion of the seventy-five million dollars advertised before the close of the former fiscal year, and which had not been awarded to bidders—and also one hundred and twenty-seven million, six hundred and three thousand, five hundred and twenty dollars, the amount which had not been subscribed for, and paid under the Act of March 3d, 1864, besides four hundred million dollars under an Act passed the last day of the fiscal year. A little over sixty-two million dollars of treasury notes had been redeemed and canceled, which he had authority to replace, so that altogether the available resources in the hands of the new Secretary amounted to six hundred and forty-one million, one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, two hundred and thirteen dollars and seventy-one cents. Of course he could not do otherwise than follow on in the track of his predecessor.

Our bonds now began to sell abroad, which obviated very much the issue of legal tender notes.

Mr. Fessenden continued in office until March, 1865, when the war was drawing to a close, at which time the public debt was twenty-four hundred and twenty-three million, four hundred and thirty-seven thousand and one dollars.

It had increased at the rate of two and a half million dollars a day since he took charge of the Treasury Department.

From what revenues we are to establish a sinking fund to pay off this enormous debt, it does not yet appear. Of course when the tax for paying the interest, now levied on the North, shall be distributed in proper proportion over the South, the burden will be lightened; but this generation, we fear, will look in vain for any material diminution of the debt. Still, returning prosperity may develop resources of which we are now ignorant.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ALARM PRODUCED BY EARLY'S INVASION—SIGEL'S RETREAT—WEBER ABANDONS HARPER'S FERRY—THE PIRATE FLORIDA ON OUR COAST—THE REBELS CROSS THE POTOMAC AND OCCUPY HAGERSTOWN—HEGIRA OF THE PEOPLE—MILITIA CALLED OUT—GENERAL WALLACE GIVES BATTLE AT MONOCACY—RETREATS—ALARM IN BALTIMORE—RAILROAD CUT BETWEEN BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA—GENERAL FRANKLIN TAKEN PRISONER—GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S HOUSE BURNED—THE MAIN ARMY MOVES ON WASHINGTON—SKIRMISHING IN FRONT OF FORT STEVENS—ARRIVAL OF THE NINETEENTH AND SIXTH CORPS—THE REBELS RETREAT—PURSUIT BY WRIGHT—ESCAPE OF THE INVADERS—AVERILL AND CROOK AND DUFFIE ENGAGE A PORTION OF THE ENEMY—COMPELLED TO RETREAT ACROSS THE POTOMAC—THE REBEL MCCAUSLAND ADVANCES TO CHAMBERSBURG AND BURNS IT—ATTACKED IN HIS RETREAT AND HIS FORCES SCATTERED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—EARLY PREPARES TO REMAIN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—GRANT VISITS HUNTER—HIS LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS—SHERIDAN PUT IN HIS PLACE—POLITICAL EVENTS—FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND TROOPS CALLED FOR—PEACE NEGOTIATIONS—JACQUES AND KIRK—GREELEY, JEWETT, SANDERS AND OTHERS—"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN"—ABSURDITY OF THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the months of May and June, both West and East, had been crowded with events of a magnitude and national interest, hitherto unknown in our history, yet the month of July saw Washington in a state of excitement scarcely equaled since the disastrous battle of Bull Run in July, 1861; while in Maryland and Pennsylvania, the alarm and consternation of the year before, on the invasion of Lee, were repeated over again.

The disappearance of Hunter from the Valley of the Shenandoah, as before remarked, was the signal for a new invasion of Maryland. On the 2nd, it was announced that the

enemy was approaching Martinsburg, on his way to the Potomac. On the 3rd, Sigel, in command there, retreated across the river, at Shepardstown, with his immense trains, and Weber, in command of Harper's Ferry, also crossed over and occupied Maryland Heights. Frederick City was thrown into consternation, the public stores were removed, and the streets thronged with people bearing their goods with them, fleeing to a place of safety. On the 6th, Hagerstown was occupied by the enemy, who was found not to be on a mere raid, for his force was altogether too large for such a purpose. The roads were now thronged with refugees, some with vehicles of every kind pressed into service, to carry their little possessions toward Baltimore; others, on foot, driving their cattle before them—all filled with terror, and circulating the most extravagant reports of the number and blood-thirstiness of the enemy. The region around Hagerstown became depopulated, and a universal hegira of the inhabitants seemed about to take place.

There were no troops, or scarcely none, to oppose this sudden invasion. The enormous losses of Grant had caused him to call forward the troops in the neighborhood of Washington and Baltimore, even in the garrisons over the Potomac; and Early, for the time being, had a clear field. On the 6th, he moved a strong column toward Frederick City. General Wallace, with Rickett's division, and such troops as he could gather, most of them new and undisciplined, moved out from Baltimore to arrest his progress, and met him in force, on the Monocacy, near where the railroad bridge crosses it, and gave him battle. After a severe loss, Wallace was compelled to retreat.

In the meantime, the President had called on New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, for their quotas of militia, and the scenes of the Summer previous were enacted over again. Railroads and steamboats groaned under the weight

of troops hurrying on toward Washington, and it was feared by many that the consternation there would compel the President to demand the presence of Grant's army around the National Capital, and the war once more be transferred to the neighborhood of the Potomac.

The Mayor of Baltimore called on the citizens to man the fortifications, as the enemy was marching on the city. "Come as leagues, or come in military companies, only come in crowds, and come quickly," he said, and the drum and fife rang through the streets, to call out volunteers to meet the pressing danger. Fortunately, immediately after the failure of the Red River expedition, Grant had ordered home the Nineteenth Army Corps, which now began to arrive at Hampton Roads, and was immediately hurried on to Washington. Hunter, the Commander of the Shenandoah Department, with his army, being unavailable at present, Grant also dispatched the Sixth Army Corps, under Wright, to assist in repelling the invasion, and two divisions followed fast on the heels of the Nineteenth Corps.

Early having swept Wallace from his path, moved rapidly down on Washington, by the Washington and Frederick turnpike. In the meantime, a body of rebel cavalry, under Gillmore, pushed on toward Baltimore, and striking the railroad between that city and Philadelphia, captured a train, and setting it on fire, run it upon Gunpowder bridge, destroying for a time, direct communication between Washington and the North. Major-General Franklin, just from New Orleans, was on board, and being pointed out by a rebel sympathizer, was taken prisoner. He, however, afterward managed to escape while his guard were asleep. A rebel squad boldly pushed to the suburbs of Baltimore, and burned the house of Governor Bradford, in retaliation, they said, for the burning, by our forces, of the dwelling of Governor Letcher, of Virginia. Other detachments wandered hither and thither unmo-

lested, collecting forage and supplies for the army, and levying contributions on the inhabitants. The main army, however, which had grown, by popular rumor, from four or five thousand to forty thousand, pressed rapidly toward Washington, hoping to take it by surprise before the weakened garrisons could be reinforced. Five miles from the city and two miles from the fortifications, it drove in, on Sunday night, our pickets, and, next morning, the skirmishers were in rifle-shot of Fort Stevens, three miles from Georgetown. Firing continued here all the forenoon, and, by two o'clock, the sharpshooters, under cover of the houses, had advanced to within thirty or forty rods of the fort. During the afternoon, the main column arrived and showed a strong line in front of it. From appearances, it was conjectured that a general assault would take place next morning. The skirmishing had been heavy the latter part of the day, our loss reaching nearly three hundred. The Sixth happily arrived just in time to save the fort. The rebels, doubtless, learned of the sudden reinforcement of the garrison, by this veteran Corps, and that night retreated—their chief conquest being some papers taken from the residence of Francis P. Blair in the vicinity.

Grant understanding the exact condition of things, telegraphed to Washington to have General Wright placed in command of all the troops in the field, operating against the enemy, and directed him to move at once outside of his trenches, and “push Early to the last moment.”

With the retreat of the rebel army, the cavalry that had threatened Baltimore, and carried consternation even to Annapolis, began to fall back to the main body.

Although Wright pushed on after Early, the latter was able to cross the Potomac, near Poolesville, with his immense plunder—vast herds of cattle being not the least conspicuous figure in the moving caravan.

In the midst of these exciting events, came the startling news that the rebel privateer Florida was on our coast, and had captured five vessels. War vessels were immediately sent in pursuit of this daring cruiser, which seemed to vie in the boldness of his movements with the presumptuous invaders that were pressing up to the very gates of the Capital.

General Wright, in pursuing Early, whose force it was pretty well understood was about twenty thousand men, crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry and advanced toward Leesburg, where Rickett's division, which had parted from the corps, to aid Wallace, joined it. Four days after, a portion of Crook's cavalry, under Duffie, captured a part of the rebel trains near Snicker's Gap. Crook, with the main body, coming up, was repulsed, and the following day Duffie was roughly handled by Breckenridge, at Island Ford, on the Shenandoah, losing three hundred men. As the enemy moved on toward Winchester, Averill near this place had an engagement with a rebel division, defeating it with heavy loss and capturing four guns. Crook and Averill now joined their forces, and Early, finding himself closely pressed by this large body of cavalry, rapidly concentrated a large force, which on the 24th fell with such fury on the Union cavalry, that it was compelled with severe loss to retreat, and recrossed the Potomac, leaving the southern shore in possession of the rebels, from Williamsport to Shepardstown. The latter occupied Martinsburg, and again commenced to tear up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad track, which had suffered so severely in every advance of the rebels to the Potomac.

Hunter had now got back with his shattered army, and once more confronted his old enemy that chased him over the mountains from Lynchburg. On the 30th McCausland with a body of cavalry recrossed the Potomac, and, moving

rapidly upon Chambersburg, demanded a ransom of half a million of dollars from the inhabitants, which they refusing to pay, he fired the town, destroying a vast amount of property. Retreating toward Cumberland, the force was met and defeated by General Kelley, and scattered among the mountains of Western Virginia. The rebels now held the Shenandoah Valley, and evidently meant to hold it till the crops were harvested, for Early had made a requisition on the inhabitants for a large amount of grain.

Communications between Hunter, whose forces were concentrated on the Monocacy, and Grant at City Point, were very uncertain, and movements would often take place in the interim materially changing the aspect of affairs, so that orders given to day, might by the time they reached Hunter be such as Grant would not give. He, therefore, left City Point on the 4th to visit him, and see for himself what was best to be done. On reaching Hunter's head-quarters, and consulting with him, he gave him the following instructions:—

“MONOCACY BRIDGE, Md., August 5, 1864—8 P. M.

GENERAL:—Concentrate all your available force without delay in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, leaving only such railroad guards and garrisons for public property as may be necessary. Use, in this concentrating, the railroads, if by doing so time can be saved. From Harper's Ferry, if it is found that the enemy has moved north of the Potomac in large force, push north, following him and attacking him wherever found; follow him if driven south of the Potomac, as long as it is safe to do so. If it is ascertained that the enemy has but a small force north of the Potomac, then push south with the main force, detaching under a competent commander a sufficient force to look after the raiders, and drive them to their homes. In detaching such a force, the brigade of cavalry now *en route* from Washington *via* Rockville may be taken into account.

There are now on their way to join you three other brigades of the best cavalry, numbering at least five thousand men and horses. These will be instructed, in the absence of further orders, to join you on the south side of the Potomac. One brigade will probably start to-morrow. In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, where it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for the use of your command: such as cannot be consumed destroy. It is not desirable that the buildings should be destroyed—they should rather be protected—but the people should be

informed that so long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards.

Bear in mind the object is to drive the enemy south, and to do this you want to keep him always in sight. Be guided in your course by the course he takes.

Make your own arrangements for supplies of all kinds, giving regular vouchers for such as may be taken from loyal citizens in the country through which you march.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Major General D. HUNTER."

The troops were immediately put in motion, and the advance reached Halltown that night. Grant, however, had no intention of leaving Hunter in command of the Department. He felt that he needed a different kind of a man—one who would require no instructions, and no watching; and, though he speaks in as delicate a manner as possible of Hunter's removal, saying, that in "his conversation with him the latter expressed his willingness to be relieved from command," yet that conversation was evidently of a character to leave no room for choice, for two days before Grant left City Point, he sent on Sheridan to report to Halleck, for the sole purpose of taking Hunter's place. Carrying out this purpose, he immediately telegraphed to Washington to have Sheridan come on by the morning train, to assume command of all the forces designed to operate against Early. He arrived on the morning of the 8th, and had a consultation with the Lieutenant-General in relation to military matters in that section, after which the latter returned to City Point.

On the 11th, the Middle Department, the Departments of West Virginia, Washington, and Susquehanna were constituted into the "Middle Military Division," and Major General Sheridan was assigned to temporary command of the same, and the Shenandoah Valley, the scene of so many disasters was to enter on a new history.

The army around Petersburg this month, parched with heat, and suffering for want of water, lay comparatively quiet.

The month closed, however, with another desperate attempt to carry Petersburg by assault. A part of Butler's army had been thrown across the James River, on the north side, so that Grant's lines extended at this time over twenty miles. A strong fort crowned an eminence in front of Burnside's Corps, (the Ninth,) which it was thought, if once carried, would let the assaulting columns into the very heart of the enemy's works. It was, therefore, determined to undermine this and blow it up, and in the terror and confusion of the explosion, to charge through, and take the rebel works in flank and rear.

The mine that was to lift it, like an earthquake, from its firm foundations, was commenced at the distance of five hundred feet, in the sides of a ravine. It was said that the plan originated with Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, which was composed chiefly of miners.

A gallery like one leading to a coal mine, was constructed about four and a half feet high, and four feet wide, ending at a point directly under the fort, and twenty feet below it. When, as ascertained by actual scientific measurement, this subterranean arch-way got directly beneath the fort, two wings were sent out, to the right and left, extending under the entire structure. It was a work of great labor, but, in the latter part of the month, was finished, and eight tons of powder placed in the subterranean gallery to which was attached a fuse that led outside.

The plan was to have assaulting columns, which in the confusion of the explosion and under cover of a horrible fire of nearly a hundred pieces of artillery, would open simultaneous with the explosion, rush in and occupy a crest beyond, that completely commanded the enemy's defenses.

The 30th was fixed for the explosion of the mine. To give however a greater chance of success, Grant determined

to make a strong demonstration against the enemy, on the north side of the James, as though he contemplated an advance on Richmond in that direction, and thus draw off the rebel force from the real point of attack. In carrying out this plan, Grant says, "that on the night of the 26th of July, the Second Corps, and two divisions of the Cavalry Corps, and Kautz's cavalry, were crossed to the north bank of the James River, and joined the force General Butler had there. On the 27th, the enemy was driven from his intrenched position, with the loss of four pieces of artillery. On the 28th, our lines were extended from Deep Bottom to New Market road, but in getting this position were attacked by the enemy in heavy force. The fighting lasted for several hours, resulting in considerable loss to both sides. The first object of this move having failed, by reason of the very large force thrown there by the enemy, I determined to take advantage of the diversion made, by assaulting Petersburg before he could get his force back there. One division of the Second Corps was withdrawn on the night of the 28th, and moved during the night to the rear of the Eighteenth Corps, to relieve that Corps in the line, that it might be foot-loose in the assault to be made. The other two divisions of the Second Corps and Sheridan's cavalry were crossed over on the night of the 29th, and moved in front of Petersburg."

The 30th being, as before stated, fixed upon for the explosion of the mine, a little after midnight, on the 29th, the Ninth Corps, which was to make the assault, was drawn up and closely massed in front of it, to rush in the moment it took place. Half-past three o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed upon for lighting the train, and as it approached, the troops were greatly excited. But three o'clock passed, and all remained quiet as before. The waiting troops looked on each other in mute inquiry, and the gunners standing

beside their loaded pieces, wondered at the delay. The fuse had gone out in the gallery, and for an hour the mighty host watched and waited in vain. Daylight in the meantime had broadened in the East, revealing every object distinctly, and the rebel flag was seen waving listlessly above the unsuspecting garrison.

The fuse was now again lighted, and just as the sun burst in blazing splendor above the horizon, the explosion took place; but it being so deep underground, the heaving and trembling of the earth was felt before any sound was heard. The next moment, the fort rose into the air in fragments, and mingled with great clods of earth, guns, caissons and limbers, was seen a cloud of human forms tossing in the air. The mighty mass rose like the jet from some huge fountain, and when it reached its highest elevation, balanced a moment in space, and then fell back with a dull, heavy, thunder sound, in wreck to the earth.

A crater, a hundred feet long, and fifty feet wide, and twenty feet deep, appeared where the six-gun fort had been, over which hung a cloud of mingled dust and smoke like a great pall. The next moment, came the roar of a gun, and then another and another, till a hundred cannon along our line were playing upon the rebel batteries. The bugles rang out, the drums beat, and in dashed Ledlie's division—Marshall's brigade leading the advance. Though taken wholly by surprise, the rebels rallied with wonderful quickness, and in a short time, from right and left, their artillery was in full play on the storming party, that, with loud cheers, charged on a run over the intervening space. The Fourteenth New York heavy artillery first entered the gap, followed by Marshall's second brigade, which went pellmell into the smoking crater, from the bottom of which protruded half buried limbs and mangled bodies of men.

To the right and left, Hartranft's and Griffin's brigades

spread out, enveloping the flanking rifle-pits, and, for a moment, success seemed certain. But instead of pushing on, the troops began to dig out the wounded and the captured guns, and throw up breastworks to protect themselves from the enemy's shells. This gave the rebel gunners time to train their guns with fearful accuracy on the spot, and by the time the troops were re-formed and ready to push on, a fire awaited them, before which nothing human could stand. Still undaunted, the Corps in three divisions—Ledlie in the centre, Potter on the right, and Wilcox on the left—moved swiftly forward; Marshall again leading, followed close by the gallant Bartlett. They breasted the horrible fire until they reached the side of the coveted crest, when they halted. From every redoubt, salient, and earthwork, shot and shell and canister came in one ceaseless stream, and the shattered Corps, after swaying a moment in the vain effort to breast it, recoiled bleeding, to the crater they had just left. Ferrero's colored division was now sent in to do what white troops had failed to accomplish, but though they charged gallantly, it was madness to expect them to succeed where veteran soldiers, under such leaders as Griffin, Marshall, and Bartlett, failed. Recoiling, they only helped to swell the confusion, as they plunged headlong amid the ruins for shelter.

The enemy now concentrated his fire on this single spot, and swept the space in rear of it, so frightfully, that an orderly retreat over it was out of the question. Unable to advance, cooped up in the crater, over which swept an incessant storm of shot and shell, the position of the troops was most distressing. But little order could be maintained, and the men in squads began to flee back to our lines. About noon, a general retreat was ordered, but a portion preferred to remain in the fort, and left alone were soon after charged

upon and captured. Among the prisoners was General Bartlett, with most of his Staff.

Our loss in this fruitless assault, was about four thousand, while that of the enemy was not over fourteen hundred, two hundred of whom were supposed to have perished in the blowing up of the fort. The next day was a gloomy Sabbath, and we sent in a flag of truce to obtain permission to bury our dead, but, through some informality, it was not granted until next day.

The Army of the Potomac seemed doomed to useless butcheries, and this one, like others that preceded it, caused intense excitement throughout the country. The blame fell now on this Commander, and now on that, but Burnside had to bear the brunt of it, and in the end was relieved from his command to await an investigation. This ended his military career. It is not so easy to fix the blame on one person.

The great error, however, seems to have been the neglect to have the storming force consist of picked regiments and brigades from the whole army.

Along the coast but little was done. Farragut was getting ready for his grand attack on Mobile, while our batteries kept playing on Charleston. An attempt was made by our land forces and iron-clads to get possession of James Island, but failed.

In the political world, the chief events were the adjournment of Congress, after perfecting the income-tax bill, and the organization of the two great parties for the coming political campaign. Perhaps the most important event outside of operations in the field, was the proclamation of the President, calling for five hundred thousand additional troops. This requisition for half a million of men, right on the top of Grant's campaign, looked as if the war had only just begun, and filled the timid with alarm.

This call for troops, which we give below, shows no timidity on the part of the President, but if possible, a more fixed determination than ever to put down, at all cost, the wicked rebellion.

“WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, by the Act, approved July 4, 1864, entitled ‘An Act further to regulate and provide for the enrolling and calling out the National forces, and for other purposes,’ it is provided that the President of the United States may, at his discretion, at any time hereafter, call for any number of men as volunteers, for the respective terms of one, two, and three years, for military service, and ‘that in case the quota, or any part thereof, of any town, township, ward of a city, precinct, or election district, or of a county, not so subdivided, shall not be filled within the space of fifty days after such call, then the President shall immediately order a draft, for one year, to fill such quota, or any part thereof, which may be unfilled.’

AND WHEREAS, the new enrollment heretofore ordered is so far completed as that the afore-mentioned Act of Congress may now be put in operation for recruiting and keeping up the strength of the armies in the field, for garrisons and such military operations as may be required for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the United States Government in the insurgent States;

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do issue this, my call for five hundred thousand volunteers for the military service, provided, nevertheless, that all credits which may be established under section eight, of the aforesaid Act, on account of persons who have entered the naval service during the present rebellion, and by credits for men furnished to the military service in excess of calls heretofore made for volunteers, will be accepted under the call for one, two or three years, as they may elect, and will be entitled to the bounty provided by law for the period of service for which they enlist.

And I hereby proclaim, order and direct, that immediately after the fifth day of September, 1864, being fifty days from the date of this call, a draft for troops, to serve for one year, shall be held in every town, township, ward of a city, precinct, election district, or a county, not so subdivided, to fill the quota which shall be assigned to it under this scale, or any part thereof, which may be unfilled by volunteers on the said fifth day of September, 1864.

Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1864, and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty-ninth.

[L. S.] In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.”

The promptness with which the country responded to the call, would have reflected the highest credit on its patriotism, but for the manner in which that response was made. Instead of the bone and sinew of the land stepping forward to sustain the Government in its last great effort, every man seemed desirous to shirk personal responsibility, and non-tax-payers, or men of small means, in the various towns, voted away fabulous sums for bounties to get recruits from any-where and every-where, and of all conditions, to fill up their quotas—often forcing on the Government the halt, the lame, and the blind, and at the best, mere mercenaries, who would enlist for the enormous bounties, but without any intention of risking their lives in battle.

Getting such men away, after they had enlisted, became a regular business, so that, of the five hundred thousand called for, not more than half ever reached the field, and probably not half of those, the front. At all events, one hundred and fifty thousand strong-bodied, patriotic, willing men, would have been worth more than the whole half-million proved to be. Nor was this the worst of it. The country got saddled with a debt, in the shape of bounties, that bore heavily on its industry. Had the war been prolonged another year, the North would, unquestionably, have broken down under this false and ruinous system.

The month, moreover, was distinguished for peace negotiations—ludicrous, except from the importance of the personages, on one side or the other, engaged in them. Colonel Jacques, of Illinois, a Methodist clergyman who had enlisted in the army, and a Mr. Kirke, by some extraordinary process, appointed themselves peace ambassadors to Richmond, and though clothed with no authority, were permitted to pass through our lines to the rebel Capital, where they actually had an interview with the rebel President and Members of his Cabinet, and talked over, with the gravity

of two potentates, the momentous question of peace, and the duties of the two Governments.

What motive Davis could have had for seriously entering into such a discussion with these unauthorized, unknown and uninfluential men, unless that he wished to give utterance to views that might help the peace-party North, it is difficult to conjecture. That a fighting parson, ranking no higher than a colonel, and an obscure individual spoken lightly of among business men at home, should by any management, have got into this position, will remain one of the curious things of the war.

The other attempt was equally absurd, though dignified by the employment of a little more political machinery.

Early in July, Horace Greeley, of *The New York Tribune*, received a letter from W. Cornell Jewett—a political adventurer, who had acquired at home and abroad a certain doubtful notoriety—stating that some prominent rebels then residing in Canada, desired to have an interview with him at Niagara Falls, respecting terms of peace. It was flattering to Mr. Greeley, to be thus selected out among all the distinguished men of the country as the proper person to influence the President, and stand in the great gap that divided the North and South. Fully impressed with the responsibility thus laid upon him, he addressed a letter to the President, and vouchsafed to state conditions of peace, which he thought the President might safely adopt.

A few days after, the notorious rebel agent, George N. Saunders, informed Mr. Greeley that Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, Professor Holcomb, of Virginia, and himself were ready, the moment they could be assured of their personal safety, to proceed at once to Washington and enter on their momentous mission.

To this Mr. Greeley replied, that if they were "duly accredited from Richmond, as the bearer of propositions looking to

the establishment of peace," &c., that he was "authorized by the President of the United States to tender them his safe-conduct on the journey proposed," and that he would accompany them "at the earliest time convenient" to them.

That accredited ambassadors for peace should fear to come to the head of a Christian Nation, in this enlightened age, without having a promise that their heads should not be cut off, was certainly very extraordinary, and not very complimentary to Mr. Lincoln's civilization.

To this offer, these gentleman replied that there had been some misapprehension, as they were not accredited from Richmond as the bearers of dispatches, but, being in the confidential employment of the Confederate Government, familiar with its wishes, views, &c., they had no doubt if the rebel President was aware of what they had done, that they would be at once accredited, &c. On the reception of this statement, Mr. Greeley telegraphed to Washington for further information, and received the following extraordinary document:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 18th, 1864.

To whom it may Concern:—

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of Slavery, and comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms, on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof, shall have safe-conduct both ways.

Signed,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This was certainly a very safe circular, but not one that should have proceeded from the Executive Mansion, for it cannot be regarded as a serious act—it must have been either a political move to disarm the peace-party, or a somewhat grave joke, which would put an end to Mr. Greeley's importunity, and, at the same time, throw a shell into this self-constituted embassy. Viewed in this light, it was,

perhaps, a good stroke of policy. Though correspondence and lengthy statements followed this *denouement*, the whole thing collapsed, and was heard of no more.

It was very plain to the President, and to every man of common sense, that if Jefferson Davis wanted peace on the only terms the North would accept it, he would not have to go around by way of Canada, to commence negotiations. The two Capitals were close to each other, and no such farce as this was needed to bring the conflicting powers face to face, if both were desirous of peace.

Personal notoriety and political effect were, doubtless, the motives that prompted these gentlemen to undertake this self-imposed task.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FORTS MORGAN AND GAINES—DEFENSES OF MOBILE BAY—A LAND FORCE UNDER GENERAL GRANGER SENT TO CO-OPERATE WITH FARRAGUT—ARRIVAL OF THE TECUMSEH—FARRAGUT READY TO RUN THE REBEL BATTERIES—MORNING OF THE BATTLE—THE SHIPS LASHED TWO TOGETHER—THE BROOKLYN TO LEAD THE FLEET AGAINST FARRAGUT'S WISHES—THE FIRST GUN—THE BROOKLYN FEARING TORPEDOES—BACKS AND AWAITS THE FLEET—FARRAGUT LASHED IN THE MAIN-TOP, SEEING THE DELAY, TAKES THE LEAD JUST AS THE TECUMSEH GOES DOWN—HE SENDS A BOAT TO SAVE THE SURVIVORS—STEAMS AHEAD—ENTERS THE BAY—ATTACKED BY REBEL GUN-BOATS—THE SELMA CAPTURED BY THE METACOMET—THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE ATTACKS THE FLEET—THE COMBAT—SURRENDER OF THE RAM—THE TECUMSEH—A BRAVE ENSIGN—GALLANT DEEDS AND GALLANT MEN—SURRENDER OF FORTS POWELL AND GAINES—SIEGE AND BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN—ITS SURRENDER—DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF ITS COMMANDER AND OFFICERS—MOBILE NOT TAKEN—CAPTURE OF THE PRIVATEER GEORGIA.

FARRAGUT ENTERS MOBILE BAY.

THE beginning of August was made memorable by one of the most gallant naval achievements on record. Farragut, who had been lying for a long time, outside of Mobile harbor, the entrance to which was defended by two forts—Morgan and Gaines—determined, the moment that the iron-clads which he had asked for arrived, to force his way inside, when he knew they must surrender. The former fort, located on a long spur of land, commanded the two channels to the east, while the latter commanded the western one. Beyond these, toward the city, the channel was obstructed by piles driven deep into the mud. Several rebel steamers were also in the bay, and a formidable iron-

clad ram, named the Tennessee. In July, a land force, under General Granger, was sent from New Orleans to assist Farragut in taking the forts. On the first of August, General Granger visited him on the Hartford, and after a consultation, it was decided that a combined movement of the fleet and army should be made on the 4th.

The Tecumseh had arrived at Pensacola on the 1st, and Captain Craven, the Commander, had informed the Admiral that he would be ready in four days for any service. He was delayed, however, in getting aboard coal, so that Farragut, to his mortification, could not keep his engagement with Granger. The latter, however, as he said, "was up to time," and landed his troops (some four or five thousand in number) on Dauphin Island, in rear of Fort Gaines. That evening, the Tecumseh came steaming up from Pensacola, and Farragut at once prepared to force the entrance to the harbor.

The morning of the 5th dawned warm and hazy—a light south-west breeze came drifting across the Gulf, raising a gentle swell, on which the fleet rocked lazily, and all was peaceful as though no preparations were afoot to change the quiet scene into one of tumult, terror and death. But just as the half-veiled sun was sending his dim beams aslant the sea, the drum on the flag-ship was heard beating to quarters, and soon every ship was cleared for action.

At a quarter before six, the whole fleet was moving steadily forward toward the entrance to the bay, where, every Commander knew, slumbered a volcano whose earthquake throes would make land and sea tremble. There were twelve wooden vessels in all, and four iron-clads. The latter already inside the bar, were ordered to take up a position between the wooden vessels and Fort Morgan, to keep down the fire of the water-battery and the parapet guns of the fort, as well

as to engage the rebel ram, Tennessee, waiting to pounce down on the fleet.

The wooden vessels were lashed two abreast. The Brooklyn, Captain James Alden, led the fleet, with the Octorara, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Greene, on the port side—next came the flag-ship Hartford, Captain Percival Drayton, with the Metacomet, Lieutenant-Commander J. E. Jouett; followed by the Richmond, Captain T. A. Jenkins, with the Port Royal, Lieutenant-Commander, B. Gherardi; Lackawanna, Captain J. B. Marchand, with the Seminole, Commander E. Donaldson; Monongahela, Commander J. H. Strong, with the Kennebec, Lieutenant-Commander W. P. McCann; Ossipee, Commander W. E. LeRoy, with the Itasca, Lieutenant-Commander George Brown; Oneida, Commander J. R. M. Mullany, with the Galena, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Welles.

The Brooklyn, with her consort, took the lead, much against Farragut's wishes. He yielded, however, to this arrangement at the earnest request of the Commanders, who represented that the Brooklyn had four chase guns to the Hartford's one; and also an ingenious machine for picking up torpedoes with which they believed the channel to be lined. They stated, moreover, that in their judgment, the flag-ship, on whose movements and signals, everything depended, ought not to be so much exposed as she would be at the head of the fleet.

Although Farragut yielded to their united petitions, he demurred, saying that "exposure was one of the penalties of rank in the navy," and, moreover, that it made but little difference where the flag-ship was, as it would always be the main target of the enemy's fire.

The fleet steamed slowly on, and at a quarter to seven, the Tecumseh fired the first gun. Twenty minutes later, the fort opened her fire, to which the Brooklyn replied with her

two one hundred-pounder Parrott rifles, on the bow—and the battle commenced. The rebel ram and iron-clads lying under the protection of the fort, added their fire to the guns of the latter, all playing, almost exclusively, on the wooden vessels. Farragut stood lashed in the main-top, so that he could overlook the fleet, and have a clear view of the whole field of action.

The Brooklyn, for a while, gallantly led the fleet, but as she entered the narrow channel, some suspicious looking buoys ahead, indicating torpedoes, caused her to stop, which of course, at once brought to a halt, the vessels that were crowding after. Farragut, from his high perch, saw with alarm this unexpected arrest of the onward movement right under the terrible fire that was raining on the advance vessels, and looking anxiously around, saw, with amazement, the turrets of the Tecumseh disappearing under the water, as she went down with her gallant crew. In an instant, his determination was taken, and regretting that he had not originally followed his own judgment and led the fleet, he steamed rapidly ahead, and his glorious signal flew where he wanted it, in advance. Ordering the Metacomet to send a boat to save any of the survivors of the ill-fated Tecumseh, who might be struggling in the water, he swept fearlessly onward.

Wrapped in the smoke of his own guns, he pressed on into the fire, followed by the ships, "their officers," he heroically says, "believing they were going to a noble death, with their Commander-in-Chief." Shot and shell crashed through the wooden sides of his vessel yet his flag still flew, and those astern ever and anon caught glimpses of his signal through the rifts of smoke, still beckoning them on. He too saw the buoys that had caused the Brooklyn to hesitate and back water, and knew that torpedoes were lining

the bottom of the channel beneath him, but this was no time to hesitate.

He "determined," he says, "to take the chances of their explosion," and still kept on, his gallant crew expecting every moment to feel the vessel lift beneath them, yet working their guns as coolly as though standing on solid ground, and, meanwhile, pouring in such terrific broadsides that the rebel batteries fired wildly, or were silent. At ten minutes before eight, he was past the fort, when suddenly the rebel ram dashed out to run his vessel down, firing as it came on. Taking no notice of the monster, except to return the fire, he steamed ahead toward the rebel gun-boats, Morgan, Gaines and Selma, which poured a raking fire into him. The latter especially cut down his crew fearfully, and spread ruin and destruction over his deck.

Not being able to return the fire, he cast off the *Metacomet*, with orders to go after these boats. Seeing the vessel approaching, the latter retreated up the bay, firing as they fled. The *Gaines* soon took refuge under the guns of the fort, but was so injured that she had to be run ashore and burned—the *Morgan* hauled off and left the *Selma* to her fate, which soon after struck her flag.

The other vessels gallantly following in the wake of their noble Commander, one after another swept past the hostile batteries and passed up the bay; their crews loudly cheering, and were signaled by *Farragut* to come to anchor. But the officers had hardly commenced clearing their decks, and caring for the wounded, when the rebel ram was seen boldly standing out from under the guns of the fort, and bearing down, with the evident intention of engaging the whole fleet. If she had waited till dark this would not have been such an act of temerity, for with her perfect knowledge of the bay, and in the confusion that would have prevailed in the fleet in a nocturnal fight, she might have run down

many vessels—at least, made sad havoc before her progress could have been arrested.

The moment it was reported to Farragut that the ram was standing toward the fleet, he signaled the vessels to run her down, and ordered up the anchor of his own ship, and directed the pilot, with a full head of steam on, to carry the Hartford straight against the iron-clad structure, hoping, by the concussion, though his own bows should be crushed in the shock, to stave in its mailed sides. The Monongahela, Commander Strong, first struck the ram, carrying away her iron prow and cut-water. The Lackawanna came next and struck with such force that her stern was cut and crushed for the distance of three feet above the water's edge, to five feet below. The only effect on the ram, however, of this tremendous blow, was to give her a heavy list. As the Hartford came down, the ram sheered so that it was a glancing blow.

Deadened in her headway, as she rasped along the iron-plating, the flag-ship fell along side, and at once poured in, at a distance of not more than eight or ten feet, her broad-side of nine-inch solid balls, sent with a charge of thirteen pounds of powder. The heavy shot, hurled with this awful force, and in such close proximity, fell on the mailed sides of the ram with a power that seemed irresistible, and yet, apparently, had no more effect than if they had been mere India-rubber balls.

On the other hand, the shot and shell from the Tennessee pierced the Hartford as though her sides were mere paste-board—one one-hundred-and-fifty pound shell, fired with the muzzle of the monster gun almost touching the sides of the ship, exploded inside, killing and wounding several men—the fragments going through the spar and berth-decks, “even going through the launch and into the hold where were the wounded.”

The Hartford now stood off, and though her bow was badly crushed, began to make a circuit, in order to come down again on the ram, when the Lackawanna, which was driving, with a full head of steam, straight on the monster, struck the flag-ship instead, a little forward of the mizzen-mast, and cut her down to within two feet of the water.

The monitors, in the meantime, poured in their fire—the Chickasaw got under the monster's stern, while the Manhattan sent a fifteen-inch shell through the iron plating.

"At this time," says Farragut, "she was sore beset—the Chickasaw was pounding away at her stern, the Ossipee was approaching her at full speed, and the Monongahela and Lackawanna, and this ship, were bearing down on her, determined on her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steering chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving tackles, and several of her port shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the Hartford struck her, until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the Ossipee, Commander LeRoy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and that vessel immediately stopped her engine, though not in time to avoid a glancing blow."

This ended the fight, and at ten minutes past ten Farragut again brought his shattered vessels to anchor, within four miles of Fort Morgan. Admiral Buchanan, the Commander of the ram, was wounded in the leg, which afterward had to be amputated; and some eight or ten of his crew were killed or wounded.

The killed and wounded on board the fleet, amounted to two hundred and twenty-two. Only fifty-two were killed, of which number twenty-five, or nearly half, were killed on board the flag-ship—showing that the enemy's fire was concentrated on this vessel, and that she bore the brunt of the conflict.

The loss of the Tecumseh, with her gallant Commander

and crew, nearly all of whom went to the bottom with her, chastened somewhat the joy of this great victory. Craven was in the turret when the torpedo exploded beneath his ship. He saw the buoys that marked the line along which the torpedoes lay, and endeavored to carry the vessel between two, but just as it got in range, the explosion took place, almost lifting the iron-clad from the water, and blowing a great opening in the bottom, through which the water rushed in such a deluge that she went down before those below had time to get on deck.

Acting-Ensign Henry C. Nields had charge of the boat, sent by Farragut to rescue any survivors that might be struggling in the water, and right gallantly did this noble, young officer perform the perilous duty, with which he was intrusted. Sitting in the stern of the open boat, he gave his orders as coolly as his great Commander could have done, and the rowers bent steadily to their oars, while shot were striking and shells bursting momentarily, on every side of them.

A boat was never carried through a more terrible fire, and it rained an iron tempest on the spot where the ill-fated monitor had gone down; but the fearless ensign rowed calmly through it, picking up the few swimmers that were struggling in the water, and succeeded in rescuing ten within six hundred yards of the fort. Farragut, from the main-top, saw with pride how steadily he entered the horrible fire, and afterward asked that he might be promoted.

The only other vessel lost was the steamer Philippi, which followed the fleet in against orders, and being struck by a shot, was run ashore by her Commander and deserted, when the rebels burnt her.

There were many cases of individual heroism—indeed, all were heroes—there was no flinching any where, although every captain knew that the probabilities were against his

being able to save his ship. Of his Flag-Lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, who stood on the poop during the entire action, attending to the signals, Farragut says, "He is a scion worthy the noble stock he sprung from."

"The last of my Staff," he says, "to whom I would call the attention of the Department, is not the least in importance. I mean Pilot Martin Freeman. He has been my great reliance in all difficulties, in his line of duty. During the action, he was in the maintop, piloting the ships into the bay. He was cool and brave throughout, never losing his self-possession. This man was captured early in the war, in a fine fishing smack, which he owned, and though he protested that he had no interest in the war, and only asked for the privilege of fishing for the fleet, yet his services were too valuable to the captors, as a pilot, not to be secured. He was appointed a first-class pilot, and has served us with zeal and fidelity, and has lost his vessel, which went to pieces on Ship Island. I commend him to the Department."

Indeed, every man on the flag-ship was worthy of his Commander. Drayton, the Flag-Captain, says:—

"Of the crew, I can hardly say too much. They were, most of them, persons who had never been in action, and yet I cannot hear of a case where any one attempted to leave his quarters, or showed anything but the sternest determination to fight it out. There might, perhaps, have been a little excuse, had such a disposition been exhibited, when it is considered that a great part of four guns' crews were, at different times, swept away almost entirely by as many shells. In every case however the killed and wounded were quietly removed; the injury at the guns made good, and in a few moments, except from the traces of blood, nothing could lead one to suppose that any thing out of the ordinary routine had happened."

Kimberly, the executive officer of the ship, said, "nothing could be more noble than the spirit displayed by our wounded and dying, who cheered and smiled, in their agony, seemingly contented at the sacrifice of their lives for the victory vouchsafed to their country. Such men are heroes."

No higher commendation could be passed on a ship's crew, and yet all the Commanders spoke in the same strain of their own crews.

In one case, a rifle-shell burst between two guns on the Hartford, killing and wounding fifteen men. They presented a terrific sight, as they lay scattered, mangled and bleeding on deck. One of them, Charles Melville, was taken down to the surgeon, but almost immediately appeared on deck again, and though scarcely able to stand, refused to go below, and bravely worked at his gun till the close of the action.

"Thomas Fitzpatrick, Captain of Number One gun, was struck several times in the face by splinters, and had his gun disabled by a shell. In a few minutes he had his gun in working order again, with new truck breeching, side-tackle, &c., his wounded below, the deck clear, and was fighting his gun as before, setting a splendid example to the remainder of the crew."

James R. Garrison, coal-heaver, had his great toe shot off, but dressing the wound himself, returned to his station, and remained there till struck in the breast, when he was carried below. Thomas O'Connel, though sick, and scarcely able to stand, took his station and kept it till his right hand was shot away. James E. Sterling, coal-heaver on board the Brooklyn, continued to pass shell after he was wounded, and until hit a second time and completely disabled. Alexander Mack, Captain of top, was wounded and sent below, but immediately returned and took charge of his gun, working

it until he received two more wounds. Others left a sick-bed to fight, and each seemed to vie with the other to set an example of gallant daring.

The Hartford was struck twenty times, and fired nearly two hundred and fifty shot and shell. The Brooklyn picked out eleven hundred pounds of iron from her wood-work after the battle was over.

Farragut exhibited great foresight in the plan he adopted in passing the fort. By lashing two ships together, he saw if one got disabled, she would not drift about and disorder the line, for her consort could take her along—neither would any vessel be left helpless under the fire of the batteries.

The night after the battle Fort Powell was evacuated, the rebels blowing it up, but all the guns fell into our hands. The next afternoon, the Chickasaw went down and shelled Fort Gaines, and the following morning, Colonel Anderson, the Commander, sent a note to Farragut, stating that he knew he could not hold the fort, if the fleet opened upon it, and offered to surrender it—asking for terms. Farragut, after communicating with General Granger, on Dauphin Island, replied,

“First, The unconditional surrender of yourself and the garrison of Fort Gaines, with all of the public property within its limits.

“Second, The treatment which is in conformity with the custom of the most civilized nations toward prisoners of war.

“Third, Private property, with the exception of arms, will be respected.”

These terms were accepted, and at a quarter to ten, the rebel flag came down and the Stars and Stripes went up, amid the prolonged and vociferous cheering of the fleet.

Fort Morgan, however, still held out, and Granger at once commenced his siege operations against it landward, and on Sunday evening, the 21st, announced to Farragut that he

was ready to open with his batteries upon it. The latter immediately ordered the monitors and vessels to move up, and be ready next morning at daylight, to commence the bombardment, in conjunction with the land batteries, and at the same time, landed four nine-inch guns, and placed them in battery under the Commanding-Lieutenant, H. B. Tyson.

Everything being ready at daylight the signal was given, and from land and water, the bombardment commenced. As the sun rose in the East, his beams fell on a scene as terrific as that which they lighted up on the morning of the 8th, when Farragut steamed boldly into Mobile Bay. Gun answered gun, and shell crossed shell in their fiery tracks, mingling their explosions with the roar of cannon, and combining to make that summer morning one long to be remembered.

As Farragut said, "a more magnificent fire has rarely been kept up." All day long it rained a steady, horrible tempest of iron, on that solitary fort. As the beams of the *rising* sun fell on a tossing, sulphurous cloud—covering land and water—so now his departing rays cast a lurid light on the heaving masses of vapor, that shut out half the terrors of the scene.

Just as twilight began to creep over the deep, the citadel of the fort took fire, and Granger seeing the flames burst forth, ordered all the batteries to re-double their fire to prevent their extinguishment. The enemy finding that the fire had got under uncontrollable headway, flooded the magazine, and threw large quantities of powder into the wells to prevent an explosion.

A fierce bombardment was kept up all night, ribbing the darkness with ghastly seams of light, as shell after shell, with scarcely a moment's intermission, dropped inside the rebel works. At six in the morning, a dull, heavy explo-

sion was heard in the fort, and half an hour afterward, a white flag was seen to emerge from it. General Page, the Commander, offered to surrender the fort, and asked the terms of capitulation. Unconditional surrender at two o'clock that day, was the reply, which the rebel General was forced to accept.

In his indignation and mortification, however, he determined to lessen as much as possible the value of the victory, for after the surrender, Farragut says, "It was discovered, on an examination of the interior, that most of the guns were spiked, and many of the gun-carriages wantonly injured, and arms, ammunition, provisions, &c., destroyed; and that there was every reason to believe that this had been done after the white flag had been raised. It was also discovered that General Page, and several of his officers, had no swords to deliver up, and further, that some of those which were surrendered, had been broken."

He contrasts this conduct with that of Colonel Anderson, of Fort Gaines, who "from the moment he raised the white flag, scrupulously kept every thing intact, and in that condition delivered it over; whilst General Page and his officers, with a childish spitefulness, destroyed the guns which they said they would defend to the last, but which they never defended at all, or threw away, or broke those weapons which they had not the manliness to use against their enemies; for Fort Morgan never fired a gun after the commencement of the bombardment, and the advanced pickets were repeatedly on the glacis."

There never was a more striking illustration of the ease with which a mean and dishonorable Commander may increase his disgrace, by the attempt to lessen it, than this. These few sarcastic words of Farragut, who knew how to admire a brave and honorable foe, will stick to General Page as long as the history of the country endures.

Though the outer defenses of Mobile were now all taken, the city was as far as ever from falling into our hands. The water was too shallow to allow the approach of our vessels to within shelling distance, and though Farragut used every device to reach the place, it soon became evident that it could be taken only by a land force.

In the latter part of this month, the *Niagara* captured off the coast of Europe, the *Japan*, or *Georgia*, a noted rebel privateer, though at the time of her seizure, she was sailing under English colors, and chartered to the Portuguese Government.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GRANT'S CEASELESS ACTIVITY—BLOWING UP OF AN ORDNANCE BOAT—DUTCH GAP CANAL—WARREN'S FIGHT FOR THE WELDON RAILROAD—BATTLE AT REAM'S STATION—DEFEAT OF HANCOCK'S CORPS—MEADE'S DISPATCHES—SHERIDAN'S OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—PURSUIT OF EARLY—CAPTURE OF OUR TRAINS BY MOSBY—RETREAT OF SHERIDAN—HIS POSITION AT BOLIVAR HEIGHTS—A SECOND ADVANCE—TAKES POSITION AT BERRYSVILLE—UNSATISFACTORY CAMPAIGN—DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE COUNTRY—GRANT'S EXPLANATION OF THE WHOLE MATTER—THE PERMISSION TO "GO IN"—SHERIDAN MOVES IN EARNEST—BATTLES OF OPEQUAN CREEK AND FISHER'S HILL—TOTAL ROUT OF THE ENEMY—EARLY TAKES A NEW POSITION AT BROWN'S GAP—SHERIDAN FALLS BACK.

THE month of August, which gave such laurels to the navy under Farragut, at Mobile, and saw Sherman's gallant army virtually in possession of Atlanta, witnessed no triumphs of the Army of the Potomac. It brought instead what seemed to be the heritage of this sadly tried, but noble army—terrible fighting, heavy losses, but no success. Grant, though apparently at a dead-lock with the enemy in front of Petersburg, did not sit down in idleness. He kept the heavens, around Lee, constantly muttering thunder-notes of alarm, and almost every day the bolt threatened to fall in one direction or another. Indefatigable, untiring, and exhaustless in resources, no sooner did one thing or measure fail, than he tried another. He was the most unsleeping, merciless antagonist that an enemy ever had to deal with, and Lee soon discovered that he never could calculate on a moment's repose. At the very time when he thought his enemy exhausted, and would naturally seek rest, the greatest energy would be put forth.

The rebels, taught wisdom by the mine that destroyed one of their forts, began to countermine, and on the 5th, sprung a mine in front of the Eighteenth Corps, where they supposed we were running one of our own, but it produced no effect. One of our own ordnance boats, however, blew up five days after, at City Point, killing and wounding two hundred men.

Butler now commenced the famous Dutch Gap canal, which, like the one he dug around Vicksburg, was expected to work wonders. The James River, just below Fort Darling, makes an immense bend, inclosing a peninsula, called Farrar Island, the neck of which, where it joins the mainland, is only a half a mile across, while it is six miles around it by the stream. It was prosecuted under the constant fire of the enemy, but, like the Vicksburg canal, was useless labor.

At this time, Grant says, "reports from various sources led me to believe that the enemy had detached three divisions from Petersburg to reinforce Early in the Shenandoah Valley. I therefore sent the Second Corps, and Gregg's division of cavalry, of the Army of the Potomac, and a force of General Butler's army, on the night of the 13th of August, to threaten Richmond from the north side of the James, to prevent him from sending troops away, and, if possible, to draw back those sent. In this move we captured six pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, detained troops that were under marching orders, and ascertained that but one division, (Kershaw's,) of the three reputed detached, had gone.

"The enemy having withdrawn heavily from Petersburg to resist this movement, the Fifth Corps, General Warren commanding, was moved out on the 18th, and took possession of the Weldon railroad."

Here he was attacked furiously, the next day, by Hill,

with two divisions, and a portion of our army was overwhelmed; and for a time, a second disaster at this point, seemed inevitable. But the gallant Fifth Corps succeeded in rallying, and, by a desperate charge, retrieved its ground, driving the rebels in confusion, and capturing many prisoners. Night, at length, closed the conflict. Our loss, this day, was between three and four thousand—that of the enemy, in killed and wounded, probably about the same as ours, though he took many more prisoners than we.

A few days after, the rebels again attacked Warren's position, but this time they were handsomely repulsed, with heavy loss—Generals Saunders and Lamar being among the killed. Warren now pushed his lines toward Petersburg, while the Second Corps, which had in the meantime arrived, began to tear up the railroad in rear of him.

At Ream's Station, this gallant Corps of Hancock, on the 25th, suffered a severe repulse. The rebels, under Hill, at about half-past three in the afternoon, suddenly emerged from the woods, in front of Miles and Gibbon, and with fixed bayonets and loud cheers, swept swiftly over the intervening space. Four batteries at once concentrated their fire on the column, and shot and shell and canister tore through it with awful destruction. Yet, through it, and through the steady fire of musketry, that swept without cessation the close formations, they kept on till within twenty paces of our line, when, unable to breast the fiery sleet any longer, they recoiled. Undismayed, they not long after repeated the desperate charge, but with similar results. They then brought up their batteries, and played furiously on our lines for nearly a half an hour, when the firing suddenly ceased, and with loud yells, and without firing a shot, they again sprang forward—crossed the interval that separated them from our lines, reached the breastworks, mounted

them with deafening shouts, and forced Miles back, capturing several guns.

A part of Gibbon's men, a half a mile distant, were hurried over, to check the disaster, when his own line was attacked in turn by the dismounted rebel cavalry, under Wade Hampton, and his works carried. The enemy now pressed his advantage on all sides. Our troops fought desperately—some regiments being almost annihilated—but could not arrest the onset; and as night came on, Hancock withdrew his Corps, and left Ream's Station in possession of the enemy. In this disastrous conflict, we lost thirty-five hundred men, seven colors, and five guns.

The loss, however, had not been all on one side, as is evident from the two dispatches sent from Meade to Grant. In the first he says that a safeguard left on the battle field until after daylight next morning reported that "at that time the enemy had all disappeared, leaving their dead on the field unburied. This shows how severely they were punished, and doubtless hearing of the arrival of reinforcements, they feared the results of to-day if they remained." In the second he says, "since sending my last dispatch, I have conversed with the safeguard referred to. He did not leave the field until after sunrise. At that time nearly all the enemy had left, moving toward Petersburg. He says they abandoned not only their dead, but wounded also. He conversed with an officer, who said that their losses were greater than ever before during the war. The safeguard says that he was over the field, and it was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. He has seen a great many battle fields, but never such a sight. Nearly all the enemy's and all our wounded were brought off, but our dead were unburied. I have instructed General Gregg to make an effort to send a party to the field to bury our dead." There can be no doubt that the enemy in their desperate

charges through the concentrated fire of our batteries, and into the very faces of such veterans as composed Hancock's Corps, must have suffered terribly. Still General Meade's dispatches bear the marks of an effort to put the best possible face on a very bad business. When the results of a desperate battle are made to depend on the statements of a single individual, who has been over the field, they should be received with many grains of allowance. One would infer from these dispatches that the battle field was so entirely ours that a single safeguard could roam over it unmolested, making such observations as he liked. But if this were the fact, it seems rather strange that the Chief of cavalry should be "instructed to make an effort to send a party to the field and bury our dead." The fact is the battle put the rebels in possession of the Weldon railroad at Ream's Station—which was only ten miles from Petersburg—up to Yellow Tavern, while Warren held some four miles of it further north.

This ended all active operations on the part of Grant for several weeks. In the meantime the country was expecting great things from Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. He had under him the Sixth, Eighth and part of the Nineteenth Corps of infantry, and the troops that composed the old Army of the Kanawha under Crook, and Torbett's and Averill's divisions of cavalry, with Kelley's command, and Lowell's brigade, to which in a few days was added the second cavalry division of Wilson, from the Army of the Potomac. To meet this force Early had about twenty thousand men, who, previous to Sheridan's assumption of command, seemed to be principally engaged in thrashing out grain.

On the 10th of August, Sheridan moved his forces up the Valley, when the enemy retired toward Strasburg. Occasional skirmishing, and once a partial engagement took place, but without any decisive result except to delay our

progress, and inflict on us more or less loss. At Newtown, Early made another stand in order to cover the passage of his trains, and repulsed a charge of our cavalry. Still falling back, he evacuated Winchester, and on the 13th encamped at Cedar Creek, three miles north of Strasburg. Two days after, he withdrew his skirmishers from the place and took position on Fisher's Hill, which completely commanded the town. Sheridan in pushing on, had passed several gaps in the Blue Ridge, which he had not sufficient force to guard. Through one of these,—Snicker's Gap—Mosby suddenly rushed, pouncing on the supply train at Berrysville, seized and burned seventy-five wagons, captured two hundred prisoners, two hundred beef cattle, and nearly six hundred horses and mules, besides a large quantity of stores.

This of course, compelled Sheridan to retreat in turn. In doing this, he with his flanking cavalry destroyed every thing that could feed the enemy, except the live stock which he drove before him as he fell back toward the Potomac. Houses of suspected persons were burned, in retaliation of Mosby's murderous conduct, by some cavalry-men who in turn were attacked by the rebels and deliberately murdered. Again retaliation was resorted to by Sheridan, and the heavens were darkened by the smoking, burning buildings.

Falling back through Winchester, which had been so often successively occupied by rebel and Union troops, Sheridan took position near Charlestown where he was attacked by Early, who inflicted severe punishment on Wilson's cavalry. The Sixth Corps bore the brunt of the conflict, which lasted from two hours before noon till dark. The Corps then fell back to Bolivar Heights, where Sheridan posted his army, with his right on the Potomac, and his left on the Shenandoah, near Harper's Ferry, his head-quarters being at Halltown.



UNION

GRAVE



The two armies lay confronting each other here for several days, when Early once more fell back up the Valley. As soon as Sheridan was informed of this he again started in pursuit. On the morning of the 28th he advanced in line of battle toward Charlestown, the cavalry leading the advance. Passing through this place, the army moved forward to its old battle ground of the week before, and halted. The next morning Merritt made a vigorous attack on the rebel cavalry, driving it through the town of Smithfield, and beyond Opequan Creek, where he was brought to a halt by the rebel infantry. Some skirmishing followed, when Sheridan fell back upon Charlestown. But on the 3d of September he again put his army in motion, and near Berrysville was attacked by the rebels, whom he repulsed. He then commenced throwing up breastworks, and, having secured his position, remained quietly in it for two weeks, doing nothing except to make reconnoissances with his cavalry.

After nearly a month's operations, to leave off where he begun, was a sorry summing up of the campaign for Sheridan, and a sad disappointment to the country, which had expected so much from the well-known enterprise and daring of the man. It seemed very evident, either that Sheridan was incompetent to fill the place he occupied, or that Grant refused to give him the men he needed to carry out his orders. This indecision and apparent fear of risking a battle were wholly unaccountable to the public, and much to the chagrin of those who were tired of seeing Early roaming up and down the Shenandoah Valley at his leisure. It turns out, however, that Grant, not Sheridan was in fault for this state of things, and the former in his report gives the reasons that governed him. He says:

"His operations during the month of August and the fore part of September were both of an offensive and de-

fensive character, resulting in many severe skirmishes, principally by the cavalry, in which we were generally successful; but no general engagement took place. The two armies lay in such a position—the enemy on the west bank of the Opequan Creek, covering Winchester, and our forces in front of Berryville—that either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for long distances, before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally the use of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the importance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continuously-threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph the order for an attack without knowing more than I did of General Sheridan's feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on the 15th of September to visit him at his head-quarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charlestown, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay; what he could do the moment he was authorized, and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instructions necessary—Go in!

This permission was all that Sheridan wanted. The Fabian policy under which he had been compelled to act irritated him, and he constantly felt like a caged lion. Now he was a free man once more, and it needed no spirit of prophecy in one who knew him, to foretell that bloody work was at hand.

Grant after hearing Sheridan's plans and approving them, asked if he could get ready to move by the following Tues-

day. "Yes," replied the latter, "by Monday;" and before daylight that morning the army was in motion. By three o'clock in the afternoon it was drawn up in line of battle in front of the rebel position, at Opequan Creek, and as soon as the cavalry, under Torbert, arrived at the desired point on the extreme rebel right, Sheridan ordered a general advance. The artillery opened along the whole line—the columns moved steadily forward, and Early soon discovered that Sheridan was at last in earnest. His position, however, was a strong one, and he stubbornly held it until Averill's and Merritt's bugles were heard on his right, as the firm-set squadrons bore fiercely down. Rolled up before the impetuous charge, the rebel line at length crumbled into fragments, and the whole army broke in utter confusion, and streamed on toward Winchester and through it, halting only when it reached Fisher's Hill thirty miles beyond.

Early left his wounded and dead in our hands, and nearly three thousand prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, and nine battle flags. Several rebel Generals were killed, while on our side, we had to lament the death of the gallant Russell, commanding a division of the Sixth Corps. The dispatch announcing this glorious victory, closed thus: "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow. This army behaved splendidly. I am sending forward all the medical supplies, subsistence stores, and ambulances."

Following up Early vigorously, Sheridan, on the 21st, found himself in front of his strong position, at Fisher's Hill. Skillfully disposing his forces, he closed so suddenly, and with such fury on the enemy, that they broke, and fled in disorder toward Woodstock. Eleven hundred prisoners and sixteen pieces of artillery fell into our hands here, while the road, for miles, was strewn with abandoned wagons, knapsacks, muskets, and everything that impeded the head-

long flight. Sheridan pushed on to Woodstock, where he halted to get his supplies up.

Averill, however, kept up the pursuit to Mount Jackson, twenty-five miles south of Strasburg. Here Early rallied his disordered battalions, and once more turned at bay. But, on Sheridan's arrival, he again retreated, though stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, and, at last, made a determined stand in Brown's Gap, on the Blue Ridge, eight miles south-east of Port Republic. Sheridan pursued as far as this place and halted. In the meantime, Torbert, with his cavalry, moved on Staunton and Waynesboro', destroying bridges, Government property, and everything that could be of benefit to the enemy.

Early's position, at Brown's Gap, was too strong to be carried by assault, while it seriously threatened Sheridan's flank, should he attempt to march on Lynchburg—the goal of all the expeditions up the Shenandoah Valley. It was hard to abandon this coveted prize; but he saw that, unless Early could be driven from Brown's Gap, it would be madness to advance farther. Besides, his supplies in the rear were in danger of being cut off by Mosby, and he, therefore, resolved to fall back.

In killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, Early must have lost, in those two battles and the retreat, nearly half of his army.

While Sheridan was thus sweeping the enemy from his path in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Grant, who, under the most adverse circumstances, still always found some means of assailing the enemy, made a sudden movement north of the James—the object and result of which he thus sums up:—

“By the 12th of September, a branch railroad was completed from the City Point and Petersburg railroad to the

Weldon railroad, enabling us to supply, without difficulty, in all weather, the army in front of Petersburg.

"The extension of our lines across the Weldon railroad, compelled the enemy to so extend his that it seemed he could have but few troops north of the James for the defense of Richmond. On the night of the 28th, the Tenth Corps, Major-General Birney, and the Eighteenth Corps, Major-General Ord commanding, of General Butler's army, were crossed to the north side of the James, and advanced on the morning of the 29th, carrying the very strong fortifications and intrenchments below Chapin's Farm, known as Fort Harrison, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery, and the New Market road and intrenchments. This success was followed up by a gallant assault upon Fort Gillmore, immediately in front of the Chapin Farm fortifications, in which we were repulsed with heavy loss. Kautz's cavalry was pushed forward on the road to the right of this, supported by infantry, and reached the enemy's inner line, but was unable to get further. The position captured from the enemy, was so threatening to Richmond that I determined to hold it. The enemy made several desperate attempts to dislodge us, all of which were unsuccessful, and for which he paid dearly. On the morning of the 30th, General Meade sent out a reconnoissance, with a view to attacking the enemy's line, if it was found sufficiently weakened by withdrawal of troops to the north side. In this reconnoissance we captured and held the enemy's works, near Poplar Spring Church. In the afternoon, troops moving to get to the left of the point gained, were attacked by the enemy in heavy force, and compelled to fall back until supported by the forces holding the captured works. Our cavalry under Gregg was also attacked, but repulsed the enemy with great loss."

The enemy made a raid during this month, (on the 19th,) which, from its daring and success, caused some mortifica-

tion and excitement. Two thousand cattle, which had been brought on for the use of the Army of the Potomac, were feeding near Coggin's Point, on the James River, guarded by two regiments of cavalry, on which Wade Hampton, with W. F. H. Lee's cavalry division and two other brigades, suddenly pounced and carried off the whole, together with several prisoners.

Starting from Ream's Station, this force had passed around our extreme left, and got in the rear of the army, and yet with such secrecy and celerity did it move, that though hotly pursued, it succeeded in reaching the rebel lines again with all its booty.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RAVAGING OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—SHERIDAN'S DISPATCH—HIS NEW POSITION—LEAVES THE ARMY FOR WASHINGTON—EARLY RESOLVES TO MAKE A NIGHT ATTACK—SECRECY OF HIS MARCH—ROUT OF THE ARMY OF WESTERN VIRGINIA AND OF THE NINETEENTH CORPS—RETREAT OF THE WHOLE ARMY—SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER—HIS APPROACH TO THE FIELD—HIS SUDDEN ARRIVAL AND STIRRING APPEALS—FORMS A NEW LINE OF BATTLE—REPULSE OF THE ENEMY—ADVANCE OF HIS LINE—THE ENEMY'S POSITION CARRIED—COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF THE REBEL ARMY—THE PURSUIT—A SUPPERLESS ARMY—ENTHUSIASM OF OFFICERS AND MEN—THE GENERALSHIP AND PERSONAL POWER OF SHERIDAN—THE REBELS ABANDON THE VALLEY—HATCHER'S RUN—GRANT FAILS TO TURN THE REBEL RIGHT—BUTLER'S DEMONSTRATION NORTH OF THE JAMES—DESTRUCTION OF THE RAM ALBEMARLE BY LIEUTENANT CUSHING—THE REBELS IN CANADA—RAID ON ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

SHERIDAN when he fell back from the pursuit of Early took position on the north side of Cedar Creek, near Strasburg. But in his advance and retreat he had ravaged the country with a ruthlessness that reminds one of the old, barbaric wars. How much of this destruction of private property is chargeable to the Secretary of War, from whom he received his orders, and how much to himself, we are unable to say, but it is a lasting disgrace to its authors whoever they were. The following is his own account of what he did, and the reasons which actuated him:

“WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, October 7, 1864—9 P. M.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT:

I have the honor to report my command at this point to-night. I commenced moving back from Port Republic, Mount Crawford, Bridgewater, and Harrisonburg yesterday morning. The grain and forage in advance of these points had previously been destroyed. In moving back to this point

the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat, and hay, and farming implements, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley. A large number of horses have been obtained, a proper estimate of which I cannot now make. Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned. Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler has been bush-whacked by the people, many of whom have protection-passes from commanders who have been hitherto in that Valley. The people here are getting sick of the war. Heretofore they have had no reason to complain, because they have been living in great abundance. I have not been followed by the enemy to this point, with the exception of a small force of the rebel cavalry that showed themselves some distance behind my rear-guard to-day. A party of one hundred of the Eighth Ohio cavalry, which I had stationed at the bridge over the North Shenandoah, near Mount Jackson, was attacked by McNeil with seventeen men, while they were asleep, and the whole party dispersed or captured. I think they will all turn up. I learn that fifty-six of them had reached Winchester. McNeil was mortally wounded, and fell into our hands. This was fortunate, as he was the most daring and dangerous of all the bushwhackers in this section of the country.

(Signed)

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General."

This is a sad record for one to make of himself, in this age of civilized warfare. The burning by wholesale, of barns and mills, because the hay and grain in them might be seized by the rebels, would by the same logic justify an invading army at all times for "razing every house, and burning every blade of grass" on the line of its march. "War," Sherman said, "is necessarily cruel;" but to mitigate its severity as much as possible, it has been established as a rule of civilized warfare, that private property shall be respected, except when it is needed for the sustenance of the army, or where the owners are convicted of open hostility. For a General to justify such wholesale destruction of property, and thereby inflict suffering and want on women and children, on the ground that the enemy would rob them if he did not, is not only a violation of the rules of civilized warfare, but very miserable logic.

This mode of reasoning was far better carried out by the ancient barbarians, who killed the children of their enemies, lest they should grow up to be warriors, and the mothers, lest they should give birth to heroes. The ravages of war have their limit without reference to consequences, and civilized nations have fixed that limit. "To make a solitude and call it peace," was in the old dark, rude times the motto, but it does not belong to this age. The massacre of all the young men just entering the age that would render them subject to military duty, would injure an enemy far more than the burning of barns, and mills, and houses, but we suspect that but few would justify it. Because some wretch murdered a man, to burn all the houses—many of them containing helpless widows, "within an area of five miles" is a wilder sort of justice than any man of sound judgment, or an educated conscience will approve. That punishment was deserved and severity needed in many cases, no one will doubt, but if they could not be meted out with some discrimination, they had better have been let alone. England did nothing half so bad as this in our Revolution.

During his retreat, Sheridan was attacked on the 9th of October, by the rebel General Rosser with a large body of cavalry, but defeated him, taking three hundred and fifty prisoners, and eleven pieces of artillery—keeping him, as the former said, "on the jump" for twenty-six miles.

Sheridan, now thinking that the enemy was too severely punished to molest him for the present, left the army for a short visit to Washington.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, OR MIDDLETOWN.

The army at this time was posted on three moderate hills, extending for three miles across the country, each one a little back of the other.

The first and foremost one, some four or five miles north

of Fisher's Hill, was held by the army of West Virginia under Crook; the second, half a mile to the rear of this, by the Nineteenth Corps, under Emory, the turnpike running between them. The third and last, still farther back was occupied by the Sixth Corps, with Torbert's superb cavalry covering its right flank. Early, who had been reinforced by twelve thousand men, heard that Sheridan was in Washington, and at once resolved to attack the army before his return. On the night of the 18th, he crossed the mountains which separate the branches of the Shenandoah, and forded the north fork, marching in five columns. There was a dense fog at the time, wrapping everything in impenetrable darkness; but Early knew the ground thoroughly, and with trusty guides was in no danger of being misled. He ordered all the men to leave their canteens behind, lest their clanking against the shanks of the bayonets should be heard by our pickets and give the alarm. His march was to be noiseless, and he directed that all the orders should be given in a low tone, for although the movement was to be made with an army of between twenty and thirty thousand men, it must be with the utmost secrecy. Discovery would be fatal.

The whole enterprise was hazardous beyond expression. He, however, moved off toward our left, unperceived, though about two o'clock in the morning, some of the pickets on duty reported that they heard a heavy, muffled tramp and rustling through the underbrush, as though a multitude was marching along the front. This information caused some precautions to be taken, but no reconnoissance was sent out. The truth is, a serious attack by Early was not dreamed of, and the main army slumbered on wholly unsuspecting of danger.

All this time, the steady columns were sweeping on through the gloom, now pushing through the dripping trees,

and now fording a stream—skirting our position for miles—till at length, an hour before day-break, the rebel troops, shivering with cold, stood within six hundred yards of our camps.

Crook had ordered a reconnoissance to be made on this morning, and the force was preparing to march, when there suddenly burst through the fog, a deafening yell from ten thousand throats, and then came the blaze and crash of musketry. The surprise was complete and the panic frightful. The roll of drums, bugle calls, and shouts of officers, arose on every side, and the troops rushed frantically to arms, but before any line of battle could be formed, the shouting, clamorous rebels were upon them. Without a moment's check or hindrance, they swept like a billow, up and over the hill, and over the breastworks. A brief struggle of five minutes at the latter, and then the Army of Western Virginia became a herd of fugitives, fleeing in wild disorder back toward the second hill, a half a mile in the rear, where lay the Nineteenth Corps.

A few regiments wheeled and tried to make a stand, but were borne swiftly back before the impetuous flood. The Nineteenth Corps, having a little time to prepare for the shock, attempted to arrest the progress of the enemy, but the latter sweeping down the road, got in its rear, and it soon broke and fled toward the hill, on which the Sixth Corps lay. The batteries which had been captured, were now turned upon us, and enfiladed our entire line. Wright at once formed a new line of battle, and attempted to check the frightful rush of the fugitives.

The force of the onset seemed now very much spent, for the rebels began to advance with more caution, and bring forward their artillery. Besides, the rich plunder of two camps was too tempting a prize for the half-starved troops

of Early, and they left their ranks in crowds, and began to pillage.

Had Wright known this, it is possible that he might have made a successful stand where he was, but the rebels having possession of the turnpike that led toward Winchester, he feared that his communications would be severed, and therefore fell back toward Middletown. He had repulsed, in the meantime, a tremendous charge of the enemy, which gave him breathing space, and enabled him to cover the immense crowd of fugitives that darkened all the fields and the highway in the rear. Amid the roar of artillery, incessant volleys of musketry, and shouts and yells of the pursuers, were heard the cries and screams of teamsters as they endeavored to get off with the heavy trains.

The rebels still assailing our left flank, kept up a murderous fire, shaking it terribly, so that Merritt and Custer, with two divisions of cavalry, were sent over to check them, when a severe contest followed in the wooded fields, near Middletown. Strengthened by our captured artillery, they brought their overwhelming batteries to bear on our exhausted columns, and so shattered the hard-pressed left, that only a short stand could be made at Middletown, and the army passed through it toward Newtown, five miles in the rear. On the heights around the former place, Early planted his batteries, which poured in a terrible fire on the uncovered army, as it slowly fell back along the highway, and across the fields.

Sheridan, on his way back to the army, had slept at Winchester, twenty miles distant, the night before. In the morning, little dreaming of the terror reigning in his camp in front, he sat down to his breakfast, and after it was finished, he mounted his horse and with his escort rode leisurely forward. His noble army had then been struggling on the brink of destruction, for four long hours. As it fell back, and he

rode forward, and the enemy began to open with his numerous artillery, the deep vibrations that made the earth tremble, caused him to look up in surprise. Still, he felt no uneasiness, for he was confident that if Early had attacked his strong position at Cedar Creek, he would be terribly beaten.

But as the thunder of the guns grew louder and more continuous, and was evidently rolling back toward him, his practised ear told him too well that a heavy battle was raging in front, and that his army was retreating. Startled from his composure, as the terrible truth flashed over him, he dashed the spurs into his horse, and was soon far ahead of his escort, tearing madly along the road. Soon he met camp-followers and fugitives from the field, who declared that all was lost.

What! his noble army, that only a few weeks before he had led twice to victory, broken, shattered, gone! In a moment, the lion in his nature was roused, and instead of being overwhelmed at the disaster, he rose above it—it shall not be so, he mentally exclaimed. As the cloud of fugitives deepened, he shouted—as he drove on and swung his cap over his head—“Face the other way, boys, face the other way; we are going back to our camps; we are going to lick them out of their boots.”

The frightened stragglers paused and shouted, as they saw their gallant Chieftain fly past, and even the wounded, lying along the road-side, cheered him. With his face blazing with excitement, and his horse covered with foam, he suddenly appeared in front of his astonished army, and at once ordered the retreat to stop. The enemy had paused in his pursuit, so that our army was, at this time, out of the range of his guns, which enabled Sheridan to take measures to arrest the fugitives and bring them back, and in a short time he had a new line of battle formed.

Then, for two hours, he rode backward and forward along the front, now looking over the ground, and now encouraging the men. "Boys," said he, "if I had been here, this never should have happened. I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them. We are going to lick them out of their boots."

Shouts and cheers followed him, and though they had eaten nothing since the night before, and been fighting for five hours, the excited soldiers felt a new strength infused into them by the confident bearing and language of their heroic Commander.

At length the rebel army was seen advancing across the autumnal fields, moving straight on the position held by the Nineteenth Corps. Sheridan sent word to Emory to stop them at all hazards. He did so, after a severe but short contest, in which General Bidwell was killed, and Grover wounded.

Emory immediately dispatched an aid to Sheridan with the news that the enemy was repulsed. "That's good, that's good," laughed Sheridan. "Thank God for that. Now, then, tell General Emory if they attack him again to go after them, and follow them up, and to sock it into them, and to give them the devil." And, with almost every word, bringing his right hand down into the palm of his left with a sharp blow, he added, "We'll get the tightest twist on them yet you ever saw—we'll have all those camps and cannon back again."

Whether aware of Sheridan's arrival, or astounded at the new and formidable line of battle that appeared before him, while a large part of his own army was rioting amid the the camps, at all events, Early at once abandoned the offensive and fell back, and began to throw up breastworks—evidently designing to hold the position till next day, which

by all ordinary rules, should be the earliest moment that our hungry, exhausted, and discomfited army could be ready to make any movement. But Sheridan had no intention of waiting till his army was thoroughly re-organized and recruited. Right then and there, he was determined to wipe out the stigma of this disgraceful defeat, and make the same dispatch that carried the news of the overthrow of his army, carry also the thrilling tidings of its glorious victory.

At half past three, the orders were given for a general advance—the drums rolled along the line, the bugles pealed out, and, heralded by the deep-mouthed cannon, the steady battalions moved forward. It was a magnificent sight—the solid advance of that, but just now, fugitive host. Emerging from the woods that had concealed it, the army swung boldly out into the open field, and moved swiftly forward toward the enemy's position. In an instant, the rebel batteries opened, followed by a tremendous volley of musketry. The steady lines were rent before it, and fell suddenly back.

The sight roused Sheridan almost to frenzy, and galloping amid the broken ranks, he, by his thrilling appeals, and almost superhuman efforts, restored order, and although his few remaining cannon could make but a feeble response to the overwhelming batteries of the enemy, he ordered the advance to be resumed.

“The next moment, came a prolonged roar of musketry, mingled with the long-drawn yell of our charge—then the artillery ceased—the musketry died into spattering bursts, and over all the yell triumphant. Every thing on the first line, the stone walls, the advanced crest, the tangled wood, and the half-finished breastworks, had been carried.” But the rebels, from a new position, opened with their artillery, and shot and shell crashed through our ranks. Sheridan, heedless of the storm, dashed along the front—giving all his

orders to division and corps commanders in person; for in this fearful crisis, he would trust no subordinates. His eyes flashed fire, and his countenance wore a confident expression, while his short, emphatic appeals rung like a bugle-call to his excited troops, who responded with a shout, as through the thickets, over the stone-walls and ridges, they went with a thrilling cheer. The astonished enemy turned and fled in confusion over the fields.

As they streamed down into the Middletown meadows, Sheridan saw that the time for the cavalry had come, and ordered a charge. The bugles pealed forth their stirring notes, and the dashing squadrons of Custer and Merritt came down like a clattering tempest on the right and left, doubling up the rebel flanks, and cleaving a terrible path through the broken ranks. Back to, and through our camps, which they had swept like a whirlwind in the morning, the panic-stricken rebels went, pellmell, leaving all the artillery they had captured, and much of their own, and strewing the way with muskets, clothing, knapsacks, and every thing that could impede their flight. The infantry were too tired to continue the pursuit, but the cavalry kept it up, driving them through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill, and beyond, to Woodstock, sixteen miles distant.

The wearied troops stacked their arms in their pillaged camps, "and slept that night as they had fought that day, without food;" yet ever and anon, as reports would come in from the pursuing cavalry, announcing the capture of guns and prisoners, loud cheers would be sent up. Notwithstanding the dead and wounded lay every where, and the field presented a ghastly spectacle, nothing could check the wild excitement and enthusiasm of officers and men at their great, unexpected victory.

This, in some respects, was one of the most remarkable battles in history. Other lost fields have been won, but

rarely by the presence of a single man. Marengo was lost to Napoleon, but won again by the arrival of the gallant Desaix, with his fresh column. Shiloh was lost to Grant, but won again by the opportune arrival of Buell, with his trained battalions; but here a lost battle was won by the arrival of Sheridan alone. By the power of his single presence as he dashed along the shattered lines, and the magic of his voice, as, now gay and confident, and now stern and terrible, he strengthened the discouraged, or awed the timid, and recalled the fugitives, he was able to reorganize the broken ranks almost under the guns of the enemy. He not only dissipated despair, and restored confidence, but breathed into the army enthusiasm, and daring, and positive strength, so that after hours of defeat and terrible losses in men and artillery, it not merely made a successful stand, but broke into a furious offensive, and charging the victorious enemy behind his intrenchments, drove him in utter rout from the field. This single battle, if he had fought no other, would stamp Sheridan as a great Commander.

It could be truly said of him as Carlyle said of Cromwell: "He was a strong man in the high places of the field, and hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all other men."

Our loss in this battle amounted to over six thousand men, while that of the enemy was not probably much over a third as great—thus showing under what immense disadvantage Sheridan snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat. After this there was some skirmishing and cavalry engagements in the Valley of the Shenandoah, but it was finally abandoned by the enemy, and in six weeks the Sixth Corps returned to the army before Richmond.

Soon after this great victory, Grant made another attempt to get nearer Richmond, by operating heavily on the enemy's right flank as he had done before. The movement was

kept a profound secret, and several days were spent in preparation for it. The sick, together with the baggage and commissary stores, were sent to City Point, where the gunboats could protect them, and three days' rations and forage were issued to the cavalry, and four days' rations to the infantry. The long line of intrenchments were almost denuded of men, and it looked as though the army did not intend to return. The point of attack was Hatcher's Run—the termination of the enemy's works on his right—and to render it more successful, Butler at the same time was to make a demonstration on the north side of the James, in order to draw off the rebel force in that direction. But, like all the other movements hitherto made around Richmond and Petersburg, this also proved a sad failure. We will not give a detailed account of the causes that prevented success. The whole movement, and its results are thus summed up by General Grant.

“On the 27th the Army of the Potomac, leaving only sufficient to hold its fortified line, moved by the enemy's right flank. The Second Corps, followed by two divisions of the Fifth Corps, with the cavalry in advance and covering our left flank, forced a passage of Hatcher's Run, and moved up the south side of it toward the South-side railroad, until the Second Corps and part of the cavalry reached the Boynton plank road, where it crosses Hatcher's Run. At this point we were six miles distant from the South-side railroad, which I had hoped by this movement to reach and hold. But finding that we had not reached the end of the enemy's fortifications, and no place presenting itself for a successful assault by which he might be doubled up and shortened, I determined to withdraw to within our fortified line. Orders were given accordingly. Immediately upon receiving a report that General Warren had connected with General Hancock, I returned to my head-quarters. Soon after I left, the

enemy moved out across Hatcher's Run, in the gap between Generals Hancock and Warren, which was not closed as reported, and made a desperate attack on General Hancock's right and rear. General Hancock immediately faced his corps to meet it, and after a bloody combat, drove the enemy within his works, and withdrew that night to his old position.

"In support of this movement General Butler made a demonstration on the north side of the James, and attacked the enemy on the Williamsburg road, and also on the York River railroad. In the former he was unsuccessful; in the latter he succeeded in carrying a work which was afterward abandoned, and his forces withdrawn to their former positions.

"From this time forward the operations in front of Petersburg and Richmond until the spring campaign of 1865, were confined to the defense and extension of our lines, and to offensive movements for crippling the enemy's lines of communication, and to prevent his detaching any considerable force to send south."

The night before this grand movement took place, a most daring expedition was successfully carried out by a young lieutenant in the navy, on the Roanoke River. The Ram Albemarle, since its fight with our fleet, had lain at Plymouth, carefully guarded and protected. The Navy Department, wishing to get rid of this monster, had sent, the Summer previous, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing to New York with full powers to make all necessary preparations for the perilous undertaking of effecting her destruction. Having at length constructed a torpedo boat, he returned with it to the Sound, and on the night of the 27th of October proceeded with it, in his steam launch up the river. Thirteen officers and men composed the entire crew, all of whom felt that the chance of their return was more than doubtful. It

was eight miles from the mouth of the river to where the ram lay, while the stream, which would not average over two hundred yards in width, was lined the whole way with pickets. About a mile below the ram, lay the wreck of the Southfield, which the former had destroyed, surrounded by schooners. The night was dark, and so cautiously did Cushing move that he was undiscovered by the pickets on shore, and passed within twenty yards of the Southfield, unnoticed by those on guard there. Having now got close to the ram, which by a light on shore could be seen, made fast to the wharf, he ordered on a full head of steam and pressed forward. As he steamed past the vessel he saw she was surrounded by a pen of logs thirty feet wide, placed there to prevent any such attack as the one he was now making. Performing a complete circle so as to come squarely down, he sent the launch's bows full against the pen of logs. The rebels had however discovered his approach, and opened on him with a terrible fire. Many were struck. "The bullets," says Cushing, "struck my clothing three times, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs, just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in driving the torpedo under the overhang and exploded it, at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her." He was now within fifteen feet of the ram, from the deck of which an incessant stream of fire fell into his gallant little band. Seeing his hopeless condition, the enemy hailed him and ordered him to surrender. The young hero sent back his stern refusal, and took unflinchingly the desolating fire.

Seeing, by the light of their own fire, that he was fast going to the bottom, they again hailed him, demanding his surrender. Again he refused, and coolly taking off his coat and shoes, he told the men to save themselves as they best could, and sprang into the river, and struck out for the middle of the stream. He then swam with the current, and when a half a mile below the ram, came upon Acting-Master's-mate Woodman, very much exhausted, and nobly tried to get him ashore but was unable to do so, and had to see him sink by his side, when he again turned for the shore. He had barely strength to reach it, but not enough to crawl up the bank, and so lay until near daylight, when he crept into a swamp close to the fort.

After he had rested awhile, he arose and traveled for several hours through the swamp, until he came to its termination, when he plunged into another, and, at length, reached a creek, in which he found a skiff belonging to the picket of the enemy. Capturing this, he pulled out into the stream, and by eleven o'clock, was once more safe among his friends. A more daring, gallant deed is scarcely to be found in the records of our glorious navy.

Secretary Welles sent him a complimentary letter, and the country rung with his praises. He had done his work well, for this much-dreaded ram, blown up by the torpedo, sunk at her moorings. Only one, besides himself, escaped, of all this gallant crew—the rest being killed, captured, or drowned.

During this month, also, an event occurred on our Northern frontier, which caused the most intense excitement throughout the country. The Canadian Provinces from the commencement of the war, had been the resort of rebel refugees, who were constantly organizing plots against the Federal Government. One was set on foot the year before, to release twenty-five hundred rebel prisoners on Johnson's

Island, in Lake Erie, who, with rebels in Canada, were to burn Buffalo and other Lake cities, but it was discovered in time, and hence abandoned. So also in September, of this year, John Y. Beall, a rebel officer, captured and destroyed two steamboats on the lakes.

On the 19th of this month, forty armed men, headed by one Young, suddenly rode into the village of St. Albans, Vermont, fifteen miles from the Canadian frontier, and robbing the Bank of two hundred thousand dollars, escaped in safety. They fired upon the panic-stricken inhabitants, mortally wounding one.

They were afterward seized and tried in Canada, but were all finally discharged. The Bank recovered a part of its money, but no concessions were made to our Government for this violation of its territory, which caused it to adopt measures that interrupted, for a time, the usual communications between the Provinces and the States.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OPERATIONS WEST DURING THE AUTUMN—IN ARKANSAS, KANSAS, AND MISSOURI—PRICE, STEELE, AND ROSECRANS—CAPTURE OF ATHENS BY FORREST—HIS FARTHER OPERATIONS—GENERAL BURBRIDGE SENT TO DESTROY THE SALT-WORKS AT SALTVILLE, VIRGINIA—SHERMAN AT ATLANTA—DAVIS IN GEORGIA—HOOD AGAIN TAKES THE FIELD—FALLS ON SHERMAN'S COMMUNICATIONS—GALLANT DEFENSE BY CORSE, OF ALLATOONA—PURSUIT OF HOOD—THOMAS AT NASHVILLE—SHERMAN PREPARES FOR HIS GEORGIA CAMPAIGN—ROME BURNED—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—BURNING OF ATLANTA.

ALTHOUGH during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1864, the two great campaigns of Sherman and Grant occupied almost the undivided attention of the country, still, as we have seen, in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, hostilities were kept up, though they apparently had no direct bearing on the final result.

Those minor events of the East we have already traced till nearly the close of Autumn. The military operations outside of Sherman's army, during the months of September and October, West, are thus summed up by Grant:—

“About the last of August, it being reported that the rebel General Price, with a force of about ten thousand men, had reached Jacksonport, on his way to invade Missouri, General A. J. Smith's command, then *en route* from Memphis to join Sherman, was ordered to Missouri. A cavalry force was also, at the same time, sent from Memphis, under command of Colonel Winslow. This made General Rosecrans' forces superior to those of Price, and no doubt

was entertained he would be able to check Price and drive him back, while the forces of General Steele, in Arkansas, would cut off his retreat. On the 26th day of September, Price attacked Pilot Knob and forced the garrison to retreat, and thence moved north to the Missouri River, and continued up that river toward Kansas. General Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, immediately collected such forces as he could to repel the invasion of Kansas, while General Rosecrans' cavalry was operating in his rear.

"The enemy was brought to battle on the Big Blue and defeated, with the loss of nearly all his artillery and trains, and a large number of prisoners. He made a precipitate retreat to Northern Arkansas. The impunity with which Price was enabled to roam over the State of Missouri, for a long time, and the incalculable mischief done by him, shows to how little purpose a superior force may be used. There is no reason why General Rosecrans should not have concentrated his forces, and beaten and driven Price before the latter reached Pilot Knob.

"September 20th, the enemy's cavalry, under Forrest, crossed the Tennessee, near Waterloo, Alabama, and on the 23rd attacked the garrison at Athens, consisting of six hundred men, which capitulated on the 24th. Soon after the surrender, two regiments of reinforcements arrived, and after a severe fight were compelled to surrender. Forrest destroyed the railroad westward, captured the garrison at Sulphur Branch trestle, skirmished with the garrison at Pultaski on the 27th, and on the same day cut the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, near Tullahoma and Dechard. On the morning of the 30th, one column of Forrest's command, under Buford, appeared before Huntsville and summoned the surrender of the garrison. Receiving an answer in the negative, he remained in the vicinity of the place until

next morning, when he again summoned its surrender and received the same reply as on the night before. He withdrew in the direction of Athens, which place had been re-garrisoned, and attacked it on the afternoon of the 1st of October, but without success. On the morning of the 2nd, he renewed his attack, but was handsomely repulsed.

"Another column under Forrest, appeared before Columbia, on the morning of the 1st, but did not make an attack. On the morning of the 3rd, he moved toward Mount Pleasant. While these operations were going on, every exertion was made by General Thomas to destroy the forces under Forrest, before he could recross the Tennessee, but he was unable to prevent his escape to Corinth, Mississippi.

"In September, an expedition, under General Burbridge, was sent to destroy the salt-works at Saltville, Virginia. He met the enemy on the 2nd of October, about three miles and a half from Saltville, and drove him into his strongly intrenched position around the salt-works, from which he was unable to dislodge him. During the night he withdrew his command and returned to Kentucky."

The interest, however, in these various expeditions and movements was more local than general. East, as has been stated, with the failure at Hatcher's Run, in October, closed, for the Autumn, all movements of importance with the Army of the Potomac. It was evidently at a dead-lock with the enemy.

It was not so, however, with the other great army encamped at Atlanta. The fall of this place which threatened to bisect again the Southern Confederacy, caused the most intense feeling South, and Davis hastened from his Capital to Georgia to still the clamors of the disaffected, and raise the courage of the desponding. He made violent speeches, in which he seemed to lose both his reason and temper, using language that can hardly be accounted for, except on

the ground of temporary insanity, arising from some cause or other. Still with his aid, Hood was reinforced with forty thousand militia, and by the last of September, declared himself ready to move. Unable to cope with Sherman in the open field, he resolved to throw himself on his long line of communications, and compel him to fall back to Chattanooga.

Moving rapidly, he broke up the railroad in various places. Beyond Allatoona, nearly to Dallas, he had it pretty much all his own way, so that during the entire month of October, Sherman was cut off from Chattanooga. The foresight of the latter, in making Allatoona a secondary base, was now apparent. If it could be taken, his army would be in a perilous position. This Hood knew, and dispatched a whole rebel division, under French, to capture it. Sherman, aware of his designs, sent a signal from the distant Kenesaw Mountains to General Corse, who was in command of Rome, to take his brigade, and move with the utmost speed to Allatoona, and hold it against all opposition, until he himself could arrive with help.

Pushing forward by railroad, this gallant officer reached the place with about two thousand men before French did, and at once made his dispositions to defend it to the last. As soon as the rebel General, with his overwhelming force, arrived, he sent the following message to Corse:—

“AROUND ALLATOONA, October 5, 1864.

Commanding Officer U. S. Forces, Allatoona:

SIR,—I have placed the forces under my command in such positions, that you are surrounded, and to avoid a needless effusion of blood, I call on you to surrender your forces at once, and unconditionally. Five minutes will be allowed you to decide. Should you accede to this, you will be treated in the most honorable manner as prisoners of war.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH,

Major-General Commanding Forces C. S.”

To this peremptory order, backed by an entire division, the gallant Corse replied in the following droll, yet curt language:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION, FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
ALLATOONA, GA., 8.30 A. M., October 5, 1864. }

Major-General S. G. French, C. S. Army, etc.:

Your communication demanding surrender of my command, I acknowledge the receipt of, and respectfully reply that we are prepared for the “needless effusion of blood,” whenever it is agreeable to you.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CORSE,

Brigadier-General Commanding Forces U. S.”

Corse had but little time to arrange his defense, as he reached the place that very morning, a little after midnight. Sherman, in his dispatch, says of Corse, in the desperate engagement that followed—“his description of the defense is so graphic that it leaves nothing for me to add.” We agree with him, and therefore let him tell his own story.

“I had hardly issued the incipient orders, when the storm broke in all its fury on the Thirty-ninth Iowa and Seventh Illinois. Young’s brigade of Texans, one thousand nine hundred strong, had gained the west end of the ridge, and moved with great impetuosity along its crest, till they struck Rowett’s command, where they received a severe check; but undaunted, they came again and again. Rowett, reinforced by the Ninety-third Illinois, and aided by the gallant Redfield, encouraged me to hope we were safe here, when I observed a brigade of the enemy, under General Sears, moving from the north, its left extending across the railroad. I rushed to the two companies of the Ninety-third Illinois, which were on the brink of the cut running north from the redoubt and parallel with the railroad—they having been reinforced by the retreating pickets—and urged them to hold on to the spur; but it was of no avail. The



enemy's line of battle swept us like so much chaff, and struck the Thirty-ninth Iowa in flank, threatening to engulf our little band without further ado. Fortunately for us, Colonel Tourtellotte's fire caught Sears in flank, and broke him so badly as to enable me to get a staff-officer over the cut, with orders to bring the Fiftieth Illinois over to reinforce Rowett, who had lost very heavily. However, before the regiment sent for could arrive, Sears and Young both rallied, and made their assaults in front and on the flank with so much vigor and in such force, as to break Rowett's line, and had not the Thirty-ninth Iowa fought with the desperation it did, I never would have been able to get a man back into the redoubt. As it was, their hand-to-hand conflict and stubborn stand broke the enemy to that extent, he must stop and re-form, before undertaking the assault on the fort. Under cover of the blow they gave the enemy, the Seventh and Ninety-third Illinois, and what remained of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, fell back into the fort.

The fighting up to this time (about eleven A. M.) was of a most extraordinary character. Attacked from the north, from the west, and from the south, these three regiments, Thirty-ninth Iowa, Seventh and Ninety-third Illinois, held Young's and a portion of Sears's and Cockeral's brigades at bay for nearly two hours and a half. The gallant Colonel Redfield, of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, fell shot in four places, and the extraordinary valor of the men and officers of this regiment, and of the Seventh Illinois, saved to us Allatoona. So completely disorganized was the enemy, that no regular assault could be made on the fort, till I had the trenches all filled, and the parapets lined with men.

The Twelfth Illinois, and Fiftieth Illinois arriving from the east hill, enabled us to occupy every foot of trench and keep up a line of fire that, as long as our ammunition lasted, would render our little fort impregnable."

But the ammunition gave out, and a brave fellow, whose name he forgot, crossed over to another fort under the enemy's fire, and brought back an armful and the fight went on.

Sherman, anxious about Allatoona, hastened forward, and about ten o'clock reached the top of the Kenesaw, eighteen miles distant. He says, "I could see the smoke of battle, and hear the faint sound of artillery." He immediately pushed forward a brigade, and flew his signal telling Corse that help was coming. But this heroic Commander had too much on his hands to be looking out for signals. He knew, without them, that Sherman was hurrying forward troops to his relief as fast as they could march.

The fight was kept up, and the smoke of battle wrapped the combatants, while far away on the serene heights of Kenesaw stood Sherman flying his signals and watching through his glass to see if they were answered. For a long time they waved unheeded, but at last an answer came, and he knew then that while Corse lived, the rebel force would never have Allatoona. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the rebel General gave it up—for, repulsed in every attack, he saw he was only increasing his piles of dead, and ordered his bugles to sound retreat.

Sherman, hurrying forward his army, passed through Allatoona to Kingston, which he reached on the 6th, and at once reinforced Resaca—before which Hood had appeared and demanded its surrender—and pushed forward toward the same point with the main army. The succeeding movements, until the pursuit was abandoned, and Hood left to move north, while he prepared his Georgia campaign, are best described in his own language. He says:

"Arriving at Resaca on the evening of the fourteenth, I determined to strike Hood in flank, or force him to battle, and directed the Army of the Tennessee, General Howard,

to move to Snake Creek Gap, which was held by the enemy, whilst General Stanley, with the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, moved by Tilton across the mountains to the rear of Snake Creek Gap, in the neighborhood of Villanow.

"The Army of the Tennessee found the enemy occupying our old lines in the Snake Creek Gap, and on the 15th skirmished for the purpose of holding him there until Stanley could get to his rear. But the enemy gave way about noon, and was followed through the Gap, escaping before General Stanley had reached the further end of the Pass. The next day, the sixteenth, the armies moved directly toward Lafayette, with a view to cut off Hood's retreat. We found him intrenched in Ship's Gap, but the leading division (Wood's) of the Fifteenth Corps rapidly carried the advanced posts held by two companies of a South Carolina regiment, making them prisoners. The remaining eight companies escaped to the main body near Lafayette. The next morning we passed over into the Valley of the Chattooga, the Army of the Tennessee moving in pursuit by Lafayette and Alpine, toward Blue Pond; the Army of the Cumberland by Summerville and Mellville Post-Office to Gaylesville; and the Army of the Ohio and Garrard's cavalry from Villanow, Dirttown Valley, and Goover's Gap to Gaylesville. Hood, however, was little encumbered with trains, and marched with great rapidity, and had succeeded in getting into the narrow gorge formed by the Lookout Range abutting against the Coosa River, in the neighborhood of Gadsden. He evidently wanted to avoid a fight.

"On the nineteenth, all the armies were grouped about Gaylesville, in the rich Valley of the Chattooga, abounding in corn and meat, and I determined to pause in my pursuit of the enemy, to watch his movements and live on the country. I hoped that Hood would turn toward Guntersville and Bridgeport. The Army of the Tennessee was

posted near Little River, with instructions to feel forward in support of the cavalry, which was ordered to watch Hood in the neighborhood of Will's Valley, and to give me the earliest notice possible of his turning northward. The Army of the Ohio was posted at Cedar Bluff, with orders to lay a pontoon across the Coosa, and to feel forward to centre, and down in the direction of Blue Mountain. The Army of the Cumberland was held in reserve at Gaylesville; and all the troops were instructed to draw heavily for supplies from the surrounding country. In the meantime communications were opened to Rome, and a heavy force set to work in repairing the damages done to our railroads. Atlanta was abundantly supplied with provisions, but forage was scarce; and General Slocum was instructed to send strong foraging parties out in the direction of South River, and collect all the corn and fodder possible, and to put his own trains in good condition for further service.

"Hood's movements and strategy had demonstrated that he had an army capable of endangering at all times my communications, but unable to meet me in open fight. To follow him would simply amount to being decoyed away from Georgia, with little prospect of overtaking and overwhelming him. To remain on the defensive, would have been bad policy for an army of so great value as the one I then commanded; and I was forced to adopt a course more fruitful in results than the naked one of following him to the Southwest. I had previously submitted to the Commander-in-Chief a general plan, which amounted substantially to the destruction of Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and sallying forth from Atlanta through the heart of Georgia, to capture one or more of the great Atlantic seaports. This I renewed from Gaylesville, modified somewhat by the change of events.

"On the twenty-sixth of October, satisfied that Hood had

moved westward from Gadsden across Sand Mountain, I detached the Fourth Corps, Major-General Stanley, and ordered him to proceed to Chattanooga and report to Major-General Thomas at Nashville."

Thomas had been sent on from Atlanta to take charge of all the troops in the State, and those *en route* to reinforce the army, and Sherman says:—

"Subsequently, on the 30th of October, I also detached the Twenty-third Corps, Major-General Schofield, with the same destination; and delegated to Major-General Thomas full power over all the troops subject to my command, except the four Corps with which I designed to move into Georgia. This gave him the two divisions under A. J. Smith, then in Missouri, but *en route* for Tennessee, the two Corps named, and all the garrisons in Tennessee, as also all the cavalry of my Military Division, except one division under Brigadier-General Kilpatrick, which was ordered to rendezvous at Marietta."

General Wilson had been sent from the Army of the Potomac to take charge of his cavalry, and he ordered him also to report to Nashville with all the dismounted detachments, and collect, equip, and organize all the cavalry in Tennessee and Kentucky and report to Thomas.

"These forces I judged would enable General Thomas to defend the railroad from Chattanooga back, including Nashville and Decatur, and give him an army with which he could successfully cope with Hood, should the latter cross the Tennessee northward.

"By the 1st of November, Hood's army had moved from Gadsden, and made its appearance in the neighborhood of Decatur, where a feint was made; he then passed on to Tuscumbia, and laid a pontoon-bridge opposite Florence. I then began my preparations for the march through Georgia, having received the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief for

carrying into effect my plan, the details of which were explained to all my corps commanders and heads of staff departments, with strict injunctions of secrecy. I had also communicated full details to General Thomas, and had informed him, I would not leave the neighborhood of Kingston until he felt perfectly confident that he was entirely prepared to cope with Hood, should he carry into effect his threatened invasion of Tennessee and Kentucky. I estimated Hood's force at thirty-five thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry."

Sherman then moved his army by easy marches back to the neighborhood of Smyrna camping ground, sent all surplus artillery and baggage to Chattanooga, put Kilpatrick's cavalry force in the best possible condition, ordered Corse, at Rome, to burn every thing there that could be of service to the enemy, and, at the same time, destroyed all the railroads in and around Atlanta, and finally ordered all the garrisons north of Kingston to fall back to Chattanooga, taking with them the public property and railroad stock, and the rails from Resaca, saving the latter for future use. He thus rapidly and effectually cut himself clear from the outer world, and stripped himself for the race.

Rome was first burned; and a thousand bales of cotton, two flour mills, two tanneries, a foundery, machine shops, store-houses, and bridges, were set on fire, making a fearful conflagration. The soldiers seeing the work of destruction commenced, applied the torch to the private dwellings, and soon the flames leaped and roared through the murky atmosphere, lighting up the nightly heavens with a lurid glare, and flooding field and mountain in flame.

A few days after, Atlanta shared the same fate. The Michigan engineers were detailed to effect its destruction. A foundery, worth a half a million of dollars, was first in a blaze, then an oil refinery, followed by a freight ware-house,

in which were stored several bales of cotton. The depot, turning-tables, freight sheds, and stores around, were soon a fiery mass. The heart was burning out of beautiful Atlanta.

"The few people that had remained in the city, fled, scared by the conflagration and the dread of violence.

"The Atlanta Hotel, Washington Hall, and all the square around the railroad depot, were soon in one sheet of flame. Drug stores, dry goods' stores, hotels, negro marts, theatres, and grog-shops, were all now feeding the fiery element. Worn-out wagons and camp equipage were piled up in the depot, and added to the fury of the flames.

"A stone ware-house was blown up by a mine. Quartermasters ran away, leaving large stores behind. The men plunged into the houses, broke windows and doors with their muskets, dragging out armfuls of clothes, tobacco, and whiskey which was more welcome than all the rest. The men dressed themselves in new clothes, and then flung the rest into the fire.

"The streets were now in one fierce sheet of flame; houses were falling on all sides, and fiery flakes of cinders were whirled about. Occasionally shells exploded, and excited men rushed through the choking atmosphere, and hurried away from the city of ruins.

"At a distance the city seemed overshadowed by a cloud of black smoke, through which, now and then, darted a gushing flame of fire, or projectiles hurled from the burning ruin.

"The sun looked, through the hazy cloud, like a blood-red ball of fire; and the air, for miles around, felt oppressive and intolerable. The Tyre of the South was laid in ashes, and the 'Gate City' was a thing of the past."*

On the 12th of November, Sherman stood detached from

* Captain Conyngham.

all its communications ready to move. His army "was composed of four Corps: the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, constituting the right wing, under Major-General O. O. Howard; the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, constituting the left wing, under Major-General H. W. Slocum, making an aggregate strength of sixty thousand infantry, with one cavalry division of five thousand and five hundred men, under Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick, and the artillery reduced to the minimum, one gun per one thousand men.

"The whole force was moved rapidly, and grouped about Atlanta on the 14th of November."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SHERMAN PREPARES TO MARCH—ORDERS RESPECTING FORAGING PARTIES—DIVISION OF THE ARMY—SLOCUM'S WING—HOWARD'S WING—KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY—MARCH OF THE FORMER—PILLAGE OF MADISON—SLOCUM ENTERS MILLEDGEVILLE—MARCH OF THE RIGHT WING—THE ENEMY AT LOVEJOY'S—KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY—MACON LEFT IN THE REAR—SHERMAN ENTERS MILLEDGEVILLE AND OCCUPIES THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE—THE SOLDIERS ORGANIZE A LEGISLATURE—REBELS REPULSED AT GRISWOLDVILLE—KILPATRICK DRIVES WHEELER BEFORE HIM AND THREATENS AUGUSTA—THE ARMY AT MILLEN—MARCH TO SAVANNAH—CAPTURE OF FORT MC ALLISTER BY HAZEN—SAVANNAH INVESTED—HARDEE SUMMONED TO SURRENDER—SHERMAN STARTS FOR PORT ROYAL—THE CITY EVACUATED—SHERMAN'S DISPATCH TO THE PRESIDENT—REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN.

IN preparing for his march across the State of Georgia, Sherman gave stringent rules for the conduct of his troops. Of necessity, they must live off the country. He therefore, issued the following order:—

“The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end, each brigade Commander will organize a good and efficient foraging party, under command of one or more discreet officers. To regular foraging parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the roads traveled.

“As for horses, mules, wagons, &c., the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit. Foraging parties may also take mules or horses to replace the jaded animals of their trains, or to serve as pack-mules for the regiments or brigades.”

This order shows that Sherman possessed the right spirit, and desired that his army should not behave like banditti.

Every brigade and regiment had its organized foraging party, which was to forage under established rules, and be under the command of one or more discreet officers. It was also ordered,—

“Soldiers shall not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants or commit any trespass; but, during the halt or camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes and other vegetables, and drive in stock in front of their camps.”

Officers were also directed “to leave with each family a reasonable portion for their maintenance.”

These were humane regulations, and shed as much lustre on Sherman's character, as his great victories. But who, familiar with the history of invading armies, does not know what foraging in the enemy's country means. Foraging parties are usually joined by every servant and idler about the camps, who, in the various expeditions, scatter over the country, enter houses and strip the inmates of jewelry, and every thing valuable that they possess, and often commit violence of the grossest kind. Sherman's army formed no exception to this rule.

Says an officer, who commanded in the expedition, in speaking of these lawless hangers-on:—“In most instances, they burned down houses to cover their depredations, and in some cases, took the lives of their victims, as they would not reveal concealed treasures. These gangs spread like locusts over the country. In all cases where the foraging parties were under the command of a respectable officer, they acted with propriety, simply taking what provisions and necessaries they needed. They might as well have stripped the place, though, for soon came the bummers, and commenced a scene of ruin and pillage. Boxes were burst open; clothes dragged about; the finest silks, belonging to the planters' ladies, carried off to adorn some negro wenches around camp; pictures, books, furniture, all tossed about.

and torn in pieces. Though these wretches were acting against military orders, there was no one to complain. The planter and his family were thankful if they escaped with their lives."

When about to start, Sherman wrote to Admiral Porter, on the Atlantic coast, that he might be "looking out for him about Christmas, from Hilton Head to Savannah," and to his wife, "this is my last letter from here; you will only hear of me hereafter through rebel sources."

The four Corps, as before stated, were divided into two wings—the right, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, was commanded by Howard; and the left, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth, by Slocum. There was no general train of supplies for the army, but each Corps had its own, distributed among the brigades and regiments, the whole amounting to about two thousand wagons.

The march, when practicable, was to be by four parallel roads, to commence every morning at seven o'clock, and to average fifteen miles a day. Howard, with the right wing, was to follow the Georgia Central railroad, running in a south-westerly direction, through Macon and Milledgeville, to Savannah; while Slocum, with the left wing, would march along the railroad running due east to Augusta—both roads to be destroyed as the armies advanced. Two divisions of cavalry, under Kilpatrick, covered the flanks of the columns. It was a hundred and seventy miles to Augusta, by the railroad along which Slocum marched, and two hundred and ninety-one to Savannah, by that which Howard took.

Slocum, moving out on different roads, and destroying the rail track as he advanced, pushed on through Decatur, Stone Mountain, Social Circle, Rutledge, and Madison—filling the inhabitants with consternation, especially at the latter place. While the depot and railroad track were being destroyed

here, together with two hundred bales of cotton, the stragglers entered the place and pillaged unchecked. Stores were burst open—houses entered, and plates and valuables carried off, while mirrors and pianos were ruthlessly smashed. Wine-cellars were broken into, and the liquors drank till soldiers were seen reeling along the streets. All the stores were gutted and the contents scattered around; even a milliner's shop was entered and sacked, and the ribbons and flowers put in the caps of the soldiers.

This disgraceful scene continued until the head of Slocum's column entered the place, when it was quickly brought to a close, and a guard placed over what was left of the town.

From Madison, the division of Geary marched on the Oconee River, while a body of cavalry crossed it and advanced to Greenboro', sixty-four miles from Augusta. From this place, however, it turned directly south toward Milledgeville. The Fourteenth Corps wheeled in the same direction before it reached the town, marching toward the same point, and last, Geary, farther to the east, took the same direction, moving down the west bank of the Oconee.

On the 21st, Slocum entered Milledgeville, the State Capital, one day ahead of Howard. The latter moved directly on Macon, covered by Kilpatrick's cavalry. Some three thousand militia were found at Lovejoy's, but a single charge of Kilpatrick served to scatter them. At Bear Creek, he encountered Wheeler's cavalry and forced it back to Macon. Howard followed leisurely, destroying the railroad behind him, until he arrived within a few miles of the place. A large army was concentrated here, defended by breast-works, well mounted with artillery, for the enemy never doubted that Sherman intended to lay siege to this place. He however had no such intention. He had apparently forgotten the old, well-established military maxim, "never to

leave a fortified place of the enemy in your rear," and designed to pass it without halting.

Wishing to get across the Ocmulgee without opposition, and strike the railroad again beyond the town, he sent Kilpatrick over the river with a large force of cavalry, who came down on the place from the east—driving in the rebel pickets, and charging up to the very earthworks of the enemy. His daring and vigorous movements kept the garrison in a state of constant alarm, and while the rebel army was listening to the sound of his bugles, Howard quietly slipped across the river to Griswoldville, ten miles beyond. Leaving here a part of the Fifteenth Corps to protect his rear, the latter pushed on to Milledgeville, which, as we have said, he reached the next day after Howard entered it. Sherman took up his head-quarters in the Governor's house, but found it completely stripped of furniture. This, however, was of little consequence to one who had often made the earth his couch, and spreading a couple of blankets on the floor, slept in State.

The Georgia Legislature was in session when the news of the approach of our army was received, and at once adjourned in great terror. The soldiers took possession of the State House, and organized a Legislature of their own—winding up their hilarious proceedings by having a soldier appear at the door, shouting "the Yankees are coming," when the uproarious, laughing crowd rushed at once for the door.

In the meantime the rebel leaders at Macon, enraged at finding themselves so completely outwitted, made a furious attack with three brigades of militia, on the force left at Griswoldville, but were repulsed with a loss of a thousand men.

Having rested his now united army at Milledgeville, and stored forty days' rations in his wagons, Sherman once more

turned the head of his columns toward the sea. At Sandersville, Wheeler made a stand, but after a brief action fell back to Waynesboro, only thirty miles south of Augusta, whither Kilpatrick followed him. Wheeler now attacked in turn, but was repulsed with a loss of two hundred men. The inhabitants of Augusta were alarmed at the near approach of Kilpatrick to the city, and entertained no doubt, that it was the point aimed at by Sherman. But while the cavalry swarmed the country in its vicinity, concealing the movements of the army, the latter was marching rapidly on Millen, located on the railroad that connects Augusta and Savannah. Here Sherman again halted for several days, while the cavalry scoured the country in every direction. Whether he intended to march north on Augusta, or south on Savannah, the rebel commanders could not tell, and hence the forces at these places remained separate.

From this position Sherman looked back in his track, and saw the Georgia railroad destroyed for a hundred miles, and the Georgia road for more than sixty.

He had hitherto completely deceived the enemy as to the point he was aiming at, but concealment was now no longer possible. Sherman, however, felt no vacillation as to his course, and when his columns were well closed up, and sufficient provisions stored in his wagons, he on the 2nd of December, swung his noble army on Millen as on a pivot, and in six grand columns by as many different roads, swept down on Savannah, leaving Augusta as he had Macon, far in his rear.

The face of the country, through which his line of march now lay, was totally different from the one he had hitherto traversed. Through richly cultivated fields and plantations, and past thriving towns, and peaceful country villages, where every luxury abounded, the army had for weeks been marching, but now it entered on long stretches of pine forests, whose dark green branches swayed with a ceaseless

murmur over the soldiers' heads. A river on either side rolled its flood toward the Atlantic, whither the heads of his columns were pressing, protecting both his flanks—thus performing the duty which had hitherto devolved on Kilpatrick's cavalry. This force now marched in front and rear, awakening the echoes of the pine forest with their bugle calls, and lighting up its green arcades with the flashing weapons of the bold riders. It was a strange, yet magnificent spectacle, this mighty army moving unmolested through a hostile country, its bands making the woods resonant with their thrilling strains, and the gay battalions streaking them with the long lines of light from their camp-fires by night.

Thus, day after day, the army swept on for more than eighty miles to Savannah. About ten miles from the city, the left wing struck the Charleston railroad, when it came upon the skirmishers of Hardee, who was in command of the troops that held the place. As the right wing approached the outer line of the enemy's works, Sherman heard the deep, heavy thunder of cannon booming over the swamps and forests from Ossabaw Sound, where our fleet lay; and knew them to be signal guns for him, should he be approaching the coast. On the 9th he answered them by sending Colonel Duncan down the Ogeechee, who, three days after, stepped on board one of Dahlgren's vessels, and thus put the army once more in communication with the outer world.

Sherman now began to close gradually but steadily in upon the city. But he had no siege guns, for only field artillery could be taken in the long and difficult march across the State of Georgia. The former he must get up from the fleet in Ossabaw Sound, or the city could not be taken. But Fort McAllister, that had twice repulsed an attack by our iron-clads, commanded the entrance of the Ogeechee River, effectually preventing the ascent of our vessels. Its cap-

ture, therefore was indispensable to success. It is singular that the enemy did not see this and strengthen its garrison and defenses landward. But thinking the great danger was from the fleet, they left a garrison of less than three hundred men to hold it.

Sherman, aware of this, resolved by one bold stroke to seize it, and the gallant Hazen was selected with his tried division to carry it by assault. This division, the second, was Sherman's old division of the Fifteenth Corps, which was the corps he spoke so proudly of after the battle of Missionary Ridge. When he sent word to this old favorite division that he expected them to take Fort McAllister, they were as delighted, says an officer, as though "he had sent them a wagon load of brandy."

On the 12th Sherman sent for Hazen, and told him what he wanted him to do. In a half-hour this gallant officer was off with his division, and by night reached King's bridge, ten miles from the fort. The next morning he kept on till within a mile of it, when he halted. Selecting nine regiments with which to make the assault, he moved them forward to within six hundred yards of the works. The fort stood on the right bank of the Ogeechee, just where the firm land and sea-marsh join. Between him and it, stretched an open space more than a third of a mile wide, planted thick with torpedoes, and swept by artillery, across which in broad daylight, the storming force must march before they could reach the ramparts. These were surrounded by a heavy abattis, and beyond it was a deep ditch, along which were driven high, strong palisades. Sherman was well aware of the desperate nature of the undertaking, and designed to have the fleet co-operate in the attack, so as to draw off a part of the hostile force from Hazen. He had gone down the river with Howard, and was at this time standing on the top of a rice-mill, three miles off, on the opposite side of the stream,

anxiously watching for the appearance of the expected gunboat, for he had not heard from the fleet since Colonel Duncan set off to communicate with it. At length he saw the smoke of a steamer seaward and exclaimed, "See, Howard, there is the gunboat." In a short time its signal waved, "Is fort McAllister ours?" "No," was the answering signal from the rice-mill. "Can you assist?" "Yes," was the reply, "what shall we do?" The thunder of guns from the fort announcing that the struggle had commenced, rendered a reply unnecessary.

Hazen had sent forward some sharpshooters to within two hundred yards of the fort to clear the parapets, while he got his lines in position. This was attended with a good deal of difficulty on the right, where the marsh was soft, and crossed by a lagoon, and caused Hazen much solicitude. He saw this signal flying from the top of the rice-mill, three miles away, "*The fort must be taken at all hazards, to-night!*" and yet the sun was then almost touching the rim of the western horizon. He knew that Sherman and Howard were both watching him through their glasses, that Savannah was the stake at issue, and hence could not but feel the fearful responsibility under which he was to fight the coming battle. His anxiety was depicted on his grave countenance, yet every lineament was fixed and stern as fate itself. At length he saw his line in position, when he called the nearest bugler to him, and ordered him to sound the "Attention." The prolonged warning notes swept along the waiting line, and died in faint echoes over the sea. "Sound it again," he exclaimed, and again the well known strain stirred every heart, and called the foe to the ramparts. "Sound it again," cried Hazen in sterner accents, and for the third time the appealing notes swept in soft cadences over the plain, making each soldier clutch his musket with

a firmer grasp. Now, shouted Hazen, in tones that made the bugler start, "*Sound the forward.*"

The shrill, rapid notes shook the excited line as a sudden wind-gust the tree-tops, and the next moment, with a loud and ringing cheer, it bounded forward. In an instant, the guns of the fort opened, sweeping all the level space the brave fellows must traverse, with a horrible fire. Breasting this without flinching, they came upon torpedoes, buried in the sand, that exploded to their tread, sending men, mangled and torn, into the air. Heedless of these, as of the fire in front, they kept unhesitatingly on their terrible way, moving on the double-quick, until, at length, they reached the abattis. Pulling this apart by main strength, they stormed through it and reached the ditch. Seizing the strong palisades here, they wrenched them fiercely out, and making a gap, poured through it with loud shouts, and mounted the parapets.

Sherman stood on the rice-mill watching all this, through his glass, with emotions that can but faintly be imagined. As the blue line swept steadily onward, he exclaimed "How grandly they advance! not a waver!" With his eye still glued to that unwavering line, he, in a few seconds, again exclaimed, "Look, Howard! see that flag in the advance; how steadily it moves! not a man falters. Grand, grand!" After a short pause, he cried, "The flag still goes forward; there is no flinching there." But in a few seconds, he said, in an altered tone, "Look, it has halted! They waver." But as the smoke lifted a moment, he almost shouted, "No, it's the parapet. There they go, again, right over it! See, there is a flag on the works! another! another! It's ours! The fort is ours."

The firing ceased; the rebel flag came down; the Stars and Stripes went up; the glass dropped, and a smile lighted up his features, for he well knew what a shout was going

up from those smoking, bloody ramparts—and exclaiming, “Savannah is ours,” he seized a slip of paper, and wrote a dispatch to the Government, closing with, “I regard Savannah as already gained.” Calling one of his aids, he said, “Captain, have a boat ready, I must go over there.” Swift rowers were soon pulling him across the river, and, just at dark, he walked into the fort—his face aglow with enthusiasm—and seizing Hazen by the hand, overwhelmed him with praises, as well he might, for Hazen had captured Savannah for him, and thus made his Georgia campaign the decisive movement of the war.

Sherman now communicated with the fleet, and going on board the Admiral’s flag-ship—the *Harvest Moon*—arranged with General Foster to send some siege ordnance from Hilton Head. After consulting with Dahlgren he returned to his lines at Savannah.

The reports of the division Commanders on the condition of things, made him determine, the moment the siege guns arrived from Port Royal, to assault the enemy’s works. A number of thirty-pounder Parrott guns having reached King’s bridge, he, on the 17th, sent in a formal demand for the surrender of the city, which Hardee rejected. He now made further reconnoissances, and ordered Slocum to get in position siege guns, and make every thing ready for the final assault at the earliest moment. He also established a division of troops, under Foster, on the neck between the Coosawhatchie and Tullifinney Rivers, where his artillery could reach the railroad, and then started for Port Royal, in person, to get reinforcements for him, so that he could assault and carry the railroad, and thus obtain possession of the Union Causeway, from the direction of Port Royal. This was the plank road on the South Carolina shore, which once occupied, would complete the “investment of Savannah.”

He put to sea on the night of the 20th, but a gale of wind arising, it was deemed impossible to get over the Ossabaw Bar, and the vessel (the *Harvest Moon*) ran into the Tybee to make the passage through the inland channel into Warsaw Sound, and thence through Romney Marsh. But the ship, caught in the ebb-tide, could not make the passage, and Dahlgren took him in his tug toward Vernon River. To his surprise, Sherman received, on the way, a message from his Adjutant, Captain Dayton, stating that Savannah was evacuated, and our troops already in possession of the enemy's lines. He immediately hurried back, and on the morning of the 22nd, rode into the City of Savannah.

The surrender of the place was made to Geary, who was placed in command of the city. Sherman sent the following terse dispatch to the President:—"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns, and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." There proved to be thirty-eight thousand bales. Three steamers were also captured, besides locomotives, cars, &c., and eight hundred prisoners.

Thus ended this wonderful campaign, the success of which very few believed in. With an army of sixty or seventy thousand men, to swing entirely loose from his base, and move, for weeks, through a hostile country, depending solely on forage for supplies, was one of the boldest movements in military history.

The Southern press said, scornfully, that he was marching to the "paradise of fools," and the European journals, almost without exception, predicted a total failure.

At the North, his success was considered very doubtful. Even Grant, in reply to Sherman's request to be allowed to undertake the enterprise, said, "If you were to cut loose, I do not believe you would meet Hood's army, but would be

bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railroad guards as are still left at home."

That march could not have been made through one of the Northern States, but slavery, which the South boasted was an element of strength in war, because it allowed all the whites to enter the army and yet secured the cultivation of the soil, was found, in an invasion, to be an element of fatal weakness. The working population, in a free State, would have hung around the flanks of such an invading army "like lightning around the edge of a thunder-cloud," but in the South, that population was all on the side of the invaders—in short, an element of strength to us.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1864.

EXPEDITION FROM VICKSBURG—GRIERSON'S EXPEDITION—BRECKENRIDGE IN EAST TENNESSEE—STONEMAN SENT AGAINST HIM—ROUT OF THE ENEMY—DESTRUCTION OF WYTHEVILLE AND THE SALT WORKS AT SALTVILLE—HOOD ADVANCES AGAINST NASHVILLE—SCHOFIELD FALLS BACK BEFORE HIM—BATTLE OF FRANKLIN—SIEGE OF NASHVILLE—IMPATIENCE OF GRANT—BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—RETREAT OF HOOD—OPERATIONS AROUND MURFREESBORO'—CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN—EVENTS EAST—PLOT TO BURN THE CITY OF NEW YORK—ARREST AND EXECUTION OF REBEL OFFICERS—WARREN'S EXPEDITION—FIRST ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE FORT FISHER—CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT FROM PLYMOUTH—LOSS OF THE OTSEGO.

BUT while, during the months of November and December, Sherman's army was leisurely making its way toward Savannah, "two expeditions, one from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and one from Vicksburg, Mississippi, were started by General Canby to cut the enemy's line of communication with Mobile and detain troops in that field. General Foster, commanding Department of the South, also sent an expedition, *via* Broad River, to destroy the railroad between Charleston and Savannah. The expedition from Vicksburg, under command of Brevet Brigadier-General E. D. Osband, (Colonel of Third United States colored cavalry,) captured, on the 27th of November, and destroyed the Mississippi Central railroad bridge and trestle-work over the Big Black River, near Canton, thirty miles of the road, and two locomotives, besides large amounts of stores. The expedition from Baton Rouge was without favorable results.

"A cavalry expedition, under Brevet Major-General Grierson, started from Memphis on the 21st of December. On

the 25th, he surprised and captured Forrest's dismounted camp at Verona, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad; destroyed the railroad, sixteen cars loaded with wagons and pontoons for Hood's army, four thousand new English carbines, and large amounts of public stores. On the morning of the 28th, he attacked and captured a force of the enemy at Egypt, and destroyed a train of fourteen cars; thence turning to the south-west, he struck the Mississippi Central railroad at Winona, destroyed the factories and large amounts of stores at Bankston, and the machine-shops and public property at Grenada, arriving at Vicksburg January 5th.

"During these operations in Middle Tennessee, the enemy with a force under General Breckenridge, entered East Tennessee. On the 13th of November, he attacked General Gillem, near Morristown, capturing his artillery and several hundred prisoners. Gillem, with what was left of his command, retreated to Knoxville. Following up his success, Breckenridge moved to near Knoxville, but withdrew on the 18th, followed by General Ammen. Under the directions of General Thomas, General Stoneman concentrated the commands of Generals Burbidge and Gillem near Bean's Station, to operate against Breckenridge and destroy or drive him into Virginia, destroy the salt works at Saltville, and the railroad into Virginia, as far as he could go without endangering his command.

"On the 12th of December he commenced his movement, capturing and dispersing the enemy's forces wherever he met them. On the 16th he struck the enemy, under Vaughn, at Marion, completely routing and pursuing him to Wytheville, capturing all his artillery, trains, and one hundred and ninety-eight prisoners; and destroyed Wytheville, with its stores and supplies, and the extensive lead works near there. Returning to Marion, he met a force, under Breckenridge,

consisting, among other troops, of the garrison of Saltville, that had started in pursuit. He at once made arrangements to attack it the next morning; but morning found Breckenridge gone. He then moved directly to Saltville, and destroyed the extensive salt works at that place, a large amount of stores, and captured eight pieces of artillery. Having thus successfully executed his instructions, he returned General Burbridge to Lexington, and General Gillem to Knoxville."

These, however, were minor movements—the great interest centered around Hood's army, which Sherman had left behind him. When the former found himself north of the Tennessee, and his pursuer back to Atlanta, his surprise was complete. He knew that it would be useless to turn about and attempt to overtake him, and so he determined to advance north and attack Nashville.

Schofield, with the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, was directed to keep the field and check, as much as possible, his advance, so as to give Thomas time to concentrate his troops. Steedman, at this time, held Chattanooga, Bridgeport, and that line of railroad.

After Hood crossed the Tennessee River, Schofield fell back across Duck River, where he made a stand, but the former pressed him so severely that he had to retreat. Setting fire to his own pontoon bridge, he marched swiftly for Franklin, eighteen miles from Nashville, for he knew if he did not cross Harpeth River first, his army would be hopelessly cut off. Hood was aware of this, and strained every nerve to reach the river before him.

Schofield's immense train crippled him sadly, and at one time it was doubtful if he could save it. It was a life and death race, but he won it nobly. Once over the river, where, if defeated, he could fall back on Nashville, he resolved to deal his powerful adversary one blow before

retreating farther; and hastily throwing up breastworks, he calmly awaited his approach. Hood, confident of success, boldly advanced to the attack, on the last day of November, and the battle of Franklin commenced. Throwing himself, with his accustomed impetuosity, on the centre of Schofield's position, he carried it, and Wagner, who commanded here, was forced back, losing two guns. He, however, rallied his men, and charging back, re-took his guns, and captured a whole brigade.

In spite of Cox, Wagner, Opdyke, and Stanley, Hood, at last, got possession of the first line of works, though at a terrible sacrifice of life. But just at sunset, when Cox and Stanley, with their re-formed lines, advanced to drive back the enemy, the struggle became terrible, and assumed a savage ferocity. The rebels, though the canister and grape of the close batteries cut frightful lanes through their ranks, refused to yield an inch of the ground they had so gallantly won, and a gladiatorial contest followed, in which the combatants stood face to face, thrusting their bayonets into each other's bosoms—and with clubbed muskets, and demoniacal yells, fought in the deepening twilight, more like savages than civilized men.

Darkness, at length, closed on this strange battle, and Hood was at last compelled to give it up and retire from the captured works—to mourn over the loss of over six thousand men, and six general officers killed, six wounded, and one captured. Our loss was only twenty-three hundred, yet Schofield having done all that he intended to do—dealt his adversary a blow that severely crippled him—fell back that night to Nashville, leaving him in possession of the battle field.

On the same day that Schofield reached Nashville, A. J. Smith, with his command, arrived in transports from St. Louis, together with Steedman, with five thousand men and

a brigade of colored troops from Chattanooga. The latter barely got through, for after the battle of Franklin, Hood at once advanced his lines around the city, and effectually cut off all communications south.

The rebel army occupied a series of hills, some four or five miles out of Nashville, while Thomas lay behind defensive works, erected on a similar range of hills near the city. Hood's only chance of success was in a sudden assault; but the moment he sat down before the place, in a regular siege, his doom was sealed.

The people were at once set to work on the fortifications, and two lines of works, exterior and interior, were constructed at a distance from the city, varying from one to two miles, with forts, redoubts, and rifle-pits, at every available point, until the range of hills, occupied by our forces, was a perfect net-work of fortifications.

Early in December, Thomas opened on the enemy with artillery, but designed to act only on the defensive until his preparations were complete. In the meantime, eight gunboats, with the iron-clad *Neosho*, came up the Cumberland, and were quite able to take care of the rebel batteries in that direction. Hood evidently designed to isolate Nashville as Sherman did Atlanta, by cutting its communications, yet it was not so clear how this was to be done with our gunboats patrolling the river.

Thomas was at length ready to take the field, but expecting to defeat his adversary, he wanted a cavalry force with which to follow up his victory, and make an utter end of him, and so telegraphed to the Secretary of War. The latter immediately directed Wilson, the chief of cavalry, to seize and impress all serviceable horses that could be found in Tennessee and Kentucky.

In the meantime, Grant became nervous over Thomas' delay, and telegraphed to him to move at once. The latter

replied that he was not ready, and requested Grant, if he was dissatisfied with his course, to appoint a Commander in his place, and he would cheerfully serve under him. Grant sent back word that he had more confidence in him than in any other man, and that he might take his own time—still, he wanted to know the reasons of his delay.

Thomas not thinking it prudent to give them, lest they should leak out on the way, kept silent. This did not tend to lessen Grant's solicitude, and he says,—

“I grew very impatient over, as it appeared to me, the unnecessary delay. This impatience was increased, upon learning that the enemy had sent a force of cavalry across the Cumberland into Kentucky. I feared Hood would cross his whole army, and give us great trouble there. After urging upon General Thomas the necessity of immediately assuming the offensive, I started West to superintend matters there in person. Reaching Washington City, I received General Thomas' dispatch, announcing his attack upon the enemy, and the result, as far as the battle had progressed. I was delighted. All fears and apprehensions were dispelled.”

It was strange that Grant did not feel that it was perfectly safe to let Thomas have his own way, as Sherman did when he placed his reputation in his keeping, and turned his back on Atlanta.

Near the middle of December, Thomas finding that he had all the cavalry that he could expect, though not all he wanted, resolved to attack Hood behind his works. But just then came a cold snap, glazing the hills with ice, so that neither men nor animals could keep upon their feet, and the advance was delayed until there should come a thaw. In a day or two the weather changed, and on the night of the 14th, Thomas gave orders to be ready to attack at daylight next morning. His plan was to make a feint on Hood's

right flank, and then fall with sudden, overwhelming power on his left, and roll it back on the centre. A. J. Smith was stationed on the right, with the Sixteenth Corps, and at day-break moved forward—Wilson's cavalry keeping on *his* right along the river shore, while Wood, with the Fourth Corps, closed in on his left. Schofield, with the Twenty-third Corps, came in on Wood's left as a reserve. Three Corps were thus concentrated on the rebel left.

Far away, on our left, Steedman, commanding a mixed body of troops, was directed to push out a heavy force of skirmishers before daylight, and threaten the rebel right. He did so, and driving in the enemy's pickets, followed close on their heels, until he came upon a battery, planted behind a deep railroad cut, which the troops could not get over, and hence were forced to retire. Hood, aroused at early dawn by the heavy firing on his extreme right, called to horse, but before he had time to ascertain the true state of things there, down on his left came the two Corps of Smith and Wood.

So sudden and awful was the onset, that only a feeble resistance could be offered, and the rebel line crumbled swiftly before it, and in a twinkling the left was hurled, in confusion, back on the centre. "This let the cavalry loose, and now Wilson swept round and past the right like a thunderbolt, and hung like an avenging cloud on the flank and rear of the rebels, as they fell suddenly back on their centre."

Aroused to the imminent peril that threatened him, Hood now ordered over troops from his right to stay the reversed tide of battle—and from all the heights around Nashville, could be seen the hurrying lines of infantry and artillery sweeping to the rescue.

But though his left was gone, the position he held in the centre was a strong one; high hills—covered with breast-

works, lined with rifle-pits, and fringed with abattis, beyond which frowned heavy batteries—commanded all the open country below. Smith paused before this formidable barrier, and began to reconnoitre. Wood and Schofield now came up, and all day long, Hood's intrenchments were swept by a fierce artillery fire, while here and there the infantry attempted to find a weak spot in his lines. But no impression was made on the strong position which the enemy occupied, and no particular advantage gained, except the possession of a battery, which was carried by a gallant rush. Still, the results of the whole day footed up well—two thousand prisoners captured, with sixteen pieces of artillery.

As the day declined, and darkness began to creep over the landscape, Thomas, who saw that no more could be done that night, ordered the firing to cease, and turning his horse's head, rode off to Nashville to telegraph his success to Washington.

Just as he was leaving the field he remarked to an officer, in his quiet way, "So far I think we have done pretty well. Unless Hood decamps to-night, to-morrow Steedman will double up his right, Wood will hold his centre, Smith and Schofield again strike his left, while the cavalry work away at his rear."

That night Hood took up a new and strong position, two miles in rear of his first, by which his lines were shortened from six miles to three. Thomas, carrying out his original plan, ordered Steedman to move at daylight against the enemy's right as before, while Wood advanced over the deserted works straight on the centre. Their orders, however, were merely to feel the hostile line and wait till Smith and Schofield broke with the thunder-crash of the day before on the rebel left. But the latter, too, were directed simply to hold their ground, until the cavalry which had been sent in a wide circuit to the rear, could be heard from.

Hood had again committed the mistake that he did at Atlanta, when he sent off all his cavalry to cut Sherman's communications, leaving that Commander to place his army where his own would be effectually destroyed. He possessed a fine body of cavalry, under Forrest, superior in number to that of Thomas, but he had sent it down the Cumberland after our transports, and back to Murfreesboro', to waste its energies in dashing against our strong defenses. Thomas was aware of this, and hence had no fear that it would interfere with his movements.

It was a long time, however, before our cavalry was heard from. It had made a wide detour to prevent the movement from being detected, so that noon came without any thing of importance being done. There had been heavy artillery firing all the forenoon, and Hood was evidently momentarily expecting an attack. Smith and Schofield chafed under the inaction, and sent to Thomas for permission to assault, but he firmly refused. The short winter's day wore on, and night threatened to come before any thing was accomplished. But Thomas remained imperturbable as ever, amid all the impatience and excitement around him. At length, about four o'clock, a prolonged fire of rifles and carbines, that swept around the rebel flank, and crept up along Hood's rear, told him that the hour had come. His blue eye flashed with sudden inspiration, and turning to his aids, he said, "Now tell Generals Schofield and Smith to advance."

The aids dashed off to deliver the order, but before they reached these impatient Generals, the latter were already advancing. With leveled bayonets and loud, defiant shouts, the columns moved straight on and over the rebel works. Wood, in the centre, at once advanced and came upon a strong fort which commanded the Franklin pike, and aided by Steedman on the left, with his colored troops, attempted to

carry it. At first, the assaulting columns were repulsed with fearful slaughter, but the troops rallied when they heard the shouts of Wood's and Schofield's battalions, as, storming over the hostile batteries, they scaled the bald hill in their front, and again moved with loud cheers against the fort, and captured it, with nine pieces of artillery.

A gentle rain was falling, and not a breeze stirred the leafless branches of the dripping trees, while this whirlwind of death was sweeping the heights. Borne back at every point, the enemy abandoned their batteries, and throwing away every thing that could impede their flight, sped in dismay over the country.

Said a captured Brigadier-General, in speaking of the last charge, "Why, Sir, it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed. I saw your men coming and held my fire—a full brigade, too—until they were in close range, could almost see the whites of their eyes, and then poured my volley right into their faces. I supposed, of course, that when the smoke lifted, your line would be broken and your men gone. But it is surprising, Sir, it never even staggered them. Why, they did not even come forward on a run. But right along, cool as fate, your line swung up the hill, and your men walked right up to and over my works and around my brigade, before we knew that they were upon us. It was astonishing, Sir, such fighting."

Over five thousand prisoners, one Major-General, three Brigadiers, and more than two hundred commissioned officers were captured, not to mention the killed and wounded. Forty pieces of artillery were taken, with any quantity of small arms, battle-flags, &c.

Thus, in two days, Thomas had taken some eight thousand prisoners, and between fifty and sixty pieces of artillery.

As on the day before, so now, night put an end to the

conflict, and our army bivouacked on the field, while the demoralized rebel army retreated through the darkness to Harpeth River. At daylight, the next morning, the Fourth Corps, with the cavalry, commenced the pursuit. On the night of the 19th, Hood crossed Duck River and took up the bridge.

Thomas, in his report, says, "the pontoon train coming up to Rutherford's Creek about noon, of the 21st, a bridge was laid during the afternoon, and General Smith's troops were able to cross. The weather had changed from dismal rain to bitter cold, very materially retarding the work in laying the bridge, as the regiment of colored troops, to whom the duty was intrusted, seemed unmanned by the cold, and totally unequal to the occasion."

This caused a serious delay, but a whole day was lost in a manner not mentioned in any report. The pontoon train took the wrong road, when it left Nashville, and had been gone a part of a day before the mistake was discovered. At Columbia, Forrest's cavalry, that had been operating against Murfreesboro', joined the army, and formed a strong rear-guard for it.

Hood now saw the folly of dividing his forces, for Bates' division of Cheatham's Corps, with which Forrest had been sent against Murfreesboro', was repulsed in its attack on the first block house five miles north of the place, and afterward with another division, and twenty-five hundred of Forrest's cavalry, was driven from before Fort Rosecrans, which was under the command of Rousseau. Attacked in their position by Milroy with seven regiments, the rebels were defeated, with a loss of over four hundred men. Although Buford, with his cavalry, entered the town the same day, he was speedily driven out, so that Hood had weakened his army to no purpose—and now the whole, once more united, fled back toward Alabama.

Thomas kept up the pursuit, though the roads were terrible; but he succeeded in inflicting only slight loss on the enemy.

On the last of the month, Hood crossed the Tennessee, when it was abandoned, and the campaign ended.

This virtually closed the war in the Valley of the Mississippi. Thomas had done his work well and thoroughly, and vindicated the high opinion of Sherman, and nobly fulfilled the trust that had been imposed on him.

But while the months of November and December brought such glorious victories to our armies West and South, the Army of the Potomac won only the laurels due to patient endurance.

Among the minor events of November, was the attempt to burn the City of New York. The diabolical plot originated in Canada, among the rebel refugees there, and was attempted to be put in execution on the night of the 25th of the month. Intrusted to bungling hands, it failed of success, though the fires were started in various buildings. Captain Robert A. Kennedy, of the rebel service, was afterward arrested, at the West, for complicity in it, and tried and executed at Fort Lafayette the following Spring.

Beall, the rebel officer, who in September destroyed two steamboats on the Lakes, was arrested in December, near Suspension Bridge, for attempting to throw a train of cars off the railroad track, and in February was also hung on Governor's Island.

On the 20th of the month, the country was startled by a Proclamation of the President, calling for three hundred thousand more troops. Up to this time, two and a half millions of men had been called for, either for permanent or temporary service, though nothing like this number ever entered the field.

Although the army around Petersburg was engaged in no

battles while such stirring events were transpiring West and South, it was not idle. On the 7th of December, General Warren, with twenty thousand men, moved south toward Hatcher's Run, and in two days reached Bellefield Station, on the Meherrin River, forty miles from Petersburg, where he destroyed the rebel works, depot, &c. The next day he commenced his return march, destroying every thing in his line of march, and twenty miles of the Weldon railroad.

The most important event, however, of the month, connected with the Army of the Potomac, was the attempt to capture Fort Fisher, which commanded the entrance to Cape Fear River.

Wilmington, at this time, was the most important seaport left to the South, for through it she got most of her supplies, and from which she sent out blockade-runners, loaded with cotton and other products. The blockade had been only partially maintained here, and it was deemed very important by the Navy Department that it should be taken. Besides, it was a point of great strategic importance.

As there has been much dispute respecting the cause of the failure of the first attempt to capture the fort, and a direct issue made between the Commanders of the naval and land forces, on questions of fact, we prefer to let General Grant give the history of the affair himself.

"To secure the possession of this land required the co-operation of a land force, which I agreed to furnish. Immediately commenced the assemblage in Hampton Roads, under Admiral D. D. Porter, of the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point. This necessarily attracted the attention of the enemy, as well as that of the loyal North; and through the imprudence of the public press, and very likely of officers of both branches of service, the exact object of the expedition became a subject of common discussion in the newspapers both North and

South. The enemy, thus warned prepared to meet it. This caused a postponement of the expedition until the latter part of November, when, being again called upon by Hon. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I agreed to furnish the men required at once, and went myself, in company with Major-General Butler, to Hampton Roads, where we had a conference with Admiral Porter as to the force required and the time of starting. A force of six thousand, five hundred men was regarded as sufficient. The time of starting was not definitely arranged, but it was thought all would be ready by the 6th of December, if not before. Learning on the 30th of November that Bragg had gone to Georgia, taking with him most of the forces about Wilmington, I deemed it of the utmost importance that the expedition should reach its destination before the return of Bragg, and directed General Butler to make all arrangements for the departure of Major-General Weitzel, who had been designated to command the land forces, so that the navy might not be detained one moment.

“On the 6th of December the following instructions were given:

“CITY POINT, Va., Dec. 6, 1864.

“GENERAL:—The first object of the expedition under General Weitzel is to close to the enemy the port of Wilmington. If successful in this, the second will be to capture Wilmington itself. There are reasonable grounds to hope for success, if advantage can be taken of the absence of the greater part of the enemy's forces now looking after Sherman in Georgia. The directions you have given for the numbers and equipment of the expedition are all right except in the unimportant matter of where they embark, and the amount of intrenching tools to be taken. The object of the expedition will be gained by effecting a landing on the main land between Cape Fear River and the Atlantic, north of the north entrance to the river. Should such landing be effected whilst the enemy still holds Fort Fisher and the batteries guarding the entrance to the river, then the troops should intrench themselves, and, by co-operating with the navy, effect the reduction and capture of those places. These in our hands, the navy could enter the harbor, and the port of Wilmington would be sealed. Should Fort Fisher and the point of land on which it is built fall into the hands of our troops immediately on landing, then it will be worth the attempt to capture Wilmington by a

forced march and surprise. If time is consumed in gaining the first object of the expedition, the second will become a matter of after consideration.

"The details for execution are intrusted to you and the officer immediately in command of the troops.

"Should the troops under General Weitzel fail to effect a landing at or near Fort Fisher they will be returned to the armies operating against Richmond without delay.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.

Major General B. F. Butler.

"General Butler commanding the army from which the troops were taken for this enterprise, and the territory within which they were to operate, military courtesy required that all orders and instructions should go through him. They were so sent; but General Weitzel has since officially informed me that he never received the foregoing instructions, nor was he aware of their existence until he read General Butler's published official report of the Fort Fisher failure, with my endorsement and papers accompanying it. I had no idea of General Butler's accompanying the expedition until the evening before it got off from Bermuda Hundred, and then did not dream but that General Weitzel had received all the instructions, and would be in command. I rather formed the idea that General Butler was actuated by a desire to witness the effect of the explosion of the powder-boat. The expedition was detained several days at Hampton Roads, awaiting the loading of the powder-boat.

"The importance of getting the Wilmington expedition off without any delay, with or without the powder-boat, had been urged upon General Butler, and he advised to so notify Admiral Porter.

"The expedition finally got off on the 13th of December, and arrived at the place of rendezvous, off New Inlet, near Fort Fisher, on the evening of the 15th. Admiral Porter arrived on the evening of the 18th, having put in at Beaufort to get ammunition for the monitors. The sea becoming rough, making it difficult to land troops, and the supply of

water and coal being about exhausted, the transport fleet put back to Beaufort to replenish; this, with the state of the weather, delayed the return to the place of rendezvous until the 24th. The powder-boat was exploded on the morning of the 24th, before the return of General Butler from Beaufort; but it would seem from the notice taken of it in the Southern newspapers, that the enemy were never enlightened as to the object of the explosion until they were informed by the Northern press.

"On the 25th a landing was effected without opposition, and a reconnoissance, under Brevet Brigadier General Curtis, pushed up toward the Fort. But before receiving a full report of the result of this reconnoissance, General Butler, in direct violation of the instructions given, ordered the re-embarkation of the troops and the return of the expedition.

"The re-embarkation was accomplished by the morning of the 27th."

The powder-boat was Butler's device, he having read of the effects of the explosion of a large amount of powder in England. It was placed under the command of Commander A. C. Rhind, who, with Lieutenant S. W. Preston, Engineer A. T. E. Mullen, and Acting Master's Mate Paul Boyden, and seven men undertook the perilous task of towing it in. Having anchored it within four hundred yards of the fort, he set fire to the fuse that was to explode it, and, hastening back to the Wilderness, steamed away twelve miles to avoid the effects of the explosion. The whole fleet lay off at this safe distance. The object was to explode the magazine of the fort, and blow it and the garrison together into the air. It proved however quite a harmless affair, but the bombardment that followed was one of the most terrific ever witnessed.

The fleet of Porter consisted of seventy-three vessels, carrying in all six hundred and fifty-five guns, some of them

of the largest calibre. For two days it was kept up, completely silencing the fort, which Porter insists could easily have been taken by a man of any enterprise.

There is one short sentence in Grant's report, which for keen sarcasm, and quiet humor cannot be surpassed. In speaking of his ignorance that Butler was to command the expedition he says, "*I had rather formed the idea that General Butler was actuated by a desire to witness the effect of the explosion of the powder-boat.*"

This ended the extraordinary military career of General Butler, for soon after he was superseded by Ord.

As a co-operative movement in this expedition, General Palmer sent off a force from Plymouth, which proceeded up the Roanoke River beyond Jamestown, but not being sustained by the gunboats that were kept back by the torpedoes in the river, it effected nothing of importance. In the fore part of the month the gunboat Otsego was sunk in the river by one of these torpedoes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JANUARY, 1865.

GUERRILLAS—PEACE RUMORS—RELIEF FOR THE DESTITUTE IN SAVANNAH—GRANT PLANS A SECOND EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT FISHER—TERRY COMMANDS IT—THE BOMBARDMENT—THE ASSAULT AND VICTORY—EVACUATION OF OTHER FORTS IN THE VICINITY—THOMAS' ARMY BROKEN UP—SMITH'S COMMAND SENT TO JOIN CANBY—SCHOFIELD'S CORPS ORDERED EAST—NORTH CAROLINA MADE A SEPARATE MILITARY DEPARTMENT—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—PEACE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY DAVIS—THEIR INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF STATE—EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS—SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE—INHUMANITY OF THE SOUTH—ANDERSONVILLE PRISON—CAPTAIN WIRZ, THE COMMANDANT, TRIED AT WASHINGTON AND HUNG.

THE beginning of the year 1865 exhibited no active military movements in any part of the country. Guerrillas still swarmed in Kentucky, and other border States—the steamer Venango was burned by them, on the Mississippi, and the more desperate the cause of the Confederacy became, the more vindictive and ferocious seemed their conduct.

Peace rumors were afloat, which acquired importance from the repeated visits of Francis P. Blair, Senior, to Richmond.

The destitution of the people of Savannah, called forth the sympathies of the citizens of New York, and provisions and supplies, of various kinds, were furnished for their relief.

But under all this apparent quietness, the most important preparations were going on. Not only was Sherman getting ready for his northern march, but Grant, indignant at the failure of the expedition against Fort Fisher, was quietly

preparing for a second and more serious attempt to capture it. His movements were all so secretly made, that the public journals got no hint of his intentions until his work was accomplished.

Still, we must confess that we cannot see the wisdom of this second expedition. When Sherman reached Savannah, Grant directed him to place his army on transports and join him at City Point, in order to aid him in his projected operations against Richmond. But after the defeat of Hood by Thomas, he changed his plans, and wrote to Sherman, asking him what, under the circumstances, he thought it best to do. The latter replied, that he would, at once, come to him by sea if he desired, but that he had expected to march to Columbia, South Carolina, and thence to Raleigh, where he would report to him.

Grant says:—"The confidence he manifested in this letter of being able to march up and join me, pleased me, and, without waiting for a reply to my letter of the 18th, I directed him, on the 28th of December, to make preparations to start, as he proposed, without delay, to break up the railroads in North and South Carolina, and join the armies operating against Richmond as soon as he could."

Now, this order was sent the day after the re-embarkation of the troops that, under the first expedition, were to assault Fort Fisher. Hence, Grant was perfectly aware of Sherman's plan to march north to Raleigh, and was so confident of its practicability that he approved of it. But he also knew that if Sherman succeeded in carrying out that plan, Fort Fisher and Wilmington would fall of themselves. No one knew better than he, that the enemy could no more hold Wilmington, with Sherman marching on Raleigh or Goldsboro', than he could Charleston, with him marching on Columbia.

Before he reached even Fayetteville, these places would

be evacuated, or the garrisons hopelessly cut off; hence, to our apprehension, it would have been just as wise to have sacrificed the lives of our soldiers in an attack on Charleston, at this time, as on Wilmington. A glance at the map will make this plain, and any one will see that nothing between Sherman's line of march and the sea could be held by the rebels.

The original plan of attempting to capture Fort Fisher was not Grant's, but it having failed, he determined that it should be carried out. Taking the same troops that Butler had, with the addition of only a small brigade numbering about fifteen hundred men, he placed them under General Terry, also a civilian Commander, with orders similar to those which he had given to the former, or rather to Weitzel. In neither case did he direct that an assault on the fort should be made—he left this entirely “to the discretion of the commanding officer.”

The expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe on the 6th of January, “arriving on the rendezvous off Beaufort on the 8th, where, owing to the difficulties of the weather, it lay until the morning of the 12th, when it got under way, and reached its destination that evening.” The next morning, the disembarkation of the troops commenced, and by three o'clock was completed without loss. The next day a reconnoissance was made to within five hundred yards of the fort, “and a small advance work taken possession of, and turned into a defensive line against any attempt that might be made from the fort.”

The third day, Sunday, was fixed upon for the assault, but, in the meantime, the fleet had kept up a terrible fire upon the fort. It attacked in three columns. The first, led by the Brooklyn, numbered one hundred and sixteen guns; the second, by the Minnesota, one hundred and seventy-six guns; while the third, composed of gunboats, numbered

one hundred and twenty-three—in all, over four hundred guns, that played with fearful precision on the hostile works. When the firing was most rapid, shells fell at the rate of four every second.

Under this horrible fire, guns were dismounted, embrasures blown open, and traverses disappeared with amazing rapidity.

A force of marines and sailors, numbering about two thousand, was to assault from the sea-side, at the same time that the columns of Terry advanced from the land-side. For three hours previous to the assault, the four hundred guns of the fleet were worked to their utmost capacity, till the ponderous shells fell thick as hailstones from heaven, on the doomed fort—driving the garrison to the casemates. The parapets were twenty-five feet thick, and twenty feet high, and surrounded by a strong palisade. About two hundred yards in advance of this, was strung a line of torpedoes, eighty-five feet apart—each one containing a hundred pounds of powder, and all connected by wires. Fortunately, the shells from the fleet had cut the wires leading to those that lay in the path of the assaulting columns. The shells, also, broke down a part of the palisade, so that they had almost a clear sweep to the ramparts—though in some places they had to be cut away or beaten down.

At length, every thing being ready, at three o'clock the signal was given, and the three brigades—the first led by Curtis, the second by Pennypacker, and the third by Bell—dashed forward, following one another about three hundred yards apart, making, in their final rush, for the west end on the land-side. As they started, Porter ran up his signal which set all the steam-whistles shrieking. This was the signal to change the fire of the fleet from the fort, and concentrate it on the batteries to the left and above, to avoid hitting our own troops. The smoke hanging over the

mighty armada, out of which arose the shriek of countless steam-whistles, and came incessant explosions too quick to count—the volcano that opened from the fort, as with loud cheers those gallant brigades drove on, combined to make that Sabbath afternoon one of the most terrific the earth ever witnessed. On the sea-side, the marines and sailors dashed gallantly forward, but were swept like chaff before the wind, from the ramparts. Terry's troops, however, boldly mounted those in their front, when a fearful hand to hand conflict followed. Soon the high parapets swallowed up the combatants, but the work of death went on within. Shouts and curses, mingled with volleys of musketry, made the interior of that fort a pandemonium—but our troops, bent on victory, won their way steadily from traverse to traverse in spite of the desperate opposition of the enemy.

The wintry sun went down on the strange scene, and darkness closed around the combatants. Fighting in the fitful light of the flashes of musketry, and of the flaming shells streaking the sky above them, they drove the garrison back step by step, until at last, at half past nine the fort was cleared. A long, loud shout arose from the bosom of the bloody and trampled works, and then Terry's signal torches flamed from the summit, announcing to Porter that the place was won. The firing ceased, and rockets were immediately sent up from the flagship, signaling to the fleet the glorious news, when cheer after cheer rung over the water, ship answering ship in the darkness—the shouts being echoed back from the fort, till land and sea shook with the wild huzzas. About midnight, General Whitney, and Colonel Lamb, the Commanders, with the garrison, eighteen hundred in number, surrendered. Seventy-three guns fell into our hands, besides the camp equipage and stores.

Our loss was six hundred and forty-six in killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was only four hundred.

Unfortunately, in the morning the magazine blew up, killing and wounding several hundred more. Among our officers who fell in the assault were Colonels Bell and Moore, and Lieutenant Colonel Lyman, killed, and Colonels Curtis, Penypacker and Lieutenant Colonel Coan, wounded. In the fleet the loss of which in the assault was about two hundred, Lieutenants Preston and Porter were killed, and Lamson and Bache, wounded. The other forts in the vicinity, one after another, with eighty-three cannon now fell into our hands, the garrisons retiring to Wilmington.

In the meantime Thomas' army being no longer needed in Tennessee, was broken up; and A. J. Smith's command, with a division of cavalry, ordered to report to General Canby, while Schofield's Corps was brought east and sent to Fort Fisher, and Newbern. North Carolina was created a separate military department, and placed under the latter, with orders to report to General Sherman.

But while we were rejoicing in our victories on the Cape Fear River, a disaster came very near befalling the Army of the Potomac, that would speedily have wiped out its remembrance. Knowing that our war vessels were nearly all away at the former place, the rebels on the night of the 24th sent four iron-clads down the James River, with the intention of severing the armies on the two sides of the stream, and, reaching City Point to destroy the communications of the army. A heavy rebel force in the meantime, was massed north of the James, to fall on our army there the moment success was announced. The signal of this was to be the burning of a high tower at City Point, erected by us for the purpose of overlooking the enemy's lines. The iron-clads broke through the obstructions at Dutch Gap canal—passed Fort Brady—drove back the only vessel we had stationed in the river, and bid fair to reach City Point. The utmost

consternation prevailed along our lines, and officers were seen galloping off in every direction. Fortunately the vessels grounded and one of them was blown up, and the other destroyed—so that the well-laid scheme totally failed.

In the Court of Inquiry summoned to investigate this affair, every officer but General Grant that was examined as a witness, testified, that had the rebel iron-clads reached City Point, the siege of Petersburg and Richmond would have been raised, as not another pound of provisions could have been got to the army. Grant, on the contrary, said he had provisions enough on hand, that with great economy might last two weeks, and he thought in that time the Government would have succeeded in re-opening his communications. Thus it will be seen even on Grant's testimony, that his salvation would have depended alone on outside help, and not on any thing that he could do. The country never dreamed how narrow was our escape, and how much depended on a few, more or less inches of water.

The close of the month was made memorable by the arrival at Fortress Monroe of Alexander H. Stevens, Vice President of the Confederacy, R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia and J. A. Campbell, of Alabama, as Peace Commissioners from Jefferson Davis. President Lincoln and Secretary Seward met them two or three days after, on board a steamer, and had an informal interview. The rebel commissioners wished a postponement of the question of separation, and proposed a cessation of hostilities and the resumption of intercourse between the two sections, to see what time and the subsidence of passion might effect. But Mr. Lincoln mildly yet firmly insisted on a complete restoration of the national authority every where, as the first condition to a cessation of hostilities, and hence the interview broke up without any beneficial results.

Nothing awakened more indignation at the North in the progress of the war than the treatment of our prisoners by the South, which during this Winter reached its climax. As stated in the previous volume, for more than a year after the war commenced we would consent to no cartel with the rebels, as it recognized them as belligerents—but finally, in the Summer of 1862 one was agreed upon, in which it was stipulated that prisoners should be exchanged man for man, and the excess, on either side, be paroled until regularly exchanged.

At that time the balance was greatly against us, and hence the cartel worked in our favor. But the introduction of colored regiments into our army, the soldiers of which the rebel authorities refused to place on the same footing as white ones, brought on an acrimonious correspondence between the Commissioners, Meredith and Ould; the latter insisting that the provisions of the original cartel should be carried out, and exchanges resumed, and the other refusing to consent to any exchange unless stipulations were made in regard to the colored soldiers. Besides, the prisoners captured at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, had turned the balance in our favor by nearly thirty thousand, whom we were afraid to release on parole, having no confidence in the good faith of the Confederate Government. Hence, no regular system of exchanges could be agreed upon. General Butler endeavored, while commanding at Fortress Montroe, to establish one, but failed.

At length, the whole subject assumed a character disgraceful to both Governments. The rebel Government had so treated Union prisoners that they were utterly worthless for active service, if exchanged, while it was sadly in need of soldiers for its rapidly diminishing army, and hence proposed to exchange officer for officer, and man for man, as far as it could be done. To this proposition, our Commis-

sioner refused to accede, giving various reasons for his refusal, but they failed to satisfy the people who were becoming clamorous on the subject.

The real fact was, the Secretary of War saw that while we could raise an indefinite number of men, the South was exhausted, and he had no idea of reinforcing its armies with thirty or forty thousand able-bodied men, and getting in return the same number of emaciated, half-starved, enfeebled soldiers, that would not be fit for duty till the war was over, if ever. His motives, unquestionably, were right, and he thought that he was doing his country a service by keeping the rebel army reduced in this way. Doubtless, too, he thought this course would be a saving of life in the end, but it was cruel as the grave.

There are certain things to be done and to be left undone, without regard to consequences. A ruler may think it the quickest way to end a war, to massacre all the young men fit to bear arms, that he can capture, but the end sought to be obtained can never justify the use of such means. A powerful nation, in war with a weaker one, might think that the shortest way to end the struggle, would be to hoist the black flag and give no quarter, and judge rightly, too; but the whole civilized world would cry out against the barbarous act. And yet these measures have their excuses, but no course can be justified, that, for a probable good, allows brave soldiers, who have nobly struggled to sustain their Government, to languish and die in prison.

There is no class of men, whose interests and welfare should be so dear to the Government, as its soldiers captured in battle. So the country felt, and the pressure became at length so great on the Administration, that it was compelled to turn over the whole matter to General Grant. With his strong, practical common sense, and his love of the

soldier, he did not long hesitate respecting the course he ought to adopt.

Not the injustice and wickedness of the South, nor the advantages that might accrue to it, could deter him from acting humanely to our own soldiers, and exchanging man for man as long as it could be done.

The exchange of prisoners, under his wise administration, became very active, and as the emaciated, dying, half-idiotic forms of humanity, that had once been brave American soldiers, reached our lines, the barbaric, diabolical system practised in Southern prisons became painfully apparent. It was vain for the rebel authorities to say that their own soldiers lacked food, and that the inhabitants were starving, and that our prisoners only shared the common fate. Making all due allowance for the scarcity of provisions in the South, the treatment of our prisoners indicated a depth of moral degradation and a savage hate, that will be a disgrace to Southern civilization as long as time endures. If such inhumanity and fiendish cruelty were the result of Slavery, it would need no deeper damnation.

We cannot go over the sickening details of Southern prison-life. Men left to perish with the scurvy—slowly eaten up with maggots—shot without excuse, and tortured, apparently, for mere love of cruelty, make up a picture from which the heart of any but a Fejee would turn with loathing and abhorrence.

The principal prisons, South, were Andersonville and Millen, Georgia; Columbia, Florence, and Charleston, South Carolina; Tyler, Texas; Salisbury, North Carolina; Cahawba, Alabama; Danville, Virginia; and Libby, Pemberton, Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle, Richmond. Of these, Millen, Andersonville, and the Richmond prisons, were pre-eminent for infamous barbarity.

It is impossible to tell how many perished in these various

prisons during the war, but some have put them as high as seventy thousand. Over ten thousand perished in Andersonville prison alone. In the latter, although the camp was located in the immediate neighborhood of large forests, the captives were allowed no shelter, and the sick groaned out their lives on the bare ground. The treatment was not the same at every period during the war, nor the same in all the prisons, but at Andersonville, the record of every day and month was one of horrors. Here some twenty acres were inclosed by a stockade, with a swamp in the centre, where, at times, thirty thousand Union prisoners were confined. This space was dotted with holes dug by the prisoners to obtain a place of shelter. American soldiers and citizens were here compelled by their former fellow-citizens, to burrow like wild animals in the earth.

The horrors and sufferings of this mundane hell were such that some went mad and roamed about in helpless idiocy; others deliberately walked across the dead-line, as it was called, to be shot, and so get rid of their misery. Those who attempted to escape were hunted with blood-hounds or shot down. Many of the efforts put forth by these men to keep up their spirits, and brace them to endure their sufferings, were most pitiful.

The rebel officers sought to take advantage of their sufferings and make them enlist in the Confederate army, but in most cases without success. The brave fellows, though utterly prostrated in strength and spirits, still refused to betray the flag under which they had fought—and so died, unknown and unsung, yet noble martyrs for their country. The rebel surgeons were, in most cases, humane, and remonstrated with the authorities against the cruelties perpetrated on Union prisoners.

Those who wish to read the heart-rending details of Southern prison-life, will find them at length in the account

of the trial of Captain Wirz, who was in immediate command of Andersonville prison. This wretch, who, we are glad to know, was not born in this country, was arraigned soon after the close of the war, before a military commission in Washington, tried, convicted and hung.

There is no language too strong to express the enormity of the guilt of the Southern authorities. On the other hand, there can be no justification of a policy, on our part, that would permit tens of thousands of brave soldiers to perish under untold sufferings, when they might have been saved. If the principle, laid down by Mr. Lincoln, and given on a former page, had been carried out, a greater part of this misery might have been prevented.

CHAPTER XL.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1865.

THE RIGHT WING OF SHERMAN'S ARMY THREATENS CHARLESTON—THE LEFT AUGUSTA—THE ARMY DELAYED BY HEAVY FLOODS—KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY—FORCING OF THE SALKEHATCHIE—THE ENEMY DECEIVED, AND THEIR FORCES HOPELESSLY SEPARATED—DESTRUCTION OF THE CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD—CAPTURE OF ORANGEBURG—CROSSING THE EDISTO—CAPTURE OF COLUMBIA—BURNING OF THE CITY—DISTRESS OF THE INHABITANTS—BURNING OF WINNSBORO'—CHARLOTTE, N. C., THREATENED—SHERMAN SUDDENLY STRIKES EAST FOR FAYETTEVILLE—CAPTURE OF CHERAW—FALL OF CHARLESTON—JUNCTION OF THE TWO WINGS—CAPTURE OF FAYETTEVILLE—COMMUNICATIONS OPENED WITH SCHOFIELD AND TERRY—BATTLE OF AVERYSBORO'—BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE—OCCUPATION OF GOLDSBORO'—END OF THE CAMPAIGN—SHERMAN VISITS GRANT AT CITY POINT—SPEEDY REFITTING OF THE ARMY.

CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

SHERMAN, having rested his army at Savannah and completed his plans, began, in the middle of January, to send off a part of his troops, in transports, to Beaufort, preparatory to the commencement of his campaign through the Carolinas. But his army was not in motion until the first of February. It numbered about sixty-five thousand men, and was divided into four Corps, with a train of four thousand five hundred vehicles, of all kinds, which, if stretched in a single line, in marching order, would have extended forty-five miles. Each Corps, however, had its own train, which occupied a separate road so as to avoid crowding or delay.

The news of his departure from Savannah filled the South with alarm, and the North with solicitude. The question

was in every one's mouth, "Where next will this extraordinary man go?" Some thought that he would first strike Augusta, others, Charleston. But he had a grander object in view than the immediate capture of either of these places. Standing in Savannah, he cast his eyes north five hundred miles to Goldsboro', and determined to carry his gallant army thither, right through the heart of two hostile States. One standing by his side and looking forward on the route the brave Chieftain had marked out for his columns, must have been amazed at the mighty enterprise on which he was about to enter.

One rebel army lay at Charleston, on his right, another at Augusta, on his left—North Carolina swarmed with troops, while every step he advanced took him nearer to Lee's gathered forces at Richmond. Large rivers were to be crossed, swamps traversed, and battles fought, before he could reach the goal of his wishes.

In organizing this campaign, Sherman resolved to make Columbia his first objective point. To do this, without being compelled to fight heavy battles, it was necessary to keep the rebel armies at Charleston and Augusta divided. United they could make the rivers successive lines of defense, which could not be carried without severe loss. He, therefore, determined to threaten both places at the same time, and thus keep the enemy at each in a state of suspense and anxiety, and afraid to move in any direction. In carrying out this plan, he directed Slocum, with the left wing and Kilpatrick's cavalry, to move up the Savannah River and threaten Augusta, while Howard advancing from the sea-coast, was to threaten Charleston.

By this adroit management he prevented the enemy from doing the only thing that promised success—viz., the concentration of his forces on the line of the swampy Salkehatchie. Had this been done, and both Charleston and Au-

gusta abandoned, Sherman would have had great trouble in carrying out his plans—for supposing that he could, with his superior strength, have forced this line, still the rebels, by the central position they would occupy, could have fallen back toward Columbia and made another stand on the Edisto. If, on the other hand, he had attempted to outflank, as he did, on the way from Chattanooga to Atlanta, his flanks and trains would have been greatly exposed while crossing the rivers. By trying to save too much, the rebel Commanders lost every thing, and that too without even the honor of fighting for it.

The supplies for the right wing were completed at Pocatigo, and those for the left at Sister's Ferry. At the latter place, Slocum and Kilpatrick were detained a long time by a heavy flood in the river, which, overflowing its banks, covered all the surrounding country with water, so that the inundated lowlands made the stream, at this point, three miles wide.

It was an extraordinary flood, and as Slocum looked at the spreading sea, and thought of his urgent orders to advance without delay, he was filled with great anxiety, and impatiently waited for the waters to subside. As soon, however, as the crossing could be commenced with any degree of safety, he put his army in motion, and the columns, half-waist deep in the water, moved rapidly over the inundated fields.

When he reached solid ground, in order to make up for lost time, he marched eighteen miles a day, though he was constantly compelled to halt and re-bridge streams, and remove trees that the enemy had felled across the road, while the wintry rains made the march heavy, and the night encampment cold and gloomy.

Kilpatrick in the meantime pushed on toward Augusta, and by his daring advance caused all the rebel troops in the

vicinity to be concentrated there for its defense, leaving no enemy for Slocum to encounter.

Howard moved from Pocatigo on the last day of the month, leaving Hatch's division behind, in order to keep up the appearance of marching on Charleston by the railroad bridge over the Salkehatchie at that point. He found in his march the roads obstructed by trees felled across it, and the bridges over the swollen streams burned, but the pioneer battalion removed the one, and rebuilt the other so quickly, that the columns were scarcely compelled to halt.

A railroad runs across the state from Charleston to Augusta, and half way between the two stands Midway Station, lying due south from Columbia. Toward this point Howard directed his columns. But he had first to cross the Salkehatchie, which the rebels held in force, "having infantry and artillery intrenched at River and Beaufort bridges." The Seventeenth Corps was ordered to carry River bridge, and the Fifteenth Corps Beaufort bridge.

Mower and Giles A. Smith, with their divisions promptly carried the former on the 3d of February "by crossing the swamp, nearly three miles wide, with water varying from knee to shoulder deep." Although the weather was bitter cold, those two gallant Commanders led their divisions on foot, wading the deep, chilly water side by side with the soldiers, and making a lodgment below the bridge, drove the rebel brigade that guarded it in terror toward Branchville. Our loss in this bold and brilliant movement was little less than ninety.

The line of the Salkehatchie being thus broken, the rebels could make no stand until they reached the Edisto at Branchville, a place lying some sixty miles out from Charleston. The army then pushed rapidly for the railroad at Midway, which it reached on the 7th, and at once began to tear it up. The left wing under Slocum struck it farther up to-

ward Augusta, and also commenced the work of destruction. The rebel forces at Aiken and Augusta, on the one hand, and those at Branchville and Charleston on the other, were now hopelessly divided, and unable to act in concert.

Leaving the left wing still at work destroying the railroad, Sherman with the right moved north on Orangeburg. The Seventeenth Corps crossed the South Fork of the Edisto, at Binnaker's bridge, and marched straight on the place, while the Fifteenth Corps crossed at Holman's bridge and moved to Poplar Springs in support.

The rebel Commander had so long thought of nothing, and labored for nothing, but to save Charleston, that he could not be persuaded that *it* was not the chief object of Sherman's desires, and continued to lie behind his fortifications at Branchville, to protect it. Still, he had caused the bridge over the Edisto to be burned, and stationed a force at the spot to oppose the passage of our army. Ford, with the advance division, as he approached the burned bridge, was saluted with a heavy fire of artillery, which arrested his progress. Lower down, however, by wading to the armpits, and often swimming, the men succeeded in launching four pontoon boats into the water, and just as the moon was rising, the division was got across, which, pouncing upon the astonished rebels in flank, scattered them in confusion through the moonlit woods. For fifteen miles along this river the spread-out army made demonstrations at different points, so that the scattered enemy could do very little in opposing the passage, except by skirmishing.

The rebel force in Orangeburg now fled north to Columbia, and this place, with a population of three thousand, fell into our hands. A conflagration, however, was raging at the time, which the soldiers, under the orders of Howard and Sherman, labored hard to extinguish. The place was set on fire by a Jew, in revenge for fifty bales of cotton

belonging to him, and destroyed by the rebels. The negro pioneers here ran riot among the ornamented grounds of the wealthy citizens. Sherman says: "Blair was ordered to destroy the railroad effectually up to Lewisville, and to push the enemy across the Congaree, and force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th, and, without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia." The left wing swept on in the same direction, farther to the west, over the Edisto, and across swamps and streams; straight through the heart of the proud, rebellious State, the mighty columns moved with resistless power, till on the 16th, Howard drew up on the banks of the Saluda, in front of Columbia. An hour later the head of the advance column of the left wing appeared on the shore of the same stream, farther to the west, and the Capital of South Carolina lay under our guns. The Mayor surrendered the city, and Sherman, in anticipation of it, says: "I had made written orders to General Howard, touching the conduct of the troops. These were to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for our own use, as well as all railroads, depots, and machinery useful in war to an enemy, but to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, asylums, and harmless private property. I was the first to cross the pontoon bridge, and in company with General Howard, rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. The brigade of Colonel Stone was already in the city, and properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were on the streets and general good order prevailed. General Wade Hampton, who commanded the Confederate rear-guard of cavalry, had in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired, to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled every where, the rope

and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in the trees and against houses, so as to resemble a snow storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city, near the Court-House, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers." It must be remembered that the army did not enter Columbia. The Fifteenth Corps alone marched through, and encamped beyond on the Camden road. The Seventeenth did not enter the place at all, while the entire left wing and cavalry did not come within two miles of it. A single brigade was placed within it on duty. Sherman says: "Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smouldering fires set by Hampton's order were rekindled by the wind, and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread, and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city. The whole of Wood's division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which by midnight had become unmanagable, and raged until about four A. M., when, the wind subsiding, they were got under control. I was up nearly all night, and saw Generals Howard, Logan and Wood, and others, laboring to save houses and to protect families, thus suddenly deprived of shelter, and of bedding, and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army, any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed." He acknowledges, what any one acquainted with armies, would know must be inevitable—that, while the officers and men worked hard to extinguish the flames, "others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by me, may have assisted in spreading the fire, after it had begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the Capital of South Carolina."

All know what soldiers and released prisoners will do in a burning city, whether set on fire by friend or foe. The lawless and vindictive, and mercenary, will help to swell the conflagration, and add plunder and cruelty to the destruction caused by the flames. Hence those familiar with the history of invading armies will be prepared for the following description of an officer who was an eye-witness :

“Pillaging gangs soon fired the heart of the town, then entered the houses, in many instances carrying off articles of value. The flame soon burst out in all parts of the city, and the streets were quickly crowded with helpless women and children, some in their night-clothes. Agonized mothers, seeking their children, all affrighted and terrified, were rushing, on all sides, from the raging flames and falling houses. Invalids had to be dragged from their beds, and lay exposed to the flames and smoke that swept the streets, or to the cold of the open air in back yards.

“The scene at the convent was a sad one indeed. The flames were fast encompassing the convent, and the sisters and about sixty terrified young ladies huddled together on the streets. Some of these had come from the North, previous to the war, for their education, and were not able to return. The superioress of the convent had educated General Sherman's daughter, Minnie. He had assigned them a special guard of six men ; so they felt secure, and were totally unprepared for the dreadful scene that ensued. Some Christian people formed a guard around this agonized group of ladies, and conducted them to the Park.

“I trust I shall never witness such a scene again—drunken soldiers, rushing from house to house, emptying them of their valuables, and then firing them ; negroes carrying off piles of booty, and grinning at the good chance, and exulting, like so many demons ; officers and men reveling on the

wines and liquors, until the burning houses buried them in their drunken orgies.

"I was fired at for trying to save an unfortunate man from being murdered.

"The scene of desolation the city presented next morning was fearful. That long street of rich stores, the fine hotels, the court-houses, the extensive convent buildings, and last the old Capitol, where the order of secession was passed, with its fine library and State archives, were all in one heap of unsightly ruins and rubbish. Splendid private residences, lovely cottages, with their beautiful gardens, and the stately rows of shade trees, were all withered into ashes.

"The ruins alone, without the evidences of human misery that every-where met the view, were enough to inspire one with feelings of deep melancholy.

"Here was desolation heightened by the agonized misery of human sufferings.

"There lay the city wrapped in her own shroud—the tall chimneys and blackened trunks of trees looking like so many sepulchral monuments, and the woe-stricken people, that listlessly wandered about the street, her pallid mourners.

"Old and young moved about seemingly without a purpose. Some mournfully contemplated the piles of rubbish, the only remains of their late happy homesteads.

"Old men, women, and children were grouped together. Some had piles of bedding and furniture which they saved from the wreck; others, who were wealthy the night previous, had not now a loaf of bread to break their fast.

"Children were crying with fright and hunger; mothers were weeping; strong men, who could not help either them or themselves, sat bowed down, with their heads buried between their hands.

"The yards and offices of the Lunatic Asylum were crowded with people who had fled there for protection the

night previous. Its wards, too, had received new subjects, for several had gone crazy from terror, or from having lost their children or friends in the flames." *

Having finished his work, and leaving behind enough provisions to sustain, for some time, the homeless population of the place, Sherman marched north toward Charlotte, followed by a horde of negroes and refugees. The army being spread out as much as possible, to obtain forage, it moved over the fertile country like the locusts of Egypt. "A garden was before them, a desert behind them." The steady, on-pouring columns, with their long trains, filled the inhabitants with unbounded terror, and well they might, for throughout the army, there reigned a feeling of intense hatred against this traitorous, rebellious, little State—and though plundering and violence were forbidden, in an army spread over such a vast extent of country they could not be prevented, and no soldier felt inclined to inform against even a reckless camp-follower, for firing a South Carolinian's house.

Says an officer:—"In Georgia few houses were burned; here, few escaped; and the country was converted into one vast bonfire. The pine forests were fired, the resin factories were fired, the public buildings and private dwellings were fired. The middle of the finest day looked black and gloomy, for a dense smoke arose on all sides, clouding the very heavens. At night the tall, pine trees seemed so many huge pillars of fire. The flames hissed and screeched, as they fed on the fat resin and dry branches, imparting to the forests a most fearful appearance.

"Vandalism of this kind, though not encouraged, was seldom punished. True, where every one is guilty alike, there will be no informers; therefore the Generals knew little of what was going on.

* Captain Conyngham.

“The ruined homesteads of the Palmetto State will long be remembered. The army might safely march the darkest night; the crackling pine woods shooting up their columns of flame and the burning houses along the way would light it on, while the dark clouds and pillars of smoke would safely cover its rear.”

Slocum, with the left wing, and Kilpatrick's cavalry covering his left flank, moved to Winnsboro', lying north-west of Columbia, which the foragers set on fire before he could arrive with his columns to prevent it.

Beauregard had fallen back on Charlotte from Columbia, thinking that it would be the next place on which Sherman would move. Cheatham's Corps, of Hood's old army, was striving to make a junction with him at this place—having marched all the way from Augusta almost parallel with Kilpatrick's cavalry.

A heavy rain storm now set in, making the roads almost impassable, yet Sherman, for two days, pushed on toward Charlotte—but on the 23rd the army suddenly made a grand right-wheel, and facing the rising sun, left this place, as it had Augusta and Charleston, far in the rear. Breasting the pitiless storm, this noble army pushed forward toward Fayetteville—the line of march cutting the swollen rivers that a hundred years before so obstructed Cornwallis in his pursuit of Greene.

Kilpatrick, in the meantime, covered this movement as long as he could, in order to enable the army to get across these formidable rivers without opposition. But when it was discovered that Sherman was actually crossing the country to Fayetteville, Hampton and Wheeler, with the rebel cavalry, attempted to reach the place first, on which Hardee, in his retreat from Charleston, was marching. In endeavoring to prevent this junction, Kilpatrick undertook to hold three roads, over any one of which he thought the enemy might

pass. On one of them, with a small force, he lay one night, when his camp was suddenly surprised by Hampton, and swept like a whirlwind.

His head-quarters were carried in a twinkling, and all his artillery captured, while he and his bold troopers were driven into a swamp. His case now seemed hopeless, but looking out from his hiding place, he saw that the rebels were wholly taken up with plundering his camp, when rallying his remaining men, he charged them so suddenly and fiercely that they were driven back in confusion. Instantly turning the artillery on them he completed their discomfiture, and seized with panic they fled, leaving all the captured prisoners and artillery in his possession.

Crossing the Catawba without loss, Sherman struck for the Pedee, at Cheraw, where the rebels made a feeble stand, but were swept away with a single blow, leaving twenty-five pieces of artillery in our hands.

In the meantime the news reached the army that Charleston was evacuated, and the Union flag once more flying over Fort Sumter.

The troops, under Hardee, commenced leaving the place on the night of the 16th, and by next night were all gone. At midnight, some soldiers fired the upper part of the city, destroying the railroad depots, in which were two hundred kegs of powder, and a vast amount of cotton. The half-starved poor of the city rushed into the burning buildings to snatch from the flames some of the rice stored in them, when the powder exploded killing a hundred or more.

At daylight, the rebel rams in the harbor blew up with a terrific explosion.

The next morning, the 18th, the Mayor surrendered the city to Gillmore, with all the surrounding forts, and the National flag floated once more over what had been the empo-

rium of the South—now a heap of blackened ruins. Here rebellion had been hatched for the purpose of degrading that flag, and at the same time preventing all interference with the servile condition of the black man—and behold the result! A colored regiment, with well-set ranks, wearing the National uniform and bearing above them that glorious flag, marched into its streets as conquerors. Human history can scarcely present another such a contrast, produced in the short space of four years.

Gillmore reported four hundred and fifty pieces of cannon captured in the various defenses of the place, before which he had sat down in siege, five hundred and eighty-five days before. For five hundred and forty days the city had been under fire.

Only some ten thousand inhabitants, of the lower classes, remained after its evacuation. Its overthrow was hailed with unbounded delight at the North, and scarce a sigh was heaved over its wide-spread desolation.

At Cheraw, the right and left wings of Sherman's army met for the first time since leaving Savannah, and now, together, marched on Fayetteville, which the advance columns reached on the 12th of March.

In anticipation of his arrival, he had sent trusty scouts to Wilmington, nearly a hundred miles distant, to announce his near approach. Our troops had entered this place about a fortnight before. Schofield, in conjunction with Porter, of the Navy, moved his forces up both sides of the Cape Fear River, and advanced against Fort Anderson—the enemy's main defense on the west bank of the river—which the garrison at once evacuated. During the following two days, some fighting occurred, but on the 22nd of February, our troops had possession of the place.

On the arrival of the scouts, the United States steam-tug Davidson was started up the river, and reached Fayetteville

on the same day that Sherman's columns approached it, and was hailed by the latter with loud cheers.

A few hours later she returned with dispatches from Sherman to Terry, in command at Wilmington, and to Schofield who had transferred his Corps to Newbern, directing them to move at once on Goldsboro, and join him there, where he himself expected to be in five days. He knew that he would soon need these columns, that had been planted on the seaboard, on purpose to aid him, for he could no longer prevent the concentration of the enemy's forces. He was aware that Cheatham had effected a junction with Beauregard, and that both were marching on Raleigh, and that Hardee, who had evacuated Fayetteville at his approach, was falling back in the same direction. These, joined by Johnston and Hoke, with the forces from Wilmington and Newbern would make a formidable army.

Schofield, however, had some difficulty in making his way inland, for he was attacked on the 8th at Wise's Forks, and driven back with severe loss. Two days after, the enemy following up his success, attacked his intrenched position, but was repulsed with such a heavy loss that he was compelled to retreat. On the 14th Schofield crossed the Neuse and occupied Kinston.

The next day after this success, Sherman put his columns in motion up the Cape Fear River, as though his objective point was Raleigh instead of Goldsboro on the Neuse, up which Schofield was to march.

Hardee in his retreat from Fayetteville, had halted on a narrow, swampy neck of land between Cape Fear and South Rivers, near Averysboro, and with twenty thousand men now occupied an intrenched position. Here Kilpatrick found him and sent back word to Slocum. The latter, after getting his forces well up, began to feel the enemy's lines. The ground was so swampy that horses mired at every step, and it was

difficult for the infantry to operate ; but it was necessary that this position should be carried—and amid torrents of rain, and fearful gusts of wind he advanced to the attack and drove the enemy in confusion from their works. Our loss in the engagement was about six hundred. The rebels retreated in the night during a frightful storm, leaving one hundred and eight dead on the field.

The next day Slocum ceased his movement on Raleigh, and wheeling to the right, crossed South River, swollen by the rains, and took the road to Goldsboro, whither Howard farther to the east was marching, "wallowing along the miry roads."

On the 18th both wings were within a few miles of the place, and Sherman, thinking there would be no more opposition to his advance, left Slocum and started across the country to see Howard. But he had gone scarcely six miles when he was startled by the sudden, angry roar of artillery behind him, evidently coming from the spot where Slocum's army lay. While listening to the heavy explosions, wondering what they could mean, a staff-officer galloped up, and quieted his anxiety by saying that it was merely an affair between Carlin's division and the rebel cavalry, and that the latter were in full retreat. In a few moments however, other officers arrived, who, to his surprise informed him that Slocum had suddenly found himself confronted by the whole of Johnston's army near Bentonville. Comprehending at once the new and dangerous position of affairs, he sent back word to Slocum to stand solely on the defensive until he could hurry up troops to his relief. Officers immediately dashed off over the country, bearing dispatches—one to Blair, to make a night march with his Corps, to Falling Creek Church, and with three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps to come up in Johnston's rear from the direction of Cox's bridge—another to Howard, to move, minus his wagon guard, at daylight on Bentonville.

While thus engaged in dispatching his orders, other couriers arrived, from Schofield and Terry. Ordering the former to march on Goldsboro, and the latter to move to Cox's bridge ten miles above, and establish a crossing there, he once more gave his undivided attention to Slocum, and the unexpected battle thus suddenly thrown upon him.

The latter, however, seemed to feel no uneasiness, and choosing an admirable position, placed his artillery so as to sweep his entire front. He then sent on Morgan's division to establish another line about a half a mile in advance. Against this Johnston advanced in overwhelming numbers, and hurled it in confusion back, capturing three guns and caissons. Slocum, seeing the heavy force opposed to him, at once deployed the two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps, General Davis, and hurried forward at their utmost speed the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, General Williams. A line of barricades was hastily prepared, and the whole force put strictly on the defensive. In the meantime Kilpatrick aroused by the thunder of artillery, came dashing down the roads and massed his squadrons on the left. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and Slocum had hardly got every thing ready when the enemy came on in one of their dashing, impetuous charges. In three massive columns, they swept up to his frail barricades, and threatened by mere weight of numbers to carry every thing before them. Mowed down by our batteries, and the deliberate deadly volleys of the infantry, the first column recoiled, when the second, undaunted by the repulse of the first, charged with a cheer. But right in its path stood Davis' Corps—that won such immortal honor on the bloody field of Chickamauga—and stopped it with one terrible blow. The whole fury of the attack spent itself in less than an hour, and yet in that time the enemy had made six successive assaults, and in the last charge broke Slocum's line, but it

quickly rallied, and charging in turn, drove him back. So close and desperate was the combat that many of the rebel dead lay within our lines, and even around the head-quarters of the Generals.

That night Slocum got up his wagon train, with its guard of two divisions, and the gallant Hazen's division, with which reinforcements he felt able to hold his ground; although Johnston, with Hoke's, Cheatham's and Hardee's Corps, greatly outnumbered him. The next day, Howard came up and connected with his left. Sherman now had his invincible army well in hand and presenting a strong line of battle in front of the enemy's intrenched position. Johnston had concentrated his forces rapidly, intending to catch the army divided, and break it up in detail. Instead of that, he suddenly found it all together, and boldly confronting him in his works. It was not, however, Sherman's wish to bring on a battle here, unless every thing was in his favor, and so he contented himself with pressing forward the skirmishers, and playing with his batteries on the woods in which the enemy lay, and threatening his strongly protected flanks.

This was the state of things on the 21st of March; on which day Schofield entered Goldsboro', and Terry got possession of the Neuse River at Cox's bridge, ten miles above, with a pontoon bridge across, and one brigade over. It was a stormy day, and the rain fell in torrents, yet during it Mower managed to work well around the enemy's flank, to the right, and nearly reached Mill Creek bridge—the only line of his retreat. "A noisy battle," as Sherman termed it, followed, and in the night Johnston retreated. Our total loss was sixteen hundred and forty-six.

Directing Howard, with the cavalry, to remain next day on the field and bury the dead, he gave orders for the troops to move to the various camps assigned them around Golds-

boro'. After visiting Terry, at Cox's bridge, he rode into the town, where he found Schofield already arrived.

The campaign was now ended, for he had reached the point for which he had started the Autumn before. But what an astonishing march it had been! A desolate tract of country, forty miles wide, and between two and three hundred miles long, across the State of Georgia, and one equally wide, and far more desolate, for nearly five hundred miles, from Savannah to the heart of North Carolina, marked its line of progress.

Sherman now turned over his army to Schofield, and hastened to City Point to consult with Grant respecting the next move to be made. Here he also met the President, who welcomed him with great cordiality.

In the meantime, Quarter-master Meigs came down, and in a fortnight supplied twenty thousand men with shoes, and one hundred thousand with clothing, and every thing necessary for entering on another campaign.

CHAPTER XLI.

FEBRUARY---APRIL, 1865.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN GRANT AND SHERMAN—REVIEW OF THE MILITARY FIELD—CANBY'S PREPARATIONS AGAINST MOBILE—STONEMAN'S ADVANCE FROM EAST TENNESSEE—CAVALRY RAID FROM VICKSBURG—ANOTHER FROM EAST-PORT, MISSISSIPPI—SHERIDAN'S RAID UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY AND ROUND RICHMOND TO THE WHITE HOUSE—HE REACHES THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC THE SAME DAY AS SHERMAN—GRANT'S PLAN TO MOVE AROUND THE REBEL RIGHT FLANK—REBEL ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN—SHERMAN RETURNS TO HIS ARMY—GRANT BEGINS HIS MOVEMENT—UNEXPECTED SUCCESS—BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS—GRAND ASSAULT OF THE ENEMY'S LINES—EVACUATION OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND—LEE RETREATS TOWARD DANVILLE—THE PURSUIT—LINCOLN AND DAVIS ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE—WEITZEL ENTERS RICHMOND—THE CITY FIRED BY THE REBELS—LEE HARD PRESSED—HIS RETREAT CUT OFF—GRANT DEMANDS HIS SURRENDER—THE CORRESPONDENCE—THE CAPITULATION—SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA—JOY OF THE NORTH OVER THE VICTORY.

THE interview between Grant and Sherman was one of intense interest. The subject of the consultation was no less than the manner in which the death blow should be given to the rebellion, for the final, decisive hour both believed to be near at hand. Still, a mistake on their part at this juncture might prove fatal—while a wise move in the right direction would bring complete triumph. The stake for which they were to throw, was this Great Republic, and they might well ponder on the threshold of such a momentous event.

Sherman from the 1st of February had been locked up in the heart of the enemy's country, and hence knew but imperfectly, either what Grant had done, or intended to do;

but now the military map was spread out before him, and the field of operations, both past and present, unfolded and explained.

First, as he was starting from Savannah, Grant had directed Thomas to send General Stoneman from East Tennessee, down into South Carolina, with a cavalry force to destroy the railroads, and military resources of the country. But before he could get away, Sherman was well-nigh across the State doing that work himself. Grant, therefore, on the last of February, ordered Thomas to send him, instead, with four or five thousand cavalry east, to destroy the railroad toward Lynchburg, in which work he was now engaged. At this time Canby was preparing a movement from Mobile Bay against Mobile, and Thomas was directed, in order to make a diversion in his favor, to send a cavalry force, ten thousand strong, from Eastport, Mississippi, deep into Alabama. In the meantime another body, seven or eight thousand strong, was to move east from Vicksburg for the same purpose. These movements, Grant thought, with the work done in South Carolina, were "all that would be wanted to leave nothing for the rebellion to stand on."

Sheridan, in the meantime had completed his raid from the Shenandoah Valley. On the 20th of February, Grant telegraphed to him to take a cavalry force as soon as the roads could be traveled and advance on Lynchburg, and after destroying the railroad and canal near it, to push on if practicable, and join Sherman who was inferior to the enemy in cavalry, and might be in great need of reinforcements to this arm.

On the 27th of the month, with two divisions of cavalry—in all ten thousand men—he left Winchester, and by a rapid movement succeeded, two days after, in securing the bridge across the middle fork of the Shenandoah at Mount Crawford, and the next day entered Staunton. The rebel

troops in the Valley as before stated, had mostly been withdrawn to reinforce Lee at Richmond, yet Early was still here with a moderate force, and on the approach of Sheridan fell back to Waynesboro and intrenched. The latter pushed rapidly on after him, and arriving in front of his works, without waiting even for a reconnoissance, ordered the bugles to sound the charge. With a rush and a hurrah the bold riders dashed over every obstacle and carried the position like a whirlwind, capturing sixteen hundred prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery, with horses and caissons complete, two hundred loaded wagons and teams, and seventeen battle flags.

Sending the prisoners back under an escort to Winchester, he moved on to Charlottesville, destroying the railroad and bridges as he advanced. Reaching this place on the 3d, he halted two days to break up the railroad and bridges toward Lynchburg and Richmond, and to wait for the arrival of his trains. This delay gave the enemy at Lynchburg time to prepare for his approach, and he abandoned the design of capturing it.

On the 6th, he again put his force in motion, dividing it into two columns; one of which marched to Scottsville, from whence it moved up the James River to New Market, destroying the locks, and in many places the banks of the canal. From this point a force was sent out to secure a bridge across the river at Duiguidsville, but the enemy, apprised of the movement, burned it.

The other column moved down the railroad, toward Lynchburg, and destroyed it to within sixteen miles of the place.

Unfortunately the spring floods had so swelled the river that the pontoons which Sheridan had brought along would not reach across the river, and the enemy having burned the bridges, he was unable to get over and move south as he

intended, and join Sherman. Of course, nothing was now left him to do, but either to retrace his steps, or, advancing down the river, sweep around Richmond to the north, and put himself in communication with Grant's army by reaching a new base at the White House. He chose the latter course, and keeping on toward the rebel Capital, destroying the railroad as he advanced, at length on the 10th concentrated his forces at Columbia. Here he rested one day, and sent off trusty scouts to Grant, informing him of his plans, and asking that supplies be sent to him at the White House. Two days after, these scouts were brought into the Lieutenant General's presence, who immediately on receiving Sheridan's message, dispatched an infantry force to hold the White House.

Sheridan, in the meantime, marched forward toward Richmond, sending consternation into the rebel Capital. A strong column was at once sent out to cut him off, but wheeling to the left, he crossed the North and South Anna Rivers—burning the bridges behind him—and moving down the north bank of the Pamunkey, reached the White House on the 19th. Halting here to rest and refit, he marched across to James River, and on the 27th, the very day of Sherman's arrival, joined the Army of the Potomac.

Grant now determined to send him around the rebel left, and reach, if possible, the South-side and Danville railroads. As this would be the line of Lee's retreat, should he evacuate Richmond and attempt to join Johnston, who was operating against Sherman's army, it was of vital importance that it should be destroyed. The movement was to commence on the 29th—two Corps being directed to advance in the same direction to support him, and, if possible, turn the rebel position at Petersburg. But two days before it was to take place, the rebels carried by sudden assault Fort

Steadman, in front of the Ninth Corps, and brought on an unexpected battle.

Whether Lee designed this as a movement to cover his own retreat, or hoped to break through our lines, and suddenly wheeling to the left, take our batteries in reserve, and keeping on, cut our communications, and thus raise the siege of Richmond, we cannot tell. At all events, it was a bold movement, and was made so suddenly that the fort was carried with a single bound, and its guns turned on us. Three mortar batteries adjoining it were also taken. But the troops on either flank held their ground, while Hartranft's division advanced to aid Wilcox in driving the enemy out of the captured works.

In the meantime our surrounding artillery was brought to bear upon Fort Steadman, the fire of which became so hot that the victors had to abandon their prize; and many of them, afraid to recross the intervening space to their own lines, surrendered. Our loss was nine hundred and nineteen, while we took nineteen hundred prisoners. Meade at once ordered the other Corps to advance and feel the enemy's line in their front. They did so, and captured and held the rebel picket line in front of the Second and Sixth Corps, taking eight hundred and thirty-four prisoners. Thus the transient success of the enemy proved a sad reverse to him.

Two days after this, as we have seen, Sherman reached Grant, to hold the interview mentioned in the commencement of the chapter.

The events above narrated, covered the whole military field, and Sherman when put in possession of them, comprehended the exact state of things.

It was plain to both Commanders, as before remarked, that the time for the last, great, decided movement had come. Even Davis could see that the crisis of the Confed-

eracy was fast approaching. The year before, the prospect looked gloomy enough, and in its terror, the rebel Congress had prevailed on him to make Lee Commander-in-Chief of all the rebel forces. But that did not increase the army, and to do this, it was resolved to enroll the slaves. But this measure, if ever practicable, was adopted too late. The march of events was too rapid. Lee's new power gave him no new confidence. The heavens were gathering black as midnight above him, and the thunder was muttering angrily around the entire horizon. Look which way he would, the rebel Chieftain saw the lightning's flash. The hand-writing was being traced on the wall.

After full deliberation on the state of affairs, and the probable movements of the enemy, it was agreed that Sherman should return to his army, and making a feint, as if to move up the Neuse to Raleigh, march rapidly north to the line of the Roanoke. This would be closing the last door on Lee, and Grant knew that the moment Sherman approached this river, the former would evacuate Richmond.

It seems strange that Lee remained in the rebel Capital so long as he did. But knowing how closely he was watched by Grant, he may have feared to leave his fortifications—for desertions having become so fearfully great, the moment he retreated, they might and probably would be so increased as to leave him but the remnant of an army, and, therefore, he thought it the wisest course to wait and see if Johnston could not stop Sherman's northward march. Grant, however, felt very uneasy, and spent many an anxious night, fearing that the morning light would reveal Petersburg and Richmond evacuated, and the rebel army well on the road to Danville, to effect a junction with Johnston. He knew if he succeeded in doing this, new combinations would have to be formed, and a new campaign organized. He, therefore, determined to carry out his original plan, adopted

before the attack on Fort Steadman, and before the arrival of Sherman.

He did not expect this to be the decided movement it turned out to be. But he said, "by moving out, I would put the army in better condition for pursuit, and would, at least, by the destruction of the Danville road, retard the concentration of the two armies of Lee and Johnston, and cause the enemy to abandon much material that he might otherwise save."

He, therefore, on the night of the 27th—the very day Sherman reached him—dispatched two divisions of Ord's Corps, under General Gibbon, and one division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, commanded by Birney, and McKenzie's cavalry, to a position near Hatcher's Run, the scene of so many bitter conflicts.

Thus it will be seen, that Grant was to repeat over again the unsuccessful experiment so often tried, of getting around the enemy's right flank.

The whole scope, and plan and object of this movement, is given so much more clearly by Grant, in the following letter of instructions to Sheridan, than any language of ours can do, that we quote it:—

"CITY POINT, Va., March 28, 1865.

GENERAL:—The Fifth Army Corps will move by the Vaughn road, at three, A. M., to-morrow morning. The Second moves at about nine, A. M., having but about three miles to march to reach the point designated for it to take on the right of the Fifth Corps, after the latter reaching Dinwiddie Court-House. Move your cavalry at as early an hour as you can, and without being confined to any particular road or roads. You may go out by the nearest roads in rear of the Fifth Corps, pass by its left, and passing near to, or through Dinwiddie, reach the right and rear of the enemy as soon as you can. It is not the intention to attack the enemy in his intrenched position, but to force him out, if possible. Should he come out and attack us, or get himself where he can be attacked, move in with your entire force in your own way, and with the full reliance that the army will engage or follow, as circumstances will dictate. I shall be on the field, and will probably be able to communicate with you. Should I not do so, and you find that the enemy keeps within his main, intrenched line, you may cut loose and push for the Dan-

ville road. If you find it practicable, I would like you to cross the South-side road, between Petersburg and Burkesville, and destroy it to some extent. I would not advise much detention, however, until you reach the Danville road, which I would like you to strike as near to the Appomattox as possible. Make your destruction, on that road, as complete as possible. You can then pass on to the South-side road, west of Burkesville, and destroy that in like manner.

After having accomplished the destruction of the two railroads, which are now the only avenues of supply to Lee's army, you may return to this army, selecting your road further south, or you may go on into North Carolina and join General Sherman. Should you select the latter course, get the information to me as early as possible, so that I may send orders to meet you at Goldsboro'.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

On the morning of the 29th, the movement commenced, and Sheridan, sweeping around the extreme rebel right, pushed on toward Dinwiddie Court-House, which he reached that night, while the left of the infantry line had extended nearly to the junction of the Quaker and Boydton plank road.

Sheridan, as we have seen, was on our extreme left—next to him came Warren, then Humphreys, Ord, Wright, and Parke. It looked now as if Grant would succeed in getting well on the rebel flank, and he, therefore, sent word to Sheridan not to cut loose to operate against the railroads, saying, "I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. We will all act together as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy."

The next day the rain fell in torrents, turning the roads into such beds of mud that neither artillery nor trains could be moved. Sheridan, however, advanced toward the Five Forks, while Warren pushed on toward the White Oak road, where he found the enemy in force.

Finding the enemy confronting his line, no matter how far he extended it, Grant determined to give Sheridan a Corps of infantry, and let him cut loose from the army, and swing independently around the rebel flank, and when this

was done, advance with the other Corps sternly to the assault in front.

On the morning of the 31st, Sheridan moving forward, got possession of the Five Forks, while Warren advanced to seize the White Oak road. The enemy, at first, retired before the latter, but suddenly rallying, fell with such fury on Ayers' division, which had the advance, that it was driven back in confusion. Following up his success, he kept on, and striking Crawford next, bore him back also on the Third division, under Bell, where the onset was checked. A division of the Second Corps being now sent to Warren's support, he re-formed his broken lines, and charging in turn, drove the enemy back with heavy loss, and gained possession of the White Oak road.

The transient success, however, of the enemy enabled him to send a heavy force against Sheridan, which drove him out of the Five Forks back to Dinwiddie Court-House.

"Here," says Grant, "General Sheridan displayed great generalship. Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses. This compelled the enemy to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country, and made his progress slow. At this juncture, he dispatched to me what had taken place, and that he was dropping back slowly on Dinwiddie Court-House. General McKenzie's cavalry and one division of the Fifth Corps, were immediately ordered to his assistance. Soon after receiving a report from General Meade that Humphreys could hold our position on the Boydton road, and that the other two divisions of the Fifth Corps could go to Sheridan, they were so ordered at once."

At midnight, the Fifth Corps joined him, and feeling strong enough to resume the offensive, he, in the morning,

again advanced to the Five Forks—so called because here five roads meet—three of them leading directly back to the South-side railroad.

Driving the enemy into his intrenchments, he ordered a general attack, which he thus describes :—

“The Fifth Corps, on reaching the White Oak road, made a left wheel, and burst on the enemy’s left flank and rear like a tornado, and pushed rapidly on ; orders having been given that if the enemy was routed, there should be no halt to re-form broken lines. As stated before, the firing of the Fifth Corps was the signal to General Merritt to assault, which was promptly responded to, and the works of the enemy were soon carried at several points by our brave cavalymen. The enemy were driven from their strong line of works, and completely routed ; the Fifth Corps doubling up their left flank in confusion, and the cavalry of General Merritt dashing on to the White Oak road, capturing their artillery and turning it upon them, and riding into their broken ranks, so demoralized them, that they made no serious stand after their line was carried, but took to flight in disorder. Between five and six thousand prisoners fell into our hands, and the fugitives were driven westward, and were pursued until long after dark by Merritt’s and McKenzie’s cavalry, for a distance of six miles.”

From some unexplained cause, right in the moment of victory, while Warren was in the front with his shouting troops, Sheridan removed him from the command of the Corps, and put Griffin in his place.

The report of this brilliant victory reached Grant just after dark, and knowing the importance of the position gained by Sheridan, he feared that the enemy would concentrate a heavy force against him and drive him out, in order to open the way of retreat, and he at once ordered Miles’ division of Humphreys’ Corps to march rapidly to re-

inforce him, and at the same time directed a heavy bombardment of the enemy's lines to be kept up all night.

At four o'clock next morning, he ordered a general assault, and the mighty army swept forward like the in-rolling tide of the sea. Wright forced the lines in his front, and passing through with his whole Corps, carried every thing before him, capturing a large number of guns and several thousand prisoners. Keeping on, followed by two divisions of Ord, he at length met the remaining divisions of the latter that had forced the rebel lines at Hatcher's Run, when the two corps swung together to the right, closing the enemy on that side of them in Petersburg. Humphreys then advanced with two divisions and joined Wright on the left; Parke carried the enemy's main line in his front, but could not penetrate the second, while a portion of Gibbon's Corps by a gallant charge, captured two strong works south of Petersburg. These successes enabled Grant to shorten his lines materially, and thus strengthen them. The battle now raged from right to left, and the Sabbath of the 2d of April was evidently to see the beginning of the end of the war.

The rebels fought behind their intrenchments with desperate determination—especially Hill's Corps, in their efforts to retain possession of Fort Mahone, mounting fourteen guns. Here Hill was killed. But now Sheridan came sweeping in from the west on the rebel flank and rear, when the enemy gave it up and fled in confusion, leaving in our hands his guns and a great number of prisoners. That night both Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated.

During the battle President Lincoln was at Grant's headquarters before Petersburg, anxiously awaiting the issue of the great contest. A few miles from him, in Richmond, Davis at the same time was attending church, and in the midst of the services, an orderly splashed with mud, strode up the aisle and handed him a paper. Glancing at its contents, he

saw that all was over, and a few hours after, he had left behind him his Capital forever, and was fleeing toward Danville.

As soon as it was known that Lee had retreated, Sheridan wheeled about and pushed for the Danville road, followed by Meade with the Second and Sixth Corps, while Ord, keeping near the Appomattox, moved rapidly toward Burkesville, along the South-side railroad. Lee, north of the Appomattox was moving toward the same point, and it became a race of life and death to him. It was fifty-three miles from Petersburg to Burkesville, where the South-side and Danville railroads intersect. The condition of the roads, and of the troops after two days' fighting, made this one of the most fatiguing marches of the war. In the meantime, on Monday morning, Weitzel, with that portion of the Army of the James left under his command north of the James River, composed in part of colored troops, marched into Richmond with bands playing, and colors flying. The rebels had fired the city and plundered many of the stores and shops while evacuating. All the business part of Main Street was destroyed, together with all the bridges over the river. Weitzel took a thousand prisoners, and found some five hundred pieces of artillery left behind.

The two armies continued to stretch forward toward Burke's Station, but Grant this time had the inside track, and reached it first. Sheridan, pushing forward with his accustomed energy, struck the Danville road near Jettersville, more than half way up from Burkesville to Amelia Court-House, where Lee was with his shattered army. The next night Ord reached Burkesville below him. A glance at the map will show how desperate Lee's position had now become.

On the 6th, Sheridan ascertained that Lee, finding that he could not advance by the railroad, was attempting to swing around him to the west, and instantly moved out with his cavalry to strike him in flank, followed by the Sixth Corps.

The Second and Fifth Corps were in Lee's rear, pressing him so close that he had to abandon wagons and artillery.

Ord pushed forward north-west, toward Farmville, where Lee evidently expected to strike the railroad again. Two regiments of infantry in the lightest marching order, and a squadron of cavalry, were hurried on in advance to destroy the bridges there, and detain the enemy. These were placed under General Theodore Read, who, meeting near the place, the head of Lee's columns, gallantly attacked it, and held it in check until he was killed and his little force overpowered.

But in the meantime Ord with the rest of the Corps arrived, when the enemy began to intrench himself.

On the same afternoon Sheridan struck the enemy farther back, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery, and four hundred wagons, and detained him until the Second Corps came up, when a general attack was ordered, resulting in the capture of six or seven thousand prisoners, and among them Generals Ewell and Custis. Lee now moving off to the west, the pursuit was kept up till it became evident to all that his escape was hopeless. Grant having arrived at Farmville addressed a note to him which we give below, with the correspondence that followed.

"April 7, 1865.

GENERAL :—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

"Early on the morning of the 8th, before leaving, I received at Farmville, the following:

GENERAL :—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to

avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

“To this I immediately replied:—

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say that *peace* being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely; that the men and officers surrendered should be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

“Early on the morning of the 8th, the pursuit was resumed. General Meade followed north of the Appomattox, and General Sheridan, with all the cavalry, pushed straight for Appomattox Station, followed by General Ord's command and the Fifth Corps. During the day General Meade's advance had considerable fighting with the enemy's rear-guard, but was unable to bring on a general engagement. Late in the evening, General Sheridan struck the railroad at Appomattox Station, drove the enemy from there, and captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, a hospital train, and four trains of cars loaded with supplies for Lee's army. During this day, I accompanied General Meade's column, and about midnight received the following communication from General Lee—

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as

far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces* under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace I should be pleased to meet you at ten A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

“Early on the morning of the 9th I returned him an answer as follows, and immediately started to join the column south of the Appomattox:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace; the meeting proposed for ten, A. M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, &c.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

“On the morning of the 9th, General Ord’s command and the Fifth Corps reached Appomattox Station just as the enemy was making a desperate effort to break through our cavalry. The infantry was at once thrown in. Soon after a white flag was received, requesting a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations for a surrender.

“Before reaching General Sheridan’s head-quarters, I received the following from General Lee:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning, on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday, with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

“The interview was held at Appomattox Court-House,

the result of which is set forth in the following correspondence:—

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, Va., April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you, of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental Commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
April 9, 1865. }

GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date, containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT."

On the reception of the last letter, Grant hastened to the front, where Lee was awaiting him. They met in the parlor of a neighboring farm-house and saluted each other with dignified courtesy. In former years they had fought side by side, under the same flag, but for the last year, backed by two as fine armies as ever trod a battle-field, they had confronted each other as enemies. Well matched, neither had been able to obtain any decided success over the other. As they now stood face to face, what memories must have crowded on them, and what a different future spread out before them!

Lee acknowledged that the terms dictated by Grant were

more lenient than he had a right to expect. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the rebel army had been reduced, in the last few days, full thirty thousand men, besides the vast number that had straggled off to their homes, so that less than twenty thousand were left to surrender.

When the news of the capitulation reached the army, loud cheers arose on every side, which lasted for hours. There was some disappointment, however, among the soldiers that, after their toils and hardships, they were not allowed to pass through the enemy's lines and witness their surrender. But Grant, magnanimous as he is great, wishing to abate as much as possible all ill-feeling between men, hereafter to be citizens of the same Government, allowed the rebel troops to return to their homes without further humiliation, on giving their parole not to take up arms against the Government, until properly exchanged.

By a singular coincidence, as the grand assault on the enemy's works at Petersburg took place on Sunday, so now on Sunday, and Palm Sunday too, the capitulation was signed.

The surrender of Lee's army was followed by that of most of the troops in the Shenandoah Valley. Mosby surrendered his command on the 17th. Hancock, who had succeeded Sheridan, when the latter started on his last great raid for Lynchburg, commanded here at this time.

With Lee's immediate army, were captured one hundred and seventy pieces of artillery, which number was of course swelled by the surrender of the other forces in Northern Virginia.

The joy of the North was unbounded over this great victory. Bonfires, illuminations, and the firing of cannon, attested the universal delight, while Grant became the idol of the Nation.

CHAPTER XLII.

APRIL—MAY, 1865.

SHERMAN REJOINS HIS ARMY—RECEIVES THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND—HE MOVES ON RALEIGH—THE ARMY RECEIVES THE NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER—INTERVIEW WITH JOHNSTON—THE ARMISTICE—INJUSTICE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND HALLECK—STONEMAN'S RAID—ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT—HIS LAST ORDER—HIS CHARACTER—FUNERAL OBSEQUIES—THE CONSPIRACY—ARREST, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION OF THE PRISONERS—REWARDS OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE OF DAVIS AND OTHERS—THE MOVEMENT AGAINST MOBILE—ITS CAPTURE—WILSON'S CAV-ALRY EXPEDITION—RAISING THE FLAG AT FORT SUMTER—GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMIES OF GRANT AND SHERMAN AT WASHINGTON—CLOSING SCENES—NATIONAL DEBT.

SHERMAN, when he hastened back to Goldsboro', from his interview with Grant, at once made preparations to move. He had said that he could not get ready before the 10th of April. This, it will be noticed, was one day after Lee surrendered.

Wholly ignorant of this great event, he, on the 10th, was about putting his columns in motion for the Roanoke, when he received the news of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond. This, of course, caused a change in his plans; for with the tidings came a dispatch from Grant, dated April 5th, in which he stated the hopeless condition of Lee's army, and added, "if you can possibly do so, push on from where you are, and let us see if we cannot finish the job with Lee's and Johnston's armies." Sherman at once wheeled his columns toward Raleigh, forcing the enemy back and destroying the bridges on the way.

On the 3rd day of the march, the news of the surrender

of Lee's entire force reached the army. It spread like wild-fire, from regiment to regiment, and division to division, till one long, loud hurrah from the mighty host rent the heavens. When tired with cheering, the soldiers began to yell, till it seemed as if pandemonium had broke loose. Sherman seemed as much excited as the rest, and exclaimed in exulting accents, "Glory to God and our glorious Country." That night the elated army encamped within fourteen miles of Raleigh. The next day, Sherman entered the place, assuring the citizens that their property should be protected.

The following day, the 15th, Johnston, who was also informed of the overthrow of Lee, sent a letter to him, asking if some arrangement could not be made to save further effusion of blood. Sherman replied that he was ready to listen to any terms that he wished to propose. Johnston then requested a personal interview, and the next day, at noon, the two met upon the road, and shaking hands with apparent cordiality, adjourned to a neighboring farm-house for consultation. Johnston asked for four days' armistice, which Sherman refused to grant, and a meeting for arranging the terms of surrender was agreed upon for the next day.

They met at the same hour, attended by their splendidly mounted Staffs, and courteously lifting their hats to each other, shook hands, and then dismounted and walked together to the farm-house. Breckenridge, the rebel Secretary of War, was present at this interview, and though the terms of surrender that were granted to Lee, Johnston regarded as satisfactory, he thought that it would be for the interest of all if some basis of peace was adopted. A memorandum, looking to this, was signed by both parties, and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, until it could be submitted to the Government for its ratification or rejection.

Both armies were to remain in *statu quo* until a reply could be received.

The following is the memorandum:—

“FIRST. The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo*, until notice is given by the commanding General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time—say forty-eight hours—allowed.

SECOND. The Confederate armies, now in existence, to be disbanded and conducted to their several State Capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenals, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war, and abide action of both State and Federal authority. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington City, subject to future action of the Congress of the United States; in the meantime, to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

THIRD. The recognition by the Executive of the United States of several State Governments, in their Officers and Legislatures, taking oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war, the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

FOURTH. The re-establishment of all Federal Courts in the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

FIFTH. The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

SIXTH. The Executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet, and abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

In general terms, war to cease; a general amnesty, so far as the Executive power of the United States can command, or on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms, and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men as hitherto composing the said armies; not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding the Army of the United States in N. C.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General Commanding Confederate States Army in North Carolina.”

This memorandum was rejected by the President and Cabinet, and Sherman was directed to resume hostilities at once,

unless Johnston should accept the terms which had been granted to Lee. Grant, in the meantime, was sent down to take charge of affairs.

Thus far every thing was quite natural and proper. An armistice granted for a few hours, by a General in the field, until proposed terms of surrender by an enemy could be submitted to the Supreme Authority, was nothing strange; and in this case, when all the advantages of delay were with us, perfectly right and reasonable.

The refusal of the Government to accede to the proffered basis of agreement, on the other hand, was not only justifiable, but clearly its duty, if it thought such an agreement prejudicial to the interests of the country.

There the matter should have ended. It was a very simple, ordinary affair altogether, and would scarcely have excited a remark, but for the absurd fuss made over it by the Secretary of War. He should have been content with sending a messenger down to Sherman with the decision of the Government. But instead of pursuing this simple, dignified course, he came out in the public newspapers with nine different reasons why the terms were inadmissible. The first reason was, that Sherman, as well as Johnston, knew that he had no right to make them. This was simply false. Every Commander in the field has a right to submit proffered terms of peace to his Government, unless he has special instructions to the contrary.

After this extraordinary explosion of patriotism it seemed to have dawned on the Secretary's mind, that his first grand reason would not be accepted by any sensible man, and so he gave to the public a telegram, which Mr. Lincoln had formerly sent to Grant, for his guidance, in any negotiations that he might make with Lee—implying that Sherman had seen this telegram, and had deliberately acted in direct violation of it.

Sherman, in reply to this implication, says:—"Now I was not in possession of it, and I have reason to know that Mr. Stanton *knew I was not in possession of it.*" This is a guarded way of making one of the severest accusations that can be brought against a man.

Halleck caught the spirit of the Secretary, and, as Chief of Staff, immediately sent dispatches to different Commanders in Sherman's department, with directions to pay no attention to him, but to resume hostilities at once. When he did this he knew perfectly well that the government dispatches, ordering Sherman to resume hostilities, would reach the latter before his own would those Commanders, and hence were unnecessary, except on the supposition that Sherman would turn traitor, and refuse to obey his Government. Indeed, the conduct of both him and Stanton can be accounted for only on the ground, that for some reason or other they wished to take advantage of the mere circumstances of this armistice of a few hours, to injure the character of Sherman.

In speaking of Halleck's impertinent interference with his command, he says: "This is too much; and I turn from the subject with feelings too strong for words." The pretext of the Secretary of War, that the armistice would allow Davis to get off with his fabulous amount of treasure, did well enough while the country was lashed into the intensest excitement by the murder of the President; but viewed from this more quiet point of view, it only awakens a smile of ridicule. Sherman says, "if the Secretary of War wanted Davis caught, why not order it, instead of, by publishing in the newspapers, putting him on his guard to hide away and escape? No orders or instructions to catch Davis or his stolen treasure ever came to me; but, on the contrary, I was led to believe that the Secretary of War rather pre-

ferred he should effect an escape from the country, if made 'unknown' to him."

There never was an instance, when, without any provocation, a man who for long years had been periling his life on the battle field for his country, lifting it by his genius to the highest pinnacle of military glory, and bearing it on to a glorious peace, was so bitterly assailed by those who should have been the first to protect him. The whole account of this disgraceful transaction is given in Sherman's Report, and in all future time it will furnish a chapter in our history, that some of the characters who figure in it will wish could be expunged.

Johnston, when informed of the decision of our Government, surrendered his immediate command on the same terms as those granted to Lee, together with all the rebel forces between him and the Chattahoochee.

A great many soldiers had gone off during the armistice, so that when on the 26th of the month, the surrender took place, only about twenty-seven thousand men laid down their arms. One hundred and eight pieces of artillery were given up. Johnston's army at the time of the surrender, though nearly fifty miles from Sherman, was in a most perilous position. Stoneman, who, as we have noticed had been sent east from Knoxville on the 20th of March, marched rapidly by way of Boone, North Carolina, and struck the railroad at Wytheville, Chambersburg and Big Lick. The portion of the column striking it at the latter place, pushed on to within a few miles of Lynchburg, destroying the bridges on the way, while the main force, after breaking up the road between New River, and Big Lick, turned off to Greensboro, on the North Carolina railroad, burning the bridges between that place and Danville, and between it and the Yadkin River, together with depots of supplies, and capturing four hundred prisoners. Crossing the river, Stoneman advanced

on Salisbury, near which he attacked and defeated General Gardiner, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery, and one thousand, three hundred and sixty four prisoners. He was now but a little over a hundred miles west of Raleigh, and on the line by which Johnston received his supplies, and by which he must retreat. Burning rebel army stores here, he destroyed fifteen miles of railroad toward Charlotte, and then retired on Statesville. Thus it will be seen how comprehensive and complete Grant's plan was, to make this campaign a conclusive one.

But while these great victories were being achieved, and the mighty Confederacy that had attracted the gaze of the world was dissolving like a tower of mist, and the Nation, elate with hope was just lifting its head from out the bloody waves of revolution, an event occurred that thrilled the land with an excitement which, for a time made all other things sink into insignificance. "The President of the United States has been assassinated in the Capital," flew on wings of lightning over the North, making every face turn pale with horror. The man whose inauguration had been the signal for revolt, and who for four years had watched and waited, and labored, and prayed for a restored Union, was ruthlessly shot down by an assassin, just as the mountain was being lifted from his heart and the smile of joy was chasing away the look of care that had so long darkened his countenance. Anxious to take the first step toward peace, he on the 13th of April, caused the Secretary of War to issue the following bulletin:—

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 13, 1865—6 P. M.

This Department, after mature consideration, and consultation with the Lieutenant-General upon the results of the recent campaigns, has come to the following determinations, which will be carried into effect by appropriate orders, to be immediately issued :

FIRST. To stop all drafting and recruiting in the loyal States.

SECOND. To curtail purchases for arms, ammunition, quartermaster and

commissary supplies, and reduce the expenses of the military establishment in its several branches.

THIRD. To reduce the number of general and staff officers to the actual necessities of the service.

FOURTH. To remove all military restrictions upon trade and commerce, so far as may be consistent with public safety.

As soon as these measures can be put in operation, it will be made known by public orders.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*"

The next night, while the President was at Ford's theatre with his wife, seeking a little relaxation, a play actor by the name of John Wilkes Booth shot him in the back of the head, then leaping on the stage and brandishing a dagger, he shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis*," and fled through a side door into the street. His plans were well laid, as far as human foresight could do it, to escape; but the mute flag of his country, hanging over the President's box, caught his spur as he leaped, flinging him heavily on the stage, and crippling him so that his flight was retarded, and he was eventually overtaken and shot while refusing to surrender.

In consequence of the intense excitement the country was in, just previous to the murder—the victim being the President of the United States, and a man possessing one of the kindest and most forgiving hearts that ever beat in a human bosom—this assassination produced the profoundest sensation that ever shook a nation to its center.

It was altogether an extraordinary murder. There were men South who had not only been ruined in property by the war, but whose sons had been slain in battle or died in prison, and whose wives and daughters had been outraged by Federal soldiers, till they had gone mad with despair and the desire of revenge, of whom such an act might be expected. But the assassin had not been injured in a single interest, and could give no shadow of excuse for the hellish deed.

Mr. Lincoln committed some grave errors of policy, for

he was not infallible—he had faults, for he was not perfect, but as a man who, to use his own words, “felt malice toward none, and had charity for all,” whose highest ambition was to do right, whose strongest desire was the peace and prosperity of his country, and “all whose faults leaned to virtue’s side,” he stands without a peer since Washington. His simple, honest, kindly nature, notwithstanding the bitter animosities that prevailed, had taken a deep hold of the National heart, and from enemies as well as friends, there arose a cry of horror and of grief at the “deep damnation of his taking off.”

With but slender education, and no remarkable intellectual endowments, he had shown how wisely, in the stormiest times, and amid the greatest embarrassments and difficulties, an honest heart may cause a ruler to act. Indeed, a careful analysis of his life will show that nearly all his mistakes arose from not following his own judgment, but from yielding to the crooked, selfish policy of others.

The funeral obsequies were celebrated in the Executive Mansion on the 19th of April, when the body was taken to the Capitol, where it lay in state until the 21st, and then was borne back to its former home, in Springfield, Illinois. The tolling of bells, and the draping of the land in mourning, all along the line of the road over which the body was transported, and the crowds that thronged around the funeral car, attested how deep and universal was the grief.

On the same night of his murder, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, was attacked in his sick bed, by an accomplice of Booth, and dangerously wounded, before the assassin could be driven off.

On May 10th, David E. Harrold, George A. Atzeroth, Lewis Payne, Michael O’Laughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Samuel A. Mudd, who had

been arrested on suspicion, as accomplices of Booth, were arraigned before a military tribunal, as principals or accessories to the murder. After a trial of nearly two months, in the progress of which, the existence of a plot to murder not only Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, but Vice President Johnson, General Grant, and others, was developed, Harrold, Payne, Mrs. Surratt, and Atzeroth, were found guilty of murder, and hung in Washington on the 7th of July; Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and Spangler to six years' imprisonment at hard labor.

In a few hours after the death of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Vice President, was installed into office—and so far as the affairs of the Government were concerned, every thing went on as though nothing had happened. While European powers looked for a new outbreak, or an attempted assumption of military power, or at least a sudden arrest of the wheels of Government, they saw, with amazement, that a Republic could not only put forth the greatest efforts, but stand, unmoved, the heaviest shocks, and the most sudden changes, of any Government on earth.

Owing to the excited state of the public mind, every fact bearing on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, became magnified, and it was believed that Booth was only a tool in the hands of Jefferson Davis, and other prominent men of the South; hence heavy rewards were offered by the new President for their arrest—one hundred thousand dollars for Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, George N. Sanders, and Beverly Tucker; and ten thousand dollars for William C. Cleary, clerk of Clay. In the meantime, Davis had fled into Georgia.

But little more remains to be told of military movements. With the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the rebellion was ended. But while the closing scenes were being enacted on

the Atlantic Coast, events were transpiring on the Gulf of Mexico which, under ordinary circumstances, would have awakened the keenest interest. Grant designed that the expedition against Mobile should keep a large, rebel force in Alabama, which otherwise would reinforce Lee. Hence, as we have seen, Canby commenced his movements against it the 20th of March, or just as Sherman was reaching Goldsboro.

In the meantime, vessels, drawing but little water, had been gathered in Mobile Bay, so that the navy could co-operate with the army in the attack. A. J. Smith took his command from Fort Gaines to Fish River, by water, where he was joined by Granger, with the Thirteenth Corps, who moved from Fort Morgan. In the meantime, General Steele, with his command, struck across the country from Pensacola, and cutting the railroad leading from Tensas to Montgomery, effected a juncture with the former.

Thus, it will be seen that the army moved up on the east side of the bay. Two main forts prevented the passage of the gunboats up to Mobile—the Spanish Fort, as it was called, and Fort Blakely. It was determined to take the first of these by a combined attack of the army and navy—the latter to engage the water-batteries, while the land forces should assail the works in the rear. Siege guns were brought up, and on the 4th of April a tremendous bombardment was opened on the fort.

On the 8th, another was ordered—to be followed by a general assault, at five o'clock in the evening. The fire was terrific and crushing, and for three hours it was kept up with fearful effect, when two brigades of Carr's division moved gallantly to the assault. Mounting the ramparts with loud cheers, they carried some three hundred yards of the works, when they made themselves secure, to wait for daylight to complete the conquest, but at one o'clock in the

morning—the same Sunday that Lee surrendered to Grant—the garrison capitulated.

On this day, also, so bright in our calendar, Steele assaulted Fort Blakely, in his front. This was situated some four miles north of the former, and twelve miles from Mobile. With the reading of the orders for the assault, to the troops, was read also a dispatch announcing the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, and the flight of Lee. Loud shouts rent the air at the glorious news, and gaily as though going to a banquet, the brave fellows moved forward. Garrard's division bore the brunt of the fight. For a whole hour the soldiers worked away at the obstructions, while a desolating fire swept them, and torpedoes were almost momentarily bursting under their feet.

At last they were cleared, and with a yell they jumped into the ditch and scaled the works. Colonel Rinneken's and General Gilbert's brigade turned the right of the fort and entered it at the same time. The colored troops on the right, under General Hawkins, behaved with great gallantry, charging like veterans through the fire. At seven o'clock, our flag was waving from the ramparts. Our loss in this gallant assault, was about one thousand, while that of the enemy was not over five hundred. Three thousand three hundred prisoners, four thousand stand of arms, and thirty-two pieces of artillery were captured. This secured the fall of Mobile.

Monday and Tuesday were spent in pushing forward reconnoissances, and in the removing of torpedoes from the river, by the navy, so that it could approach the city. The latter was hazardous work, for the bed of the stream was sown thick with them, while the batteries on shore kept up a steady fire on the vessels engaged in it.

On the 12th, our columns were already in motion to com-

plete the investment of the place, when the signal came that the enemy had evacuated it.

Our total loss before the place was two thousand soldiers, and fifty seamen. We lost, besides two heavy iron-clads, two tin-clads, and one transport—all destroyed by torpedoes.

Admiral Thatcher commanded the naval force, and reported the amount of artillery captured at four hundred pieces.

We mentioned in connection with the movement of Canby on Mobile, the raid of Wilson east from Vicksburg. "The expedition, consisting of twelve thousand five hundred mounted men, was delayed by rains until March 22, when it moved from Chickasaw, Alabama. On the 1st of April, General Wilson encountered the enemy in force under Forrest, near Ebenezer Church, drove him in confusion, captured three hundred prisoners and three guns, and destroyed the central bridge over the Cahawba River. On the 2d he attacked and captured the fortified city of Selma, defended by Forrest with seven thousand men and thirty-two guns, destroyed the arsenal, armory, naval foundry, machine shops, vast quantities of stores, and captured three thousand prisoners. On the 4th he captured and destroyed Tuscaloosa. On the 10th he crossed the Alabama River, and after sending information of his operations to General Canby, marched on Montgomery, which place he occupied on the 14th, the enemy having abandoned it. At this place many stores and five steamboats fell into our hands. Thence a force marched direct on Columbus, and another on West Point, both of which places were assaulted and captured on the 16th. At the former place we got fifteen hundred prisoners and fifty-two field guns, destroyed two gunboats, the navy-yard, foundries, arsenal, many factories, and much other public property. At the latter place we got three hundred prisoners, four guns, and destroyed nineteen locomotives and three hundred cars. On the 20th he took possession of Macon,

Georgia, with sixty field-guns, twelve hundred militia, and five Generals, surrendered by General Howell Cobb." *

This was one of the most remarkable raids of the war; but its success and results not being known until after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, it excited but little interest. Three days after the fall of Macon, Davis started in his flight to Georgia, accompanied by his family. General Wilson at the former place, hearing of it, immediately scattered his cavalry over the country, and at length, on the morning of the 11th of May, succeeded in capturing him at Irwinsville. Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan cavalry came suddenly upon his encampment, when the rebel President attempted to make his escape, disguised as a woman. Being detected by the heavy boots under his female apparel, he was seized, together with Reagan his Post Master General, and conveyed seventy miles distant to Macon, from whence he was transferred to Fortress Monroe to await his trial for treason.

Previous to this, the Government dispatched a steamer, with General Anderson to Fort Sumter, to raise the same flag which just four years before, he had been compelled to haul down at the bidding of traitors. With his own hands he sent it aloft, amid the cheers of the spectators.

In looking over the events of this Spring, one is struck with the remarkable unity of action, and the unvaried success of our armies in different parts of the widely extended military field. Indeed it is seldom that a single month is crowded with such momentous events as that of April, 1865. Selma, Montgomery, Macon, Mobile, and Columbus, Ga., all fell during the month—the two armies of Lee and Johnston surrendered, and the President of the United States was assassinated. It saw the culmination and overthrow of the Confederacy, and all that followed was but the mere picking up of the fragments.

* General Grant's Report.

"On the 4th day of May, General Dick Taylor surrendered to General Canby all the remaining rebel forces east of the Mississippi.

"A force sufficient to insure an easy triumph over the enemy under Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, was immediately put in motion for Texas, and Major-General Sheridan designated for its immediate command; but on the 26th day of May, and before they reached their destination, General Kirby Smith surrendered his entire command to Major-General Canby. This surrender did not take place, however, until after the capture of the rebel President and Vice President; and the bad faith was exhibited of first disbanding most of his army, and permitting an indiscriminate plunder of public property." *

Thus on sea and land, all resistance disappeared, with the exception of the pirate Shenandoah, which cruised all Summer in the Pacific Ocean, capturing our vessels. Her career did not close till November, when she surrendered to an English man of war in the Mersey.

As a fitting close to this long and terrible struggle which the country had passed through, a grand review of the two armies of Grant and Sherman took place in the National Capital on the 23d and 24th, of May in the presence of the President and Cabinet, and foreign Ministers. As the bronzed and proud veterans marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, the heavens resounded with the acclamations of the multitude, and the air was filled with bouquets of flowers that were rained on the noble leaders. The Duke of Wellington said, when 50,000 troops were reviewed in the Champs Elysées, after the occupation of Paris by the Allies, that it was "a sight but once seen in a life time;" but here nearly two hundred thousand marched in an apparently endless stream past the Presidential mansion, not conscripts forced

* General Grant's Report.

into the ranks, but citizens, who had voluntarily taken up arms to defend not a monarch's rights, but their own.

Yet, sublime as was this spectacle, it sunk into insignificance before the grandeur of the one presented a few days after, when this army, strong enough to conquer a hemisphere, melted suddenly away into the mass of the people and was seen no more. Its deeds of renown had filled the civilized world, and European statesmen looked on and wondered what disposition could be made of it, and where it would choose to go, or what it would do. It was one of the grandest armies that ever bore on its bayonet points the destinies of a king or a nation—a consolidation and embodiment of power seldom witnessed; and yet, while the gaze of the world was fixed upon it, it disappeared like a vision, and when one looked for it he saw only peaceful citizens engaged in their usual occupations. The Major-General whose martial achievements had been repeated in almost every language under the sun, was seen amid his papers in his old law office, which he had left at the call of his country—the brave Colonel, who had led many a gallant charge, was in his counting house, acting as though he had been absent only a few days on business, while the veterans of the rank and file, whose battle shout had rung over scores of bloody fields, could only be found by name as one bent over his saw and plane, and another swung his scythe in the harvest field, or plied his humble toil along the streets. It was a marvelous sight, the grandest the world ever saw. It had been the people's war—the people had carried it on, and having finished their own work, quietly laid aside the instruments with which they had accomplished it, and again took up those of peaceful industry. Never did a Government on earth exhibit such stability, and assert its superiority over all other forms, as did this republican government of ours, in the way its armies disappeared when the struggle was over.

The war being ended, there now remain for the country the great work of reconstruction and the management of the National debt. After the disbanding of the armies, the sale of governmental vessels and the vast amount of army stores and supplies of every kind, and settling up the most important claims against the National Treasury, our public debt, on the 1st of February, 1866, was two thousand seven hundred and sixteen millions, eight hundred and ninety-eight thousand, one hundred and fifty-two dollars. The following is a condensed summary of it at that time:—

PUBLIC DEBT OF THE UNITED STATES, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| Original 5-20 Bonds, 1862,..... | \$514,780,500 |
| New 5-20 Bonds, 1864, | 100,000,000 |
| New 5-20 Bonds, 1865,..... | 50,590,300 |
| Six per cent. Bonds, 1881,..... | 282,648,250 |
| Five per cent. 10-40 Bonds,..... | 172,769,100 |
| Old six per cents.,..... | 19,339,592 |
| Old five per cents.,..... | 27,022,000 |

Total gold-bearing Bonds,.....\$1,167,149,742

| | |
|---|---------------|
| Seven-thirty per cent. Treasury Notes,..... | \$830,000,000 |
| Compound Legal Tenders,..... | 180,012,141 |
| Five per cent. Legal Tenders,..... | 8,536,900 |
| Six per cent. Certificates,..... | 60,637,000 |
| Deposits on Interest,..... | 114,755,840 |
| Six per cent. to Pacific Railroad,..... | 3,354,000 |

Total Currency Interest,.....\$1,197,295,881

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Greenbacks,..... | \$423,902,223 |
| Gold Certificates,..... | 8,391,080 |
| Fractional Currency,..... | 26,553,244 |

Total free of Interest,.....\$458,846,547

Less Treasury balances,.....*107,493,348

Total,.....\$351,353,199

Past due debt,.....1,099,330

Grand total of all debt,.....\$2,716,898,152

*On hand in Coin,.....\$51,443,162

*On hand in Currency,.....56,050,186

Total as above,.....\$107,493,348

The principal changes in the statement since January 1st, are:—

| | | |
|---|-----------------|-----------|
| Increase of Currency Deposits from,..... | \$97,257,194 | |
| To 1st of February,..... | 114,755,840 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Increase,..... | \$17,498,646 | |
| Increase of Gold Certificates,..... | 1,102,940 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Total increase of Deposits,..... | \$18,601,586 | |
| Nearly balanced by increase of Cash on hand,..... | 16,764,467 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Difference,..... | \$1,837,119 | |
| Add increase Pacific railroad Bonds,..... | \$352,000 | |
| Increase of Fractional Currency,..... | 552,824— | 904,824 |
| | <hr/> | |
| Difference,..... | \$2,741,943 | |
| Deduct Greenbacks reduced,..... | \$2,329,107 | |
| Other Items reduced,..... | 96,220— | 2,425,327 |
| | <hr/> | |
| Net increase of Public Debt,..... | \$316,616 | |
| Total, January 1, 1866,..... | \$2,716,581,536 | |
| Total, February 1, 1866,..... | 2,716,898,152 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Difference as above,..... | \$316,616 | |
| The Public Debt reached its maximum on the schedule of the 31st of August last, when the total stood,..... | | |
| Present total,..... | \$2,757,781,190 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Net reduction in five months,..... | \$40,883,038 | |
| The Public Debt stood, on the 1st of October last, at the close of the first Quarter of the current fiscal year,..... | | |
| As against February 1, 1866,..... | \$2,745,061,844 | |
| | <hr/> | |
| Decrease since October 1, 1865,..... | \$28,163,692 | |

OFFICIAL REPORT
OF
LIEUTENANT GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT,
CONTAINING A HISTORY OF THE OPERATIONS OF
THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES—1864-65.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 22, 1865.*

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the armies of the United States from the date of my appointment to command the same:—

From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. The resources of the enemy and his numerical strength were far inferior to ours; but as an offset to this, we had a vast territory with a population hostile to the Government, to garrison, and long lines of river and railroad communications to protect, to enable us to supply the operating armies.

The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reinforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers, during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of producing for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position.

From the first, I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken.

I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the Constitution and laws of the land.

These views have been kept constantly in mind, and orders given and campaigns made to carry them out. Whether they might have been better

in conception and execution is for the people, who mourn the loss of friends fallen, and who have to pay the pecuniary cost, to say. All I can say is, that what I have done has been done conscientiously, to the best of my ability, and in what I conceived to be for the best interests of the whole country.

At the date when this report begins, the situation of the contending forces was about as follows:—The Mississippi River was strongly garrisoned by Federal troops from St. Louis, Missouri, to its mouth. The line of the Arkansas was also held, thus giving us armed possession of all west of the Mississippi, north of that stream. A few points in Southern Louisiana, not remote from the river, were held by us, together with a small garrison at and near the mouth of the Rio Grande. All the balance of the vast territory of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, was in the almost undisputed possession of the enemy, with an army of probably not less than eighty thousand effective men that could have been brought into the field had there been sufficient opposition to have brought them out. The *let-alone policy* had demoralized this force so that probably but little more than one-half of it was ever present in garrison at any one time. But the one-half, or forty thousand men, with the bands of guerrillas scattered through Missouri, Arkansas, and along the Mississippi River, and the disloyal character of much of the population, compelled the use of a large number of troops to keep navigation open on the river, and to protect the loyal people to the west of it. To the east of the Mississippi we held substantially with the line of the Tennessee and Holston Rivers, running eastward to include nearly all of the State of Tennessee. South of Chattanooga a small foothold had been obtained in Georgia, sufficient to protect East Tennessee from incursions from the enemy's force at Dalton, Georgia. West Virginia was substantially within our lines. Virginia, with the exception of the northern border, the Potomac River, a small area about the mouth of James River covered by the troops at Norfolk and Fort Monroe, and the territory covered by the Army of the Potomac lying along the Rapidan, was in the possession of the enemy. Along the sea-coast footholds had been obtained at Plymouth, Washington, and Newbern, in North Carolina; Beaufort, Folly and Morris Islands, Hilton Head, Fort Pulaski, and Port Royal, in South Carolina; Fernandina and St. Augustine, in Florida. Key West and Pensacola were also in our possession, while all the important ports were blockaded by the navy. The accompanying map, a copy of which was sent to General Sherman and other commanders in March, 1864, shows by red lines the territory occupied by us at the beginning of the rebellion and at the opening of the campaign of 1864, while those in blue are the lines which it was proposed to occupy.

Behind the Union lines there were many bands of guerrillas and a large population disloyal to the Government, making it necessary to guard every foot of road or river used in supplying our armies. In the South a reign of military despotism prevailed, which made every man and boy capable of bearing arms a soldier, and those who could not bear arms in the field acted as provosts for collecting deserters and returning them. This enabled the enemy to bring almost his entire strength into the field.

The enemy had concentrated the bulk of his forces east of the Mississippi into two armies, commanded by Generals R. E. Lee and J. E. Johnston, his ablest and best Generals. The army commanded by Lee occupied the south bank of the Rapidan, extending from Mine Run westward, strongly in-

trenched, covering and defending Richmond, the rebel Capital, against the Army of the Potomac. The army under Johnston occupied a strongly entrenched position at Dalton, Georgia, covering and defending Atlanta, Georgia, a place of great importance as a railroad center, against the armies under Major General W. T. Sherman. In addition to these armies, he had a large cavalry force under Forrest, in north-east Mississippi; a considerable force, of all arms, in the Shenandoah Valley, and in the western part of Virginia and extreme eastern part of Tennessee; and also confronting our sea-coast garrisons, and holding blockaded ports where we had no foothold upon land.

These two armies, and the cities covered and defended by them, were the main objective points of the campaign.

Major General W. T. Sherman, who was appointed to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, embracing all the armies and territory east of the Mississippi River to the Alleghanies, and the department of Arkansas, west of the Mississippi, had the immediate command of the armies operating against Johnston.

Major General George G. Meade had the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, from where I exercised general supervision of the movements of all our armies.

General Sherman was instructed to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to go into the interior of the enemy's country as far as he could, inflicting all the damage he could upon their war resources. If the enemy in his front showed signs of joining Lee, to follow him up to the full extent of his ability, while I would prevent the concentration of Lee upon him if it was in the power of the Army of the Potomac to do so. More specific written instructions were not given, for the reason that I had talked over with him the plans of the campaign, and was satisfied that he understood them and would execute them to the fullest extent possible.

Major General N. P. Banks, then on an expedition up Red River against Shreveport, Louisiana, (which had been organized previous to my appointment to command,) was notified by me on the 15th of March of the importance it was that Shreveport should be taken at the earliest possible day, and that if he found that the taking of it would occupy from ten to fifteen days' more time than General Sherman had given his troops to be absent from their command, he would send them back at the time specified by General Sherman, even if it led to the abandonment of the main object of the Red River expedition, for this force was necessary to movements east of the Mississippi; that should his expedition prove successful, he would hold Shreveport and the Red River with such force as he might deem necessary, and return the balance of his troops to the neighborhood of New Orleans, commencing no move for the further acquisition of territory unless it was to make that then held by him more easily held; that it might be a part of the spring campaign to move against Mobile; that it certainly would be if troops enough could be obtained to make it without embarrassing other movements; that New Orleans would be the point of departure for such an expedition; also, that I had directed General Steele to make a real move from Arkansas, as suggested by him, (General Banks,) instead of a demonstration, as Steele thought advisable.

On the 21st of March, in addition to the foregoing notification and directions, he was instructed as follows:—

"1st. If successful in your expedition against Shreveport, that you turn over the defense of the Red River to General Steele and the navy.

2d. That you abandon Texas entirely with the exception of your hold upon the Rio Grande. This can be held with four thousand men, if they will turn their attention immediately to fortifying their positions. At least one-half of the force required for this service might be taken from the colored troops.

3d. By properly fortifying on the Mississippi River, the force to guard it from Port Hudson to New Orleans can be reduced to ten thousand men, if not to a less number. Six thousand more would then hold all the rest of the territory, necessary to hold, until active operations can be resumed west of the river. According to your last return this would give you a force of over thirty thousand effective men with which to move against Mobile. To this I expect to add five thousand men from Missouri. If, however, you think the force here stated too small to hold the territory regarded as necessary to hold possession of, I would say, concentrate at least twenty-five thousand men of your present command for operations against Mobile. With these and such additions as I can give you from elsewhere, lose no time in making a demonstration, to be followed by an attack upon Mobile. Two or more iron-clads will be ordered to report to Admiral Farragut. This gives him a strong naval fleet with which to coöperate. You can make your own arrangements with the Admiral for his coöperation, and select your own line of approach. My own idea of the matter is that Pascagoula should be your base, but, from your long service in the Gulf department, you will know best about the matter. It is intended that your movements shall be coöperative with movements elsewhere, and you can not now start too soon. All I would now add is, that you commence the concentration of your forces at once. Preserve a profound secrecy of what you intend doing, and start at the earliest possible moment.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General N. P. BANKS.

Major General Meade was instructed that Lee's army would be his objective point; that wherever Lee went he would go also. For his movement two plans presented themselves:—One to cross the Rapidan below Lee, moving by his right flank; the other above, moving by his left. Each presented advantages over the other, with corresponding objections. By crossing above, Lee would be cut off from all chance of ignoring Richmond or going north on a raid. But if we took this route, all we did would have to be done whilst the rations we started with held out; besides, it separated us from Butler, so that he could not be directed how to coöperate. If we took the other route, Brandy Station could be used as a base of supplies until another was secured on the York or James Rivers. Of these, however, it was decided to take the lower route.

The following letter of instruction was addressed to Major General B. F. Butler:—

FORT MONROE, VA., April 2, 1864.

"GENERAL:—In the spring campaign, which it is desirable shall commence at as early a day as practicable, it is proposed to have coöperative action of all the armies in the field, as far as this object can be accomplished.

It will not be possible to unite our armies into two or three large ones to act as so many units, owing to the absolute necessity of holding on to the territory already taken from the enemy. But, generally speaking, concentration can be practically effected by armies moving to the interior of the enemy's country from the territory they have to guard. By such movement they interpose themselves between the enemy and the country to be guarded, thereby reducing the number necessary to guard important points, or at least occupy the attention of a part of the enemy's force, if no greater object is gained. Lee's army and Richmond being the greater objects toward which our attention must be directed in the next campaign, it is desirable to unite all the force we can against them. The necessity of covering Washington with the Army of the Potomac, and of covering your department with your army, makes it impossible to unite these forces at the beginning of any move. I propose, therefore, what comes nearest this of anything that seems

practicable:—The Army of the Potomac will act from its present base, Lee's army being the objective point. You will collect all the forces from your command that can be spared from garrison duty—I should say not less than twenty thousand effective men—to operate on the south side of James River, Richmond being your objective point. To the force you already have will be added about ten thousand men from South Carolina, under Major General Gillmore, who will command them in person. Major General W. F. Smith is ordered to report to you, to command the troops sent into the field from your own department.

General Gillmore will be ordered to report to you at Fortress Monroe, with all the troops on transports, by the 18th instant, or as soon thereafter as practicable. Should you not receive notice by that time to move, you will make such disposition of them and your other forces as you may deem best calculated to deceive the enemy as to the real move to be made.

When you are notified to move, take City Point with as much force as possible. Fortify or rather intrench, at once, and concentrate all your troops for the field there as rapidly as you can. From City Point, directions can not be given at this time for your further movements.

The fact that has already been stated—that is, that Richmond is to be your objective point, and that there is to be coöperation between your force and the Army of the Potomac—must be your guide. This indicates the necessity of your holding close to the south bank of the James River as you advance. Then, should the enemy be forced into his intrenchments in Richmond, the Army of the Potomac would follow, and by means of transports the two armies would become a unit.

All the minor details of your advance are left entirely to your direction. If, however, you think it practicable to use your cavalry south of you so as to cut the railroad about Hick's Ford about the time of the general advance, it would be of immense advantage.

You will please forward for my information, at the earliest practicable day, all orders, details, and instructions you may give for the execution of this order.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General B. F. BUTLER.

On the 16th, these instructions were substantially reiterated. On the 19th, in order to secure full coöperation between his army and that of General Meade, he was informed that I expected him to move from Fort Monroe the same day that General Meade moved from Culpepper. The exact time I was to telegraph him as soon as it was fixed, and that it would not be earlier than the 27th of April; that it was my intention to fight Lee between Culpepper and Richmond if he would stand. Should he, however, fall back into Richmond, I would follow up and make a junction with his (General Butler's) army on the James River; that, could I be certain he would be able to invest Richmond on the south side so as to have his left resting on the James, above the city, I would form the junction there; that circumstances might make this course advisable any how; that he should use every exertion to secure footing as far up the south side of the river as he could, and as soon as possible after the receipt of orders to move; that if he could not carry the city, he should at least detain as large a force as possible.

In coöperation with the main movements against Lee and Johnston, I was desirous of using all other troops necessarily kept in departments remote from the fields of immediate operations, and also those kept in the background for the protection of our extended lines between the loyal States and the armies operating against them.

A very considerable force under command of Major General Sigel was so held for the protection of West Virginia, and the frontiers of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Whilst these troops could not be withdrawn to distant fields without exposing the North to invasion by comparatively small bodies of the enemy, they could act directly to their front and give better protection than

if lying idle in garrison. By such movement they would either compel the enemy to detach largely for the protection of his supplies and lines of communication, or he would lose them.

General Sigel was therefore directed to organize all his available force into two expeditions, to move from Beverly and Charleston, under command of Generals Ord and Crook, against the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad. Subsequently, General Ord having been relieved at his own request, General Sigel was instructed, at his own suggestion, to give up the expedition by Beverly and to form two columns, one under General Crook, on the Kanawha, numbering about ten thousand men, and one on the Shenandoah, numbering about seven thousand men. The one on the Shenandoah to assemble between Cumberland and the Shenandoah, and the infantry and artillery advanced to Cedar Creek with such cavalry as could be made available at the moment, to threaten the enemy in the Shenandoah Valley, and advance as far as possible; while General Crook would take possession of Lewisburg with part of his force and move down the Tennessee railroad, doing as much damage as he could, destroying the New River bridge and the salt-works at Saltville, Va.

Owing to the weather and bad condition of the roads, operations were delayed until the 1st of May, when, every thing being in readiness and the roads favorable, orders were given for a general movement of all the armies not later than the 4th of May.

My first object being to break the military power of the rebellion and capture the enemy's important strongholds, made me desirous that General Butler should succeed in his movement against Richmond, as that would tend more than any thing else, unless it were the capture of Lee's army, to accomplish this desired result in the East. If he failed, it was my determination, by hard fighting, either to compel Lee to retreat or to so cripple him that he could not detach a large force to go north and still retain enough for the defense of Richmond. It was well understood by both Generals Butler and Meade, before starting on the campaign, that it was my intention to put both their armies south of the James River, in case of failure to destroy Lee without it.

Before giving General Butler his instructions, I visited him at Fort Monroe, and in conversation pointed out the apparent importance of getting possession of Petersburg and destroying railroad communication as far south as possible. Believing, however, in the practicability of capturing Richmond, unless it was reinforced, I made that the objective point of his operations. As the Army of the Potomac was to move simultaneously with him, Lee could not detach from his army with safety, and the enemy did not have troops elsewhere to bring to the defense of the city in time to meet a rapid movement from the north of James River.

I may here state that, commanding all the armies as I did, I tried, as far as possible, to leave General Meade in independent command of the Army of the Potomac. My instructions for that army were all through him, and were general in their nature, leaving all the details and the execution to him. The campaigns that followed proved him to be the right man in the right place. His commanding always in the presence of an officer superior to him in rank, has drawn from him much of that public attention that his zeal and ability entitle him to, and which he would otherwise have received.

The movement of the Army of the Potomac commenced early on the

morning of the 4th of May, under the immediate direction and orders of Major General Meade, pursuant to instructions. Before night the whole army was across the Rapidan, (the Fifth and Sixth Corps crossing at Germania Ford, and the Second Corps at United States Ford, the cavalry, under Major General Sheridan, moving in advance,) with the greater part of its trains, numbering about four thousand wagons, meeting with but slight opposition. The average distance traveled by the troops that day was about twelve miles. This I regarded as a great success, and it removed from my mind the most serious apprehensions I had entertained, that of crossing the river in the face of an active, large, well-appointed, and ably-commanded army, and how so large a train was to be carried through a hostile country and protected. Early on the 5th, the advance corps (the Fifth, Major General G. K. Warren commanding) met and engaged the enemy outside his intrenchments near Mine Run. The battle raged furiously all day, the whole army being brought into the fight as fast as the corps could be got upon the field, which, considering the density of the forest and narrowness of the roads, was done with commendable promptness.

General Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, was, at the time the Army of the Potomac moved, left with the bulk of his corps at the crossing of the Rappahannock River and Alexandria railroad, holding the road back to Bull Run, with instructions not to move until he received notice that a crossing of the Rapidan was secured, but to move promptly as soon as such notice was received. This crossing he was apprised of on the afternoon of the 4th. By six o'clock of the morning of the 6th he was leading his corps into action near the Wilderness Tavern, some of his troops having marched a distance of over thirty miles, crossing both the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers. Considering that a large proportion, probably two-thirds of his command, was composed of new troops, unaccustomed to marches and carrying the accoutrements of a soldier, this was a remarkable march.

The battle of the Wilderness was renewed by us at five o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and continued with unabated fury until darkness set in, each army holding substantially the same position that it had on the evening of the 5th. After dark the enemy made a feeble attempt to turn our right flank, capturing several hundred prisoners and creating considerable confusion. But the promptness of General Sedgwick, who was personally present and commanded that part of our line, soon re-formed it and restored order. On the morning of the 7th reconnoissances showed that the enemy had fallen behind his intrenched lines, with pickets to the front, covering a part of the battle-field. From this it was evident to my mind that the two days' fighting had satisfied him of his inability to further maintain the contest in the open field, notwithstanding his advantage of position, and that he would wait an attack behind his works. I therefore determined to push on and put my whole force between him and Richmond; and orders were at once issued for a movement by his right flank. On the night of the 7th the march was commenced toward Spottsylvania Court-House, the Fifth Corps moving on the most direct road. But the enemy having become apprised of our movement, and having the shorter line, was enabled to reach there first. On the 8th General Warren met a force of the enemy which had been sent out to oppose and delay his advance, to gain time to fortify the line taken up at Spottsylvania. This force was steadily driven back on the main force, within the recently constructed works, after considerable

fighting, resulting in severe loss to both sides. On the morning of the 9th General Sheridan started on a raid against the enemy's lines of communication with Richmond. The 9th, 10th, and 11th were spent in manœuvring and fighting, without decisive results. Among the killed on the 9th was that able and distinguished soldier, Major General John Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Army Corps. Major General H. G. Wright succeeded him in command. Early on the morning of the 12th a general attack was made on the enemy in position. The Second Corps, Major General Hancock commanding, carried a salient of his line, capturing most of Johnston's division of Ewell's Corps and twenty pieces of artillery. But the resistance was so obstinate that the advantage gained did not prove decisive. The 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th, were consumed in manœuvring and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Washington. Deeming it impracticable to make any further attack upon the enemy at Spottsylvania Court-House, orders were issued on the 18th with a view to a movement to the North Anna, to commence at 12 o'clock on the night of the 19th. Late in the afternoon of the 19th, Ewell's Corps came out of its works on our extreme right flank; but the attack was promptly repulsed, with heavy loss. This delayed the movement to the North Anna until the night of the 21st, when it was commenced. But the enemy again having the shorter line, and being in possession of the main roads, was enabled to reach the North Anna in advance of us, and took position behind it. The Fifth Corps reached the North Anna on the afternoon of the 23d, closely followed by the Sixth Corps. The Second and Ninth Corps got up about the same time, the Second holding the railroad bridge and the Ninth lying between that and Jericho Ford. General Warren effected a crossing the same afternoon, and got a position without much opposition. Soon after getting into position he was violently attacked, but repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. On the 25th General Sheridan rejoined the Army of the Potomac from the raid on which he started from Spottsylvania, having destroyed the depots at Beaver Dam and Ashland Stations, four trains of cars, large supplies of rations, and many miles of railroad track; recaptured about four hundred of our men, on their way to Richmond as prisoners of war; met and defeated the enemy's cavalry at Yellow Tavern; carried the first line of works around Richmond, (but finding the second line too strong to be carried by assault,) recrossed to the north bank of the Chickahominy at Meadow's Bridge, under heavy fire, and moved by a *detour* to Haxall's Landing, on the James River, where he communicated with General Butler. This raid had the effect of drawing off the whole of the enemy's cavalry force, and making it comparatively easy to guard our trains.

General Butler moved his main force up the James River, in pursuance of instructions, on the 4th of May, General Gillmore having joined him with the Tenth Corps. At the same time he sent a force of one thousand eight hundred cavalry, by way of West Point, to form a junction with him wherever he might get a foothold, and a force of three thousand cavalry, under General Kautz, from Suffolk, to operate against the roads south of Petersburg and Richmond. On the 5th he occupied, without opposition, both City Point and Bermuda Hundred, his movement being a complete surprise. On the 6th he was in position with his main army, and commenced intrenching. On the 7th he made a reconnoissance against the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, destroying a portion of it after some fighting. On the 9th he telegraphed as follows:—

HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR BERMUDA LANDING, *May 9, 1864.*

"Our operations may be summed up in a few words. With one thousand seven hundred cavalry we have advanced up the Peninsula, forced the Chickahominy, and have safely brought them to our present position. These were colored cavalry, and are now holding our advance pickets toward Richmond.

General Kautz with three thousand cavalry from Suffolk, on the same day with our movement up James River, forced the Blackwater, burned the railroad bridge at Stony Creek, below Petersburg, cutting in two Beauregard's force at that point.

We have landed here, intrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold out against the whole of Lee's army. I have ordered up the supplies.

Beauregard, with a large portion of his force, was left south by the cutting of the railroads by Kautz. That portion which reached Petersburg under Hill I have whipped to-day, killing and wounding many and taking many prisoners, after a severe and well-contested fight.

General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's force.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, *Major General."*

Hon. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

On the evening of the 13th and morning of the 14th he carried a portion of the enemy's first line of defenses at Drury's Bluff, or Fort Darling, with small loss. The time thus consumed from the 6th lost to us the benefit of the surprise and capture of Richmond and Petersburg, enabling, as it did, Beauregard to collect his loose forces in North and South Carolina and bring them to the defense of those places. On the 16th the enemy attacked General Butler in his position in front of Drury's Bluff. He was forced back, or drew back, into his intrenchments between the forks of the James and Appomattox Rivers, the enemy intrenching strongly in his front, thus covering his railroads, the city, and all that was valuable to him. His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations directly against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked. It required but a comparatively small force of the enemy to hold it there.

On the 12th General Kautz with his cavalry was started on a raid against the Danville railroad, which he struck at Coalfield, Powhatan, and Chola Stations, destroying them, the railroad track, two freight trains, and one locomotive, together with large quantities of commissary and other stores; thence crossing to the South-side road, struck it at Wilson's, Wellsville, and Black and White Stations, destroying the road and station-houses; thence he proceeded to City Point, which he reached on the 18th.

On the 19th of April, and prior to the movement of General Butler, the enemy, with a land force under General Hoke and an iron-clad ram, attacked Plymouth, N. C., commanded by General H. W. Wessels, and our gunboats there, and after severe fighting the place was carried by assault and the entire garrison and armament captured. The gunboat Southfield was sunk and the Miami disabled.

The army sent to operate against Richmond having hermetically sealed itself up at Bermuda Hundred, the enemy was enabled to bring the most if not all the reinforcements brought from the south by Beauregard against the Army of the Potomac. In addition to this reinforcement, a very considerable one, probably not less than fifteen thousand men, was obtained by calling in the scattered troops under Breckinridge from the western part of Virginia.

The position at Bermuda Hundred was as easy to defend as it was difficult

to operate from against the enemy. I determined, therefore, to bring from it all available forces, leaving enough only to secure what had been gained, and accordingly, on the 22d, I directed that they be sent forward, under command of Major General W. F. Smith, to join the Army of the Potomac.

On the 24th of May the Ninth Army Corps, commanded by Major General A. E. Burnside, was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and from this time forward constituted a portion of Major General Meade's command.

Finding the enemy's position on the North Anna stronger than either of his previous ones, I withdrew on the night of the 26th to the north bank of the North Anna, and moved, *via* Hanover town, to turn the enemy's position by his right.

Generals Torbert's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry, under Sheridan, and the Sixth Corps led the advance; crossed the Pamunkey River at Hanover town after considerable fighting, and on the 28th the two divisions of cavalry had a severe but successful engagement with the enemy at Haw's shop. On the 29th and 30th we advanced, with heavy skirmishing, to the Hanover Court-House and Cold Harbor road, and developed the enemy's position north of the Chickahominy. Late on the evening of the last day the enemy came out and attacked our left, but was repulsed with very considerable loss. An attack was immediately ordered by General Meade along his whole line, which resulted in driving the enemy from a part of his intrenched skirmish line.

On the 31st General Wilson's division of cavalry destroyed the railroad bridges over the South Anna River, after defeating the enemy's cavalry. General Sheridan, on the same day, reached Cold Harbor, and held it until relieved by the Sixth Corps and General Smith's command, which had just arrived, *via* White House, from General Butler's army.

On the 1st day of June an attack was made at 5 P. M. by the Sixth Corps and the troops under General Smith, the other corps being held in readiness to advance on the receipt of orders. This resulted in our carrying and holding the enemy's first line of works in front of the right of the Sixth Corps and in front of General Smith. During the attack the enemy made repeated assaults on each of the corps not engaged in the main attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss in every instance. That night he made several assaults to regain what he had lost in the day, but failed. The 2d was spent in getting troops into position for an attack on the 3d. On the 3d of June we again assaulted the enemy's works, in the hope of driving him from his position. In this attempt our loss was heavy, while that of the enemy, I have reason to believe, was comparatively light. It was the only general attack made from the Rapidan to the James which did not inflict upon the enemy losses to compensate for our own losses. I would not be understood as saying that all previous attacks resulted in victories to our arms, or accomplished as much as I had hoped from them; but they inflicted upon the enemy severe losses, which tended, in the end, to the complete overthrow of the rebellion.

From the proximity of the enemy to his defenses around Richmond, it was impossible by any flank movement to interpose between him and the city. I was still in a condition to either move by his left flank and invest Richmond from the north side, or continue my move by his right flank to the south side of the James. While the former might have been better as a covering for Washington, yet a full survey of all the ground satisfied me

that it would be impracticable to hold a line north and east of Richmond that would protect the Fredericksburg railroad—a long, vulnerable line, which would exhaust much of our strength to guard, and that would have to be protected to supply the army, and would leave open to the enemy all his lines of communication on the south side of the James. My idea, from the start, had been to beat Lee's army north of Richmond if possible. Then, after destroying his lines of communication north of the James River, to transfer the army to the south side and besiege Lee in Richmond, or follow him south if he should retreat. After the battle of the Wilderness it was evident that the enemy deemed it of the first importance to run no risks with the army he then had. He acted purely on the defensive behind breastworks, or feebly on the offensive immediately in front of them, and where, in case of repulse, he could easily retire behind them. Without a greater sacrifice of life than I was willing to make, all could not be accomplished that I had designed north of Richmond. I therefore determined to continue to hold substantially the ground we then occupied, taking advantage of any favorable circumstances that might present themselves, until the cavalry could be sent to Charlottesville and Gordonsville, to effectually break up the railroad connection between Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley and Lynchburg; and, when the cavalry got well off, to move the army to the south side of the James River, by the enemy's right flank, where I felt I could cut off all his sources of supply except by the canal.

On the 7th two divisions of cavalry, under General Sheridan, got off on the expedition against the Virginia Central railroad, with instructions to Hunter, whom I hoped he would meet near Charlottesville, to join his forces to Sheridan's, and after the work laid out for them was thoroughly done, to join the Army of the Potomac by the route laid down in Sheridan's instructions.

On the 10th of June General Butler sent a force of infantry under General Gillmore, and cavalry under General Kautz, to capture Petersburg if possible, and destroy the railroad and common bridges across the Appomattox. The cavalry carried the works on the south side, and penetrated well in toward the town, but were forced to retire. General Gillmore finding the works which he approached very strong, and deeming an assault impracticable, returned to Bermuda Hundred without attempting one.

Attaching great importance to the possession of Petersburg, I sent back to Bermuda Hundred and City Point General Smith's command by water, *via* the White House, to reach there in advance of the Army of the Potomac. This was for the express purpose of securing Petersburg before the enemy, becoming aware of our intention, could reinforce the place.

The movement from Cold Harbor commenced after dark on the evening of the 12th; one division of cavalry, under General Wilson, and the Fifth Corps crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and moved out to White Oak Swamp, to cover the crossings of the other corps. The advance corps reached James river, at Wilcox's Landing and Charles City Court-House, on the night of the 13th.

During three long years the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia had been confronting each other. In that time they had fought more desperate battles than it probably ever before fell to the lot of two armies to fight, without materially changing the vantage-ground of either. The Southern press and people, with more shrewdness than was displayed in the North,

finding that they had failed to capture Washington and march on to New York, as they had boasted they would do, assumed that they only defended their Capital and Southern territory. Hence, Antietam, Gettysburg, and all the other battles that had been fought, were by them set down as failures on our part, and victories for them. Their army believed this. It produced a morale which could only be overcome by desperate and continuous hard fighting. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor, bloody and terrible as they were on our side, were even more damaging to the enemy, and so crippled him as to make him wary ever after of taking the offensive. His losses in men were probably not so great, owing to the fact that we were, save in the Wilderness, almost invariably the attacking party; and when he did attack it was in the open field. The details of these battles, which for endurance and bravery on the part of the soldiery have rarely been surpassed, are given in the report of Major General Meade, and the subordinate reports accompanying it.

During the campaign of forty-three days, from the Rapidan to James River, the army had to be supplied from an ever-shifting base, by wagons, over narrow roads, through a densely-wooded country, with a lack of wharves at each new base from which to conveniently discharge vessels. Too much credit can not, therefore, be awarded to the quartermaster and commissary departments for the zeal and efficiency displayed by them. Under the general supervision of the chief quartermaster, Brigadier General R. Ingalls, the trains were made to occupy all the available roads between the army and our water base, and but little difficulty was experienced in protecting them.

The movement of the Kanawha and Shenandoah Valleys, under General Sigel, commenced on the first of May. General Crook, who had the immediate command of the Kanawha expedition, divided his forces into two columns, giving one, composed of cavalry, to General Averill. They crossed the mountains by separate routes. Averill struck the Tennessee and Virginia railroad, near Wytheville, on the 10th, and proceeding to New River and Christiansburg, destroyed the road, several important bridges and depots, including New River bridge, forming a junction with Crook at Union on the 15th. General Sigel moved up the Shenandoah Valley, met the enemy at New Market on the 15th, and, after a severe engagement, was defeated with heavy loss, and retired behind Cedar Creek. Not regarding the operations of General Sigel as satisfactory, I asked his removal from command, and Major General Hunter was appointed to supersede him. His instructions were embraced in the following dispatches to Major General H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff of the army:—

NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VA., *May 20, 1864.*

* * * * *

"The enemy are evidently relying for supplies greatly on such as are brought over the branch road running through Staunton. On the whole, therefore, I think it would be better for General Hunter to move in that direction; reach Staunton and Gordonsville or Charlottesville, if he does not meet too much opposition. If he can hold at bay a force equal to his own, he will be doing good service. * * *

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General H. W. HALLECK.

JERICHO FORD, VA., *May 25, 1864.*

"If Hunter can possibly get to Charlottesville and Lynchburg, he should do so, living

on the country. The railroads and canal should be destroyed beyond possibility of repairs for weeks. Completing this, he could find his way back to his original base, or from about Gordonsville join this army.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General H. W. HALLECK.

General Hunter immediately took up the offensive, and moving up the Shenandoah Valley, met the enemy on the 5th of June at Piedmont, and after a battle of ten hours routed and defeated him, capturing on the field of battle one thousand five hundred men, three pieces of artillery, and three hundred stand of small-arms. On the 8th of the same month he formed a junction with Crook and Averill at Staunton, from which place he moved direct on Lynchburg, *via* Lexington, which place he reached and invested on the 16th day of June. Up to this time he was very successful, and but for the difficulty of taking with him sufficient ordnance stores over so long a march, through a hostile country, he would no doubt have captured that (to the enemy) important point. The destruction of the enemy's supplies and manufactories was very great. To meet this movement under General Hunter, General Lee sent a force, perhaps equal to a corps, a part of which reached Lynchburg a short time before Hunter. After some skirmishing on the 17th and 18th, General Hunter, owing to a want of ammunition to give battle, retired from before the place. Unfortunately, this want of ammunition left him no choice of route for his return but by way of Kanawha. This lost to us the use of his troops for several weeks from the defense of the North.

Had General Hunter moved by way of Charlottesville, instead of Lexington, as his instructions contemplated, he would have been in a position to have covered the Shenandoah Valley against the enemy, should the force he met have seemed to endanger it. If it did not, he would have been within easy distance of the James River canal, on the main line of communication between Lynchburg and the force sent for its defense. I have never taken exception to the operations of General Hunter, and I am not now disposed to find fault with him, for I have no doubt he acted within what he conceived to be the spirit of his instructions and the interests of the service. The promptitude of his movements and his gallantry should entitle him to the commendation of his country.

To return to the Army of the Potomac:—The Second Corps commenced crossing the James River on the morning of the 14th by ferry-boats at Wilcox's Landing. The laying of the pontoon bridge was completed about midnight of the 14th, and the crossing of the remainder of the army was rapidly pushed forward by both bridge and ferry.

After the crossing had commenced, I proceeded by a steamer to Bermuda Hundred to give the necessary orders for the immediate capture of Petersburg.

The instructions to General Butler were verbal, and were for him to send General Smith immediately, that night, with all the troops he could give him without sacrificing the position he then held. I told him that I would return at once to the Army of the Potomac, hasten its crossing, and throw it forward to Petersburg by divisions as rapidly as it could be done; that we could reinforce our armies more rapidly there than the enemy could bring troops against us. General Smith got off as directed, and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg before daylight next morning, but for some reason, that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get

ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his command only, he made the assault, and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg from the Appomattox River, for a distance of over two and a half miles, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery and three hundred prisoners. This was about 7 P. M. Between the line thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear—the moon shining brightly—and favorable to further operations. General Hancock, with two divisions of the Second Corps, reached General Smith just after dark, and offered the service of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named commander, who he naturally supposed knew best the position of affairs, and what to do with the troops. But instead of taking these troops, and pushing at once into Petersburg, he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the captured works, which was done before midnight.

By the time I arrived the next morning the enemy was in force. An attack was ordered to be made at 6 o'clock that evening by the troops under Smith and the Second and Ninth Corps. It required until that time for the Ninth Corps to get up and into position. The attack was made as ordered, and the fighting continued with but little intermission until six o'clock the next morning, and resulted in our carrying the advance and some of the main works of the enemy to the right (our left) of those previously captured by General Smith, several pieces of artillery, and over four hundred prisoners.

The Fifth Corps having got up, the attacks were renewed and persisted in with great vigor on the 17th and 18th, but only resulted in forcing the enemy to an interior line from which he could not be dislodged. The advantages in position gained by us were very great. The army then proceeded to envelop Petersburg toward the South-side railroad, as far as possible, without attacking fortifications.

On the 6th the enemy, to reinforce Petersburg, withdrew from a part of his intrenchment in front of Bermuda Hundred, expecting no doubt to get troops from north of the James to take the place of those withdrawn, before we could discover it. General Butler, taking advantage of this, at once moved a force on the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond. As soon as I was apprised of the advantage thus gained, to retain it I ordered two divisions of the Sixth Corps, General Wright commanding, that were embarking at Wilcox's Landing under orders for City Point, to report to General Butler at Bermuda Hundred, of which General Butler was notified, and the importance of holding a position in advance of his present line urged upon him.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon General Butler was forced back to the line the enemy had withdrawn from in the morning. General Wright, with his two divisions, joined General Butler on the forenoon of the 17th, the latter still holding with a strong picket line the enemy's works. But instead of putting these divisions into the enemy's works to hold them, he permitted them to halt and rest some distance in the rear of his own line. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy attacked and drove in his pickets and reoccupied his old line.

On the night of the 20th and morning of the 21st a lodgment was effected by General Butler, with one brigade of infantry, on the north bank of the James, at Deep Bottom, and connected the pontoon bridge with Bermuda Hundred.

On the 19th General Sheridan, on his return from his expedition against the Virginia Central railroad, arrived at the White House just as the enemy's cavalry was about to attack it, and compelled it to retire. The result of this expedition was, that General Sheridan met the enemy's cavalry near Trevillian Station, on the morning of the 11th of June, whom he attacked, and after an obstinate contest drove from the field in complete rout. He left his dead and nearly all his wounded in our hands, and about four hundred prisoners and several hundred horses. On the 12th he destroyed the railroad from Trevillian Station to Louisa Court-House. This occupied until 3 o'clock p. m., when he advanced in the direction of Gordonsville. He found the enemy reinforced by infantry, behind well-constructed rifle-pits, about five miles from the latter place, and too strong to successfully assault. On the extreme right, however, his reserve brigade carried the enemy's works twice, and was twice driven therefrom by infantry. Night closed the contest. Not having sufficient ammunition to continue the engagement, and his animals being without forage, (the country furnishing but inferior grazing,) and hearing nothing from General Hunter, he withdrew his command to the north side of the North Anna, and commenced his return march reaching White House at the time before stated. After breaking up the depot at that place he moved to the James River, which he reached safely after heavy fighting. He commenced crossing on the 25th, near Fort Powhatan, without further molestation, and rejoined the Army of the Potomac.

On the 22d General Wilson, with his own division of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and General Kautz's division of cavalry of the Army of the James, moved against the enemy's railroads south of Richmond. Striking the Weldon railroad at Ream's Station, destroying the depot and several miles of the road and the South-side road about fifteen miles from Petersburg, to near Nottoway Station, where he met and defeated a force of the enemy's cavalry, he reached Burksville Station on the afternoon of the 23d, and from there destroyed the Danville railroad to Roanoke bridge, a distance of twenty-five miles, where he found the enemy in force, and in a position from which he could not dislodge him. He then commenced his return march, and on the 28th met the enemy's cavalry in force at the Weldon railroad crossing of Stony Creek, where he had a severe but not decisive engagement. Thence he made a *detour* from his left, with a view of reaching Ream's Station, (supposing it to be in our possession.) At this place he was met by the enemy's cavalry, supported by infantry, and forced to retire, with the loss of his artillery and trains. In this last encounter General Kautz, with a part of his command, became separated, and made his way into our lines. General Wilson, with the remainder of his force, succeeded in crossing the Nottoway River and coming in safely on our left and rear. The damage to the enemy in this expedition more than compensated for the losses we sustained. It severed all connection by railroad with Richmond for several weeks.

With a view of cutting the enemy's railroad from near Richmond to the Anna Rivers and making him wary of the situation of his army in the Shenandoah, and, in the event of failure in this, to take advantage of his necessary withdrawal of troops from Petersburg, to explode a mine that had been prepared in front of the Ninth Corps and assault the enemy's lines at that place, on the night of the 26th of July the Second Corps and two divisions of the cavalry corps and Kautz's cavalry were crossed to the north bank of the

James River and joined the force General Butler had there. On the 27th the enemy was driven from his intrenched position, with the loss of four pieces of artillery. On the 28th our lines were extended from Deep Bottom to New Market road, but in getting this position were attacked by the enemy in heavy force. The fighting lasted for several hours, resulting in considerable loss to both sides. The first object of this move having failed, by reason of the very large force thrown there by the enemy, I determined to take advantage of the diversion made, by assaulting Petersburg before he could get his force back there. One division of the Second Corps was withdrawn on the night of the 28th, and moved during the night to the rear of the Eighteenth Corps, to relieve that corps in the line, that it might be foot-loose in the assault to be made. The other two divisions of the Second Corps and Sheridan's cavalry were crossed over on the night of the 29th and moved in front of Petersburg. On the morning of the 30th, between four and five o'clock, the mine was sprung, blowing up a battery and most of a regiment, and the advance of the assaulting column, formed of the Ninth Corps, immediately took possession of the crater made by the explosion, and the line for some distance to the right and left of it, and a detached line in front of it, but for some cause failed to advance promptly to the ridge beyond. Had they done this, I have every reason to believe that Petersburg would have fallen. Other troops were immediately pushed forward, but the time consumed in getting them up enabled the enemy to rally from his surprise (which had been complete) and get forces to this point for its defense. The captured line thus held being untenable, and of no advantage to us, the troops were withdrawn, but not without heavy loss. Thus terminated in disaster what promised to be the most successful assault of the campaign.

Immediately upon the enemy's ascertaining that General Hunter was retreating from Lynchburg by way of the Kanawha River, thus laying the Shenandoah Valley open for raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania, he returned northward, and moved down that valley. As soon as this movement of the enemy was ascertained, General Hunter, who had reached the Kanawha River, was directed to move his troops without delay, by river and railroad, to Harper's Ferry; but owing to the difficulty of navigation by reason of low water and breaks in the railroad, great delay was experienced in getting there. It became necessary, therefore, to find other troops to check this movement of the enemy. For this purpose the Sixth Corps was taken from the armies operating against Richmond, to which was added the Nineteenth Corps, then fortunately beginning to arrive in Hampton Roads from the Gulf Department, under orders issued immediately after the ascertainment of the result of the Red River expedition. The garrisons of Baltimore and Washington were at this time made up of heavy artillery regiments, hundred-days men, and detachments from the invalid corps. One division, under command of General Ricketts, of the Sixth Corps, was sent to Baltimore, and the remaining two divisions of the Sixth Corps, under General Wright, were subsequently sent to Washington. On the 3d of July the enemy approached Martinsburg; General Sigel, who was in command of our forces there, retreated across the Potomac at Shepardstown; and General Weber, commanding at Harper's Ferry, crossed the river and occupied Maryland Heights. On the 6th the enemy occupied Hagerstown, moving a strong column toward Frederick City. General Wallace, with Rickett's division and his own command, the latter mostly new and undisciplined

troops, pushed out from Baltimore with great promptness, and met the enemy in force on the Monocacy, near the crossing of the railroad bridge. His force was not sufficient to insure success, but he fought the enemy nevertheless, and although it resulted in a defeat to our arms, yet it detained the enemy and thereby served to enable General Wright to reach Washington with two divisions of the Sixth Corps, and the advance of the Nineteenth Corps, before him. From Monacacy the enemy moved on Washington, his cavalry advance reaching Rockville on the evening of the 10th. On the 12th a reconnoissance was thrown out in front of Fort Stevens, to ascertain the enemy's position and force. A severe skirmish ensued, in which we lost about two hundred and eighty killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was probably greater. He commenced retreating during the night. Learning the exact condition of affairs at Washington, I requested by telegraph, at 11:45 P. M. on the 12th, the assignment of Major General H. G. Wright to the command of all the troops that could be made available to operate in the field against the enemy, and directed that he should get outside of the trenches with all the force he could, and push Early to the last moment. General Wright commenced the pursuit on the 13th; on the 18th the enemy was overtaken at Snicker's Ferry, on the Shenandoah, when a sharp skirmish occurred; and on the 20th General Averill encountered and defeated a portion of the rebel army at Winchester, capturing four pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners.

Learning that Early was retreating south toward Lynchburg or Richmond, I directed that the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps be got back to the armies operating against Richmond, so that they might be used in a movement against Lee before the return of the troops sent by him into the valley; and that Hunter should remain in the Shenandoah Valley, keeping between any force of the enemy and Washington, acting on the defensive as much as possible. I felt that if the enemy had any notion of returning, the fact would be developed before the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps could leave Washington. Subsequently, the Nineteenth Corps was excepted from the order to return to the James.

About the 25th it became evident that the enemy was again advancing upon Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the Sixth Corps, then at Washington, was ordered back to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. The rebel force moved down the valley, and sent a raiding party into Pennsylvania, which on the 30th burned Chambersburg and then retreated, pursued by our cavalry, toward Cumberland. They were met and defeated by General Kelly, and with diminished numbers escaped into the mountains of West Virginia. From the time of the first raid the telegraph wires were frequently down between Washington and City Point, making it necessary to transmit messages a part of the way by boat. It took from twenty-four to thirty-six hours to get dispatches through and return answers back; so that often orders would be given, and then information would be received showing a different state of facts from those on which they were based, causing a confusion and apparent contradiction of orders that must have considerably embarrassed those who had to execute them, and rendered operations against the enemy less effective than they otherwise would have been. To remedy this evil, it was evident to my mind that some person should have the supreme command of all the forces in the Departments of West Virginia, Washington, Susquehanna, and the Middle Department, and I so recommended.

On the 2d of August I ordered General Sheridan to report in person to Major General Halleck, Chief of Staff, at Washington, with a view to his assignment to the command of all the forces against Early. At this time the enemy was concentrated in the neighborhood of Winchester, whilst our forces, under General Hunter, were concentrated on the Monocacy, at the crossing of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, leaving open to the enemy Western Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania. From where I was, I hesitated to give positive orders for the movement of our forces at Monocacy, lest by so doing I should expose Washington. Therefore, on the 4th I left City Point to visit Hunter's command, and determine for myself what was best to be done. On arrival there, and after consultation with General Hunter, I issued to him the following instructions:—

MONOCACY BRIDGE, MD., August 5, 1864—8 P. M.

"GENERAL:—Concentrate all your available force without delay in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, leaving only such railroad guards and garrisons for public property as may be necessary. Use, in this concentrating, the railroads, if by so doing time can be saved. From Harper's Ferry, if it is found that the enemy has moved north of the Potomac in large force, push north, following him and attacking him wherever found; follow him, if driven south of the Potomac, as long as it is safe to do so. If it is ascertained that the enemy has but a small force north of the Potomac, then push south with the main force, detaching, under a competent Commander, a sufficient force to look after the raiders, and drive them to their homes. In detaching such a force, the brigade of cavalry now *en route* from Washington, *via* Rockville, may be taken into account.

There are now on their way to join you three other brigades of the best cavalry, numbering, at least, five thousand men and horses. These will be instructed, in the absence of further orders, to join you by the south side of the Potomac. One brigade will probably start to-morrow. In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, where it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for the use of your command; such as can not be consumed, destroy. It is not desirable that the buildings should be destroyed—they should rather be protected—but the people should be informed that so long as an army can subsist among them recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards.

Bear in mind the object is to drive the enemy south, and to do this you want to keep him always in sight. Be guided in your course by the course he takes.

Make your own arrangements for supplies of all kinds, giving regular vouchers for such as may be taken from loyal citizens in the country through which you march.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General D. HUNTER.

The troops were immediately put in motion, and the advance reached Halltown that night.

General Hunter having, in our conversation, expressed a willingness to be relieved from command, I telegraphed to have General Sheridan, then at Washington, sent to Harper's Ferry by the morning train, with orders to take general command of all the troops in the field, and to call on General Hunter at Monocacy, who would turn over to him my letter of instructions. I remained at Monocacy until General Sheridan arrived on the morning of the 6th, and, after a conference with him in relation to military affairs in that vicinity, I returned to City Point by way of Washington.

On the 7th of August the Middle Department and the Departments of West Virginia, Washington, and Susquehanna were constituted into the "Middle Military Division," and Major General Sheridan was assigned to temporary command of the same.

Two divisions of cavalry, commanded by Generals Torbert and Wilson,

were sent to Sheridan from the Army of the Potomac. The first reached him at Harper's Ferry about the 11th of August.

His operations during the month of August and the fore-part of September were both of an offensive and defensive character, resulting in many severe skirmishes, principally by the cavalry, in which we were generally successful, but no general engagement took place. The two armies lay in such a position—the enemy on the west bank of the Opequan Creek covering Winchester, and our forces in front of Berrysville—that either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for long distances before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally, the use of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the importance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continuously threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph the order for an attack without knowing more than I did of General Sheridan's feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on the 15th of September to visit him at his head-quarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charleston, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, what he could do the moment he was authorized, and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instructions necessary—Go in! For the convenience of forage, the teams for supplying the army were kept at Harper's Ferry. I asked him if he could get out his teams and supplies in time to make an attack on the ensuing Tuesday morning. His reply was, that he could before daylight on Monday. He was off promptly to time, and I may here add that the result was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders.

Early on the morning of the 19th General Sheridan attacked General Early at the crossing on the Opequan Creek, and after a most sanguinary and bloody battle, lasting until 5 o'clock in the evening, defeated him with heavy loss, carrying his entire position from Opequan Creek to Winchester, capturing several thousand prisoners and five pieces of artillery. The enemy rallied and made a stand in a strong position at Fisher's Hill, where he was attacked and again defeated with heavy loss on the 20th. Sheridan pursued him with great energy through Harrisonburg, Staunton, and the gaps of the Blue Ridge. After stripping the upper valley of most of the supplies and provisions for the rebel army, he returned to Strasburg, and took position on the north side of Cedar Creek.

Having received considerable reinforcements, General Early again returned to the valley, and on the 9th of October his cavalry encountered ours near Strasburg, where the rebels were defeated with the loss of eleven pieces of artillery and three hundred and fifty prisoners. On the night of the 18th the enemy crossed the mountains which separated the branches of the Shenandoah, forded the north fork, and early on the morning of the 19th, under cover of the darkness and the fog, surprised and turned our left flank, and captured the batteries which enfiladed our whole line. Our troops fell back with heavy loss and in much confusion, but were finally rallied between Middletown and Newtown. At this juncture General Sheridan, who was at Winchester when the battle commenced, arrived on the field, arranged his

lines just in time to repulse a heavy attack of the enemy, and immediately assuming the offensive, he attacked in turn with great vigor. The enemy was defeated with great slaughter and the loss of most of his artillery and trains and the trophies he had captured in the morning. The wreck of his army escaped during the night, and fled in the direction of Staunton and Lynchburg. Pursuit was made to Mount Jackson. Thus ended this, the enemy's last attempt, to invade the north, *via* the Shenandoah Valley. I was now enabled to return the Sixth Corps to the Army of the Potomac, and to send one division from Sheridan's army to the Army of the James, and another to Savannah, Georgia, to hold Sherman's new acquisitions on the sea-coast, and thus enable him to move without detaching from his force for that purpose.

Reports from various sources led me to believe that the enemy had detached three divisions from Petersburg to reinforce Early in the Shenandoah Valley. I therefore sent the Second Corps and Gregg's division of cavalry, of the Army of the Potomac, and a force of General Butler's army, on the night of the 13th of August, to threaten Richmond from the north side of the James, to prevent him from sending troops away, and, if possible, to draw back those sent. In this move we captured six pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, detained troops that were under marching orders, and ascertained that but one division, (Kershaw's,) of the three reputed detached, had gone.

The enemy having withdrawn heavily from Petersburg to resist this movement, the Fifth Corps, General Warren commanding, was moved out on the 18th and took possession of the Weldon railroad. During the day he had considerable fighting. To regain possession of the road, the enemy made repeated and desperate assaults, but was each time repulsed with great loss. On the night of the 20th the troops on the north side of the James were withdrawn, and Hancock and Gregg returned to the front of Petersburg. On the 25th the Second Corps and Gregg's division of cavalry, while at Ream's Station destroying the railroad, were attacked, and after desperate fighting, a part of our line gave way, and five pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the enemy.

By the 12th of September a branch railroad was completed from the City Point and Petersburg railroad to the Weldon railroad, enabling us to supply, without difficulty, in all weather, the army in front of Petersburg.

The extension of our lines across the Weldon railroad compelled the enemy to so extend his that it seemed he could have but few troops north of the James for the defense of Richmond. On the night of the 28th the Tenth Corps, Major General Birney, and the Eighteenth Corps, Major General Ord commanding, of General Butler's army, were crossed to the north side of the James, and advanced on the morning of the 29th, carrying the very strong fortifications and intrenchments below Chapin's Farm, known as Fort Harrison, capturing fifteen pieces of artillery and the New Market road and intrenchments. This success was followed up by a gallant assault upon Fort Gillmore, immediately in front of the Chapin Farm fortifications, in which we were repulsed with heavy loss. Kautz's cavalry was pushed forward on the road to the right of this, supported by infantry, and reached the enemy's inner line, but was unable to get further. The position captured from the enemy was so threatening to Richmond that I determined to hold it. The enemy made several desperate attempts to dislodge us, all of which were

unsuccessful, and for which he paid dearly. On the morning of the 30th General Meade sent out a reconnoissance, with a view to attacking the enemy's line if it was found sufficiently weakened by withdrawal of troops to the north side. In this reconnoissance we captured and held the enemy's works near Poplar Spring Church. In the afternoon, troops moving to get to the left of the point gained were attacked by the enemy in heavy force, and compelled to fall back until supported by the forces holding the captured works. Our cavalry under Gregg was also attacked, but repulsed the enemy with great loss.

On the 7th of October the enemy attacked Kautz's cavalry north of the James, and drove it back with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and the loss of all the artillery—eight or nine pieces. This he followed up by an attack on our intrenched infantry line, but was repulsed with severe slaughter. On the 13th a reconnoissance was sent out by General Butler, with a view to drive the enemy from some new works he was constructing, which resulted in very heavy loss to us.

On the 27th the Army of the Potomac, leaving only sufficient men to hold its fortified line, moved by the enemy's right flank. The Second Corps, followed by two divisions of the Fifth Corps, with the cavalry in advance and covering our left flank, forced a passage of Hatcher's Run, and moved up the south side of it toward the South-side railroad, until the Second Corps and part of the cavalry reached the Boydtown plank road, where it crosses Hatcher's Run. At this point we were six miles distant from the South-side railroad, which I had hoped by this movement to reach and hold. But finding that we had not reached the end of the enemy's fortifications, and no place presenting itself for a successful assault by which he might be doubled up and shortened, I determined to withdraw to within our fortified line. Orders were given accordingly. Immediately upon receiving a report that General Warren had connected with General Hancock, I returned to my head-quarters. Soon after I left, the enemy moved out across Hatcher's Run, in the gap between Generals Hancock and Warren, which was not closed as reported, and made a desperate attack on General Hancock's right and rear. General Hancock immediately faced his corps to meet it, and after a bloody combat drove the enemy within his works, and withdrew that night to his old position.

In support of this movement General Butler made a demonstration on the north side of the James, and attacked the enemy on the Williamsburg road, and also on the York River railroad. In the former he was unsuccessful; in the latter he succeeded in carrying a work which was afterward abandoned, and his forces withdrawn to their former positions.

From this time forward the operations in front of Petersburg and Richmond, until the spring campaign of 1865, were confined to the defense and extension of our lines, and to offensive movements for crippling the enemy's lines of communication, and to prevent his detaching any considerable force to send south. By the 7th of February our lines were extended to Hatcher's Run, and the Weldon railroad had been destroyed to Hicksford.

General Sherman moved from Chattanooga on the 6th of May, with the armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Ohio—commanded, respectively, by Generals Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield—upon Johnston's army at Dalton; but finding the enemy's positions at Buzzard Roost, covering Dalton, too strong to be assaulted, General McPherson was sent through Snake

Gap to turn it, whilst Generals Thomas and Schofield threatened it in front and on the north. This movement was successful. Johnston, finding his retreat likely to be cut off, fell back to his fortified position at Resaca, where he was attacked on the afternoon of May 15th. A heavy battle ensued. During the night the enemy retreated south. Late on the 17th his rear-guard was overtaken near Adairsville, and heavy skirmishing followed. The next morning, however, he had again disappeared. He was vigorously pursued and was overtaken at Cassville on the 19th, but, during the ensuing night, retreated across the Etowah. Whilst these operations were going on, General Jefferson C. Davis' division of Thomas' army was sent to Rome, capturing it with its forts and artillery and its valuable mills and foundries. General Sherman having given his army a few days' rest at this point, again put it in motion on the 23d for Dallas, with a view of turning the difficult pass at Allatoona. On the afternoon of the 25th the advance, under General Hooker, had a severe battle with the enemy, driving him back to New Hope Church, near Dallas. Several sharp encounters occurred at this point. The most important was on the 28th, when the enemy assaulted General McPherson at Dallas, but received a terrible and bloody repulse.

On the 4th of June, Johnston abandoned his intrenched position at New Hope Church and retreated to the strong positions of Kenesaw, Pine, and Lost Mountains. He was forced to yield the two last named places and concentrate his army on Kenesaw, where, on the 27th, Generals Thomas and McPherson made a determined but unsuccessful assault. On the night of the 2d of July Sherman commenced moving his army by the right flank, and on the morning of the 3d found that the enemy, in consequence of this movement, had abandoned Kenesaw and retreated across the Chattahoochee.

General Sherman remained on the Chattahoochee to give his men rest and get up stores until the 17th of July, when he resumed his operations, crossed the Chattahoochee, destroyed a large portion of the railroad to Augusta, and drove the enemy back to Atlanta. At this place General Hood succeeded General Johnston in command of the rebel army, and assuming the offensive-defensive policy, made several severe attacks upon Sherman in the vicinity of Atlanta, the most desperate and determined of which was on the 22d of July. About 1 P. M. of this day the brave, accomplished, and noble-hearted McPherson was killed. General Logan succeeded him, and commanded the Army of the Tennessee through this desperate battle and until he was superseded by Major General Howard on the 26th, with the same success and ability that had characterized him in the command of a corps or division.

In all these attacks the enemy was repulsed with great loss. Finding it impossible to entirely invest the place, General Sherman, after securing his line of communications across the Chattahoochee, moved his main force round by the enemy's left flank upon the Montgomery and Macon roads, to draw the enemy from his fortifications. In this he succeeded, and, after defeating the enemy near Rough and Ready, Jonesboro', and Lovejoy's, forcing him to retreat to the south, on the 2d of September occupied Atlanta, the objective point of his campaign.

About the time of this move the rebel cavalry, under Wheeler, attempted to cut his communications in the rear, but was repulsed at Dalton and driven into East Tennessee, whence it proceeded west to McMinnville, Murfreesboro', and Franklin, and was finally driven south of the Tennessee. The damage done by this raid was repaired in a few days.

During the partial investment of Atlanta, General Rousseau joined General Sherman with a force of cavalry from Decatur, having made a successful raid upon the Atlanta and Montgomery railroad, and its branches near Opelika. Cavalry raids were also made by Generals McCook, Garrard, and Stoneman, to cut the remaining railroad communication with Atlanta. The first two were successful—the latter disastrous.

General Sherman's movement from Chattanooga to Atlanta was prompt, skillful, and brilliant. The history of his flank movements and battles during that memorable campaign will ever be read with an interest unsurpassed by any thing in history.

His own report, and those of his subordinate Commanders accompanying it, give the details of that most successful campaign.

He was dependent for the supply of his armies upon a single-track railroad from Nashville to the point where he was operating. This passed the entire distance through a hostile country, and every foot of it had to be protected by troops. The cavalry force of the enemy under Forrest, in Northern Mississippi, was evidently waiting for Sherman to advance far enough into the mountains of Georgia to make a retreat disastrous, to get upon his line and destroy it beyond the possibility of further use. To guard against this danger Sherman left what he supposed to be a sufficient force to operate against Forrest in West Tennessee. He directed General Washburn, who commanded there, to send Brigadier General S. D. Sturgis in command of this force to attack him. On the morning of the 10th of June General Sturgis met the enemy near Guntown, Miss., was badly beaten, and driven back in utter rout and confusion to Memphis—a distance of about one hundred miles—hotly pursued by the enemy. By this, however, the enemy was defeated in his designs upon Sherman's line of communications. The persistency with which he followed up this success exhausted him, and made a season for rest and repairs necessary. In the meantime Major General A. J. Smith, with the troops of the Army of the Tennessee that had been sent by General Sherman to General Banks, arrived at Memphis on their return from Red River, where they had done most excellent service. He was directed by General Sherman to immediately take the offensive against Forrest. This he did with the promptness and effect which has characterized his whole military career. On the 14th of July he met the enemy at Tupelo, Miss., and whipped him badly. The fighting continued through three days. Our loss was small compared with that of the enemy. Having accomplished the object of his expedition, General Smith returned to Memphis.

During the months of March and April this same force under Forrest annoyed us considerably. On the 24th of March it captured Union City, Ky., and its garrison, and on the 24th attacked Paducah, commanded by Colonel S. G. Hicks, Fortieth Illinois volunteers. Colonel H., having but a small force, withdrew to the forts near the river, from where he repulsed the enemy and drove him from the place.

On the 13th of April part of this force, under the rebel General Buford, summoned the garrison of Columbus, Ky., to surrender, but received for reply from Colonel Lawrence, Thirty-fourth New Jersey volunteers, that, being placed there by his Government with adequate force to hold his post and repel all enemies from it, surrender was out of the question.

On the morning of the same day Forrest attacked Fort Pillow, Tenn., garrisoned by a detachment of Tennessee cavalry, and the First Regiment

Alabama colored troops, commanded by Major Booth. The garrison fought bravely until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy carried the works by assault; and, after our men threw down their arms, proceeded to an inhuman and merciless massacre of the garrison.

On the 14th General Buford, having failed at Columbus, appeared before Paducah, but was again driven off.

Guerrillas and raiders, seemingly emboldened by Forrest's operations, were also very active in Kentucky. The most noted of these was Morgan. With a force of from two to three thousand cavalry he entered the State through Pound Gap in the latter part of May. On the 11th of June he attacked and captured Cynthiana, with its entire garrison. On the 12th he was overtaken by General Burbridge, and completely routed with heavy loss, and was finally driven out of the State. This notorious guerrilla was afterward surprised and killed near Greenville, Tenn., and his command captured and dispersed by General Gillem.

In the absence of official reports at the commencement of the Red River expedition, except so far as relates to the movements of the troops sent by General Sherman under A. J. Smith, I am unable to give the date of its starting. The troops under General Smith, comprising two divisions of the Sixteenth and a detachment of the Seventeenth Army Corps, left Vicksburg on the 10th of March and reached the designated point on Red River one day earlier than that appointed by General Banks. The rebel forces at Fort De Russey, thinking to defeat him, left the fort on the 14th to give him battle in the open field; but, while occupying the enemy with skirmishing and demonstrations, Smith pushed forward to Fort De Russey, which had been left with a weak garrison, and captured it with its garrison—about three hundred and fifty men, eleven pieces of artillery, and many small-arms. Our loss was but slight. On the 15th he pushed forward to Alexandria, which place he reached on the 18th. On the 21st he had an engagement with the enemy at Henderson Hill, in which he defeated him, capturing two hundred and ten prisoners and four pieces of artillery.

On the 28th he again attacked and defeated the enemy under the rebel General Taylor at Cane River. By the 26th General Banks had assembled his whole army at Alexandria and pushed forward to Grand Ecore. On the morning of April 6th he moved from Grand Ecore. On the afternoon of the 7th his advance engaged the enemy near Pleasant Hill and drove him from the field. On the same afternoon the enemy made a stand eight miles beyond Pleasant Hill, but was again compelled to retreat. On the 8th, at Sabine Cross-roads and Peach Hill, the enemy attacked and defeated his advance, capturing nineteen pieces of artillery and an immense amount of transportation and stores. During the night General Banks fell back to Pleasant Hill, where another battle was fought on the 9th, and the enemy repulsed with great loss. During the night General Banks continued his retrograde movement to Grand Ecore, and thence to Alexandria, which he reached on the 27th of April. Here a serious difficulty arose in getting Admiral Porter's fleet, which accompanied the expedition, over the rapids, the water having fallen so much since they passed up as to prevent their return. At the suggestion of Colonel (now Brigadier General) Bailey, and under his superintendence, wing-dams were constructed, by which the channel was contracted so that the fleet passed down the rapids in safety.

The army evacuated Alexandria on the 14th of May, after considerable

skirmishing with the enemy's advance, and reached Morganzia and Point Coupée near the end of the month. The disastrous termination of this expedition and the lateness of the season rendered impracticable the carrying out of my plans of a movement in force sufficient to insure the capture of Mobile.

On the 23d of March Major General Steele left Little Rock with the Seventh Army Corps to coöperate with General Bank's expedition on Red River, and reached Arkadelphia on the 28th. On the 16th of April, after driving the enemy before him, he was joined near Elkin's Ferry, in Washita County, by General Thayer, who had marched from Fort Smith. After several severe skirmishes, in which the enemy was defeated, General Steele reached Camden, which he occupied about the middle of April.

On learning the defeat and consequent retreat of General Banks on Red River, and the loss of one of his own trains at Mark's Mill, in Dallas County, General Steele determined to fall back to the Arkansas River. He left Camden on the 26th of April, and reached Little Rock on the 2d of May. On the 30th of April the enemy attacked him while crossing Saline River at Jenkins' Ferry, but was repulsed with considerable loss. Our loss was about six hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Major General Canby, who had been assigned to the command of the "Military Division of West Mississippi," was therefore directed to send the Nineteenth Army Corps to join the armies operating against Richmond, and to limit the remainder of his command to such operations as might be necessary to hold the positions and lines of communications he then occupied.

Before starting General A. J. Smith's troops back to Sherman, General Canby sent a part of it to disperse a force of the enemy that was collecting near the Mississippi River. General Smith met and defeated this force near Lake Chicot on the 5th of June. Our loss was about forty killed and seventy wounded.

In the latter part of July General Canby sent Major General Gordon Granger, with such forces as he could collect, to coöperate with Admiral Farragut against the defenses of Mobile Bay. On the 8th of August Fort Gaines surrendered to the combined naval and land forces. Fort Powell was blown up and abandoned.

On the 9th Fort Morgan was invested, and after a severe bombardment surrendered on the 23d. The total captures amounted to one thousand four hundred and sixty-four prisoners and one hundred and four pieces of artillery.

About the last of August, it being reported that the rebel General Price, with a force of about ten thousand men, had reached Jacksonport, on his way to invade Missouri, General A. J. Smith's command, then *en route* from Memphis to join Sherman, was ordered to Missouri. A cavalry force was also, at the same time, sent from Memphis, under command of Colonel Winslow. This made General Rosecrans' forces superior to those of Price, and no doubt was entertained he would be able to check Price and drive him back, while the forces under General Steele, in Arkansas, would cut off his retreat. On the 26th day of September Price attacked Pilot Knob and forced the garrison to retreat, and thence moved north to the Missouri River, and continued up that river toward Kansas. General Curtis, commanding Department of Kansas, immediately collected such forces as he could to repel the invasion of Kansas, while General Rosecrans' cavalry was operating in his rear.

The enemy was brought to battle on the Big Blue and defeated, with the loss of nearly all his artillery and trains and a large number of prisoners. He made a precipitate retreat to Northern Arkansas. The impunity with which Price was enabled to roam over the State of Missouri for a long time, and the incalculable mischief done by him, shows to how little purpose a superior force may be used. There is no reason why General Rosecrans should not have concentrated his forces and beaten and driven Price before the latter reached Pilot Knob.

September 20th the enemy's cavalry, under Forrest, crossed the Tennessee near Waterloo, Ala., and on the 23d attacked the garrison at Athens, consisting of six hundred men, which capitulated on the 24th. Soon after the surrender two regiments of reinforcements arrived, and after a severe fight were compelled to surrender. Forrest destroyed the railroad westward, captured the garrison at Sulphur Branch trestle, skirmished with the garrison at Pulaski on the 27th, and on the same day cut the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad near Tullahoma and Dechard. On the morning of the 30th one column of Forrest's command, under Buford, appeared before Huntsville, and summoned the surrender of the garrison. Receiving an answer in the negative, he remained in the vicinity of the place until next morning, when he again summoned its surrender, and received the same reply as on the night before. He withdrew in the direction of Athens, which place had been re-garrisoned, and attacked it on the afternoon of the 1st of October, but without success. On the morning of the 2d he renewed his attack, but was handsomely repulsed.

Another column, under Forrest, appeared before Columbia on the morning of the 1st, but did not make an attack. On the morning of the 3d he moved toward Mount Pleasant. While these operations were going on every exertion was made by General Thomas to destroy the forces under Forrest before he could re-cross the Tennessee, but was unable to prevent his escape to Corinth, Miss.

In September an expedition under General Burbridge was sent to destroy the salt-works at Saltville, Va. He met the enemy on the 2d of October, about three miles and a half from Saltville, and drove him into his strongly intrenched position around the salt-works, from which he was unable to dislodge him. During the night he withdrew his command and returned to Kentucky.

General Sherman, immediately after the fall of Atlanta, put his armies in camp in and about the place, and made all preparations for refitting and supplying them for future service. The great length of road from Atlanta to the Cumberland River, however, which had to be guarded, allowed the troops but little rest.

During this time Jefferson Davis made a speech in Macon, Geo., which was reported in the papers of the South, and soon became known to the whole country, disclosing the plans of the enemy, thus enabling General Sherman to fully meet them. He exhibited the weakness of supposing that an army that had been beaten and fearfully decimated in a vain attempt at the defensive could successfully undertake the offensive against the army that had so often defeated it.

In execution of this plan Hood, with his army, was soon reported to the south-west of Atlanta. Moving far to Sherman's right, he succeeded in reaching the railroad about Big Shanty, and moved north on it.

SHERMAN PREPARES FOR HIS MARCH. 643

General Sherman, leaving a force to hold Atlanta, with the remainder of his army fell upon him and drove him to Gadston, Ala. Seeing the constant annoyance he would have with the roads to his rear if we attempted to hold Atlanta, General Sherman proposed the abandonment and destruction of that place, with all the railroads leading to it, and telegraphed me as follows:—

CENTREVILLE, GA., *October 10—Noon.*

"Dispatch about Wilson just received. Hood is now crossing Coosa River, twelve miles below Rome, bound west. If he passes over the Mobile and Ohio road, had I not better execute the plan of my letter sent by Colonel Porter, and leave General Thomas, with the troops now in Tennessee, to defend the State? He will have an ample force when the reinforcements ordered reach Nashville.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major General.*"

Lieut. Gen. GRANT.

For a full understanding of the plan referred to in this dispatch, I quote from the letter sent by Colonel Porter:—"I will therefore give my opinion, that your army and Canby's should be reinforced to the maximum; that, after you get Wilmington, you strike for Savannah and the river; that Canby be instructed to hold the Mississippi River, and send a force to get Columbus, Geo., either by the way of the Alabama or the Appalachicola, and that I keep Hood employed and put my army in final order for a march on Augusta, Columbia, and Charleston, to be ready as soon as Wilmington is sealed as to commerce, and the city of Savannah is in our possession." This was in reply to a letter of mine of date September 12th, in answer to a dispatch of his containing substantially the same proposition, and in which I informed him of a proposed movement against Wilmington, and of the situation in Virginia, &c.

CITY POINT, VA., *October 11, 1864—11 A. M.*

"Your dispatch of October 10th received. Does it not look as if Hood was going to attempt the invasion of Middle Tennessee, using the Mobile and Ohio and Memphis and Charleston roads to supply his base on the Tennessee River, about Florence or Decatur? If he does this he ought to be met and prevented from getting north of the Tennessee River. If you were to cut loose, I do not believe you would meet Hood's army, but would be bushwhacked by all the old men, little boys, and such railroad guards as are still left at home. Hood would probably strike for Nashville, thinking that by going north he could inflict greater damage upon us than we could upon the rebels by going south. If there is any way of getting at Hood's army I would prefer that; but I must trust to your own judgment. I find I shall not be able to send a force from here to act with you on Savannah. Your movements, therefore, will be independent of mine; at least until the fall of Richmond takes place. I am afraid Thomas, with such lines of road as he has to protect, could not prevent Hood from going north. With Wilson turned loose, with all your cavalry, you will find the rebels put much more on the defensive than heretofore.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut. General.*"

Maj. Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.

KINGSTON, GA., *October 11—11 A. M.*

"Hood moved his army from Palmetto Station across by Dallas and Cedartown, and is now on the Coosa River, south of Rome. He threw one corps on my road at Acworth, and I was forced to follow. I hold Atlanta with the Twentieth Corps, and have strong detachments along my line. This reduces my active force to a comparatively small army. We can not remain here on the defensive. With the twenty-five thousand men, and the bold cavalry he has, he can constantly break my roads. I would infinitely prefer to make a wreck of the road and of the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city—send back all my wounded and worthless, and, with my effective army, move through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea. Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of my being on the defensive, I would

be on the offensive; instead of guessing at what he means to do, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is full twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee.

Answer quick, as I know we will not have the telegraph long.

W. T. SHERMAN, *Major General.*"

Lieut. Gen. GRANT.

CITY POINT, VA., *October 11, 1864—11:30 P. M.*

"Your dispatch of to-day received. If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee River firmly, you may make it, destroying all the railroad south of Dalton or Chattanooga, as you think best.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut. General.*"

Major-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN.

It was the original design to hold Atlanta, and by getting through to the coast, with a garrison left on the southern railroads leading east and west through Georgia, to effectually sever the east from the west. In other words, cut the would-be Confederacy in two again, as it had been cut once by our gaining possession of the Mississippi River. General Sherman's plan virtually effected this object.

General Sherman commenced at once his preparations for his proposed movement, keeping his army in position in the meantime to watch Hood. Becoming satisfied that Hood had moved westward from Gadsden across Sand Mountain, General Sherman sent the Fourth Corps, Major General Stanley commanding, and the Twenty-third Corps, Major General Schofield commanding, back to Chattanooga to report to Major General Thomas, at Nashville, whom he had placed in command of all the troops of his military division, save the four army corps and cavalry division he designed to move with through Georgia. With the troops thus left at his disposal, there was little doubt that General Thomas could hold the line of the Tennessee, or in the event Hood should force it, would be able to concentrate and beat him in battle. It was therefore readily consented to, that Sherman should start for the sea-coast.

Having concentrated his troops at Atlanta by the 14th of November, he commenced his march, threatening both Augusta and Macon. His coming-out point could not be definitely fixed. Having to gather his subsistence as he marched through the country, it was not impossible that a force inferior to his own might compel him to head for such point as he could reach, instead of such as he might prefer. The blindness of the enemy, however, in ignoring his movement, and sending Hood's army, the only considerable force he had west of Richmond and east of the Mississippi River, northward on an offensive campaign, left the whole country open, and Sherman's route to his own choice.

How that campaign was conducted, how little opposition was met with, the condition of the country through which the armies passed, the capture of Fort McAllister, on the Savannah River, and the occupation of Savannah on the 21st of December, are all clearly set forth in General Sherman's admirable report.

Soon after General Sherman commenced his march from Atlanta, two expeditions, one from Baton Rouge, La., and one from Vicksburg, Miss., were started by General Canby to cut the enemy's line of communication with Mobile and detain troops in that field. General Foster, commanding Department of the South, also sent an expedition, *via* Broad River, to destroy the railroad between Charleston and Savannah. The expedition from

Vicksburg, under command of Brevet Brigadier General E. D. Osband, (Colonel Third United States colored cavalry,) captured, on the 27th of November, and destroyed the Mississippi Central railroad bridge and trestle-work over Big Black River, near Canton, thirty miles of the road and two locomotives, besides large amounts of stores. The expedition from Baton Rouge was without favorable results. The expedition from the Department of the South, under the immediate command of Brigadier General John P. Hatch, consisting of about five thousand men of all arms, including a brigade from the navy, proceeded up Broad River and debarked at Boyd's Neck on the 29th of November, from where it moved to strike the railroad at Grahamsville. At Honey Hill, about three miles from Grahamsville, the enemy was found and attacked in a strongly fortified position, which resulted, after severe fighting, in our repulse with a loss of seven hundred and forty-six in killed, wounded, and missing. During the night General Hatch withdrew. On the 6th of December General Foster obtained a position covering the Charleston and Savannah railroad, between the Coosawhatchie and Tullifinney Rivers.

Hood, instead of following Sherman, continued his move northward, which seemed to me to be leading to his certain doom. At all events, had I had the power to command both armies, I should not have changed the orders under which he seemed to be acting. On the 26th of October the advance of Hood's army attacked the garrison at Decatur, Ala., but failing to carry the place, withdrew toward Courtland, and succeeded, in the face of our cavalry, in effecting a lodgment on the north side of the Tennessee River, near Florence. On the 28th Forrest reached the Tennessee, at Fort Hieman, and captured a gunboat and three transports. On the 2d of November he planted batteries above and below Johnsonville, on the opposite side of the river, isolating three gunboats and eight transports. On the 4th the enemy opened his batteries upon the place, and was replied to from the gunboats and the garrison. The gunboats becoming disabled were set on fire, as also were the transports, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. About a million and a half dollars' worth of stores and property on the levee and in store-houses was consumed by fire. On the 5th the enemy disappeared and crossed to the north side of the Tennessee River, above Johnsonville, moving toward Clifton, and subsequently joined Hood. On the night of the 5th General Schofield, with the advance of the Twenty-third Corps, reached Johnsonville, but finding the enemy gone, was ordered to Pulaski, and put in command of all the troops there, with instructions to watch the movements of Hood and retard his advance, but not to risk a general engagement until the arrival of General A. J. Smith's command from Missouri, and until General Wilson could get his cavalry re-mounted.

On the 19th General Hood continued his advance. General Thomas, retarding him as much as possible, fell back toward Nashville for the purpose of concentrating his command and gaining time for the arrival of reinforcements. The enemy coming up with our main force commanded by General Schofield at Franklin, on the 30th, assaulted our works repeatedly during the afternoon until late at night, but were in every instance repulsed. His loss in this battle was one thousand seven hundred and fifty killed, seven hundred and two prisoners, and three thousand eight hundred wounded. Among his losses were six general officers killed, six wounded, and one captured. Our entire loss was two thousand three hundred. This was the first serious

opposition the enemy met with, and I am satisfied was the fatal blow to all his expectations. During the night General Schofield fell back toward Nashville. This left the field to the enemy—not lost by battle, but voluntarily abandoned—so that General Thomas' whole force might be brought together. The enemy followed up and commenced the establishment of his line in front of Nashville on the 2d of December.

As soon as it was ascertained that Hood was crossing the Tennessee River, and that Price was going out of Missouri, General Rosecrans was ordered to send to General Thomas the troops of General A. J. Smith's command and such other troops as he could spare. The advance of this reinforcement reached Nashville on the 30th of November.

On the morning of the 15th of December General Thomas attacked Hood in position, and, in a battle lasting two days, defeated and drove him from the field in the utmost confusion, leaving in our hands most of his artillery and many thousand prisoners, including four general officers.

Before the battle of Nashville I grew very impatient over, as it appeared to me, the unnecessary delay. This impatience was increased upon learning that the enemy had sent a force of cavalry across the Cumberland into Kentucky. I feared Hood would cross his whole army and give us great trouble there. After urging upon General Thomas the necessity of immediately assuming the offensive, I started west to superintend matters there in person. Reaching Washington City, I received General Thomas' dispatch announcing his attack upon the enemy, and the result as far as the battle had progressed. I was delighted. All fears and apprehensions were dispelled. I am not yet satisfied but that General Thomas, immediately upon the appearance of Hood before Nashville, and before he had time to fortify, should have moved out with his whole force and given him battle, instead of waiting to re-mount his cavalry, which delayed him until the inclemency of the weather made it impracticable to attack earlier than he did. But his final defeat of Hood was so complete that it will be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment.

After Hood's defeat at Nashville he retreated, closely pursued by cavalry and infantry, to the Tennessee River, being forced to abandon many pieces of artillery and most of his transportation. On the 28th of December our advance forces ascertained that he had made good his escape to the south side of the river.

About this time, the rains having set in heavily in Tennessee and North Alabama, making it difficult to move army transportation and artillery, General Thomas stopped the pursuit by his main force at the Tennessee River.

A small force of cavalry, under Colonel W. J. Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania volunteers, continued to follow Hood for some distance, capturing considerable transportation and the enemy's pontoon bridge. The details of these operations will be found clearly set forth in General Thomas' report.

A cavalry expedition, under Brevet Major General Grierson, started from Memphis on the 21st of December. On the 25th he surprised and captured Forrest's dismounted camp at Verona, Miss., on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, destroyed the railroad, sixteen cars loaded with wagons and pontoons for Hood's army, four thousand new English carbines, and large amounts of public stores. On the morning of the 28th he attacked and captured a force of the enemy at Egypt, and destroyed a train of fourteen cars; thence turning to the south-west, he struck the Mississippi Central railroad at Winona,

destroyed the factories and large amounts of stores at Bankston, and the machine shops and public property at Grenada, arriving at Vicksburg January 5th.

During these operations in Middle Tennessee the enemy, with a force under General Breckenridge, entered East Tennessee. On the 13th of November he attacked General Gillem, near Morristown, capturing his artillery and several hundred prisoners. Gillem, with what was left of his command, retreated to Knoxville. Following up his success, Breckenridge moved to near Knoxville, but withdrew on the 18th followed by General Ammen. Under the directions of General Thomas, General Stoneman concentrated the commands of Generals Burbridge and Gillem near Bean's Station, to operate against Breckenridge, and destroy or drive him into Virginia—destroy the salt-works at Saltville, and the railroad into Virginia as far as he could go without endangering his command. On the 12th of December he commenced his movement, capturing and dispersing the enemy's forces wherever he met them. On the 16th he struck the enemy, under Vaughn, at Marion, completely routing and pursuing him to Wytheville, capturing all his artillery, trains, and one hundred and ninety-eight prisoners; and destroyed Wytheville, with its stores and supplies, and the extensive lead-works near there. Returning to Marion, he met a force under Breckenridge consisting, among other troops, of the garrison of Saltville, that had started in pursuit. He at once made arrangements to attack it the next morning; but morning found Breckenridge gone. He then moved directly to Saltville, and destroyed the extensive salt-works at that place, a large amount of stores, and captured eight pieces of artillery. Having thus successfully executed his instructions, he returned General Burbridge to Lexington and General Gillem to Knoxville.

Wilmington, N. C., was the most important sea-coast port left to the enemy through which to get supplies from abroad, and send cotton and other products out by blockade-runners, besides being a place of great strategic value. The navy had been making strenuous exertions to seal the harbor of Wilmington, but with only partial effect. The nature of the outlet of Cape Fear River was such that it required watching for so great a distance, that without possession of the land north of New Inlet, or Fort Fisher, it was impossible for the navy to entirely close the harbor against the entrance of blockade-runners.

To secure the possession of this land required the coöperation of a land force, which I agreed to furnish. Immediately commenced the assemblage in Hampton Roads, under Admiral D. D. Porter, of the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point. This necessarily attracted the attention of the enemy, as well as that of the loyal North; and through the imprudence of the public press, and very likely of officers of both branches of service, the exact object of the expedition became a subject of common discussion in the newspapers both North and South. The enemy, thus warned, prepared to meet it. This caused a postponement of the expedition until the latter part of November, when, being again called upon by Hon. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I agreed to furnish the men required at once, and went myself, in company with Major General Butler, to Hampton Roads, where we had a conference with Admiral Porter as to the force required and the time of starting. A force of six thousand five hundred men was regarded as sufficient. The time of starting was not definitely arranged, but it was thought all would be ready by the

6th of December, if not before. Learning, on the 30th of November, that Bragg had gone to Georgia, taking with him most of the forces about Wilmington, I deemed it of the utmost importance that the expedition should reach its destination before the return of Bragg, and directed General Butler to make all arrangements for the departure of Major General Weitzel, who had been designated to command the land forces, so that the navy might not be detained one moment.

On the 6th of December the following instructions were given:—

CITY POINT, VA., *December 6, 1864.*

"GENERAL:—The first object of the expedition under General Weitzel is to close to the enemy the port of Wilmington. If successful in this, the second will be to capture Wilmington itself. There are reasonable grounds to hope for success, if advantage can be taken of the absence of the greater part of the enemy's forces now looking after Sherman in Georgia. The directions you have given for the numbers and equipment of the expedition are all right, except in the unimportant matter of where they embark and the amount of intrenching tools to be taken. The object of the expedition will be gained by effecting a landing on the mainland between Cape Fear River and the Atlantic, north of the north entrance to the river. Should such landing be effected whilst the enemy stills holds Fort Fisher and the batteries guarding the entrance to the river, then the troops should intrench themselves, and, by coöperating with the navy, effect the reduction and capture of those places. These in our hands, the navy could enter the harbor, and the port of Wilmington would be sealed. Should Fort Fisher and the point of land on which it is built fall into the hands of our troops immediately on landing, then it will be worth the attempt to capture Wilmington by a forced march and surprise. If time is consumed in gaining the first object of the expedition, the second will become a matter of after consideration.

The details for execution are intrusted to you and the officer immediately in command of the troops.

Should the troops under General Weitzel fail to effect a landing at or near Fort Fisher, they will be returned to the armies operating against Richmond without delay.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General B. F. BUTLER

General Butler commanding the army from which the troops were taken for this enterprise, and the territory within which they were to operate, military courtesy required that all orders and instructions should go through him. They were so sent; but General Weitzel has since officially informed me that he never received the foregoing instructions, nor was he aware of their existence until he read General Butler's published official report of the Fort Fisher failure, with my indorsement and papers accompanying it. I had no idea of General Butler's accompanying the expedition until the evening before it got off from Bermuda Hundred, and then did not dream but that General Weitzel had received all the instructions, and would be in command. I rather formed the idea that General Butler was actuated by a desire to witness the effect of the explosion of the powder-boat. The expedition was detained several days at Hampton Roads awaiting the loading of the powder-boat.

The importance of getting the Wilmington expedition off without any delay, with or without the powder-boat, had been urged upon General Butler, and he advised to so notify Admiral Porter.

The expedition finally got off on the 13th of December, and arrived at the place of rendezvous, off New Inlet, near Fort Fisher, on the evening of the 15th. Admiral Porter arrived on the evening of the 18th, having put in at Beaufort to get ammunition for the monitors. The sea becoming rough, making it difficult to land troops, and the supply of water and coal being about exhausted, the transport fleet put back to Beaufort to replenish; this,

with the state of the weather, delayed the return to the place of rendezvous until the 24th. The powder-boat was exploded on the morning of the 24th, before the return of General Butler from Beaufort; but it would seem, from the notice taken of it in the Southern newspapers, that the enemy were never enlightened as to the object of the explosion until they were informed by the Northern press.

On the 25th a landing was effected without opposition, and a reconnoissance, under Brevet Brigadier General Curtis, pushed up toward the fort. But before receiving a full report of the result of this reconnoissance General Butler, in direct violation of the instructions given, ordered the reëmbarkation of the troops and the return of the expedition.

The reëmbarkation was accomplished by the morning of the 27th.

On the return of the expedition, officers and men—among them Brevet Major General (then Brevet Brigadier General) M. R. Curtis, First Lieutenant G. W. Ross, — Regiment Vermont volunteers, First Lieutenant George W. Walling and Second Lieutenant George Simpson, One Hundred and Forty-second New York volunteers—voluntarily reported to me that when recalled they were nearly into the fort, and, in their opinion, it could have been taken without much loss.

Soon after the return of the expedition, I received a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy, and a letter from Admiral Porter, informing me that the fleet was still off Fort Fisher, and expressing the conviction that, under a proper leader, the place could be taken. The natural supposition with me was that, when the troops abandoned the expedition, the navy would do so also. Finding it had not, however, I answered on the 30th of December, advising Admiral Porter to hold on, and that I would send a force and make another attempt to take the place. This time I selected Brevet Major General (now Major General) A. H. Terry to command the expedition. The troops composing it consisted of the same that composed the former, with the addition of a small brigade, numbering about one thousand five hundred, and a small siege train. The latter it was never found necessary to land. I communicated direct to the Commander of the expedition the following instructions:—

CITY POINT, VA., *January 3, 1865.*

“GENERAL:—The expedition intrusted to your command has been fitted out to renew the attempt to capture Fort Fisher, N. C., and Wilmington ultimately, if the fort falls. You will, then, proceed with as little delay as possible to the naval fleet lying off Cape Fear River, and report the arrival of yourself and command to Admiral D. D. Porter, commanding North Atlantic blockading squadron.

It is exceedingly desirable that the most complete understanding should exist between yourself and the naval Commander. I suggest, therefore, that you consult with Admiral Porter freely and get from him the part to be performed by each branch of the public service, so that there may be unity of action. It would be well to have the whole programme laid down in writing. I have served with Admiral Porter, and know that you can rely on his judgment and his nerve to undertake what he proposes. I would, therefore defer to him as much as is consistent with your own responsibilities. The first object to be attained is to get a firm position on the spit of land on which Fort Fisher is built, from which you can operate against that fort. You want to look to the practicability of receiving your supplies, and to defending yourself against superior forces sent against you by any of the avenues left open to the enemy. If such a position can be obtained, the siege of Fort Fisher will not be abandoned until its reduction is accomplished or another plan of campaign is ordered from these headquarters.

My own views are that, if you effect a landing, the navy ought to run a portion of their fleet into Cape Fear River, while the balance of it operates on the outside. Land forces can not invest Fort Fisher, or cut it off from supplies or reinforcements, while the river is in possession of the enemy.

A siege train will be loaded on vessels and sent to Fort Monroe, in readiness to be sent to you if required. All other supplies can be drawn from Beaufort as you need them.

Keep the fleet of vessels with you until your position is assured. When you find they can be spared, order them back, or such of them as you can spare, to Fort Monroe, to report for orders.

In case of failure to effect a landing, bring your command back to Beaufort, and report to these head-quarters for further instructions. You will not debark at Beaufort until so directed.

General Sheridan has been ordered to send a division of troops to Baltimore, and place them on sea-going vessels. These troops will be brought to Fort Monroe and kept there on the vessels until you are heard from. Should you require them they will be sent to you.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Brevet Major General A. H. TERRY.

Lieutenant Colonel C. B. Comstock, Aide-de-camp, (now Brevet Brigadier General,) who accompanied the former expedition, was assigned in orders as chief engineer to this.

It will be seen that these instructions did not differ materially from those given for the first expedition; and that in neither instance was there an order to assault Fort Fisher. This was a matter left entirely to the discretion of the commanding officer.

The expedition sailed from Fort Monroe on the morning of the 6th, arriving on the rendezvous, off Beaufort, on the 8th, where, owing to the difficulties of the weather, it lay until the morning of the 12th, when it got under way and reached its destination that evening. Under cover of the fleet the disembarkation of the troops commenced on the morning of the 13th, and by 3 o'clock P. M. was completed without loss. On the 14th a reconnoissance was pushed to within five hundred yards of Fort Fisher, and a small advance work taken possession of and turned into a defensive line against any attempt that might be made from the fort. This reconnoissance disclosed the fact that the front of the work had been seriously injured by the navy fire. In the afternoon of the 15th the fort was assaulted, and after most desperate fighting was captured with its entire garrison and armament. Thus was secured, by the combined efforts of the navy and army, one of the most important successes of the war. Our loss was—killed, one hundred and ten; wounded, five hundred and thirty-six. On the 16th and 17th the enemy abandoned and blew up Fort Caswell and the works on Smith's Island, which were immediately occupied by us. This gave us entire control of the mouth of the Cape Fear River.

At my request Major General B. F. Butler was relieved, and Major General E. O. C. Ord assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

The defense of the line of the Tennessee no longer requiring the force which had beaten and nearly destroyed the only army threatening it, I determined to find other fields of operation for General Thomas' surplus troops—fields from which they would coöperate with other movements. General Thomas was therefore directed to collect all troops, not essential to hold his communications, at Eastport, in readiness for orders. On the 7th of January General Thomas was directed, if he was assured of the departure of Hood south from Corinth, to send General Schofield with his corps east with as little delay as possible. This direction was promptly complied with, and the advance of the corps reached Washington on the 23d of the same month, whence it was sent to Fort Fisher and Newbern. On the 26th he was di-

rected to send General A. J. Smith's command and a division of cavalry to report to General Canby. By the 7th of February the whole force was *en route* for its destination.

The State of North Carolina was constituted into a military department, and General Schofield assigned to command, and placed under the orders of Major General Sherman. The following instructions were given him:—

CITY POINT, VA., *January 31, 1865.*

"GENERAL:— * * * Your movements are intended as coöperative with Sherman's through the States of South and North Carolina. The first point to be attained is to secure Wilmington. Goldsboro' will then be your objective point, moving either from Wilmington or Newbern, or both, as you deem best. Should you not be able to reach Goldsboro', you will advance on the line or lines of railway connecting that place with the seacoast—as near to it as you can, building the road behind you. The enterprise under you has two objects; the first is to give General Sherman material aid, if needed, in his march north; the second, to open a base of supplies for him on his line of march. As soon, therefore, as you can determine which of the two points, Wilmington or Newbern, you can best use for throwing supplies from to the interior, you will commence the accumulation of twenty days' rations and forage for sixty thousand men and twenty thousand animals. You will get of these as many as you can house and protect to such point in the interior as you may be able to occupy. I believe General Palmer has received some instructions direct from General Sherman on the subject of securing supplies for his army. You can learn what steps he has taken and be governed in your requisitions accordingly. A supply of ordnance stores will also be necessary.

Make all requisitions upon the Chiefs of their respective departments in the field with me at City Point. Communicate with me by every opportunity, and should you deem it necessary at any time, send a special boat to Fortress Monroe, from which point you can communicate by telegraph.

The supplies referred to in these instructions are exclusive of those required for your own command.

The movements of the enemy may justify or even make it your imperative duty to cut loose from your base and strike for the interior to aid Sherman. In such case you will act on your own judgment, without waiting for instructions. You will report, however, what you purpose doing. The details for carrying out these instructions are necessarily left to you. I would urge, however, if I did not know that you are already fully alive to the importance of it, prompt action. Sherman may be looked for in the neighborhood of Goldsboro' any time from the 22d to the 28th of February; this limits your time very materially.

If rolling stock is not secured in the capture of Wilmington, it can be supplied from Washington. A large force of railroad men have already been sent to Beaufort, and other mechanics will go to Fort Fisher in a day or two. On this point I have informed you by telegraph.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General."*

Major General J. M. SCHOFIELD.

Previous to giving these instructions I had visited Fort Fisher, accompanied by General Schofield, for the purpose of seeing for myself the condition of things, and personally conferring with General Terry and Admiral Porter as to what was best to be done.

Anticipating the arrival of General Sherman at Savannah—his army entirely foot-loose, Hood being then before Nashville, Tenn., the Southern railroads destroyed, so that it would take several months to reëstablish a through line from west to east, and regarding the capture of Lee's army as the most important operation toward closing the rebellion—I sent orders to General Sherman, on the 6th of December, that after establishing a base on the seacoast, with necessary garrison, to include all his artillery and cavalry, to come by water to City Point with the balance of his command.

On the 18th of December, having received information of the defeat and utter rout of Hood's army by General Thomas, and that, owing to the great

difficulty of procuring ocean transportation, it would take over two months to transport Sherman's army, and doubting whether he might not contribute as much toward the desired result by operating from where he was, I wrote to him to that effect, and asked him for his views as to what would be best to do. A few days after this I received a communication from General Sherman, of date 16th December, acknowledging the receipt of my order of the 6th, and informing me of his preparations to carry it into effect as soon as he could get transportation. Also, that he had expected, upon reducing Savannah, instantly to march to Columbia, S. C., thence to Raleigh, and thence to report to me; but that this would consume about six weeks' time after the fall of Savannah, whereas by sea he could probably reach me by the middle of January. The confidence he manifested in this letter of being able to march up and join me pleased me, and, without waiting for a reply to my letter of the 18th, I directed him, on the 28th of December, to make preparations to start, as he proposed, without delay, to break up the railroads in North and South Carolina and join the armies operating against Richmond as soon as he could.

On the 21st of January I informed General Sherman that I had ordered the Twenty-third Corps, Major General Schofield commanding, east; that it numbered about twenty-one thousand men; that we had at Fort Fisher about eight thousand men; at Newbern about four thousand; that if Wilmington was captured General Schofield would go there; if not, he would be sent to Newbern; that, in either event, all the surplus force at both points would move to the interior toward Goldsboro', in coöperation with his movement; that from either point railroad communication could be run out; and that all these troops would be subject to his orders as he came into communication with them.

In obedience to his instructions General Schofield proceeded to reduce Wilmington, N. C., in coöperation with the navy under Admiral Porter, moving his forces up both sides of the Cape Fear River. Fort Anderson, the enemy's main defense on the west bank of the river, was occupied on the morning of the 19th, the enemy having evacuated it after our appearance before it.

After fighting on the 20th and 21st, our troops entered Wilmington on the morning of the 22d, the enemy having retreated toward Goldsboro' during the night. Preparations were at once made for a movement on Goldsboro' in two columns—one from Wilmington, and the other from Newbern—and to repair the railroads leading there from each place, as well as to supply General Sherman by Cape Fear River, toward Fayetteville, if it became necessary. The column from Newbern was attacked on the 8th of March at Wise's Forks, and driven back with the loss of several hundred prisoners. On the 11th the enemy renewed his attack upon our intrenched position, but was repulsed with severe loss, and fell back during the night. On the 14th the Neuse River was crossed and Kinston occupied, and on the 21st Goldsboro' was entered. The column from Wilmington reached Cox's Bridge, on the Neuse River, ten miles above Goldsboro', on the 22d.

By the 1st of February General Sherman's whole army was in motion from Savannah. He captured Columbia, S. C., on the 17th; thence moved on Goldsboro', N. C., *via* Fayetteville, reaching the latter place on the 12th of March, opening up communication with General Schofield by way of Cape Fear River. On the 15th he resumed his march on Goldsboro'. He met a force of the enemy at Averysboro', and after a severe fight defeated and com-

pelled it to retreat. Our loss in the engagement was about six hundred. The enemy's loss was much greater. On the 18th the combined forces of the enemy, under Joe Johnston, attacked his advance at Bentonville, capturing three guns and driving it back upon the main body. General Slocum, who was in the advance, ascertaining that the whole of Johnston's army was in the front, arranged his troops on the defensive, intrenched himself, and awaited reinforcements, which were pushed forward. On the night of the 21st the enemy retreated to Smithfield, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. From there Sherman continued to Goldsboro', which place had been occupied by General Schofield on the 21st, (crossing the Neuse River ten miles above there, at Cox's Bridge, where General Terry had got possession and thrown a pontoon bridge, on the 22d,) thus forming a junction with the columns from Newbern and Wilmington.

Among the important fruits of this campaign was the fall of Charleston, S. C. It was evacuated by the enemy on the night of the 17th of February, and occupied by our forces on the 18th.

On the morning of the 31st of January General Thomas was directed to send a cavalry expedition under General Stoneman from East Tennessee, to penetrate South Carolina well down toward Columbia, to destroy the railroads and military resources of the country, and return, if he was able, to East Tennessee, by way of Salisbury, N. C., releasing our prisoners there, if possible. Of the feasibility of this latter, however, General Stoneman was to judge. Sherman's movements, I had no doubt, would attract the attention of all the force the enemy could collect and facilitate the execution of this. General Stoneman was so late in making his start on this expedition, (and Sherman having passed out of the State of South Carolina,) on the 27th of February I directed General Thomas to change his course, and ordered him to repeat his raid of last Fall, destroying the railroad toward Lynchburg as far as he could. This would keep him between our garrisons in East Tennessee and the enemy. I regarded it not impossible that in the event of the enemy being driven from Richmond he might fall back to Lynchburg and attempt a raid north through East Tennessee. On the 14th of February the following communication was sent to General Thomas:—

CITY POINT, VA., *February 14, 1865.*

"General Canby is preparing a movement from Mobile Bay against Mobile and the interior of Alabama. His force will consist of about twenty thousand men, besides A. J. Smith's command. The cavalry you have sent to Canby will be debarked at Vicksburg. It, with the available cavalry already in that section, will move from there eastward, in coöperation. Hood's army has been terribly reduced by the severe punishment you gave it in Tennessee, by desertion consequent upon their defeat, and now by the withdrawal of many of them to oppose Sherman. (I take it a large portion of the infantry has been so withdrawn. It is so asserted in the Richmond papers, and a member of the rebel Congress said, a few days since, in a speech, that one-half of it had been brought to South Carolina to oppose Sherman.) This being true, or even if it is not true, Canby's movements will attract all the attention of the enemy, and leave the advance from your standpoint easy. I think it advisable, therefore, that you prepare as much of a cavalry force as you can spare, and hold it in readiness to go south. The object would be three-fold: first, to attract as much of the enemy's force as possible to insure success to Canby; second, to destroy the enemy's line of communications and military resources; third, to destroy or capture their forces brought into the field. Tuscaloosa and Selma would probably be the points to direct the expedition against. This, however, would not be so important as the mere fact of penetrating deep into Alabama. Discretion should be left to the officer commanding the expedition to go where, according to the information he may receive, he will best secure the objects named above.

Now that your force has been so much depleted, I do not know what number of men

you can put into the field. If not more than five thousand men, however, all cavalry, I think it will be sufficient. It is not desirable that you should start this expedition until the one leaving Vicksburg has been three or four days out, or even a week. I do not know when it will start, but will inform you by telegraph as soon as I learn. If you should hear through other sources before hearing from me, you can act on the information received.

To insure success, your cavalry should go with as little wagon train as possible, relying upon the country for supplies. I would also reduce the number of guns to a battery, or the number of batteries, and put the extra teams to the guns taken. No guns or caissons should be taken with less than eight horses.

Please inform me by telegraph, on receipt of this, what force you think you will be able to send under these directions.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General G. H. THOMAS.

On the 15th he was directed to start the expedition as soon after the 20th as he could get it off.

I deemed it of the utmost importance, before a general movement of the armies operating against Richmond, that all communications with the city, north of James River, should be cut off. The enemy having withdrawn the bulk of his force from the Shenandoah Valley and sent it south, or replaced troops sent from Richmond, and desiring to reinforce Sherman, if practicable, whose cavalry was greatly inferior in numbers to that of the enemy, I determined to make a move from the Shenandoah, which, if successful, would accomplish the first at least, and possibly the latter, of these objects. I therefore telegraphed General Sheridan as follows:—

CITY POINT, VA., *February 20, 1865—1 P. M.*

"GENERAL:—As soon as it is possible to travel I think you will have no difficulty about reaching Lynchburg with a cavalry force alone. From there you could destroy the railroad and canal in every direction, so as to be of no further use to the rebellion. Sufficient cavalry should be left behind to look after Mosby's gang. From Lynchburg, if information you might get there would justify it, you could strike south, heading the streams in Virginia to the westward of Danville, and push on and join General Sherman. This additional raid, with one now about starting from East Tennessee under Stoneman, numbering four or five thousand cavalry, one from Vicksburg, numbering seven or eight thousand cavalry, one from Eastport, Miss., ten thousand cavalry, Canby from Mobile Bay with about thirty-eight thousand mixed troops, these three latter pushing for Tuscaloosa, Selma, and Montgomery, and Sherman with a large army eating out the vitals of South Carolina, is all that will be wanted to leave nothing for the rebellion to stand upon. I would advise you to overcome great obstacles to accomplish this. Charleston was evacuated on Tuesday last.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General P. H. SHERIDAN.

On the 25th I received a dispatch from General Sheridan inquiring where Sherman was aiming for, and if I could give him definite information as to the points he might be expected to move on this side of Charlotte, N. C. In answer the following telegram was sent him:—

CITY POINT, VA., *February 25, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—Sherman's movements will depend on the amount of opposition he meets with from the enemy. If strongly opposed, he may possibly have to fall back to Georgetown, S. C., and fit out for a new start. I think, however, all danger for the necessity of going to that point has passed. I believe he has passed Charlotte. He may take Fayetteville on his way to Goldsboro'. If you reach Lynchburg, you will have to be guided in your after movements by the information you obtain. Before you could possibly reach Sherman, I think you would find him moving from Goldsboro' toward Raleigh, or engag-

ing the enemy strongly posted at one or the other of these places, with railroad communications opened from his army to Wilmington or Newbern.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General P. H. SHERIDAN.

General Sheridan moved from Winchester on the 27th of February, with two divisions of cavalry, numbering about five thousand each. On the 1st of March he secured the bridge, which the enemy attempted to destroy, across the middle fork of the Shenandoah, at Mount Crawford, and entered Staunton on the 2d, the enemy having retreated on Waynesboro'. Thence he pushed on to Waynesboro', where he found the enemy in force in an entrenched position, under General Early. Without stopping to make a reconnaissance, an immediate attack was made, the position was carried, and one thousand six hundred prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery, with horses and caissons complete, two hundred wagons and teams loaded with subsistence, and seventeen battle flags, were captured. The prisoners, under an escort of one thousand five hundred men, were sent back to Winchester. Thence he marched on Charlottesville, destroying effectually the railroad and bridges as he went, which place he reached on the 3d. Here he remained two days, destroying the railroad toward Richmond and Lynchburg, including the large iron bridges over the north and south forks of the Rappahannock River, and awaiting the arrival of his trains. This necessary delay caused him to abandon the idea of capturing Lynchburg. On the morning of the 6th, dividing his force into two columns, he sent one to Scotsville, whence it marched up the James River canal to New Market, destroying every lock, and in many places the bank of the canal. From here a force was pushed out from this column to Duquoinville, to obtain possession of the bridge across the James River at that place, but failed. The enemy burned it on our approach. The enemy also burned the bridge across the river at Hardwicksville. The other column moved down the railroad toward Lynchburg, destroying it as far as Amherst Court-House, sixteen miles from Lynchburg; thence across the country, uniting with the column at New Market. The river being very high his pontoons would not reach across it; and the enemy having destroyed the bridges by which he had hoped to cross the river and get on the South-side railroad about Farmville, and destroy it to Appomattox Court-House, the only thing left for him was to return to Winchester or strike a base at the White House. Fortunately he chose the latter. From New Market he took up his line of march, following the canal toward Richmond, destroying every lock upon it and cutting the banks wherever practicable, to a point eight miles east of Goochland, concentrating the whole force at Columbia on the 10th. Here he rested one day, and sent through by scouts information of his whereabouts and purposes; and a request for supplies to meet him at White House, which reached me on the night of the 12th. An infantry force was immediately sent to get possession of White House, and supplies were forwarded. Moving from Columbia in a direction to threaten Richmond, to near Ashland Station, he crossed the Appomattox, and after having destroyed all the bridges and many miles of the railroad, proceeded down the north bank of the Pamunkey to White House, which place he reached on the 19th.

Previous to this the following communication was sent to General Thomas:—

CITY POINT, VA., *March 7, 1865*—9:30 A. M.

'GENERAL:—I think it will be advisable now for you to repair the railroad in East

Tennessee, and throw a good force up to Bull's Gap and fortify there. Supplies at Knoxville could always be got forward as required. With Bull's Gap fortified, you can occupy as outposts about all of East Tennessee, and be prepared, if it should be required of you in the Spring, to make a campaign toward Lynchburg, or into North Carolina. I do not think Stoneman should break the road until he gets into Virginia, unless it should be to cut off rolling stock that may be caught west of that.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General G. H. THOMAS.

Thus it will be seen that in March, 1865, General Canby was moving an adequate force against Mobile and the army defending it under General Dick Taylor; Thomas was pushing out two large and well-appointed cavalry expeditions—one from Middle Tennessee under Brevet Major General Wilson against the enemy's vital points in Alabama, the other from East Tennessee under Major General Stoneman toward Lynchburg—and assembling the remainder of his available forces preparatory to offensive operations from East Tennessee; General Sheridan's cavalry was at White House; the Armies of the Potomac and James were confronting the enemy under Lee in his defenses of Richmond and Petersburg; General Sherman with his armies, reinforced by that of General Schofield, was at Goldsboro'; General Pope was making preparations for a spring campaign against the enemy under Kirby Smith and Price, west of the Mississippi; and General Hancock was concentrating a force in the vicinity of Winchester, Va., to guard against invasion or to operate offensively, as might prove necessary.

After the long march by General Sheridan's cavalry over winter roads, it was necessary to rest and refit at White House. At this time the greatest source of uneasiness to me was the fear that the enemy would leave his strong lines about Petersburg and Richmond for the purpose of uniting with Johnston, before he was driven from them by battle, or I was prepared to make an effectual pursuit. On the 24th of March General Sheridan moved from White House, crossed the James River at Jones' Landing, and formed a junction with the Army of the Potomac in front of Petersburg on the 27th. During this move General Ord sent forces to cover the crossings of the Chickahominy.

On the 24th of March the following instructions for a general movement of the armies operating against Richmond were issued:—

CITY POINT, VA., *March 24, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—On the 29th instant the armies operating against Richmond will be moved by our left for the double purpose of turning the enemy out of his present position around Petersburg, and to insure the success of the cavalry under General Sheridan, which will start at the same time, in its efforts to reach and destroy the South-side and Danville railroads. Two corps of the Army of the Potomac will be moved at first in two columns, taking the two roads crossing Hatcher's Run nearest where the present line held by us strikes that stream, both moving toward Dinwiddie Court-House.

The cavalry under General Sheridan, joined by the division now under General Davies, will move at the same time by the Weldon road and the Jerusalem plank road, turning west from the latter before crossing the Nottoway, and west with the whole column before reaching Stony Creek. General Sheridan will then move independently, under other instructions which will be given him. All dismounted cavalry belonging to the Army of the Potomac, and the dismounted cavalry from the Middle Military Division not required for guarding property belonging to their arm of service, will report to Brigadier General Benham, to be added to the defenses of City Point. Major General Parke will be left in command of all the army left for holding the lines about Petersburg and City Point, subject, of course, to orders from the Commander of the Army of the Potomac. The Ninth Army Corps will be left intact to hold the present line of works so long as the whole line now occupied by us is held. If, however, the troops to the left of the Ninth Corps are

withdrawn, then the left of the corps may be thrown back so as to occupy the position held by the army prior to the capture of the Weldon road. All troops to the left of the Ninth Corps will be held in readiness to move at the shortest notice by such route as may be designated when the order is given.

General Ord will detach three divisions, two white and one colored, or so much of them as he can, and hold his present lines, and march for the present left of the Army of the Potomac. In the absence of further orders, or until further orders are given, the white divisions will follow the left column of the Army of the Potomac, and the colored division the right column. During the movement Major General Weitzel will be left in command of all the forces remaining behind from the Army of the James.

The movement of troops from the Army of the James will commence on the night of the 27th instant. General Ord will leave behind the minimum number of cavalry necessary for picket duty, in the absence of the main army. A cavalry expedition from General Ord's command will also be started from Suffolk, to leave there on Saturday, the 1st of April, under Colonel Sumner, for the purpose of cutting the railroad about Hicksford. This, if accomplished, will have to be a surprise, and therefore from three to five hundred men will be sufficient. They should, however, be supported by all the infantry that can be spared from Norfolk and Portsmouth, as far out as to where the cavalry crosses the Blackwater. The crossing should probably be at Uniten. Should Colonel Sumner succeed in reaching the Weldon road, he will be instructed to do all the damage possible to the triangle of roads between Hicksford, Weldon, and Gaston. The railroad bridge at Weldon being fitted up for the passage of carriages, it might be practicable to destroy any accumulation of supplies the enemy may have collected south of the Roanoke. All the troops will move with four days' rations in haversacks, and eight days' in wagons. To avoid as much hauling as possible, and to give the Army of the James the same number of days' supply with the Army of the Potomac, General Ord will direct his commissary and quartermaster to have sufficient supplies delivered at the terminus of the road to fill up in passing. Sixty rounds of ammunition per man will be taken in wagons, and as much grain as the transportation on hand will carry, after taking the specified amount of other supplies. The densely-wooded country in which the army has to operate making the use of much artillery impracticable, the amount taken with the army will be reduced to six or eight guns to each division, at the option of the army Commanders.

All necessary preparations for carrying these directions into operation may be commenced at once. The reserves of the Ninth Corps should be massed as much as possible. Whilst I would not now order an unconditional attack on the enemy's line by them, they should be ready, and should make the attack if the enemy weakens his line in their front, without waiting for orders. In case they carry the line, then the whole of the Ninth Corps could follow up, so as to join or coöperate with the balance of the army. To prepare for this, the Ninth Corps will have rations issued to them, same as the balance of the army. General Weitzel will keep vigilant watch upon his front, and if found at all practicable to break through at any point, he will do so. A success north of the James should be followed up with great promptness. An attack will not be feasible unless it is found that the enemy has detached largely. In that case it may be regarded as evident that the enemy are relying upon their local reserves, principally, for the defense of Richmond. Preparations may be made for abandoning all the line north of the James, except inclosed works—only to be abandoned, however, after a break is made in the lines of the enemy.

By these instructions a large part of the armies operating against Richmond is left behind. The enemy, knowing this, may, as an only chance, strip their lines to the merest skeleton, in the hope of advantage not being taken of it, whilst they hurl every thing against the moving column, and return. It can not be impressed too strongly upon commanders of troops left in the trenches not to allow this to occur without taking advantage of it. The very fact of the enemy coming out to attack, if he does so, might be regarded as almost conclusive evidence of such a weakening of his lines. I would have it particularly enjoined upon corps commanders that, in case of an attack from the enemy, those not attacked are not to wait for orders from the commanding officer of the army to which they belong, but that they will move promptly, and notify the commander of their action. I would also enjoin the same action on the part of division commanders when other parts of their corps are engaged. In like manner, I would urge the importance of following up a repulse of the enemy.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major Generals MEADE, ORD, and SHERIDAN.

Early on the morning of the 25th the enemy assaulted our lines in front of the Ninth Corps (which held from the Appomattox River toward our left)

and carried Fort Steadman, and a part of the line to the right and left of it, established themselves and turned the guns of the fort against us; but our troops on either flank held their ground until the reserves were brought up, when the enemy was driven back with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and one thousand nine hundred prisoners. Our loss was sixty-eight killed, three hundred and thirty-seven wounded, and five hundred and six missing. General Meade at once ordered the other corps to advance and feel the enemy in their respective fronts. Pushing forward, they captured and held the enemy's strongly entrenched picket line in front of the Second and Sixth Corps, and eight hundred and thirty-four prisoners. The enemy made desperate attempts to retake this line, but without success. Our loss in front of these was fifty-two killed, eight hundred and sixty-four wounded, and two hundred and seven missing. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was far greater.

General Sherman having got his troops all quietly in camp about Goldsboro,' and his preparations for furnishing supplies to them perfected, visited me at City Point on the 27th of March, and stated that he would be ready to move, as he had previously written me, by the 10th of April, fully equipped and rationed for twenty days, if it should become necessary to bring his command to bear against Lee's army, in coöperation with our forces in front of Richmond and Petersburg. General Sherman proposed in this movement to threaten Raleigh, and then, by turning suddenly to the right, reach the Roanoke at Gaston or thereabouts, whence he could move on to the Richmond and Danville railroad, striking it in the vicinity of Burkesville, or join the armies operating against Richmond, as might be deemed best. This plan he was directed to carry into execution if he received no further directions in the meantime. I explained to him the movement I had ordered to commence on the 29th of March. That if it should not prove as entirely successful as I hoped, I would cut the cavalry loose to destroy the Danville and South-side railroads, and thus deprive the enemy of further supplies, and also prevent the rapid concentration of Lee's and Johnston's armies.

I had spent days of anxiety lest each morning should bring the report that the enemy had retreated the night before. I was firmly convinced that Sherman's crossing the Roanoke would be the signal for Lee to leave. With Johnston and him combined, a long, tedious, and expensive campaign, consuming most of the Summer, might become necessary. By moving out I would put the army in better condition for pursuit, and would at least, by the destruction of the Danville road, retard the concentration of the two armies of Lee and Johnston, and cause the enemy to abandon much material that he might otherwise save. I therefore determined not to delay the movement ordered.

On the night of the 27th Major General Ord, with two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, Major General Gibbon commanding, and one division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, Brigadier General Birney commanding, and McKenzie's cavalry, took up his line of march in pursuance of the foregoing instructions, and reached the position assigned him near Hatcher's Run on the morning of the 29th. On the 28th the following instructions were given to General Sheridan:—

CITY POINT, VA., *March 28, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—The Fifth Army Corps will move by the Vaughn road at 3 A. M. to-morrow morning. The Second moves at about 9 A. M., having but about three miles to march to reach the point designated for it to take on the right of the Fifth Corps, after the

latter reaching Dinwiddie Court-House. Move your cavalry at as early an hour as you can, and without being confined to any particular road or roads. You may go out by the nearest roads in rear of the Fifth Corps, pass by its left, and, passing near to or through Dinwiddie, reach the right and rear of the enemy as soon as you can. It is not the intention to attack the enemy in his intrenched position, but to force him out if possible. Should he come out and attack us, or get himself where he can be attacked, move in with your entire force in your own way, and with the full reliance that the army will engage or follow, as circumstances will dictate. I shall be on the field, and will probably be able to communicate with you. Should I not do so, and you find that the enemy keeps within his main intrenched line, you may cut loose and push for the Danville road. If you find it practicable, I would like you to cross the South-side road, between Petersburg and Burkesville, and destroy it to some extent. I would not advise much detention, however, until you reach the Danville road, which I would like you to strike as near to the Appomattox as possible. Make your destruction on that road as complete as possible. You can then pass on to the South-side road, west of Burkesville, and destroy that in like manner.

After having accomplished the destruction of the two railroads, which are now the only avenues of supply to Lee's army, you may return to this army, selecting your road further south, or you may go on into North Carolina and join General Sherman. Should you select the latter course, get the information to me as early as possible, so that I may send orders to meet you at Goldsboro'.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General P. H. SHERIDAN.

On the morning of the 29th the movement commenced. At night the cavalry was at Dinwiddie Court-House, and the left of our infantry line extended to the Quaker road, near its intersection with the Boydton plank road. The position of the troops, from left to right, was as follows:—Sheridan, Warren, Humphreys, Ord, Wright, Parke.

Every thing looked favorable to the defeat of the enemy and the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, if the proper effort was made. I therefore addressed the following communication to General Sheridan, having previously informed him verbally not to cut loose for the raid contemplated in his orders until he received notice from me to do so:—

GRAVELLY CREEK, *March 29, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—Our line is now unbroken from the Appomattox to Dinwiddie. We are all ready, however, to give up all, from the Jerusalem plank road to Hatcher's Run, whenever the forces can be used advantageously. After getting into line south of Hatcher's we pushed forward to find the enemy's position. General Griffin was attacked near where the Quaker road intersects the Boydton road, but repulsed it easily, capturing about one hundred men. Humphreys reached Dabney's Mill, and was pushing on when last heard from.

I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy, if you can, and get on to his right rear. The movements of the enemy's cavalry may, of course, modify your action. We will act all together as one army here until it is seen what can be done with the enemy. The signal officer at Cobb's Hill reported, at 11:30 A. M., that a cavalry column had passed that point from Richmond toward Petersburg, taking forty minutes to pass.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General P. H. SHERIDAN.

From the night of the 29th to the morning of the 31st the rain fell in such torrents as to make it impossible to move a wheeled vehicle, except as corduroy roads were laid in front of them. During the 30th Sheridan advanced from Dinwiddie Court-House toward Five Forks, where he found the enemy in force. General Warren advanced and extended his line across the Boydton plank road to near the White Oak road, with a view of getting across the latter; but finding the enemy strong in his front and extending beyond his left, was directed to hold on where he was and fortify. General Hum-

phreys drove the enemy from his front into his main line on the Hatcher, near Burgess' Mills. Generals Ord, Wright, and Parke made examinations in their fronts to determine the feasibility of an assault on the enemy's lines. The two latter reported favorably. The enemy confronting us, as he did, at every point from Richmond to our extreme left, I conceived his lines must be weakly held, and could be penetrated if my estimate of his forces were correct. I determined, therefore, to extend my line no further, but to reinforce General Sheridan with a corps of infantry, and thus enable him to cut loose and turn the enemy's right flank, and with the other corps assault the enemy's lines. The result of the offensive effort of the enemy the week before, when he assaulted Fort Steadman, particularly favored this. The enemy's intrenched picket line captured by us at that time threw the lines occupied by the belligerents so close together at some points that it was but a moment's run from one to the other. Preparations were at once made to relieve General Humphreys' corps to report to General Sheridan; but the condition of the roads prevented immediate movement. On the morning of the 31st General Warren reported favorably to getting possession of the White Oak road, and was directed to do so. To accomplish this he moved with one division, instead of his whole corps, which was attacked by the enemy in superior force and driven back on the second division before it had time to form, and it, in turn, forced back upon the third division, when the enemy was checked. A division of the Second Corps was immediately sent to his support, the enemy driven back with heavy loss, and possession of the White Oak road gained. Sheridan advanced, and with a portion of his cavalry got possession of the Five Forks, but the enemy, after the affair with the Fifth Corps, reinforced the rebel cavalry defending that point with infantry, and forced him back toward Dinwiddie Court-House. Here General Sheridan displayed great generalship. Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses. This compelled the enemy to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country, and made his progress slow. At this juncture he dispatched to me what had taken place, and that he was dropping back slowly on Dinwiddie Court-House. General McKenzie's cavalry and one division of the Fifth Corps were immediately ordered to his assistance. Soon after, receiving a report from General Meade that Humphreys could hold our position on the Boydtown road, and that the other two divisions of the Fifth Corps could go to Sheridan, they were so ordered at once. Thus the operations of the day necessitated the sending of Warren because of his accessibility, instead of Humphreys, as was intended, and precipitated intended movements. On the morning of the 1st of April General Sheridan, reinforced by General Warren, drove the enemy back on Five Forks, where, late in the evening, he assaulted and carried his strongly fortified position, capturing all his artillery and between five thousand and six thousand prisoners. About the close of this battle Brevet Major General Charles Griffin relieved Major General Warren in command of the Fifth Corps. The report of this reached me after nightfall. Some apprehensions filled my mind lest the enemy might desert his lines during the night, and by falling upon General Sheridan before assistance could reach him, drive him from his position and open the way for retreat. To guard against this General Miles' division of Humphreys' Corps was sent to reinforce him, and a bombardment was commenced and kept up until 4 o'clock in the morning, (April 2,) when an assault was ordered on the

enemy's lines. General Wright penetrated the lines with his whole corps, sweeping every thing before him and to his left toward Hatcher's Run, capturing many guns and several thousand prisoners. He was closely followed by two divisions of General Ord's command, until he met the other division of General Ord's that had succeeded in forcing the enemy's lines near Hatcher's Run. Generals Wright and Ord immediately swung to the right, and closed all of the enemy on that side of them in Petersburg, while General Humphreys pushed forward with two divisions and joined General Wright on the left. General Parke succeeded in carrying the enemy's main line, capturing guns and prisoners, but was unable to carry his inner line. General Sheridan being advised of the condition of affairs returned General Miles to his proper command. On reaching the enemy's lines immediately surrounding Petersburg, a portion of General Gibbon's Corps, by a most gallant charge, captured two strong inclosed works—the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg—thus materially shortening the line of investment necessary for taking in the city. The enemy south of Hatcher's Run retreated westward to Sutherland's Station, where they were overtaken by Miles' division. A severe engagement ensued and lasted until both his right and left flanks were threatened by the approach of General Sheridan, who was moving from Ford's Station toward Petersburg, and a division sent by General Meade from the front of Petersburg, when he broke in the utmost confusion, leaving in our hands his guns and many prisoners. This force retreated by the main road along the Appomattox River. During the night of the 2d the enemy evacuated Petersburg and Richmond, and retreated toward Danville. On the morning of the 3d pursuit was commenced. General Sheridan pushed for the Danville road, keeping near the Appomattox, followed by General Meade with the Second and Sixth Corps, while General Ord moved for Burkesville along the South-side road; the Ninth Corps stretched along that road behind him. On the 4th General Sheridan struck the Danville road near Jettersville, where he learned that Lee was at Amelia Court-House. He immediately intrenched himself and awaited the arrival of General Meade, who reached there the next day. General Ord reached Burkesville on the evening of the 5th.

On the morning of the 5th I addressed Major General Sherman the following communication:—

WILSON'S STATION, *April 5, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—All indications now are that Lee will attempt to reach Danville with the remnant of his force. Sheridan, who was up with him last night, reports all that is left, horse, foot, and dragoons, at twenty thousand, much demoralized. We hope to reduce this number one-half. I shall push on to Burkesville, and if a stand is made at Danville, will in a very few days go there. If you can possibly do so, push on from where you are, and let us see if we can not finish the job with Lee's and Johnston's armies. Whether it will be better for you to strike for Greensboro', or nearer to Danville, you will be better able to judge when you receive this. Rebel armies now are the only strategic points to strike at.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

Major General W. T. SHERMAN.

On the morning of the 6th it was found that General Lee was moving west of Jettersville, toward Danville. General Sheridan moved with his cavalry (the Fifth Corps having been returned to General Meade on his reaching Jettersville) to strike his flank, followed by the Sixth Corps, while the Second and Fifth Corps pressed hard after, forcing him to abandon several hundred wagons and several pieces of artillery. General Ord advanced

from Burkesville toward Farmville, sending two regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, under Brevet Brigadier General Theodore Read, to reach and destroy the bridges. This advance met the head of Lee's column near Farmville, which it heroically attacked and detained until General Read was killed and his small force overpowered. This caused a delay in the enemy's movements, and enabled General Ord to get well up with the remainder of his force, on meeting which the enemy immediately intrenched himself. In the afternoon General Sheridan struck the enemy south of Sailor's Creek, captured sixteen pieces of artillery, and about four hundred wagons, and detained him until the Sixth Corps got up, when a general attack of infantry and cavalry was made, which resulted in the capture of six thousand or seven thousand prisoners, among whom were many general officers. The movements of the Second Corps and General Ord's command contributed greatly to the day's success.

On the morning of the 7th the pursuit was renewed, the cavalry, except one division, and the Fifth Corps moving by Prince Edward's Court-House; the Sixth Corps, General Ord's command, and one division of cavalry, on Farmville, and the Second Corps by the High Bridge road. It was soon found that the enemy had crossed to the north side of the Appomattox; but so close was the pursuit that the Second Corps got possession of the common bridge at High Bridge before the enemy could destroy it, and immediately crossed over. The Sixth Corps and a division of cavalry crossed at Farmville to its support.

Feeling now that General Lee's chance of escape was utterly hopeless, I addressed him the following communication from Farmville:—

April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

General R. E. LEE.

Early on the morning of the 8th, before leaving, I received, at Farmville, the following:—

April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT.

To this I immediately replied:—

April 8, 1865.

"GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say that *peace* being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely: that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia will be received.

S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

General R. E. LEE.

Early on the morning of the 8th the pursuit was resumed. General Meade followed north of the Appomattox, and General Sheridan, with all the cavalry, pushed straight for Appomattox Station, followed by General Ord's command and the Fifth Corps. During the day General Meade's advance had considerable fighting with the enemy's rear-guard, but was unable to bring on a general engagement. Late in the evening General Sheridan struck the railroad at Appomattox Station, drove the enemy from there, and captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, a hospital train, and four trains of cars loaded with supplies for Lee's army. During this day I accompanied General Meade's column, and about midnight received the following communication from General Lee:—

April 8, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I can not, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT.

Early on the morning of the 9th I returned him an answer as follows, and immediately started to join the column south of the Appomattox:—

April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace; the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, &c.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

General R. E. LEE.

On the morning of the 9th General Ord's command and the Fifth Corps reached Appomattox Station just as the enemy was making a desperate effort to break through our cavalry. The infantry was at once thrown in. Soon after a white flag was received requesting a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations for a surrender.

Before reaching General Sheridan's head-quarters I received the following from General Lee:—

April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT.

The interview was held at Appomattox Court-House, the result of which is set forth in the following correspondence:—

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VA., *April 9, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit:—Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

General R. E. LEE.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, *April 9, 1865.*

"GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Lieutenant General U. S. GRANT.

The command of Major General Gibbon, the Fifth Army Corps under Griffin, and McKenzie's cavalry, were designated to remain at Appomattox Court-House until the paroling of the surrendered army was completed, and to take charge of the public property. The remainder of the army immediately returned to the vicinity of Burkesville.

General Lee's great influence throughout the whole South caused his example to be followed, and to-day the result is that the armies lately under his leadership are at their homes, desiring peace and quiet, and their arms are in the hands of our ordnance officers.

On the receipt of my letter of the 5th General Sherman moved directly against Joe Johnston, who retreated rapidly on and through Raleigh, which place General Sherman occupied on the morning of the 13th. The day preceding, news of the surrender of General Lee reached him at Smithfield.

On the 14th, a correspondence was opened between General Sherman and General Johnston, which resulted, on the 18th, in an agreement for a suspension of hostilities, and a memorandum or basis for peace, subject to the approval of the President. This agreement was disapproved by the President on the 21st, which disapproval, together with your instructions, was communicated to General Sherman by me in person on the morning of the 24th, at Raleigh, N. C., in obedience to your orders. Notice was at once given by him to General Johnston for the termination of the truce that had been entered into. On the 25th another meeting between them was agreed upon, to take place on the 26th, which terminated in the surrender and disbandment of Johnston's army upon substantially the same terms as were given to General Lee.

The expedition under General Stoneman from East Tennessee got off on the 20th of March, moving by way of Boone, N. C., and struck the railroad at Wytheville, Chambersburg, and Big Lick. The force striking it at Big Lick pushed on to within a few miles of Lynchburg, destroying the important bridges, while with the main force he effectually destroyed it between New River and Big Lick, and then turned for Greensboro' on the North Carolina railroad; struck that road and destroyed the bridges between Danville

and Greensboro' and between Greensboro' and the Yadkin, together with the depots of supplies along it, and captured four hundred prisoners. At Salisbury he attacked and defeated a force of the enemy under General Gardiner, capturing fourteen pieces of artillery and one thousand three hundred and sixty-four prisoners, and destroyed large amounts of army stores. At this place he destroyed fifteen miles of railroad and the bridges toward Charlotte. Thence he moved to Slatersville.

General Canby, who had been directed in January to make preparations for a movement from Mobile Bay against Mobile and the interior of Alabama, commenced his movement on the 20th of March. The Sixteenth Corps, Major General A. J. Smith commanding, moved from Fort Gaines by water to Fish River; the Thirteenth Corps, under Major General Gordon Granger, moved from Fort Morgan and joined the Sixteenth Corps on Fish River, both moving thence on Spanish Fort and investing it on the 27th; while Major General Steele's command moved from Pensacola, cut the railroad leading from Tensas to Montgomery, effected a junction with them, and partially invested Fort Blakely. After a severe bombardment of Spanish Fort, a part of its line was carried on the 8th of April. During the night the enemy evacuated the fort. Fort Blakely was carried by assault on the 9th, and many prisoners captured; our loss was considerable. These successes practically opened to us the Alabama River, and enabled us to approach Mobile from the north. On the night of the 11th the city was evacuated, and was taken possession of by our forces on the morning of the 12th.

The expedition under command of Brevet Major General Wilson, consisting of twelve thousand five hundred mounted men, was delayed by rains until March 22d, when it moved from Chickasaw, Ala. On the 1st of April General Wilson encountered the enemy in force under Forrest near Ebenezer Church, drove him in confusion, captured three hundred prisoners and three guns, and destroyed the central bridge over the Cahawba River. On the 2d he attacked and captured the fortified city of Selma, defended by Forrest with seven thousand men and thirty-two guns, destroyed the arsenal, armory, naval foundry, machine shops, vast quantities of stores, and captured three thousand prisoners. On the 4th he captured and destroyed Tuscaloosa. On the 10th he crossed the Alabama River, and after sending information of his operations to General Canby marched on Montgomery, which place he occupied on the 14th, the enemy having abandoned it. At this place many stores and five steamboats fell into our hands. Thence a force marched direct on Columbus, and another on West Point, both of which places were assaulted and captured on the 16th. At the former place we got fifteen hundred prisoners and fifty-two field-guns, destroyed two gunboats, the navy-yard, foundries, arsenal, many factories, and much other public property. At the latter place we got three hundred prisoners, four guns, and destroyed nineteen locomotives and three hundred cars. On the 20th he took possession of Macon, Ga., with sixty field-guns, twelve hundred militia, and five Generals, surrendered by General Howell Cobb. General Wilson hearing that Jeff. Davis was trying to make his escape, sent forces in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing him on the morning of May 11th.

On the 4th day of May General Dick Taylor surrendered to General Canby all the remaining rebel forces east of the Mississippi.

A force sufficient to insure an easy triumph over the enemy under Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi, was immediately put in motion for Texas, and Major General Sheridan designated for its immediate command; but on the

26th day of May, and before they reached their destination, General Kirby Smith surrendered his entire command to Major General Canby. This surrender did not take place, however, until after the capture of the rebel President and Vice-President; and the bad faith was exhibited of first disbanding most of his army and permitting an indiscriminate plunder of public property.

Owing to the report that many of those lately in arms against the Government had taken refuge upon the soil of Mexico, carrying with them arms rightfully belonging to the United States, which had been surrendered to us by agreement—among them some of the leaders who had surrendered in person—and the disturbed condition of affairs on the Rio Grande, the orders for troops to proceed to Texas were not changed.

There have been severe combats, raids, expeditions, and movements to defeat the designs and purposes of the enemy, most of them reflecting great credit on our arms, and which contributed greatly to our final triumph, that I have not mentioned. Many of these will be found clearly set forth in the reports herewith submitted; some in the telegrams and brief dispatches announcing them, and others, I regret to say, have not as yet been officially reported.

For information touching our Indian difficulties, I would respectfully refer to the reports of the Commanders of Departments in which they have occurred.

It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the West and the East fight battles, and from what I have seen I know there is no difference in their fighting qualities. All that it was possible for men to do in battle they have done. The Western armies commenced their battles in the Mississippi Valley, and received the final surrender of the remnant of the principal army opposed to them in North Carolina. The armies of the East commenced their battles on the river from which the Army of the Potomac derived its name, and received the final surrender of their old antagonist at Appomattox Court-House, Va. The splendid achievements of each have nationalized our victories, removed all sectional jealousies, (of which we have unfortunately experienced too much,) and the cause of crimination and recrimination that might have followed, had either section failed in its duty. All have a proud record, and all sections can well congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States. Let them hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such herculean deeds of valor.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
November 18, 1865.

[Official copy.]

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL REPORTS

OF

MAJOR GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

I.

THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
IN THE FIELD, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, *January 1, 1865.* }

Major General H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to offer my report of the operations of the armies under my command, since the occupation of Atlanta in the early part of September last, up to the present date.

As heretofore reported, in the month of September the Army of the Cumberland, Major General Thomas commanding, held the city of Atlanta; the Army of the Tennessee, Major General Howard commanding, was grouped about East Point; and the Army of the Ohio, Major General Schofield commanding, held Decatur. Many changes occurred in the composition of these armies, in consequence of the expiration of the time of service of many of the regiments. The opportunity was given to us to consolidate the fragments, re-clothe and equip the men, and make preparations for the future campaign. I also availed myself of the occasion to strengthen the garrisons to our rear, to make our communications more secure, and sent Wagner's division of the Fourth Corps, and Morgan's division of the Fourteenth Corps back to Chattanooga, and Corse's division of the Fifteenth Corps to Rome. Also a thorough reconnoissance was made of Atlanta, and a new line of works begun, which required a smaller garrison to hold.

During this month, the enemy, whom we had left at Lovejoy's Station, moved westward toward the Chattahoochee, taking position facing us, and covering the West Point railroad about Palmetto Station. He also threw a pontoon bridge across the Chattahoochee, and sent cavalry detachments to the west, in the direction of Carrolton and Powder Springs. About the same time President Davis visited Macon and his army at Palmetto, and made harangues referring to an active campaign against us. Hood still remained in command of the Confederate forces, with Cheatham, S. D. Lee, and Stewart commanding his three corps, and Wheeler in command of his cavalry, which had been largely reinforced.

My cavalry consisted of two divisions; one was stationed at Decatur, under command of Brigadier General Garrard; the other, commanded by Brigadier General Kilpatrick, was posted near Sandtown, with a pontoon bridge over the Chattahoochee, from which he could watch any movement of the enemy toward the west.

As soon as I became convinced that the enemy intended to assume the offensive, namely, September 28th, I sent Major General Thomas, second in command, to Nashville, to organize the new troops expected to arrive, and to make preliminary preparations to meet such an event.

About the 1st of October, some of the enemy's cavalry made their

appearance on the west of the Chattahoochee; and one of his infantry corps was reported near Powder Springs; and I received authentic intelligence that the rest of his infantry was crossing to the west of the Chattahoochee. I at once made my orders that Atlanta and the Chattahoochee railroad bridge should be held by the Twentieth Corps, Major General Slocum, and on the 4th of October put in motion the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, and the Fourth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third Corps, to Smyrna campground; and on the 5th moved to the strong position about Kenesaw. The enemy's cavalry had, by a rapid movement, got upon our railroad at Big Shanty, and broken the line of telegraph and railroad; and with a division of infantry (French's) had moved against Allatoona, where were stored about a million of rations. Its redoubts were garrisoned by three small regiments under Colonel Tourtellotte, Fourth Minnesota.

I had anticipated this movement, and had, by signal and telegraph, ordered General Corse to reinforce that post from Rome.

General Corse had reached Allatoona with a brigade during the night of the 4th, just in time to meet the attack by French's division on the morning of the 5th. In person I reached Kenesaw Mountain about ten A. M. of the 5th, and could see the smoke of battle and hear the faint sounds of artillery. The distance, eighteen miles, was too great for me to make in time to share in the battle, but I directed the Twenty-third Corps, Brigadier General Cox commanding, to move rapidly from the base of Kenesaw due west, aiming to reach the road from Allatoona to Dallas, threatening the rear of the forces attacking Allatoona. I succeeded in getting a signal message to General Corse during his fight, notifying him of my presence. The defense of Allatoona by General Corse was admirably conducted, and the enemy repulsed with heavy slaughter. His description of the defense is so graphic, that it leaves nothing for me to add; and the movement of General Cox had the desired effect of causing the withdrawal of French's division rapidly in the direction of Dallas.

On the 6th and 7th I pushed my cavalry well toward Burnt Hickory and Dallas, and discovered that the enemy had moved westward, and inferred that he would attempt to break our railroad again in the neighborhood of Kingston. Accordingly, on the morning of the 8th, I put the army in motion through Allatoona Pass to Kingston, reaching that point on the 10th. There I learned that the enemy had feigned on Rome, and was passing the Coosa River on a pontoon bridge about eleven miles below Rome. I therefore, on the 11th, moved to Rome, and pushed Garrard's cavalry and the Twenty-third Corps, under General Cox, across the Oostenaula, to threaten the flanks of the enemy passing north. Garrard's cavalry drove a cavalry brigade of the enemy to and beyond the Narrows, leading into the valley of the Chattooga, capturing two field-pieces and taking some prisoners. The enemy had moved with great rapidity, and made his appearance at Resaca, and Hood had in person demanded its surrender. I had from Kingston reinforced Resaca by two regiments of the Army of the Tennessee. I at first intended to move the army into the Chattooga Valley, to interpose between the enemy and his line of retreat down the Coosa, but feared that General Hood would, in that event, turn eastward by Spring Place, and down the Federal road, and therefore moved against him at Resaca. Colonel Weaver at Resaca, afterward reinforced by General Raum's brigade, had repulsed the enemy from Resaca, but he had succeeded in breaking the railroad from Tilton to Dalton, and as far north as the Tunnel.

Arriving at Resaca on the evening of the 14th, I determined to strike Hood in flank, or force him to battle, and directed the Army of the Tennessee, General Howard, to move to Snake Creek Gap, which was held by the enemy, while General Stanley, with the Fourth and Fourteenth Corps, moved by Tilton across the mountains to the rear of Snake Creek Gap, in the neighborhood of Villanow.

The Army of the Tennessee found the enemy occupying our old lines in the Snake Creek Gap, and on the 15th skirmished for the purpose of holding him there until Stanley could get to his rear. But the enemy gave way about noon, and was followed through the Gap, escaping before General Stanley had reached the farther end of the Pass. The next day, the 16th, the armies moved directly toward La Fayette, with a view to cut off Hood's retreat. We found him intrenched in Ship's Gap, but the leading division (Wood's) of the Fifteenth Corps rapidly carried the advanced posts held by two companies of a South Carolina regiment, making them prisoners. The remaining eight companies escaped to the main body near La Fayette. The next morning we passed over into the valley of the Chattooga, the Army of the Tennessee moving in pursuit by La Fayette and Alpine toward Blue Pond; the Army of the Cumberland by Summerville and Melville Post-office to Gaylesville; and the Army of the Ohio and Garrard's cavalry from Villanow, Dirttown Valley, and Goover's Gap to Gaylesville. Hood, however, was little encumbered with trains, and marched with great rapidity, and had succeeded in getting into the narrow gorge formed by the Lookout Range abutting against the Coosa River in the neighborhood of Gadsden. He evidently wanted to avoid a fight.

On the 19th all the armies were grouped about Gaylesville, in the rich valley of the Chattooga, abounding in corn and meat, and I determined to pause in my pursuit of the enemy, to watch his movements, and live on the country. I hoped that Hood would turn toward Guntersville and Bridgeport. The Army of the Tennessee was posted near Little River, with instructions to feel forward in support of the cavalry, which was ordered to watch Hood in the neighborhood of Will's Valley, and to give me the earliest notice possible of his turning northward. The Army of the Ohio was posted at Cedar Bluff, with orders to lay a pontoon across the Coosa, and to feel forward to center, and down in the direction of Blue Mountain. The Army of the Cumberland was held in reserve at Gaylesville, and all the troops were instructed to draw heavily for supplies from the surrounding country. In the meantime communications were opened to Rome, and a heavy force set to work in repairing the damages done to our railroads. Atlanta was abundantly supplied with provisions, but forage was scarce; and General Slocum was instructed to send strong foraging parties out in the direction of South River and collect all the corn and fodder possible, and to put his own trains in good condition for farther service.

Hood's movements and strategy had demonstrated that he had an army capable of endangering at all times my communications, but unable to meet me in open fight. To follow him would simply amount to being decoyed away from Georgia, with little prospect of overtaking and overwhelming him. To remain on the defensive, would have been bad policy for an army of so great value as the one I then commanded; and I was forced to adopt a course more fruitful in results than the naked one of following him to the southwest. I had previously submitted to the Commander-in-Chief a gen-

eral plan, which amounted substantially to the destruction of Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and sallying forth from Atlanta through the heart of Georgia, to capture one or more of the great Atlantic seaports. This I renewed from Gaylesville, modified somewhat by the change of events.

On the 26th of October, satisfied that Hood had moved westward from Gadsden across Sand Mountain, I detached the Fourth Corps, Major General Stanley, and ordered him to proceed to Chattanooga and report to Major General Thomas at Nashville.

Subsequently, on the 30th of October, I also detached the Twenty-third Corps, Major General Schofield, with the same destination, and delegated to Major General Thomas full power over all the troops subject to my command, except the four corps with which I designed to move into Georgia. This gave him the two divisions under A. J. Smith, then in Missouri, but *en route* for Tennessee, the two corps named, and all the garrisons in Tennessee, as also all the cavalry of my military division, except one division under Brigadier General Kilpatrick, which was ordered to rendezvous at Marietta.

Brevet Major General Wilson had arrived from the Army of the Potomac, to assume command of the cavalry of my army, and I dispatched him back to Nashville with all dismounted detachments, and orders as rapidly as possible to collect the cavalry serving in Kentucky and Tennessee, to mount, organize and equip them, and report to Major General Thomas for duty. These forces I judged would enable General Thomas to defend the railroad from Chattanooga back, including Nashville and Decatur, and give him an army with which he could successfully cope with Hood, should the latter cross the Tennessee northward.

By the 1st of November Hood's army had moved from Gadsden, and made its appearance in the neighborhood of Decatur, where a feint was made; he then passed on to Tusculumbia, and laid a pontoon bridge opposite Florence. I then began my preparations for the march through Georgia, having received the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief for carrying into effect my plan, the details of which were explained to all my corps commanders and heads of staff departments, with strict injunctions of secrecy. I had also communicated full details to General Thomas, and had informed him I would not leave the neighborhood of Kingston until he felt perfectly confident that he was entirely prepared to cope with Hood, should he carry into effect his threatened invasion of Tennessee and Kentucky. I estimated Hood's force at thirty-five thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry.

I moved the Army of the Tennessee by slow and easy marches on the south of the Coosa back to the neighborhood of the Smyrna camp-ground, and the Fourteenth Corps, Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, to Kingston, whither I repaired in person on the 2d of November. From that point I directed all surplus artillery, all baggage not needed for my contemplated march, all the sick and wounded, refugees, etc., to be sent back to Chattanooga; and the Fourteenth Corps above mentioned, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, were put in the most efficient condition possible for a long and difficult march. This operation consumed the time until the 11th of November, when, every thing being ready, I ordered General Corse, who still remained at Rome, to destroy the bridges there, all founderies, mills, shops, warehouses, or other property that could be useful to an enemy, and to move to Kingston.

At the same time the railroad in and about Atlanta, and between the Etowah and the Chattahoochee, was ordered to be utterly destroyed. The

garrisons from Kingston northward were also ordered to draw back to Chattanooga, taking with them all public property and all railroad stock, and to take up the rails from Resaca back, saving them, ready to be replaced whenever future interests should demand.

The railroad between the Etowah and the Oostenaula was left untouched, because I thought it more than probable that we would find it necessary to reoccupy the country as far forward as the line of the Etowah.

Atlanta itself is only of strategic value as long as it is a railroad center; and as all the railroads leading to it are destroyed, as well as all its founderies, machine-shops, warehouses, depots, etc., etc., it is of no more value than any other point in Northern Georgia; whereas the line of the Etowah, by reason of its rivers and natural features, possesses an importance which will always continue. From it all parts of Georgia and Alabama can be reached by armies marching with trains down the Coosa or the Chattahoochee Valleys.

On the 12th of November my army stood detached and cut off from all communication from the rear. It was composed of four corps: the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, constituting the right wing, under Major General O. O. Howard; the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, constituting the left wing, under Major General H. W. Slocum, of an aggregate strength of sixty thousand infantry, one cavalry division, in aggregate strength five thousand five hundred, under Brigadier Judson Kilpatrick, and the artillery reduced to the minimum, one gun per one thousand men.

The whole force was moved rapidly, and grouped about Atlanta on the 14th November.

In the meantime, Captain O. M. Poe had thoroughly destroyed Atlanta, save its mere dwelling-houses and churches, and the right wing, with General Kilpatrick's cavalry, was put in motion in the direction of Jonesboro' and McDonough, with orders to make a strong feint on Macon, to cross the Ocmulgee about Planters' Mills, and rendezvous in the neighborhood of Gordon in seven days, exclusive of the day of march. On the same day General Slocum moved with the Twentieth Corps by Decatur and Stone Mountain, with orders to tear up the railroad from Social Circle to Madison, to burn the large and important railroad bridge across the Oconee, east of Madison, and turn south and reach Milledgeville, on the seventh day, exclusive of the day of march. In person I left Atlanta on the 16th, in company with the Fourteenth Corps, Brevet Major General Jeff. C. Davis, by Lithonia, Covington, and Shady Dale, directly on Milledgeville. All the troops were provided with good wagon trains, loaded with ammunition and supplies, approximating twenty days' bread, forty days' sugar and coffee, a double allowance of salt for forty days, and beef cattle equal to forty days' supplies. The wagons were also supplied with about three days' forage in grain. All were instructed, by a judicious system of foraging, to maintain this order of things as long as possible, living chiefly if not solely upon the country, which I knew to abound in corn, sweet potatoes, and meats.

My first object was of course to place my army in the very heart of Georgia, interposing between Macon and Augusta, and obliging the enemy to divide his forces to defend not only those points, but Millen, Savannah, and Charleston. All my calculations were fully realized. During the 22d, General Kilpatrick made a good feint on Macon, driving the enemy within his intrenchments, and then drew back to Griswoldville, where Walcott's brig-

ade of infantry joined him to cover that flank, while Howard's trains were closing up, and his men scattered, breaking up railroads. The enemy came out of Macon and attacked Walcott in position, but was so roughly handled that he never repeated the experiment. On the eighth day after leaving Atlanta, namely, on the 23d, General Slocum occupied Milledgeville and the important bridge across the Oconee there, and Generals Howard and Kilpatrick were in and about Gordon.

General Howard was then ordered to move eastward, destroying the railroad thoroughly in his progress, as far as Tennille Station, opposite Sandersville, and General Slocum to move to Sandersville by two roads. General Kilpatrick was ordered to Milledgeville and thence move rapidly eastward, to break the railroad which leads from Millen to Augusta, then to turn upon Millen and rescue our prisoners of war supposed to be confined at that place.

I accompanied the Twentieth Corps from Milledgeville to Sandersville, approaching which place on the 25th, we found the bridges across Buffalo Creek burned, which delayed us three hours. The next day we entered Sandersville, skirmishing with Wheeler's cavalry, which offered little opposition to the advance of the Twentieth and Fourteenth Corps, entering the place almost at the same moment.

General Slocum was then ordered to tear up and destroy the Georgia Central railroad from Station Thirteen (Tennille) to Station Ten, near the crossing of the Ogeechee, one of his corps substantially following the railroad, the other by way of Louisville, in support of Kilpatrick's cavalry. In person I shifted to the right wing, and accompanied the Seventeenth Corps, General Blair, on the south of the railroad till abreast of Station Nine-and-a-half (Barton)—General Howard in person, with the Fifteenth Corps, keeping farther to the right and about one day's march ahead, ready to turn against the flank of any enemy who should oppose our progress. At Barton I learned that Kilpatrick's cavalry had reached the Augusta railroad about Waynesboro', where he ascertained that our prisoners had been removed from Millen, and therefore the purpose of rescuing them, upon which we had set our hearts, was an impossibility. But as Wheeler's cavalry had hung around him, and as he had retired to Louisville to meet our infantry, in pursuance of my instructions, not to risk battle unless at great advantage, I ordered him to leave his wagons and all encumbrances with the left wing, and moving in the direction of Augusta, if Wheeler gave him the opportunity, to indulge him with all the fighting he wanted. General Kilpatrick, supported by Baird's division of infantry of the Fourteenth Corps, again moved in the direction of Waynesboro', and encountering Wheeler in the neighborhood of Thomas' Station, attacked him in position, driving him from three successive lines of barricades handsomely through Waynesboro' and across Briar Creek, the bridges over which he burned, and then, with Baird's division, rejoined the left wing, which in the meantime had been marching by easy stages of ten miles a day in the direction of Lumpkin's Station and Jacksonboro'.

The Seventeenth Corps took up the destruction of the railroad at the Ogeechee near Station Ten, and continued it to Millen, the enemy offering little or no opposition, although preparations had seemingly been made at Millen.

On the 3d of December, the Seventeenth Corps, which I accompanied, was at Millen; the Fifteenth Corps, General Howard, was south of the Ogee-

chee, opposite Station Seven (Scarboro'); the Twentieth Corps, General Slocum, on the Augusta railroad, about four miles north of Millen, near Buckhead Church; and the Fourteenth Corps, General Jeff. C. Davis, in the neighborhood of Lumpkin's Station, on the Augusta railroad.

All were ordered to march in the direction of Savannah, the Fifteenth Corps to continue south of the Ogeechee, the Seventeenth to destroy the railroad as far as Ogeechee Church, and four days were allowed to reach the line from Ogeechee Church to the neighborhood of Halley's Ferry on the Savannah River. All the columns reached their destination on time, and continued to march on their several roads—General Davis following the Savannah River road, General Slocum the middle road by way of Springfield, General Blair the railroad, and General Howard still south and west of the Ogeechee, with orders to cross to the east bank opposite "Eden Station," or Station No. 2.

As we approached Savannah, the country became more marshy and difficult, and more obstructions were met in the way of felled trees where the roads crossed the creek-swamps on narrow causeways. But our pioneer companies were well organized, and removed these obstructions in an incredibly short time. No opposition from the enemy worth speaking of was encountered until the heads of the columns were within fifteen miles of Savannah, where all the roads leading to the city were obstructed more or less by felled timber, with earth-works and artillery. But these were easily turned and the enemy driven away, so that by the 10th of December the enemy was driven within his lines at Savannah. These followed substantially a swampy creek which empties into the Savannah River about three miles above the city, across to the head of a corresponding stream which empties into the Little Ogeechee. These streams were singularly favorable to the enemy as a cover, being very marshy, and bordered by rice-fields, which were flooded either by the tide-water or by inland ponds, the gates to which were controlled and covered by his heavy artillery. The only approaches to the city were by five narrow causeways, namely, the two railroads, and the Augusta, the Louisville, and the Ogeechee dirt roads, all of which were commanded by heavy ordnance, too strong for us to fight with our light field-guns. To assault an enemy of unknown strength at such a disadvantage appeared to me unwise, especially as I had so successfully brought my army, almost unscathed, so great a distance, and could surely attain the same result by the operation of time.

I therefore instructed my army commanders to closely invest the city from the north and west, and to reconnoiter well the ground in their fronts respectively, while I gave my personal attention to opening communication with our fleet, which I knew was waiting for us in Tybee, Wassaw, and Ossabaw Sounds.

In approaching Savannah, General Slocum struck the Charleston railroad near the bridge, and occupied the river bank as his left flank, where he had captured two of the enemy's river boats, and had prevented two others (gunboats) from coming down the river to communicate with the city; while General Howard, by his right flank, had broken the Gulf railroad at Fleming's and Way Station, and occupied the railroad itself down to the Little Ogeechee near Station One, so that no supplies could reach Savannah by any of its accustomed channels.

We, on the contrary, possessed large herds of cattle, which we had brought

along or gathered in the country, and our wagons still contained a reasonable amount of breadstuffs and other necessities, and the fine rice-crops of the Savannah and Ogeechee Rivers furnished to our men and animals a large amount of rice and rice-straw.

We also held the country to the south and west of the Ogeechee as foraging ground.

Still, communication with the fleet was of vital importance, and I directed General Kilpatrick to cross the Ogeechee by a pontoon bridge, to reconnoiter Fort McAllister, and to proceed to St. Catharine's Sound in the direction of Sunbury or Kilkenny Bluff, and open communication with the fleet. General Howard had previously, by my direction, sent one of his best scouts down the Ogeechee in a canoe for a like purpose. But more than this was necessary. We wanted the vessels and their contents, and the Ogeechee River, a navigable stream close to the rear of our camps, was the proper avenue of supply.

The enemy had burned the road-bridge across the Ogeechee, just below the mouth of the Camochee, known as "King's Bridge." This was reconstructed in an incredibly short time in the most substantial manner by the Fifty-eighth Indiana, Colonel Buel, under the direction of Captain Reese, of the Engineer Corps, and on the morning of the 13th December, the second division of the Fifteenth Corps, under command of Brigadier General Hazen, crossed the bridge to the west bank of the Ogeechee, and marched down with orders to carry by assault Fort McAllister, a strong inclosed redoubt, manned by two companies of artillery and three of infantry; in all, about two hundred men, and mounting twenty-three guns *en barbette*, and one mortar.

General Hazen reached the vicinity of Fort McAllister about one P. M., deployed his division about the place, with both flanks resting upon the river, posted his skirmishers judiciously behind the trunks of trees whose branches had been used for abattis, and about five P. M. assaulted the place with nine regiments at three points, all of them successfully. I witnessed the assault from a rice-mill on the opposite bank of the river, and can bear testimony to the handsome manner in which it was accomplished.

Up to this time we had not communicated with our fleet. From the signal-station at the rice-mill our officers had looked for two days over the rice-fields and salt marsh in the direction of Ossabaw Sound, but could see nothing of it. But while watching the preparations for the assault on Fort McAllister, we discovered in the distance what seemed to be the smoke-stack of a steamer, which became more and more distinct, until about the very moment of the assault she was plainly visible below the fort, and our signal was answered. As soon as I saw our colors fairly planted upon the walls of McAllister, in company with General Howard, I went in a small boat down to the fort, and met General Hazen, who had not yet communicated with the gunboat below, as it was shut out to him by a point of timber. Determined to communicate that night, I got another small boat and a crew, and pulled down the river till I found the tug Dandelion, Captain Williamson, U. S. N., who informed me that Captain Duncan, who had been sent by General Howard, had succeeded in reaching Admiral Dahlgren and General Foster, and that he was expecting them hourly in Ossabaw Sound. After making communications to those officers, and a short communication to the War Department, I returned to Fort McAllister that night, and before daylight was over-

taken by Major Strong, of General Foster's Staff, advising me that General Foster had arrived in the Ogeechee, near Fort McAllister, and was very anxious to meet me on board his boat. I accordingly returned with him, and met General Foster on board the steamer Nemaha, and, after consultation, determined to proceed with him down the sound, in hopes to meet Admiral Dahlgren. But we did not meet him until we reached Wassaw Sound, about noon. I there went on board the Admiral's flagship, the Harvest Moon, after having arranged with General Foster to send us from Hilton Head some siege ordnance, and some boats suitable for navigating the Ogeechee River. Admiral Dahlgren very kindly furnished me with all the data concerning his fleet and the numerous forts that guarded the inland channels between the sea and Savannah. I explained to him how completely Savannah was invested at all points save only the plank-road on the South Carolina shore, known as the "Union Causeway," which I thought I could reach from my left flank across the Savannah River. I explained to him that if he would simply engage the attention of the forts along Wilmington Channel at Beaulieu and Rosedew, I thought I could carry the defenses of Savannah by assault as soon as the heavy ordnance arrived from Hilton Head.

On the 15th the Admiral carried me back to Fort McAllister, whence I returned to our lines in the rear of Savannah.

Having received and carefully considered all the reports of division commanders, I determined to assault the lines of the enemy as soon as my heavy ordnance came from Port Royal, first making a formal demand for surrender. On the 17th, a number of thirty-pounder Parrott guns having reached King's Bridge, I proceeded in person to the head-quarters of Major General Slocum on the Augusta Road, and dispatched thence into Savannah, by flag of truce, a formal demand for the surrender of the place, and on the following day received an answer from General Hardee, refusing to surrender.

In the meantime, farther reconnoissances from our left flank had demonstrated that it was impracticable or unwise to push any considerable force across the Savannah River, for the enemy held the river opposite the city with iron-clad gunboats, and could destroy any pontoons laid down by us between Hutchinson's Island and the South Carolina shore, which would isolate any force sent over from that flank. I therefore ordered General Slocum to get into position the siege guns and make all the preparations necessary to assault, and to report to me the earliest moment when he could be ready, while I should proceed rapidly round by the right and make arrangements to occupy the Union Causeway from the direction of Port Royal. General Foster had already established a division of troops on the peninsula or neck between the Coosawhatchie and Tullifinney Rivers, at the head of Broad River, from which position he could reach the railroad with his artillery.

I went to Port Royal in person, and made arrangements to reinforce that command by one or more divisions under a proper officer, to assault and carry the railroad, and thence turn toward Savannah until it occupied the causeway in question. I went on board the Admiral's flagship, the Harvest Moon, which put to sea the night of the 20th. But the wind was high, and increased during the night, so that the pilot judged Ossabaw Bar impassable, and ran into Tybee, whence we proceeded through the inland channels into Wassaw Sound, and thence through Romney Marsh. But the ebb tide

caught the Harvest Moon, and she was unable to make the passage. Admiral Dahlgren took me in his barge, and pulling in the direction of Vernon River, we met the army tug Red Legs, bearing a message from my adjutant, Captain Dayton, of that morning, the 21st, to the effect that our troops were in possession of the enemy's lines, and were advancing without opposition into Savannah, the enemy having evacuated the place during the previous night.

Admiral Dahlgren proceeded up the Vernon River in his barge, while I transferred to the tug, in which I proceeded to Fort McAllister, and thence to the rice-mill; and on the morning of the 22d rode into the city of Savannah, already occupied by our troops.

I was very much disappointed that Hardee had escaped with his garrison, and had to content myself with the material fruits of victory without the cost of life which would have attended a general assault. The substantial results will be more clearly set forth in the tabular statements of heavy ordnance and other public property acquired, and it will suffice here to state, that the important city of Savannah, with its valuable harbor and river, was the chief object of the campaign.

With it we acquired all the forts and heavy ordnance in its vicinity, with large stores of ammunition, shot and shells, cotton, rice, and other valuable products of the country. We also gained locomotives and cars, which, though of little use to us in the present condition of the railroads, are a serious loss to the enemy, as well as four steamboats gained, and the loss to the enemy of the iron-clad Savannah, one ram, and three transports blown up or burned by them the night before.

Formal demand having been made for the surrender, and having been refused, I contend that every thing within the line of intrenchments belongs to the United States, and I shall not hesitate to use it, if necessary, for public purposes. But, inasmuch as the inhabitants generally have manifested a friendly disposition, I shall disturb them as little as possible consistently with the military rights of present and future military Commanders, without remitting in the least our just rights as captors.

After having made the necessary orders for the disposition of the troops in and about Savannah, I ordered Captain O. M. Poe, chief engineer, to make a thorough examination of the enemy's works in and about Savannah, with a view to making it conform to our future uses. New lines of defenses will be built, embracing the city proper, Forts Jackson, Thunderbolt, and Pulaski retained, with slight modifications in their armament and rear defenses. All the rest of the enemy's forts will be dismantled and destroyed, and their heavy ordnance transferred to Hilton Head, where it can be more easily guarded.

Our base of supplies will be established in Savannah as soon as the very difficult obstructions placed in the river can be partially removed. These obstructions at present offer a very serious impediment to the commerce of Savannah, consisting of crib-work of logs and timber heavily bolted together, and filled with the cobble-stones which formerly paved the streets of Savannah. All the channels below the city were found more or less filled with torpedoes, which have been removed by order of Admiral Dahlgren, so that Savannah already fulfills the important part it was designed in our plans for the future.

In thus sketching the course of events connected with this campaign, I have purposely passed lightly over the march from Atlanta to the sea-shore,

because it was made in four or more columns, sometimes at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from each other, and it was impossible for me to attend but one. Therefore have I left it to the army and corps commanders to describe in their own language the events which attended the march of their respective columns. These reports are herewith submitted, and I beg to refer to them for farther details. I would merely sum up the advantages which I conceive have accrued to us by this march.

Our former labors in North Georgia had demonstrated the truth that no large army, carrying with it the necessary stores and baggage, can overtake and capture an inferior force of the enemy in his own country; therefore no alternative was left me but the one I adopted, namely, to divide my forces, and with the one part act offensively against the enemy's resources, while with the other I should act defensively, and invite the enemy to attack, risking the chances of battle.

In this conclusion I have been singularly sustained by the results. General Hood, who, as I have heretofore described, had moved to the westward, near Tusculum, with a view to decoy me away from Georgia, finding himself mistaken, was forced to choose either to pursue me, or to act offensively against the other part, left in Tennessee. He adopted the latter course, and General Thomas has wisely and well fulfilled his part of the grand scheme, in drawing Hood well up into Tennessee until he could concentrate all his own troops, and then turn upon Hood, as he has done, and destroy or fatally cripple his army. That part of my army is so far removed from me, that I leave, with perfect confidence, its management and history to General Thomas.

I was thereby left with a well-appointed army to sever the enemy's only remaining railroad communication eastward and westward, for over one hundred miles, namely, the Georgia State railroad, which is broken up from Fairburn Station to Madison and the Oconee, and the Central railroad from Gordon clear to Savannah, with numerous breaks on the latter road from Gordon to Eatonton, and from Millen to Augusta, and the Savannah and Gulf railroad. We have also consumed the corn and fodder in the region of country thirty miles on either side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry, and have carried away more than ten thousand horses and mules, as well as a countless number of their slaves. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at one hundred millions of dollars; at least twenty millions of which has inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simple waste and destruction. This may seem a hard species of warfare, but it brings the sad realities of war home to those who have been directly or indirectly instrumental in involving us in its attendant calamities.

The campaign has also placed this branch of my army in a position from which other great military results may be attempted, besides leaving in Tennessee and North Alabama a force which is amply sufficient to meet all the chances of war in that region of our country.

Since the capture of Atlanta my Staff is unchanged, save that General Barry, chief of artillery, has been absent, sick, since our leaving Kingston. Surgeon Moore, United States Army, is chief medical director, in place of Surgeon Kittoe, relieved to resume his proper duties as a medical inspector.

Major Hitchcock, A.A.G., has also been added to my Staff, and has been of great assistance in the field and office.

Captain Dayton still remains as my Adjutant General. All have, as formerly, fulfilled their parts to my entire satisfaction.

In the body of my army I feel a just pride. Generals Howard and Slocum are gentlemen of singular capacity and intelligence, thorough soldiers and patriots, working day and night not for themselves, but for their country and their men.

General Kilpatrick, who commanded the cavalry of this army, has handled it with spirit and dash to my entire satisfaction, and kept a superior force of the enemy's cavalry from even approaching our infantry columns or wagon trains. His report is full and graphic. All the division and brigade commanders merit my personal and official thanks, and I shall spare no efforts to secure them commissions equal to the rank they have exercised so well. As to the rank and file, they seem so full of confidence in themselves, that I doubt if they want a compliment from me; but I must do them the justice to say that, whether called on to fight, to march, to wade streams, to make roads, clear out obstructions, build bridges, make "corduroy," or tear up railroads, they have done it with alacrity and a degree of cheerfulness unsurpassed. A little loose in foraging, they "did some things they ought not to have done;" yet, on the whole, they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected, and as little loss as I calculated. Some of these foraging parties had encounters with the enemy which would in ordinary times rank as respectable battles.

The behavior of our troops in Savannah has been so manly, so quiet, so perfect, that I take it as the best evidence of discipline and true courage. Never was a hostile city, filled with women and children, occupied by a large army with less disorder, or more system, order, and good government. The same general and generous spirit of confidence and good feeling pervades the army which it has ever afforded me especial pleasure to report on former occasions.

I avail myself of this occasion to express my heartfelt thanks to Admiral Dahlgren and the officers and men of his fleet, as also to General Foster and his command, for the hearty welcome given us on our arrival at the coast, and for their ready and prompt coöperation in all measures tending to the result accomplished.

I send herewith a map of the country through which we have passed; reports from General Howard, General Slocum, and General Kilpatrick, and their subordinates respectively, with the usual lists of captured property, killed, wounded, and missing, prisoners of war taken and rescued, as also copies of all papers illustrating the campaign, all of which are respectfully submitted by

Your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General.

II.

CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
GOLDSBORO', N. C., April 4, 1865. }

GENERAL:—I must now endeavor to group the events of the past three months connected with the armies under my command, in order that you may have as clear an understanding of the late campaign as the case admits

of. The reports of the subordinate commanders will enable you to fill up the picture.

I have heretofore explained how, in the progress of our arms, I was enabled to leave in the West an army under Major General George H. Thomas of sufficient strength to meet emergencies in that quarter, while in person I conducted another army, composed of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps, and Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, to the Atlantic slope, aiming to approach the grand theater of war in Virginia by the time the season would admit of military operations in that latitude. The first lodgment on the coast was made at Savannah, strongly fortified and armed, and valuable to us as a good sea-port, with its navigable stream inland. Near a month was consumed there in refitting the army, and in making the proper disposition of captured property, and other local matters; but by the 15th of January I was all ready to resume the march. Preliminary to this, General Howard, commanding the right wing, was ordered to embark his command at Thunderbolt, transport it to Beaufort, S. C., and thence by the 15th of January make a lodgment on the Charleston railroad at or near Pocotaligo. This was accomplished punctually, at little cost, by the Seventeenth Corps, Major General Blair, and a depot for supplies was established near the mouth of Pocotaligo Creek, with easy water communication back to Hilton Head.

The left wing, Major General Slocum, and the cavalry, Major General Kilpatrick, were ordered to rendezvous about the same time near Robertsville and Coosawhatchie, S. C., with a depot of supplies at Pureysburg or State's Ferry, on the Savannah River. General Slocum had a good pontoon bridge constructed opposite the city, and the "Union Causeway," leading through the low rice-fields opposite Savannah, was repaired and "corduroyed;" but before the time appointed to start, the heavy rains of January had swelled the river, broken the pontoon bridge, overflowed the whole "bottom," so that the causeway was four feet under water, and General Slocum was compelled to look higher up for a passage over the Savannah River. He moved up to Sister's Ferry, but even there the river, with its overflowed bottoms, was near three miles wide, and he did not succeed in getting his whole wing across until during the first week of February.

In the meantime General Grant had sent me Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps to garrison Savannah, and drawn the Twenty-third Corps, Major General Schofield, from Tennessee, and sent it to reinforce the commands of Major Generals Terry and Palmer, operating on the coast of North Carolina, to prepare the way for my coming.

On the 18th of January I transferred the forts and city of Savannah to Major General Foster, commanding the Department of the South, imparted to him my plans of operation, and instructed him how to follow my movements inland by occupying in succession the city of Charleston and such other points along the sea-coast as would be of any military value to us. The combined naval and land forces under Admiral Porter and General Terry had, on the 15th of January, captured Fort Fisher and the Rebel forts at the mouth of Cape Fear River, giving me an additional point of security on the sea-coast. But I had already resolved in my own mind, and had so advised General Grant, that I would undertake at one stride to make Goldsboro', and open communication with the sea by the Newbern railroad, and had ordered Colonel W. W. Wright, superintendent of military railroads, to proceed in

advance to Newbern, and to be prepared to extend the railroad out from Newbern to Goldsboro' by the 15th of March.

On the 19th of January all preparations were complete, and the orders of march were given. My chief quarter-master and Commissary General Easton and Beckwith were ordered to complete the supplies at Sister's Ferry and Pocotaligo, and then to follow our movements coastwise, looking for my arrival at Goldsboro', N. C., about March 15th, and opening communication with me from Morehead City.

On the 22d of January I embarked from Savannah for Hilton Head, where I held a conference with Admiral Dahlgren, United States Navy, and Major General Foster, commanding the Department of the South, and next proceeded to Beaufort, riding out thence on the 24th to Pocotaligo, where the Seventeenth Corps, Major General Blair, was encamped. The Fifteenth Corps was somewhat scattered—Wood's and Hazen's divisions at Beaufort, John E. Smith marching from Savannah by the coast road, and Corse still at Savannah, cut off by the storms and freshet in the river. On the 25th a demonstration was made against the Combahee ferry and railroad bridge across the Salkehatchie, merely to amuse the enemy, who had evidently adopted that river as his defensive line against our supposed *objective*, the city of Charleston. I reconnoitred the line in person, and saw that the heavy rains had swollen the river, so that water stood in the swamps for a breadth of more than a mile at a depth of from one to twenty feet. Not having the remotest intention of approaching Charleston, a comparatively small force was able, by seeming preparations to cross over, to keep in their front a considerable force of the enemy disposed to contest our advance on Charleston. On the 27th I rode to the camp of General Hatch's division of Foster's command, on the Tullifinney and Coosawhatchie Rivers, and directed those places to be evacuated, as no longer of any use to us. That division was then moved to Pocotaligo to keep up the feints already begun, until we should, with the right wing, move higher up and cross the Salkehatchie about River's or Broxton's Bridge.

On the 29th I learned that the roads back of Savannah had at last become sufficiently free of the flood to admit of General Slocum putting his wing in motion, and that he was already approaching Sister's Ferry, whither a gunboat, the Pontiac, Captain Luce, kindly furnished by Admiral Dahlgren, had preceded him to cover the crossing. In the meantime three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps had closed up at Pocotaligo, and the right wing had loaded its wagons and was ready to start. I therefore directed General Howard to move one corps, the Seventeenth, along the Salkehatchie, as high up as River's Bridge, and the other, the Fifteenth, by Hickory Hill, Loper's Cross-roads, Anglesey Post-office, and Beaufort's Bridge. Hatch's division was ordered to remain at Pocotaligo, feigning at the Salkehatchie railroad bridge and ferry, until our movement turned the enemy's position and forced him to fall behind the Edisto.

The Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps drew out of camp on the 31st of January, but the real march began on the 1st of February. All the roads northward had for weeks been held by Wheeler's cavalry, who had, by details of negro laborers, felled trees, burned bridges, and made obstructions to impede our march. But so well organized were our pioneer battalions, and so strong and intelligent our men, that obstructions seemed only to quicken their progress. Felled trees were removed and bridges rebuilt by the heads

of columns before the rear could close up. On the 2d of February the Fifteenth Corps reached Loper's Cross-roads, and the Seventeenth was at River's Bridge. From Loper's Cross-roads I communicated with General Slocum, still struggling with the floods of the Savannah River at Sister's Ferry. He had two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, General Williams', on the east bank, and was enabled to cross over on his pontoons the cavalry of Kilpatrick. General Williams was ordered to Beaufort's Bridge by way of Lawtonville and Allandale, Kilpatrick to Blackville *via* Barnwell, and General Slocum to hurry the crossing at Sister's Ferry as much as possible, and overtake the right wing on the South Carolina railroad. General Howard, with the right wing, was directed to cross the Salkehatchie and push rapidly for the South Carolina railroad at or near Midway. The enemy held the line of the Salkehatchie in force, having infantry and artillery intrenched at River's and Beaufort's Bridges. The Seventeenth Corps was ordered to carry River's Bridge, and the Fifteenth Corps Beaufort's Bridge. The former position was carried promptly and skillfully by Mower's and Giles A. Smith's divisions of the Seventeenth Corps, on the 3d of February, by crossing the swamp, nearly three miles wide, with water varying from knee to shoulder deep. The weather was bitter cold, and Generals Mower and Smith led their divisions in person on foot, waded the swamp, made a lodgment below the bridge, and turned on the rebel brigade which guarded it, driving it in confusion and disorder toward Branchville. Our casualties were one officer and seventeen men killed, and seventy men wounded, who were sent to Pocatigo. The line of the Salkehatchie being thus broken, the enemy retreated at once behind the Edisto at Branchville, and the whole army was pushed rapidly to the South Carolina railroad at Midway, Bamberg (or Lowry's Station,) and Graham's Station. The Seventeenth Corps, by threatening Branchville, forced the enemy to burn the railroad bridge, and Walker's Bridge below, across the Edisto. All hands were at once set to work to destroy railroad track. From the 7th to the 10th of February this work was thoroughly prosecuted by the Seventeenth Corps from the Edisto up to Bamberg, and by the Fifteenth Corps from Bamberg up to Blackville. In the meantime General Kilpatrick had brought his cavalry rapidly by Barnwell to Blackville, and had turned toward Aiken, with orders to threaten Augusta, but not to be drawn needlessly into a serious battle. This he skillfully accomplished, skirmishing heavily with Wheeler's cavalry, first at Blackville and afterward at Williston and Aiken. General Williams, with two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, marched to the South Carolina railroad at Graham's Station on the 8th, and General Slocum reached Blackville on the 10th. The destruction of the railroad was continued by the left wing from Blackville up to Windsor. By the 11th of February all the army was on the railroad all the way from Midway to Johnson's Station, thereby dividing the enemy's forces, which still remained at Branchville and Charleston on the one hand, Aiken and Augusta on the other.

We then began the movement on Orangeburg. The Seventeenth Corps crossed the South fork of Edisto River at Binnaker's Bridge and moved straight for Orangeburg, while the Fifteenth Corps crossed at Holman's Bridge and moved to Poplar Springs in support. The left wing and cavalry were still at work on the railroad, with orders to cross the South Edisto at New and Guignard's Bridges, move to the Orangeburg and Edgefield road, and there await the result of the attack on Orangeburg. On the 12th the

Seventeenth Corps found the enemy intrenched in front of the Orangeburg Bridge, but swept him away by a dash, and followed him, forcing him across the bridge, which was partially burned. Behind the bridge was a battery in position, covered by a cotton and earth parapet, with wings as far as could be seen. General Blair held one division (Giles A. Smith's) close up to the Edisto, and moved the other two to a point about two miles below, where he crossed Force's division by a pontoon bridge, holding Mower's in support. As soon as Force emerged from the swamp the enemy gave ground, and Giles Smith's division gained the bridge, crossed over, and occupied the enemy's parapet. He soon repaired the bridge, and by four P. M. the whole corps was in Orangeburg, and had begun the work of destruction on the railroad. Blair was ordered to destroy this railroad effectually up to Lewisville, and to push the enemy across the Congaree and force him to burn the bridges, which he did on the 14th; and without wasting time or labor on Branchville or Charleston, which I knew the enemy could no longer hold, I turned all the columns straight on Columbia.

The Seventeenth Corps followed the State road, and the Fifteenth crossed the North Edisto from Poplar Springs at Schilling's Bridge, above the mouth of "Cawcaw Swamp" Creek, and took a country road which came into the State road at Zeigler's. On the 15th, the Fifteenth Corps found the enemy in a strong position at Little Congaree Bridge (across Congaree Creek,) with a *tête-de-pont* on the south side, and a well constructed fort on the north side, commanding the bridge with artillery. The ground in front was very bad, level, and clear, with a fresh deposit of mud from a recent overflow. General Charles R. Wood, who commanded the leading division, succeeded, however, in turning the flank of the *tête-de-pont* by sending Stone's brigade through a cypress swamp to the left; and following up the retreating enemy promptly, he got possession of the bridge and the fort beyond. The bridge had been partially damaged by fire, and had to be repaired for the passage of artillery, so that night closed in before the head of the column could reach the bridge across Congaree River in front of Columbia. That night the enemy shelled our camps from a battery on the east side of the Congaree above Granby. Early next morning (February 16th) the head of column reached the bank of the Congaree opposite Columbia, but too late to save the fine bridge which spanned the river at that point. It was burned by the enemy. While waiting for the pontoons to come to the front, we could see people running about the streets of Columbia, and occasionally small bodies of cavalry, but no masses. A single gun of Captain De Grass' battery was firing at their cavalry squads, but I checked his firing, limiting him to a few shots at the unfinished State-house walls, and a few shells at the railroad depot, to scatter the people who were seen carrying away sacks of corn and meal that we needed. There was no white flag or manifestation of surrender. I directed General Howard not to cross directly in front of Columbia, but to cross the Saluda at the factory, three miles above, and afterward Broad River, so as to approach Columbia from the north. Within an hour of the arrival of General Howard's head of column at the river opposite Columbia, the head of column of the left wing also appeared, and I directed General Slocum to cross the Saluda at Zion Church, and thence to take roads direct for Winnsboro', breaking up *en route* the railroads and bridges about Alston.

General Howard effected a crossing of the Saluda near the factory on the 16th, skirmishing with cavalry, and the same night made a flying bridge

across Broad River, about three miles above Columbia, by which he crossed over Stone's brigade of Wood's division, Fifteenth Corps. Under cover of this brigade a pontoon bridge was laid on the morning of the 17th. I was in person at this bridge, and at 11 A. M. learned that the Mayor of Columbia had come out in a carriage and made formal surrender of the city to Colonel Stone, Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry, commanding third brigade, first division, Fifteenth Corps. About the same time, a small party of the Seventeenth Corps had crossed the Congaree in a skiff, and entered Columbia from a point immediately west. In anticipation of the occupation of the city, I had made written orders to General Howard touching the conduct of the troops. These were to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for our own use, as well as all railroads, depots, and machinery useful in war to an enemy, but to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, asylums, and harmless private property. I was the first to cross the pontoon bridge, and in company with General Howard rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. The brigade of Colonel Stone was already in the city, and was properly posted. Citizens and soldiers were on the streets, and general good order prevailed. General Wade Hampton, who commanded the Confederate rear-guard of cavalry, had, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired, to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled every where, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about in the wind, lodged in the trees and against houses, so as to resemble a snow-storm. Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city near the Court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers. During the day, the Fifteenth Corps passed through Columbia and out on the Camden Road. The Seventeenth did not enter the town at all; and, as I have before stated, the left wing and cavalry did not come within two miles of the town.

Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smouldering fires set by Hampton's order were rekindled by the wind, and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread, and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city. The whole of Wood's division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which by midnight had become unmanageable, and raged until about four A. M., when, the wind subsiding, they were got under control. I was up nearly all night, and saw Generals Howard, Logan, Wood, and others laboring to save houses, and to protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter and of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And, without hesitation, I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly "Roman stoicism," but from folly and want of sense, in filling it with lint, cotton, and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames; but others not on duty, including the officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the Capital of South Carolina. During the 18th and 19th, the arsenal, railroad depots, machine-shops, foundries, and other buildings were properly destroyed by detailed working parties, and the railroad track torn up and destroyed to Kingsville and the Wateree Bridge, and up in the direction of Winnsboro'.

At the same time, the left wing and cavalry had crossed the Saluda and Broad Rivers, breaking up railroad about Alston, and as high up as the bridge across Broad River on the Spartanburg Road, the main body moving straight for Winnsboro', which General Slocum reached on the 21st of February. He caused the railroad to be destroyed up to Blackstakes Depot, and then turned to Rocky Mount, on the Catawba River. The Twentieth Corps reached Rocky Mount on the 22d, laid a pontoon bridge, and crossed over during the 23d. Kilpatrick's cavalry followed, and crossed over in a heavy rain during the night of the 23d, and moved up to Lancaster, with orders to keep up the delusion of a general movement on Charlotte, N. C., to which General Beauregard and all the cavalry of the enemy had retreated from Columbia. I was also aware that Cheatham's Corps, of Hood's old army was aiming to make a junction with Beauregard at Charlotte, having been cut off by our rapid movement on Columbia and Winnsboro'. From the 23d to the 26th we had heavy rains, swelling the rivers and making the roads almost impassable. The Twentieth Corps reached Hanging Rock on the 26th, and waited there for the Fourteenth Corps to get across the Catawba. The heavy rains had so swollen the river that the pontoon bridge broke, and General Davis had very hard work to restore it and get his command across. At last he succeeded, and the left wing was all put in motion for Cheraw.

In the meantime, the right wing had broken up the railroad to Winnsboro', and thence turned for Pea's Ferry, where it was crossed over the Catawba before the heavy rains set in, the Seventeenth Corps moving straight on Cheraw *via* Young's Bridge, and the Fifteenth Corps by Tiller's and Kelly's Bridges. From this latter corps detachments were sent into Camden to burn the bridge over the Wateree, with the railroad depot, stores, etc. A small force of mounted men under Captain Duncan was also dispatched to make a dash and interrupt the railroad from Charleston to Florence, but it met Butler's division of cavalry, and, after a sharp night skirmish on Mount Elon, was compelled to return unsuccessful. Much bad road was encountered at Lynch's Creek, which delayed the right wing about the same length of time as the left wing had been at the Catawba.

On the 2d of March, the leading division of the Twentieth Corps entered Chesterfield, skirmishing with Butler's division of cavalry, and the next day about noon the Seventeenth Corps entered Cheraw, the enemy retreating across the Pedee and burning the bridge at that point. At Cheraw we found much ammunition and many guns, which had been brought from Charleston on the evacuation of that city. These were destroyed, as also the railroad trestles and bridges down as far as Darlington. An expedition of mounted infantry was also sent down to Florence, but it encountered both cavalry and infantry, and returned, having only broken up in part the branch road from Florence to Cheraw.

Without unnecessary delay the columns were again put in motion, directed on Fayetteville, N. C., the right wing crossing the Pedee at Cheraw and the left wing and cavalry at Sneedsboro'. General Kilpatrick was ordered to keep well on the left flank, and the Fourteenth Corps, moving by Love's Bridge, was given the right to enter and occupy Fayetteville first. The weather continued unfavorable and the roads bad, but the Fourteenth and Seventeenth Corps reached Fayetteville on the 11th of March, skirmishing with Wade Hampton's cavalry, that covered the rear of Hardee's retreating army, which, as usual, had crossed Cape Fear River, burning the bridge.

During the march from the Pedee, General Kilpatrick had kept his cavalry well on the left and exposed flank. During the night of the 9th March his three brigades were divided to picket the roads. General Hampton, detecting this, dashed in at daylight and gained possession of the camp of Colonel Spencer's brigade, and the house in which General Kilpatrick and Colonel Spencer had their quarters. The surprise was complete, but General Kilpatrick quickly succeeded in rallying his men on foot in a swamp near by, and, by a prompt attack, well followed up, regained his artillery, horses, camp, and every thing, save some prisoners whom the enemy carried off, leaving their dead on the ground.

The 12th, 13th, and 14th were passed at Fayetteville, destroying absolutely the United States Arsenal and the vast amount of machinery which had formerly belonged to the old Harper's Ferry United States Arsenal. Every building was knocked down and burned, and every piece of machinery utterly broken up and ruined, by the First regiment Michigan engineers, under the immediate supervision of Colonel O. M. Poe, chief engineer. Much valuable property of great use to an enemy was here destroyed or cast into the river.

Up to this period, I had perfectly succeeded in interposing my superior army between the scattered parts of my enemy. But I was then aware that the fragments that had left Columbia under Beauregard had been reinforced by Cheatham's Corps from the West and the garrison of Augusta, and that ample time had been given to move them to my front and flank about Raleigh. Hardee had also succeeded in getting across Cape Fear River ahead of me, and could therefore complete the junction with the other armies of Johnston and Hoke in North Carolina. And the whole, under the command of the skillful and experienced Joe Johnston, made up an army superior to me in cavalry, and formidable enough in artillery and infantry to justify me in extreme caution in making the last step necessary to complete the march I had undertaken. Previous to reaching Fayetteville, I had dispatched to Wilmington from Laurel Hill Church two of our best scouts with intelligence of our position and my general plans. Both of these messengers reached Wilmington, and on the morning of the 12th of March the army tug Davidson, Captain Ainsworth, reached Fayetteville from Wilmington, bringing me full intelligence of events from the outer world. On the same day, this tug carried back to General Terry, at Wilmington, and General Schofield, at Newbern, my dispatches to the effect that on Wednesday, the 15th, we would move for Goldsboro', feigning on Raleigh, and ordering them to march straight for Goldsboro', which I expected to reach about the 20th. The same day, the gunboat Eolus, Captain Young, United States Navy, also reached Fayetteville, and through her I continued to have communication with Wilmington until the day of our actual departure. While the work of destruction was going on at Fayetteville, two pontoon bridges were laid across Cape Fear River, one opposite the town, the other three miles below.

General Kilpatrick was ordered to move up the plank road to and beyond Averysboro'. He was to be followed by four divisions of the left wing, with as few wagons as possible; the rest of the train, under escort of the two remaining divisions of that wing, to take a shorter and more direct road to Goldsboro'. In like manner, General Howard was ordered to send his trains, under good escort, well to the right, toward Faison's Depot and Goldsboro', and to hold four divisions light, ready to go to the aid of the left wing if

attacked while in motion. The weather continued very bad, and the roads had become mere quagmire. Almost every foot of them had to be corduroyed to admit the passage of wheels. Still, time was so important that punctually, according to order, the columns moved out from Cape Fear River on Wednesday, the 15th of March. I accompanied General Slocum, who, preceded by Kilpatrick's cavalry, moved up the river or plank road that day to Kyle's Landing, Kilpatrick skirmishing heavily with the enemy's rear-guard about three miles beyond, near Taylor's Hole Creek. At General Kilpatrick's request, General Slocum sent forward a brigade of infantry to hold a line of barricades. Next morning, the column advanced in the same order, and developed the enemy, with artillery, infantry, and cavalry, in an intrenched position in front of the point where the road branches off toward Goldsboro' through Bentonville. On an inspection of the map, it was manifest that Hardee, in retreating from Fayetteville, had halted in the narrow, swampy neck between Cape Fear and South Rivers, in hopes to hold me to save time for the concentration of Johnston's armies at some point to his rear, namely, Raleigh, Smithfield, or Goldsboro'. Hardee's force was estimated at 20,000 men. It was necessary to dislodge him, that we might have the use of the Goldsboro' road, as also to keep up the feint on Raleigh as long as possible. General Slocum was therefore ordered to press and carry the position, only difficult by reason of the nature of the ground, which was so soft that horses would sink every where, and even men could hardly make their way over the common pine barren.

The Twentieth Corps, General Williams, had the lead, and Ward's division the advance. This was deployed, and the skirmish line developed the position of a brigade of Charleston heavy artillery armed as infantry (Rhett's) posted across the road behind a light parapet, with a battery of guns enfilading the approach across a cleared field. General Williams sent a brigade (Casey's) by a circuit to his left that turned this line, and by a quick charge broke the brigade, which rapidly retreated back to a second line, better built and more strongly held. A battery of artillery (Winnager's) well posted, under the immediate direction of Major Reynolds, chief of artillery, of Twentieth Corps, did good execution on the retreating brigade, and, on advancing Ward's division over this ground, General Williams captured three guns and two hundred and seventeen prisoners, of which sixty-eight were wounded, and left in a house near by with a rebel officer, four men, and five days' rations. One hundred and eight rebel dead were buried by us. As Ward's division advanced, he developed a second and stronger line, when Jackson's division was deployed forward on the right of Ward, and the two divisions of Jeff. C. Davis, (Fourteenth) Corps on the left well toward the Cape Fear. At the same time, Kilpatrick, who was acting in concert with General Williams, was ordered to draw back his cavalry and mass it on the extreme right, and, in concert with Jackson's right, to feel forward for the Goldsboro' road. He got a brigade on the road, but it was attacked by McLaw's rebel division furiously, and though it fought well and hard, the brigade drew back to the flank of the infantry. The whole line advanced late in the afternoon, drove the enemy well within his intrenched line, and pressed him so hard that next morning he was gone, having retreated in a miserable stormy night over the worst of roads. Ward's division of infantry followed to and through Averysboro', developing the fact that Hardee had retreated, not on Raleigh, but on Smithfield. I had the night before directed Kilpat-

rick to cross South River at a milldam to our right rear and move up on the east side toward Elevation. General Slocum reports his aggregate loss in this affair, known as that of Averysboro', at twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven wounded. We lost no prisoners. The enemy's loss can be inferred from his dead (one hundred and eight) left for us to bury. Leaving Ward's division to keep up a show of pursuit, Slocum's column was turned to the right, built a bridge across the swollen South River, and took the Goldsboro' road, Kilpatrick crossing to the north in the direction of Elevation, with orders to move eastward, watching that flank. In the meantime, the wagon trains and guards, as also Howard's column, were wallowing along the miry roads toward Bentonville and Goldsboro'. The enemy's infantry, as before stated, had retreated on Smithfield, and his cavalry retreated across our front in the same direction, burning the bridges across Mill Creek. I continued with the head of Slocum's column, and camped the night of the 18th with him on the Goldsboro' road, twenty-seven miles from Goldsboro', about five miles from Bentonville, and where the road from Clinton to Smithfield crosses the Goldsboro' road. Howard was at Lee's Store, only two miles south, and both columns had pickets three miles forward, to where the two roads came together and became common to Goldsboro'.

All the signs induced me to believe that the enemy would make no farther opposition to our progress, and would not attempt to strike us in flank while in motion. I therefore directed Howard to move his right wing by the new Goldsboro' road, which goes by way of Falling Creek Church. I also left Slocum and joined Howard's column, with a view to open communications with General Schofield, coming up from Newbern, and Terry from Wilmington. I found General Howard's column well strung out, owing to the very bad roads, and did not overtake him in person until he had reached Falling Creek Church, with one regiment forward to the cross-roads near Cox's Bridge across the Neuse. I had gone from General Slocum about six miles, when I heard artillery in his direction, but was soon made easy by one of his staff officers overtaking me, explaining that his leading division (Carlin's) had encountered a division of rebel cavalry (Dibrell's), which he was driving easily. But soon other staff officers came up, reporting that he had developed near Bentonville the whole of the rebel army, under General Johnston himself. I sent him orders to call up the two divisions guarding his wagon trains, and Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, still back near Lee's Store, to fight defensively until I could draw up Blair's Corps, then near Mount Olive Station, and, with the three remaining divisions of the Fifteenth Corps, come up on Johnston's left rear from the direction of Cox's Bridge. In the meantime, while on the road, I received couriers from both Generals Schofield and Terry. The former reported himself in possession of Kingston, delayed somewhat by want of provisions, but able to march so as to make Goldsboro' on the 21st; and Terry was at or near Faison's Depot. Orders were at once dispatched to Schofield to push for Goldsboro', and to make dispositions to cross Little River in the direction of Smithfield as far as Millard; to General Terry to move to Cox's Bridge, lay a pontoon bridge, and establish a crossing; and to General Blair to make a night march to Falling Creek Church; and at daylight, the right wing, General Howard, less the necessary wagon guards, was put in rapid motion on Bentonville. By subsequent reports, I learned that General Slocum's head of column had

advanced from its camp of March 18th, and first encountered Dibbrell's cavalry, but soon found his progress impeded by infantry and artillery. The enemy attacked his head of column, gaining a temporary advantage, and took three guns and caissons of General Carlin's division, driving the two leading brigades back on the main body. As soon as General Slocum realized that he had in his front the whole Confederate army, he promptly deployed the two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps, General Davis, and rapidly brought up on their left the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps, General Williams. These he arranged on the defensive, and hastily prepared a line of barricades. General Kilpatrick also came up at the sound of artillery, and massed on the left. In this position, the left wing received six distinct assaults by the combined forces of Hoke, Hardee and Cheatham, under the immediate command of General Johnston himself, without giving an inch of ground, and doing good execution on the enemy's ranks, especially with our artillery, the enemy having little or none.

Johnston had moved by night from Smithfield with great rapidity and without unnecessary wheels, intending to overwhelm my left flank before it could be relieved by its coöperating columns. But he "reckoned without his host." I had expected just such a movement all the way from Fayetteville, and was prepared for it. During the night of the 19th, General Slocum got up his wagon train with its guard of two divisions, and Hazen's division of the Fifteenth Corps, which reinforcement enabled him to make his position impregnable. The right wing found rebel cavalry watching its approach, but unable to offer any serious opposition, until our head of column encountered a considerable body behind a barricade at the forks of the road near Bentonville, about three miles east of the battle-field of the day before. This body of cavalry was, however, quickly dislodged, and the intersection of the roads secured. On moving forward the Fifteenth Corps, General Logan found that the enemy had thrown back his left flank, and had constructed a line of parapet connecting with that toward General Slocum, in the form of a bastion, its salient on the main Goldsboro' road, interposing between General Slocum on the west and General Howard on the east, while the flanks rested on Mill Creek, covering the road back to Smithfield. General Howard was instructed to proceed with due caution until he had made strong connection on his left with General Slocum. This he soon accomplished, and by four p. m. of the 20th, a complete and strong line of battle confronted the enemy in his intrenched position, and General Johnston, instead of catching us in detail, was on the defensive, with Mill Creek and a single bridge to his rear. Nevertheless, we had no object to accomplish by a battle, unless at an advantage, and therefore my general instructions were to press steadily with skirmishers alone, to use artillery pretty freely on the wooded space held by the enemy, and to feel pretty strongly the flanks of his position, which were, as usual, covered by the endless swamps of this region of country. I also ordered all empty wagons to be sent at once to Kinston for supplies, and all other impediments to be grouped near the Neuse, south of Goldsboro', holding the real army in close contact with the enemy, ready to fight him if he ventured outside his parapets and swampy obstructions.

Thus matters stood about Bentonville on the 21st of March. On the same day General Schofield entered Goldsboro' with little or no opposition, and General Terry had got possession of the Neuse River at Cox's Bridge, ten miles above, with a pontoon bridge laid and a brigade across; so that the

three armies were in actual connection, and the great object of the campaign was accomplished.

On the 21st a steady rain prevailed, during which General Mower's division of the Seventeenth Corps, on the extreme right, had worked well to the right around the enemy's flank, and had nearly reached the bridge across Mill Creek, the only line of retreat open to the enemy. Of course, there was extreme danger that the enemy would turn on him all his reserves, and, it might be, let go his parapets to overwhelm Mower. Accordingly, I ordered at once a general attack by our skirmish line from left to right. Quite a noisy battle ensued, during which General Mower was enabled to regain his connection with his own corps by moving to his left rear. Still, he had developed a weakness in the enemy's position of which advantage might have been taken; but that night the enemy retreated on Smithfield, leaving his pickets to fall into our hands, with many dead unburied, and wounded in his field hospitals. At daybreak of the 22d, pursuit was made two miles beyond Mill Creek, but checked by my order. General Johnston had utterly failed in his attempt, and we remained in full possession of the field of battle.

General Slocum reports the losses of the left wing about Bentonville at nine officers and one hundred and forty-five men killed, fifty-one officers and eight hundred and sixteen men wounded, and three officers and two hundred and twenty-three men missing, taken prisoners by the enemy; total, one thousand two hundred and forty-seven. He buried on the field one hundred and sixty-seven rebel dead, and took 338 prisoners.

General Howard reports the losses of the right wing at two officers and thirty-five men killed, twelve officers and two hundred and eighty-nine men wounded, and one officer and sixty men missing; total, three hundred and ninety-nine. He also buried one hundred rebel dead and took twelve hundred and eighty-seven prisoners.

The cavalry of Kilpatrick was held in reserve, and lost but few, if any, of which I have no report as yet. Our aggregate loss at Bentonville was sixteen hundred and forty-six.

I am well satisfied that the enemy lost heavily, especially during his assaults on the left wing during the afternoon of the 19th; but as I have no data save his dead and wounded left in our hands, I prefer to make no comparisons.

Thus, as I have endeavored to explain, we had completed our march on the 21st, and had full possession of Goldsboro', the real "objective," with its two railroads back to the sea-ports of Wilmington and Beaufort, N. C. These were being rapidly repaired by strong, working parties, directed by Colonel W. W. Wright, of the railroad department. A large number of supplies had already been brought forward to Kinston, to which place our wagons had been sent to receive them. I therefore directed General Howard and the cavalry to remain at Bentonville during the 22d, to bury the dead and remove the wounded, and on the following day, all the armies to the camps assigned them about Goldsboro', there to rest and receive the clothing and supplies of which they stood in need. In person I went, on the 22d, to Cox's Bridge, to meet General Terry, whom I met for the first time, and on the following day rode into Goldsboro', where I found General Schofield and his army. The left wing came in during the same day and next morning, and the right wing followed on the 24th, on which day the cavalry moved to Mount Olive Station and General Terry back to Faison's. On the

25th the Newbern railroad was finished, and the first train of cars came in, thus giving us the means of bringing from the depot at Morehead City full supplies to the army.

It was all-important that I should have an interview with the General-in-Chief; and, presuming that he could not at this time leave City Point, I left General Schofield in chief command, and proceeded with all expedition by rail to Morehead City, and thence by steamer to City Point, reaching General Grant's head-quarters on the evening of the 27th of March. I had the good fortune to meet General Grant, the President, Generals Meade, Ord, and others of the Army of the Potomac, and soon learned the general state of the military world, from which I had been in a great measure cut off since January. Having completed all necessary business, I re-embarked on the navy steamer *Bat*, Captain Barnes, which Admiral Porter placed at my command, and returned *via* Hatteras Inlet and Newbern, reaching my own head-quarters in Goldsboro' during the night of the 30th. During my absence, full supplies of clothing and food had been brought to camp, and all things were working well.

I have thus rapidly sketched the progress of our columns from Savannah to Goldsboro', but for more minute details must refer to the reports of subordinate commanders and of staff-officers, which are not yet ready, but will in due season be forwarded and filed with this report. I can not even with any degree of precision recapitulate the vast amount of injury done the enemy, or the quantity of guns and materials of war captured and destroyed. In general terms, we have traversed the country from Savannah to Goldsboro', with an average breadth of forty miles, consuming all the forage, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, cured meats, corn meal, etc. The public enemy, instead of drawing supplies from that region to feed his armies, will be compelled to send provisions from other quarters to feed the inhabitants. A map herewith, prepared by my chief engineer, Colonel Poe, with the routes of the four corps and cavalry, will show at a glance the country traversed. Of course, the abandonment to us by the enemy of the whole sea-coast, from Savannah to Newbern, N. C., with its forts, dock-yards, gunboats, etc., was a necessary incident to our occupation and destruction of the inland routes of travel and supply; but the real object of this march was to place this army in a position easy of supply, whence it could take an appropriate part in the spring and summer campaign of 1865. This was completely accomplished on the 21st of March, by the junction of the three armies and occupation of Goldsboro'.

In conclusion, I beg to express in the most emphatic manner my entire satisfaction with the tone and temper of the whole army. Nothing seems to dampen their energy, zeal, or cheerfulness. It is impossible to conceive a march involving more labor and exposure, yet I can not recall an instance of bad temper by the way, or hearing an expression of doubt as to our perfect success in the end. I believe that this cheerfulness and harmony of action reflects upon all concerned quite as much real honor and fame as "battles gained" or "cities won," and I therefore commend all—Generals, Staff, officers, and men, for these high qualities, in addition to the more soldierly ones of obedience to orders, and the alacrity they have always manifested when danger summoned them "to the front." I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General Commanding.

Major General H. W. HALLECK, Chief of Staff, Washington City, D. C.

III.

OPERATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA, AND SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
IN THE FIELD, CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, *May 9, 1865.* }

GENERAL:—My last official report brought the history of events, as connected with the armies in the field subject to my immediate command, down to the 1st of April, when the Army of the Ohio, Major General J. M. Schofield commanding, lay at Goldsboro', with detachments distributed so as to secure and cover our routes of communication and supply back to the sea at Wilmington and Morehead City; Major General A. H. Terry, with the Tenth Corps, being at Faison's Depot; the Army of the Tennessee, Major General O. O. Howard commanding, was encamped to the right and front of Goldsboro'; and the Army of Georgia, Major General H. W. Slocum commanding, to its left and front; the cavalry, Brevet Major General J. Kilpatrick commanding, at Mount Olive. All were busy in repairing the wear and tear of our then recent and hard march from Savannah, and in replenishing clothing and stores necessary for a farther progress.

I had previously, by letter and in person, notified the Lieutenant General commanding the armies of the United States, that the 10th of April would be the earliest possible moment at which I could hope to have all things in readiness, and we were compelled to use our railroads to the very highest possible limit in order to fulfill that promise. Owing to a mistake in the railroad department in sending locomotives and cars of the five-foot gauge, we were limited to the use of the few locomotives and cars of the four-foot eight and a half inch gauge already in North Carolina, with such of the old stock as was captured by Major General Terry at Wilmington and on his way up to Goldsboro'. Yet such judicious use was made of these, and such industry displayed in the railroad management, by Generals Easton and Beckwith, and Colonel Wright and Mr. Van Dyne, that by the 10th of April our men were all reloaded, the wagons reloaded, and a fair amount of forage accumulated ahead.

In the meantime, Major General George Stoneman, in command of a division of cavalry operating from East Tennessee in connection with Major General George H. Thomas, in pursuance of my orders of January 21st, 1865, had reached the railroad about Greensboro', N. C., and had made sad havoc with it, and had pushed along it to Salisbury, destroying *en route* bridges, culverts, depots, and all kinds of rebel supplies, and had extended the break in the railroad down to the Catawba Bridge.

This was fatal to the hostile armies of Lee and Johnston, who depended on that road for supplies, and as their ultimate line of retreat. Major General J. H. Wilson, also in command of the cavalry corps organized by himself under special field orders No. —, of October 24th, 1864, at Gaylesville, Ala., had started from the neighborhood of Decatur and Florence, Ala., and moved straight into the heart of Alabama, on a route prescribed for General Thomas after he had defeated General Hood at Nashville, Tenn.; but the roads being too heavy for infantry, General Thomas had devolved that duty

on that most energetic young cavalry officer, General Wilson, who, imbued with the proper spirit, has struck one of the best blows of the war at the waning strength of the Confederacy. His route was one never before touched by our troops, and afforded him abundance of supplies as long as he was in motion, namely, by Tuscaloosa, Selma, Montgomery, Columbus, and Macon. Though in communication with him, I have not been able to receive, as yet, his full and detailed reports, which will in due time be published and appreciated. Lieutenant General Grant, also in immediate command of the armies about Richmond, had taken the initiative in that magnificent campaign which, in less than ten days, compelled the evacuation of Richmond, and resulted in the destruction and surrender of the entire rebel army of Virginia under command of General Lee.

The news of the battles about Petersburg reached me at Goldsboro' on the 6th of April. Up to that time my purpose was to move rapidly northward, feigning on Raleigh and striking straight for Burkesville, thereby interposing between Johnston and Lee. But the auspicious events in Virginia had changed the whole military problem, and, in the expressive language of Lieutenant General Grant, "the Confederate armies of Lee and Johnston" became the "strategic points." General Grant was fully able to take care of the former, and my task was to capture or destroy the latter. Johnston at that time, April 6th, had his army well in hand about Smithfield, interposing between me and Raleigh. I estimated his infantry and artillery at thirty-five thousand, and his cavalry from six thousand to ten thousand. He was superior to me in cavalry, so that I held General Kilpatrick in reserve at Mount Olive, with orders to recruit his horses and be ready to make a sudden and rapid march on the 10th of April.

At daybreak of the day appointed, all the heads of columns were in motion straight against the enemy—Major General H. W. Slocum taking the two direct roads for Smithfield; Major General O. O. Howard making a circuit by the right, and feigning up the Weldon road to disconcert the enemy's cavalry; Generals Terry and Kilpatrick moving on the west side of the Neuse River, and aiming to reach the rear of the enemy between Smithfield and Raleigh. General Schofield followed General Slocum in support.

All the columns met, within six miles of Goldsboro', more or less cavalry, with the usual rail barricades, which were swept before us as chaff, and by 10 A. M. of the 11th the Fourteenth Corps entered Smithfield, the Twentieth Corps close at hand. Johnston had rapidly retreated across the Neuse River, and, having his railroad to lighten up his trains, could retreat faster than we could pursue. The rains had also set in, making the resort to corduroy absolutely necessary to pass even ambulances. The enemy had burned the bridge at Smithfield, and as soon as possible Major General Slocum got up his pontoons and crossed over a division of the Fourteenth Corps. We there heard of the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Court-House, Va., which was announced to the armies in orders, and created universal joy. Not an officer or soldier of my armies but expressed a pride and satisfaction that it fell to the lot of the armies of the Potomac and James so gloriously to overwhelm and capture the entire army that had held them so long in check, and their success gave new impulse to finish up our task. Without a moment's hesitation we dropped our trains and marched rapidly in pursuit to and through Raleigh, reaching that place at 7:30 A. M. of the 13th, in a heavy rain. The next day the cavalry pushed on through the rain to Durham's

Station, the Fifteenth Corps following as far as Morrisville Station, and the Seventeenth Corps to Jones' Station. On the supposition that Johnston was tied to his railroad as a line of retreat by Hillsboro', Greensboro', Salisbury, Charlotte, etc., I had turned the other columns across the bend of that road toward Ashboro'. (See Special Field Orders, No. 55.) The cavalry, Brevet Major General J. Kilpatrick commanding, was ordered to keep up a show of pursuit toward the "Company's Shops," in Alamance County; Major General O. O. Howard to turn to the left by Hackney's Cross-roads, Pittsboro', St. Lawrence, and Ashboro'; Major General H. W. Slocum to cross Cape Fear River at Aven's Ferry, and move rapidly by Carthage, Caledonia, and Cox's Mills; Major General J. M. Schofield was to hold Raleigh and the road back, and with his spare force to follow by an intermediate route.

By the 15th, though the rains were incessant and the roads almost impracticable, Major General Slocum had the Fourteenth Corps, Brevet Major General Davis commanding, near Martha's Vineyard, with a pontoon bridge laid across Cape Fear River at Aven's Ferry, with the Twentieth Corps, Major General Mower commanding, in support, and Major General Howard had the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps stretched out on the roads toward Pittsboro', while General Kilpatrick held Durham's Station and Chapel Hill University.

Johnston's army was retreating rapidly on the roads from Hillsboro' to Greensboro', he himself at Greensboro'. Although out of place as to time, I here invite all military critics who study the problems of war to take their maps and compare the position of my army on the 15th and 16th of April with that of General Halleck about Burkesville and Petersburg, Va., on the 26th of April, when, according to his telegram to Secretary Stanton, he offered to relieve me of the task of "cutting off Johnston's retreat." Major General Stoneman at the time was at Statesville, and Johnston's only line of retreat was by Salisbury and Charlotte. It may be that General Halleck's troops can outmarch mine, but there is nothing in their past history to show it; or it may be that General Halleck can inspire his troops with more energy of action. I doubt that also, save and except in this single instance, when he knew the enemy was ready to surrender or disperse, as advised by my letter of April 18th, addressed to him when Chief of Staff at Washington City, and delivered at Washington on the 21st instant by Major Hitchcock of my Staff.

Thus matters stood at the time I received General Johnston's first letter and made my answer of April 14th, copies of which were sent with all expedition to Lieutenant General Grant and the Secretary of War, with my letter of April 15th. I agreed to meet General Johnston in person at a point intermediate between our pickets on the 17th at noon, provided the position of the troops remained *statu quo*. I was both willing and anxious thus to consume a few days, as it would enable Colonel Wright to finish our railroad to Raleigh.

Two bridges had to be built and twelve miles of new road made. We had no iron except by taking up that on the branch from Goldsboro' to Weldon. Instead of losing by time, I gained in every way; for every hour of delay possible was required to reconstruct the railroad to our rear and improve the condition of our wagon roads to the front, so desirable in case the negotiations failed and we be forced to make the race of near two hundred miles to head off or catch Johnston's army, then retreating toward Charlotte.

At noon of the day appointed I met General Johnston for the first time in my life, though we had been interchanging shots constantly since May, 1863.

Our interview was frank and soldier-like, and he gave me to understand that farther war on the part of the Confederate troops was folly, that *the cause* was lost, and that every life sacrificed after the surrender of Lee's army was the "highest possible crime." He admitted that the terms conceded to General Lee were magnanimous, and all he could ask; but he did want some general concessions that would enable him to allay the natural fears and anxieties of his followers, and enable him to maintain his control over them until they could be got back to the neighborhood of their homes, thereby saving the State of North Carolina the devastations inevitably to result from turning his men loose and unprovided on the spot, and our pursuit across the State.

He also wanted to embrace in the same general proposition the fate of all the Confederate armies that remained in existence. I never made any concession as to his own army, or assumed to deal finally and authoritatively in regard to any other, but it did seem to me that there was presented a chance for peace that might be deemed valuable to the Government of the United States, and was at least worth the few days that would be consumed in reference.

To push an army whose Commander had so frankly and honestly confessed his inability to cope with me were cowardly, and unworthy the brave men I led.

Inasmuch as General Johnston did not feel authorized to pledge his power over the armies in Texas, we adjourned to meet the next day at noon. I returned to Raleigh, and conferred freely with all my general officers, *every one* of whom urged me to conclude terms that might accomplish so complete and desirable an end. All dreaded the weary and laborious march after a fugitive and dissolving army back toward Georgia, almost over the very country where we had toiled so long. There was but one opinion expressed; and, if contrary ones were entertained, they were withheld, or indulged in only by that class who shun the fight and the march, but are loudest, bravest, and fiercest when danger is past. I again met General Johnston on the 18th, and we renewed the conversation. He satisfied me then of his *power* to disband the rebel armies in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, as well as those in his immediate command, namely, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, and Georgia.

The points on which he expressed especial solicitude were, lest their States were to be dismembered and denied representation in Congress, or any separate political existence whatever, and that the absolute disarming his men would leave the South powerless, and exposed to depredations by wicked bands of assassins and robbers.

President Lincoln's Message of 1864; his Amnesty Proclamation; General Grant's terms to General Lee, substantially extending the benefits of that proclamation to all officers above the rank of colonel; the invitation to the Virginia Legislature to reassemble in Richmond by General Weitzel, with the approval of Mr. Lincoln and General Grant, then on the spot; a firm belief that I had been fighting to reestablish the Constitution of the United States; and last, and not least, the general and universal desire to close a war any longer without organized resistance, were the leading facts that induced

me to pen the "memorandum" of April 18th, signed by myself and General Johnston.

It was designed to be, and so expressed on its face, as a mere "basis" for reference to the President of the United States and constitutional Commander-in-Chief, to enable him, if he chose, at one blow to dissipate the military power of the Confederacy which had threatened the national safety for years. It admitted of modification, alteration, and change. It had no appearance of an ultimatum, and by no false reasoning can it be construed into an usurpation of power on my part. I have my opinions on the questions involved, and will stand by the memorandum; but this forms no part of a military report. Immediately on my return to Raleigh I dispatched one of my Staff, Major Hitchcock, to Washington, enjoining him to be most prudent and careful to avoid the spies and informers that would be sure to infest him by the way, and to say nothing to any body until the President could make known to me his wishes and policy in the matter.

The news of President Lincoln's assassination on the 14th of April (wrongly reported to me by telegraph as having occurred on the 11th) reached me on the 17th, and was announced to my command on the same day in Special Field Orders, No. 56. I was duly impressed with its horrible atrocity and probable effect upon the country; but when the property and interests of millions still living were involved, I saw no good reason to change my course, but thought rather to manifest real respect for his memory by following after his death that policy which, if living, I feel certain he would have approved, or, at least, not rejected with disdain. Up to that hour I had never received one word of instruction, advice, or counsel as to the "plan or policy" of the Government, looking to a restoration of peace on the part of the rebel States of the South. Whenever asked for an opinion on the points involved, I had always evaded the subject. My letter to the Mayor of Atlanta has been published to the world, and I was not rebuked by the War Department for it.

My letter to Mr. N.—W.—, at Savannah, was shown by me to Mr. Stanton before its publication, and all that my memory retains of his answer is that he said, like my letters generally, it was sufficiently "emphatic, and could not be misunderstood."

But these letters asserted my belief that, according to Mr. Lincoln's proclamations and messages, when the people of the South had laid down their arms and submitted to the lawful power of the United States, *ipso facto* the war was over as to them; and, furthermore, that if any State in rebellion would conform to the Constitution of the United States, "cease war," elect Senators and Representatives to Congress, if admitted (of which each House of Congress alone is the judge) that State became *instantly* as much in the Union as New York or Ohio. Nor was I rebuked for this expression, though it was universally known and commented on at the time. And again, Mr. Stanton in person, at Savannah, speaking of the terrific expenses of the war and difficulty of realizing the money necessary for the daily wants of Government, impressed me most forcibly with the necessity of bringing the war to a close as soon as possible for *financial reasons*.

On the evening of April 23d Major Hitchcock reported his return to Morehead City with dispatches, of which fact General Johnston, at Hillsboro', was notified, so as to be ready in the morning for an answer. At 6 o'clock A. M. on the 24th, Major Hitchcock arrived, accompanied by General Grant and members of his Staff, who had not telegraphed the fact of his coming over our exposed roads for prudential reasons.

I soon learned that the memorandum was disapproved, without reasons assigned, and I was ordered to give the forty-eight hours' notice, and resume hostilities at the close of that time, governing myself by the substance of a dispatch then inclosed, dated March 3d, 12 noon, at Washington, D. C., from Secretary Stanton to General Grant, at City Point, but not accompanied by any part of the voluminous matter so liberally lavished on the public in the New York journals of the 24th of April. That was the *first* and only *time* I ever saw the telegram, or had one word of instruction on the important matter involved in it; and it does seem strange to me that every bar-room loafer in New York can read in the morning journals "official" matter that is withheld from a General whose command extends from Kentucky to North Carolina.

Within an hour a courier was riding from Durham's Station toward Hillsboro' with notice to General Johnston of the suspension of the truce, and renewing my demand for the surrender of the armies under his immediate command (see two letters, April 24th, 6 A. M.) and at 12 noon I had the receipt of his picket officer. I therefore published my Orders, No. 62, to the troops, terminating the truce at 12 M. on the 26th, and ordered all to be in readiness to march at that hour on the routes prescribed in Special Field Order, No. 55, April 14th, from the positions held April 18th.

General Grant had orders from the President, through the Secretary of War, to direct military movements, and I explained to him the exact position of the troops, and he approved of it most emphatically; but he did not relieve me, or express a wish to assume command. All things were in readiness, when, on the evening of the 25th, I received another letter from General Johnston, asking another interview to renew negotiations.

General Grant not only approved, but urged me to accept, and I appointed a meeting at our former place at noon of the 26th, the very hour fixed for the renewal of hostilities. General Johnston was delayed by an accident to his train, but at 2 P. M. arrived. We then consulted, concluded, and signed the final terms of capitulation.

These were taken by me back to Raleigh, submitted to General Grant, and met his immediate approval and signature. General Johnston was not even aware of the presence of General Grant at Raleigh at the time.

Thus was surrendered to us the second great army of the so-called Confederacy; and though undue importance has been given to the so-called negotiations which preceded it, and a rebuke and public disfavor cast on me wholly unwarranted by the facts, I rejoice in saying it was accomplished without farther ruin and devastation to the country, without the loss of a single life to those gallant men who had followed me from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and without subjecting brave men to the ungracious task of pursuing a fleeing foe that did not want to fight. As for myself, I know my motives, and challenge the instance during the past four years where an armed and defiant foe stood before me that I did not go in for a fight, and I would blush for shame if I had ever insulted or struck a fallen foe. The instant the terms of surrender were approved by General Grant, I made my Orders, No. 65, assigning to each of my subordinate commanders his share of the work, and, with General Grant's approval, made Special Field Orders, No. 66, putting in motion my old army, (no longer required in Carolina) northward for Richmond. General Grant left Raleigh at 9 A. M. of the 27th, and I glory in the fact that during his three-days' stay with me, I did not detect in his language or manner one particle of abatement in the confidence,

respect, and affection that have existed between us throughout all the varied events of the past war; and, though we have honestly differed in opinion in other cases as well as this, still we respected each other's honest convictions.

I still adhere to my then opinions, that by a few general concessions, "glittering generalities," all of which in the end must and will be conceded to the organized States of the South, that this day there would not be an armed battalion opposed to us within the broad area of the dominions of the United States. Robbers and assassins must, in any event, result from the disbandment of large armies, but even these should be and could be taken care of by the local civil authorities without being made a charge on the national treasury.

On the evening of the 28th, having concluded all business requiring my personal attention at Raleigh, and having conferred with every army commander and delegated to him the authority necessary for his future action, I dispatched my head-quarter wagons by land along with the Seventeenth Corps, the office in charge of General Webster from Newbern, to Alexandria, Va., by sea, and in person, accompanied only by my personal staff, hastened to Savannah to direct matters in the interior of South Carolina and Georgia. I had received across the rebel telegraph wires cipher dispatches from General Wilson at Macon to the effect that he was in receipt of my orders, No. 65, and would send General Upton's division to Augusta, and General McCook's division to Tallahassee, to receive the surrender of those garrisons, take charge of the public property, and execute the paroles required by the terms of surrender. He reported a sufficiency of forage for his horses in Southwest Georgia, but asked me to send him a supply of clothing, sugar, coffee, etc., by way of Augusta, Ga., whence he could get it by rail. I therefore went rapidly to Goldsboro' and Wilmington, reaching the latter city at 10 A. M. of the 29th, and the same day embarked for Hilton Head in the blockade runner "Russia," Captain A. M. Smith. I found General Q. A. Gillmore, commanding Department of the South, at Hilton Head, on the evening of April 30th, and ordered him to send to Augusta at once what clothing and small stores he could spare for General Wilson, and to open up a line of certain communication and supply with him at Macon. Within an hour the captured steamboats "Jeff. Davis" and "Amazon," both adapted to the shallow and crooked navigation of the Savannah River, were being loaded, the one at Savannah and the other at Hilton Head. The former started up the river on the 1st of May, in charge of a very intelligent officer (whose name I can not recall) and forty-eight men, all the boat could carry, with orders to occupy temporarily the United States Arsenal at Augusta and open up communication with General Wilson at Macon, in the event that General McCook's division of cavalry was not already there. The "Amazon" followed next day, and General Gillmore had made the necessary orders for a brigade of infantry, to be commanded by General Molyneux, to follow by a land march to Augusta as its permanent garrison. Another brigade of infantry was ordered to occupy Orangeburg, S. C., the point farthest in the interior that can at present be reached by rail from the sea-coast (Charleston.)

On the 1st of May I went on to Savannah, where General Gillmore also joined me, and the arrangements ordered for the occupation of Augusta were consummated.

At Savannah I found the city in the most admirable police, under direction of Brevet Major General Grover, and the citizens manifested the most unqualified joy to hear that, so far as they were concerned, the war was

over. All classes, Union men as well as former rebels, did not conceal, however, the apprehensions naturally arising from a total ignorance of the political conditions to be attached to their future state. Any thing at all would be preferable to this dread uncertainty.

On the evening of the 2d of May, I returned to Hilton Head, and there, for the first time, received the New York papers of April 28th, containing Secretary Stanton's dispatch of 9 A. M. of the 27th of April to General Dix, including General Halleck's, from Richmond, of 9 P. M. of the night before, which seems to have been rushed with extreme haste before an excited public, namely, morning of the 28th. You will observe from the dates that these dispatches were running back and forth from Richmond and Washington to New York, and there published, while General Grant and I were together in Raleigh, N. C., adjusting, to the best of our ability, the terms of surrender of the only remaining formidable rebel army in existence at the time east of the Mississippi River. Not one word of intimation had been sent to me of the displeasure of the Government with my official conduct, but only the naked disapproval of a skeleton memorandum sent properly for the action of the President of the United States.

The most objectionable features of my memorandum had already (April 24th) been published to the world in violation of official usage, and the contents of my accompanying letters to General Halleck, General Grant, and Mr. Stanton, of even date, though at hand, were suppressed.

In all these letters I had stated clearly and distinctly that Johnston's army would *not* fight, but, if pushed, would "disband" and "scatter" into small and dangerous guerrilla parties, as injurious to the interests of the United States as to the rebels themselves; that all parties admitted that the rebel cause of the South was abandoned, that the negro was free, and that the temper of all was most favorable to a lasting peace. I say all these opinions of mine were withheld from the public with a seeming purpose; and I do contend that my official experience and former services, as well as my past life and familiarity with the people and geography of the South, entitled my opinions to at least a decent respect.

Although this dispatch (Mr. Stanton's of April 27th) was printed "official," it had come to me only in the questionable newspaper paragraph headed "Sherman's Truce Disregarded."

I had already done what General Wilson wanted me to do, namely, had sent him supplies of clothing and food, with clear and distinct orders and instructions how to carry out in Western Georgia the terms for the surrender of arms and paroling of prisoners made by General Johnston's capitulation of April 26th, and had properly and most opportunely ordered General Gillmore to occupy Orangeburg and Augusta, strategic points of great value at all times, in peace or war; but, as the Secretary had taken upon himself to order my subordinate Generals to disobey my "orders," I explained to General Gillmore that I would no longer confuse him or General Wilson with "orders" that might conflict with those of the Secretary, which, as reported, were sent, not through me, but in open disregard of me and of my lawful authority.

It now becomes my duty to paint in justly severe character the still more offensive and dangerous matter of General Halleck's dispatch of April 26th to the Secretary of War, embodied in his to General Dix of April 27th.

General Halleck had been Chief of Staff of the army at Washington, in which capacity he must have received my official letter of April 18th, wherein

I wrote clearly that if Johnston's army about Greensboro' were "pushed" it would "disperse," an event I wished to prevent. About that time he seems to have been sent from Washington to Richmond to command the new Military Division of the James, in assuming charge of which, on the 22d, he defines the limits of his authority to be the "Department of Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, and such part of North Carolina *as may not be occupied by the command of Major General Sherman.*" (See his General Orders, No. 1.) Four days later, April 26th, he reports to the Secretary that he has ordered Generals Meade, Sheridan, and Wright to invade that part of North Carolina which *was* occupied by my command, and pay "no regard to any truce or orders of" mine. They were ordered to "*push forward, regardless of any orders save those of Lieutenant General Grant, and cut off Johnston's retreat.*" He knew at the time he penned that dispatch and made those orders, that Johnston was not retreating, but was halted under a forty-eight hours' truce with me, and was laboring to surrender his command and prevent its dispersion into guerrilla bands, and that I had on the spot a magnificent army at my command, amply sufficient for all purposes required by the occasion.

The plan for cutting off a retreat from the direction of Burkesville and Danville is hardly worthy one of his military education and genius. When he contemplated an act so questionable as the violation of a "truce" made by competent authority within his sphere of command, he should have gone himself and not have sent subordinates, for he knew I was bound in honor to *defend and maintain my own truce and pledge of faith, even at the cost of many lives.*

When an officer pledges the faith of his Government, he is bound to defend it, and he is no soldier who would violate it knowingly.

As to Davis and his stolen treasure, did General Halleck, as Chief of Staff or commanding officer of the neighboring military division, notify me of the facts contained in his dispatch to the Secretary? No, he did not. If the Secretary of War wanted Davis caught, why not order it, instead of, by publishing in the newspapers, putting him on his guard to hide away and escape? No orders or instructions to catch Davis or his stolen treasure ever came to me; but, on the contrary, I was led to believe that the Secretary of War rather preferred he should effect an escape from the country, if made "unknown" to him. But even on this point I inclose a copy of my letter to Admiral Dahlgren, at Charleston, sent him by a fleet steamer from Wilmington on the 26th of April, two days before the bankers of Richmond had imparted to General Halleck the important secret as to Davis's movement, designed doubtless to stimulate his troops to march their legs off to catch *their* treasure for *their* own use.

I know now that Admiral Dahlgren did receive my letter on the 26th, and had acted on it *before* General Halleck had even thought of the matter; but I do not believe a word of the treasure story—it is absurd on its face—and General Halleck or any body has my full permission to chase Jeff. Davis and Cabinet with their stolen treasure through any part of the country occupied by my command.

The last and most obnoxious feature of General Halleck's dispatch is wherein he goes out of his way and advises that my subordinates, Generals Thomas, Stoneman, and Wilson, should be instructed not to obey "Sherman's" commands.

This is too much; and I turn from the subject with feelings too strong for

words, and merely record my belief that so much mischief was never before embraced in so small a space as in the newspaper paragraph headed "Sherman's Truce Disregarded," authenticated as "official" by Mr. Secretary Stanton, and published in the New York papers of April 28th.

During the night of May 2d, at Hilton Head, having concluded my business in the Department of the South, I began my return to meet my troops then marching toward Richmond from Raleigh. On the morning of the 3d we ran into Charleston Harbor, where I had the pleasure to meet Admiral Dahlgren, who had, in all my previous operations from Savannah northward, aided me with a courtesy and manliness that commanded my entire respect and deep affection; also General Hatch, who, from our first interview at his Tullifinney camp, had caught the spirit of the move from Pocotaligo northward, and had largely contributed to our joint success in taking Charleston and the Carolina coast. Any one who is not *satisfied* with war should go and see Charleston, and he will pray louder and deeper than ever that the country may in the long future be spared any more war. Charleston and secession being synonymous terms, the city should be left as a sample, so that centuries may pass away before that false doctrine is again preached in our Union.

We left Charleston on the evening of the 3d of May, and hastened with all possible speed back to Morehead City, which we reached at night of the 4th. I immediately communicated by telegraph with General Schofield at Raleigh, and learned from him the pleasing fact that the Lieutenant General commanding the armies of the United States had reached the Chesapeake in time to countermand General Halleck's orders, and prevent his violating my truce, invading the area of my command, and driving Johnston's surrendering army into fragments. General Johnston had fulfilled his agreement to the very best of his ability; and the officers charged with issuing the paroles at Greensboro' reported about thirty thousand already made, and that the greater part of the North Carolina troops had gone home without waiting for their papers, but that all of them would doubtless come into some one of the military posts, the commanders of which are authorized to grant them. About eight hundred of the rebel cavalry had gone South, refusing to abide the terms of the surrender, and it was supposed they would make for Mexico. I would sincerely advise that they be encouraged to go and stay; they would be a nuisance to any civilized Government, whether loose or in prison.

With the exception of some plundering on the part of Lee's and Johnston's disbanded men, all else in North Carolina was "quiet." When to the number of men surrendered at Greensboro' are added those at Tallahassee, Augusta, and Macon, with the scattered squads who will come in at other military posts, I have no doubt fifty thousand armed men will be disarmed and restored to civil pursuits by the capitulation made near Durham's Station, N. C., on the 26th of April, and that, too, without the loss of a single life to us.

On the 5th of May I received and here subjoin a farther dispatch from General Schofield, which contains inquiries I have been unable to satisfy, similar to those made by nearly every officer in my command whose duty brings him in contact with citizens. I leave you to do what you think expedient to provide the military remedy.

BY TELEGRAPH FROM RALEIGH, N. C., May 5, 1865.

To Major General W. T. SHERMAN, Morehead City:

"When General Grant was here, as you doubtless recollect, he said the lines had been

extended to embrace this and other states south. The order, it seems, has been modified so as to include only Virginia and Tennessee. I think it would be an act of wisdom to open this State to trade at once. I hope the Government will make known its policy as the organ of State Governments without delay. Affairs must necessarily be in a very unsettled state until that is done; the people are now in a mood to accept almost any thing which promises a definite settlement.

What is to be done with the freedmen, is the question of all, and is the all-important question. It requires prompt and wise action to prevent the negro from becoming a huge elephant on our hands. If I am to govern this State, it is important for me to know it at once. If another is to be sent here, it can not be done too soon; for he will probably undo the most that I shall have done. I shall be glad to hear from you freely when you have time to write. I will send your message to Wilson at once.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Major General."

I give this dispatch entire, to demonstrate how intermingled have become civil matters with the military, and how almost impossible it has become for an officer in authority to act a pure military part.

There are no longer armed enemies in North Carolina, and a soldier can deal with no other sort. The marshals and sheriffs with their *posses* (of which the military may become a part) are the only proper officers to deal with civil criminals and marauders. But I will not be drawn out in a discussion of this subject, but instance the case to show how difficult is the task become to military officers, when men of the rank, education, experience, nerve, and good sense of General Schofield feel embarrassed by them.

General Schofield, at Raleigh, has a well-appointed and well-disciplined command, is in telegraphic communication with the controlling parts of his department, and remote ones in the direction of Georgia, as well as with Washington, and has military possession of all strategic points.

In like manner, General Gillmore is well situated in all respects, except as to rapid communication with the seat of the General Government. I leave him also with every man he ever asked for, and in full and quiet possession of every strategic point in his department; and General Wilson has in the very heart of Georgia the strongest, best appointed, and best equipped cavalry corps that ever fell under my command; and he has now, by my recent action, opened to him a source and route of supply by way of Savannah River that simplifies his military problem, so that I think I may with a clear conscience leave them and turn my attention once more to my special command, the army with which I have been associated through some of the most eventful scenes of this or any war.

I hope and believe none of these Commanders will ever have reason to reproach me for any "orders" they may have received from me; and the President of the United States may be assured that all of them are in position, ready and willing to execute to the letter and in spirit any orders he may give. I shall henceforth cease to give them any orders at all, for the occasion that made them subordinate to me is past; and I shall confine my attention to the army composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth, and Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, unless the commanding General of the armies of the United States orders otherwise.

At four P. M. of May 9th I reached Manchester, on the James River, opposite Richmond, and found that all the four corps had arrived from Raleigh, and were engaged in replenishing their wagons for the resumption of the march toward Alexandria. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major General Commanding.

General JOHN A. RAWLINS, Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE REBELLION;

STATEMENT SHOWING THE NUMBER OF MEN FURNISHED BY EACH STATE SINCE APRIL 1, 1861, IN THE DIFFERENT CALLS FOR MEN WHO WERE REQUIRED FOR PERIODS OF THREE MONTHS OR MORE. ALSO, SHOWING THE NUMBER OF MEN CREDITED TO EACH STATE UPON THE BASIS OF THREE YEARS AS A STANDARD OF COMPUTATION.

| STATES. | Men furnished under Act of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 militia for 3 months. | Men furnished under Act of May 3, 1861, under Act approved July 28 and 25, 1861, for 500,000 men for 6 mos. 1 y'r. 2 y'r. 3 y'r. | Men furnished in May and June, 1862, by special authority for 3 months. | Call July 2, 1862, for 300,000 for 3 years. | Call August 4, 1862, for 300,000 Militia for 9 months. | Men furnished under Proclamation of June 15, 1863, for Militia for 6 months. | Call Oct. 17, 1863, (including men raised by draft in 1863), and Feb. 1, 1864, for 500,000 men for 3 years. | Call March 14, 1864, for 200,000 for 3 years. | Militia for 100 days mustered in between April 23 and July 18, 1864. | Men furnished under call of July 18, 1864, for 600,000 men for | | | Aggregate number of men furnished under all calls. | | | Aggregate number of men furnished under all calls, reduced to the 3 years' standard. | | |
|----------------------|---|--|---|---|--|--|---|---|--|--|--------|---------|--|--------|---------|--|-----------|-----------|
| | | | | | | | | | | 1 year. | 2 y'r. | 3 y'r. | 1 y'r. | 2 y'r. | 3 y'r. | 1 y'r. | 2 y'r. | 3 y'r. |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Maine | 771 | 18,104 | .. | 6,644 | 7,620 | 4 | 13,012 | 7,042 | .. | 8,331 | 131 | 3 y'r. | 8,331 | 131 | 3 y'r. | 71,745 | 56,495 | 56,495 |
| New Hampshire | 779 | 8,258 | .. | 6,390 | 7,736 | 1,736 | 6,467 | 2,555 | 167 | 1,921 | 25 | 4,027 | 1,921 | 25 | 4,027 | 30,837 | 30,837 | 30,837 |
| Vermont | 3,726 | 33,177 | .. | 16,419 | 16,634 | 1,03 | 8,611 | 1,690 | 6,369 | 1,861 | 18 | 2,611 | 1,861 | 18 | 2,611 | 35,746 | 35,746 | 35,746 |
| Rhode Island | 3,147 | 6,585 | .. | 2,743 | 2,959 | .. | 3,482 | 739 | .. | 6,990 | 108 | 2,611 | 6,990 | 108 | 2,611 | 15,785 | 15,785 | 15,785 |
| Connecticut | 2,492 | 10,865 | .. | 79,994 | 5,602 | .. | 11,574 | 4,560 | .. | 1,203 | 196 | 891 | 1,203 | 196 | 891 | 25,711 | 25,711 | 25,711 |
| New York | 13,906 | 89,281 | 8,488 | 78,994 | 1,781 | .. | 75,733 | 44,453 | 5,440 | 56,968 | 1,508 | 24,397 | 56,968 | 1,508 | 24,397 | 461,156 | 461,156 | 461,156 |
| New Jersey | 3,123 | 11,423 | .. | 5,449 | 10,787 | 3,708 | 9,187 | 12,411 | 7,615 | 10,868 | 540 | 3,697 | 10,868 | 540 | 3,697 | 29,511 | 29,511 | 29,511 |
| Pennsylvania | 30,175 | 85,070 | .. | 30,591 | 32,215 | 3,708 | 65,369 | 45,517 | 7,615 | 42,133 | 433 | 12,453 | 42,133 | 433 | 12,453 | 267,558 | 267,558 | 267,558 |
| Delaware | 773 | 9,345 | .. | 3,698 | 1,159 | .. | 2,573 | 1,093 | .. | 1,538 | 9 | 593 | 1,538 | 9 | 593 | 55,765 | 55,765 | 55,765 |
| West Virginia | 900 | 12,757 | .. | 4,925 | 1,148 | .. | 3,988 | 30,411 | 1,267 | 6,259 | 246 | 3,787 | 6,259 | 246 | 3,787 | 365,336 | 365,336 | 365,336 |
| District of Columbia | 4,720 | 1,795 | .. | 8,325 | 1,615 | .. | 4,888 | 1,149 | .. | 1,838 | 58 | 292 | 1,838 | 58 | 292 | 49,731 | 49,731 | 49,731 |
| Ohio | 12,357 | 83,253 | .. | 88,325 | 3,637 | 2,735 | 32,337 | 36,354 | .. | 25,613 | 761 | 4,695 | 25,613 | 761 | 4,695 | 13,651 | 13,651 | 13,651 |
| Indiana | 4,696 | 59,613 | 1,723 | 30,359 | 339 | 3,757 | 22,228 | 14,783 | 7,197 | 17,133 | 597 | 1,158 | 17,133 | 597 | 1,158 | 21,721 | 21,721 | 21,721 |
| Illinois | 4,600 | 31,432 | 4,956 | 34,959 | .. | .. | 32,179 | 11,988 | 13,482 | 13,482 | 555 | 1,375 | 13,482 | 555 | 1,375 | 195,147 | 195,147 | 195,147 |
| Michigan | 817 | 21,446 | .. | 14,172 | 958 | .. | 30,147 | 7,697 | 2,134 | 5,963 | 57 | 6,492 | 5,963 | 57 | 6,492 | 25,835 | 25,835 | 25,835 |
| Wisconsin | 810 | 26,489 | .. | 14,172 | 958 | .. | 30,147 | 7,697 | 2,134 | 5,963 | 57 | 6,492 | 5,963 | 57 | 6,492 | 96,119 | 96,119 | 96,119 |
| Minnesota | 930 | 4,626 | .. | 1,167 | .. | .. | 3,059 | 3,094 | 3,901 | 10,921 | 86 | 236 | 10,921 | 86 | 236 | 90,118 | 90,118 | 90,118 |
| Iowa | 24,438 | 6,770 | .. | 24,438 | .. | .. | 9,895 | 10,773 | 3,901 | 4,088 | 12 | 54 | 4,088 | 12 | 54 | 35,034 | 35,034 | 35,034 |
| Missouri | 988 | 21,987 | .. | 21,987 | .. | .. | 9,895 | 10,773 | 3,901 | 7,793 | 1,995 | 14,439 | 7,793 | 1,995 | 14,439 | 108,773 | 108,773 | 108,773 |
| Kentucky | 10,591 | 22,324 | .. | 22,324 | .. | .. | 4,755 | 9,098 | .. | 5,094 | 169 | 10,137 | 5,094 | 169 | 10,137 | 78,540 | 78,540 | 78,540 |
| Tennessee | 600 | 20,956 | .. | 20,956 | .. | .. | 5,374 | 2,543 | .. | 39 | 3 | .. | 5,374 | 3 | .. | 30,697 | 30,697 | 30,697 |
| Arkansas | .. | 3,383 | .. | 3,383 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12,077 | 12,077 | 12,077 |
| North Carolina | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| California | 1,750 | 5,701 | .. | 1,750 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7,451 | 7,451 | 7,451 |
| Nevada | .. | 216 | .. | 216 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 316 | 316 | 316 |
| Washington Territory | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 617 | 617 | 617 |
| Nebraska | .. | 890 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 885 | 885 | 885 |
| Colorado | .. | 81 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1,279 | 1,279 | 1,279 |
| Dakota | .. | 1,453 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 1,762 | 1,762 | 1,762 |
| New Mexico | .. | 864 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 939 | 939 | 939 |
| Total | 53,326 | 7,715 | 9,058 | 30,950 | 671,419 | 15,207 | 374,807 | 864,021 | 83,652 | 334,798 | 1,087 | 142,299 | 334,798 | 1,087 | 142,299 | 319 | 2,688,539 | 2,184,311 |

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